

AUSTRALIA'S

DARKEST

SECRETS

RITUAL ABUSE, MIND-CONTROL  
AND GANG-STALKING EXPOSED



A. SEEFELDT

# Australia's Darkest Secrets: Ritual Abuse, Mind-Control and Gang-Stalking Exposed

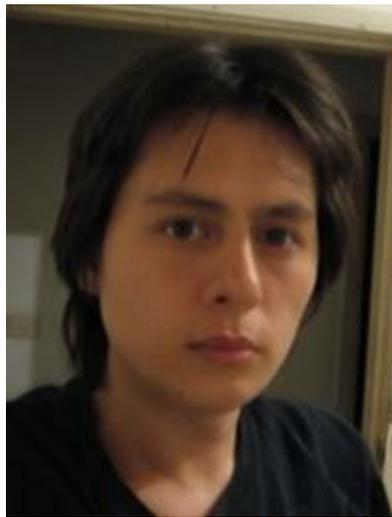
By Andrew Seefeldt

Cover art and design by Andrew Seefeldt

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"The wicked haven't won a blessed thing while there's one good man to bear witness to their crimes."  
--*In Secret Service* by Mitch Silver.

My name is Andrew Seefeldt, I was born on the 29th of November, 1989 and have lived most of my life in Eden, New South Wales, Australia. This is my story.



Andrew Seefeldt  
A soldier for the Resistance

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# TEEN BOMBERS

I remember when I was in primary school, perhaps kindergarten, a visitor to the school performed a science demonstration which involved igniting a balloon full of hydrogen gas with a candle on a stick. When she said there would be an explosion, I was terrified and retreated to the rear of the hall behind all the other kids. Who would have thought I would turn out the way I became as a teenager?

My earliest attempts at causing explosions was when I was 11 or so and I would mix things like table salt and charcoal and try to deflagrate it with a lighter. Even before that as a young child I remember stuffing toilet paper tubes with pine needles, drawing "TNT" on them and setting them on fire to watch them burn. I remember I would like to scare my cat with butane fireballs and singe her fur with a lighter. I remember as a kid I would terrorise my younger brother with party-poppers. When I was about 12 I rolled a cardboard tube from a strip of paper and glue made from flour, and I filled it with a mixture of match head powder and scraped red phosphorus from the striker pad of the matchbox, which created a crude form of Armstrong's Mix. I used a sparkler for a fuse, lit it in the backyard and it exploded with a loud report. I ran inside excited and exclaimed, "Mum, it was louder than a party-popper!" I was over the moon with my first success. I mangled a few soup cans with these crackers, they were significantly more powerful than commercial firecrackers. When I was about 13 I ground up some of this Armstrong's Mix with the end of a dowel while making a salute (firecracker) and it accidentally ignited in my face due to the friction, burning my hand. At around age 13 in addition to Armstrong's Mix salutes I also experimented with some not-so-spectacular bottle-rocket type devices and crude fountains and mines (pyrotechnic mines, not military). The rockets I made out of matchhead powder had either the nozzles blow out (shooting ten metres and landing next door) or when they functioned correctly, took off shakily reaching only one or two metres. In Year 8 I lit fires in the school bathroom with turpentine/polystyrene "napalm" which destroyed the toilet seat and soap dispenser.

My interest in explosives could have stemmed from being a member of a website called TOTSE.com since I was about 13, an online community which discussed counter-culture, crime, drugs and explosives. Although, I think I was interested in explosives before I found TOTSE.com, and using Google to find information about explosives is what led me to TOTSE.com in the first place.

After a break from my early chemistry attempts to work on computer programming in my free time, I returned to pyrotechnics at about age 16. After reading decades-old home chemistry texts I begged my mother to ask the pharmacy if they had "Condy's crystals" or "Saltpetre", which was pretty laughable. I tried to make saltpetre by filtering water through dirt from our chicken coop because I read that bird feces turned into nitrates (which is true), but it didn't work. Then I discovered from a post on a chemistry website that the chimney cleaning product Kilsoot contained sodium nitrate, so I either bought or stole a packet, separated out the hydrophobic yellow substance it was mixed with to get a sodium nitrate solution, evaporated it and mixed it with sugar and it deflagrated with hissing, smoke and flame when ignited. Kilsoot was my Holy Grail. The local hardware stores started keeping Kilsoot at the front counter because I would keep stealing it.

Around this time I met two online friends (who I'll call B. and M.) B. was from Somersby, NSW and

M. was from Sanctuary Point, NSW. I don't remember how I met B., but I met M. on the mushroom website The Shroomery, when he recognised my username from TOTSE.com. M. also recognised me from a website called Rogue Science (Roguesci), a message board dedicated to the manufacture and practical use of explosives and other weapons. One of the teachers at my school came up to me once and said jokingly that I'll get in trouble "like that boy from Sanctuary Point" for making bombs (at this time rumours were circulating about me blowing stuff up). The teacher mentioned M. soon before I met him online, and by the time I met M. he had been on the news twice accused of causing 60 local explosions. Here are the news reports about M.:

<http://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/breaking-news/sanctuary-point-teenager-charged-over-bomb-plot/story-fn3dxity-1225772314307>

<http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/boy-15-charged-with-manufacturing-explosives/2007/08/09/1186530479338.html>

When I was 16 I attempted to produce an oxidising agent known as potassium chlorate via electrolysis when I but I never isolated any. I also tried to make chlorates from hypochlorite (bleach), but that didn't work out either. I finally found an oxidiser called potassium permanganate at the pharmacy. At age 16 I made flash powder from some potassium permanganate and some shaved magnesium ribbon I obtained by tricking the laboratory technician at school, and brought the powder to school. The boys I gave some to ignited it in an empty classroom and told me how they frantically tried to get rid of the smoke. My first high order detonation was when I was 16 or 17 and was several grams of acetone peroxide (TATP) planted below a thick book. The book was launched 10 metres into the air and when I recovered it, it had cracks all throughout the pages. By the time I was 17-18yo I had a sophisticated knowledge of explosives. I knew all about main charges, boosters, blasting caps, primary explosives, oxidisers, deflagration, det cord, velocity of detonation, nitrations, oxygen balance, watergels, fuel-air explosives etc. I knew a fair bit about pyrotechnics too: salutes, flash powder, black powder, quick match, rockets, roman candles, fountains, stars, shells and mortars.

When I was about 16 I made some manganese heptoxide and dripped it on plants in the backyard, causing the plants to catch fire and give off purple smoke. Once I squirted an eye dropper of manganese heptoxide into a jam lid full of turpentine and it exploded in my face with a flash of fire, leaving me with ringing ears. Another interesting reaction I played with was glycerine and potassium permanganate, which automatically ignites after a delay once you mix the two chemicals. I didn't think that it was unusual to be interested in explosives, I had no reason to believe that it was anything other than a hobby/fascination/personal interest.

By age 15-17 M., B. and me had a very sophisticated knowledge of explosives and we would discuss our latest "dets" (detonations) in great technical detail. Once I tried to meet up with B. in person when I was in Sydney/near Gosford and I brought some acetone peroxide on the bus for the several hour ride. B.'s favourite explosive composition was a mixture of potassium nitrate and nitromethane, I think sometimes with aluminium powder, called PNNM(Al). He sent off many charges like this, up to 1kg which is about the equivalent of a mortar round.

I tested high explosive devices of less than 30 grams or so maybe a couple dozen times: acetone

peroxide (my favourite), methyl ethyl ketone peroxide, ammonium nitrate-based compositions (mainly APAN), urea nitrate, nitroglycerine, nitrocellulose, trinitrophenol (picric acid) and silver acetylide. I would often hit small amounts of peroxides or nitroglycerine with a hammer for entertainment, which would detonate with a "snap" (the peroxides) or a "bang" (the NG). I conducted most of these tests in the backyard under soil to dampen the boom to a dull thud, or up the road by the horse riding club at the top of the Storey Ave industrial area.

My father once caught me reading website about the synthesis of nitroglycerine and scolded me for wanting to make it because he thought if I accidentally dropped it, it would blow up the house. Well, I made it anyway. It is sensitive to shock, but I always found that it required a pretty solid tap with a hammer against concrete to set off. I was synthesising trinitrophenol (picric acid), a substance chemically related to TNT, out of aspirin packets, soot remover and drain cleaner, chemicals which I all shoplifted. Playing with high explosives was like shoplifting for me. When you pocket the item or light the fuse you are sick to the stomach with nerves and anticipation, then when you get out the door or the sky erupts like thunder there's an adrenaline-fuelled rush of euphoria as you make your get away. It was like a drug.

When I was in Year 12 I brought picric acid, nitroglycerine and acetone peroxide to school to show a few of my classmates once. Andrew G. and I would hit the nitroglycerine with a hammer on the footpath in front of the school and I impressed a boy by deflagrating small amounts of acetone peroxide to make large fireballs outside the library. I remember once B. told me he wrapped acetone peroxide in plastic and was cutting off the excess plastic when it detonated in his hands from the friction of a crystal caught between the scissor blades, but he was unhurt. I made small amounts of methyl ethyl ketone peroxide from PVC cement, an interesting but sensitive liquid explosive, and took great delight in soaking it into toilet paper (and the same with nitroglycerine) and hitting it with a hammer to make confetti and leave me with ringing ears. I once made 50 grams of acetone peroxide and stored it in one pile in my bedroom, which was just suicidal. I had fun and learned a lot, but I'm lucky to have survived my teenage years in one piece. I was so obsessed with explosives that I literally watched every homemade explosives-related video on YouTube. At the time I remember scrolling through the YouTube videos going, "Already seen it, already seen it, already seen it..."



My explosives laboratory when I was aged 17 and 18.

I've accidentally filled my parents' house with smoke countless times. When I got my first bottle of hydrochloric acid, I poured some in a jar and added aluminium foil in an attempt to make aluminium chloride but it violently reacted and boiled, filling my room with thick acid vapours. One time I inadvertently made chloroacetone and I had to bury my face in a towel after catching a whiff. It was like tear gas. Later I was nitrating salicylic acid I made from aspirin and it overheated making a big cloud of nitrogen oxides and another time I gassed myself with sulfur dioxide while working with sodium metabisulfite, but these were minor mishaps compared to some others I made.

Soon after I detonated a small urea nitrate/acetone peroxide composition in the backyard that made dirt rain onto our metal roof a police officer was at our door, and my mother became frantic thinking the cop was there because of the explosion (it made a loud thud, not a boom due to being placed underground). It turned out that he had arrived to tell us to pick up my car (which I registered on my father's licence number) because I had left it parked in public to hide it from my parents as it was bought with stolen money.

My most powerful charge was also my worse accident. When I was 17 I made ammonium nitrate by combining ammonium sulfate fertiliser with sodium nitrate from Kilsoot and precipitating the sodium sulfate from solution in the freezer. I mixed it with acetone peroxide in a 80:20 AN:AP composition known as "APAN". I did not anticipate 80:20 ratios as being spark-sensitive, and was almost blown up because of this. I left the APAN in a bush at the school bus stop to collect later during a free period (no classes). I brought some classmates along to detonate the charge, and as we brought the explosives up Storey Ave in a car Andrew G. asked the other boys, "Are you scared?"

I buried the charge in a shallow hole in front of the horse riding club and lit the sparkler fuse. I began to run and suddenly there was an earth-shattering kaboom right next to me. I didn't get a chance to hear the blast in all its glory. I was so close to it that I instantly went partially deaf (temporarily) and only heard a long muffled roar as I saw the dust around me lift up and get blown in the direction I was running. Andrew G., Braiden G., Rory H. and another boy were present when I was almost killed in a tremendous explosion near the horse riding field up the road from my parents' house. At the least I would have lost my legs if I had not cleared the blast radius by less than 2 seconds. Those boys weren't involved in my activities as anything more than my spectators. The echo lasted forever as it travelled off into the distance.

It turned out that 80:20 ammonium nitrate:acetone peroxide will detonate upon contact with a spark (I was under the impression that it needed a blasting cap) and sparks from the sparkler fuse caused it to go off prematurely. When the device went off Rory was so excited that he slipped over while wooing and rushing towards the getaway car. We sped off and made it back to school. Andrew G. exclaimed "I didn't think it would be so big!" and "[The shockwave] moved the camera!" I remember when I was back at school after the detonation I saw a girl in my year named Kate going about her usual business and I thought to myself something like, "Wow, it's just a normal day for you whereas I just almost died!"



A frame from the 130 gram APAN detonation video. I was just out of frame to the left when it exploded.

My hearing returned to normal after around 24 hours. Andrew G. told me that he overheard people on the street talking about hearing the explosion from the 130 grams of APAN, which was approximately the same amount of high explosives as is found in a hand grenade. He also said, "I have no idea what I would have done if you got blown up." Later the same boys and I blew up a sheet of brass with nitroglycerine and exploded some acetone peroxide, but these were smaller devices than the 130g of APAN.

I made a crude conical shaped charge, which is the technology used in anti-tank projectiles to penetrate armour, and aimed it at a steel plate but it only dented the plate a little because my copper liner (I stole copper sheet from the metalwork room at school) wasn't made well and the explosive used was a mixture of nitroglycerine and ammonium nitrate ("ammonia dynamite"), which probably didn't have a high enough velocity of detonation. That was my only shrapnel-producing device (I used steel tube), so I took cover behind three trees. Afterwards I found pieces of steel embedded in the first tree.

When I was in Year 12 some idiot spread the rumour that I was going to "blow up the school on the last day" and Bega detectives had to end up interviewing me in the principal's office over it. I think even the principal believed the rumours. It was very stressful. I would get comments from people walking past at school like, "Whoah, don't blow us up, man!" and from adults on the street in Merimbula, "Look, it's the crazy chemist from Hong Kong!" or from an elderly woman on the street in Bega who walked past, did a double-take before she recognised me (probably from being shown school photos) and said, "I wouldn't have enough dynamite to blow my bloody hat off!" The rumours were so bad that once I hastily threw down my bag in the library and a boy ran for cover, later telling classmate Andrew G. he thought it was going to blow up. I think even the principal believed the rumours. I saw the principal on the last day and he had an awkward look of relief on his face when he saw me and nothing had exploded. People are so ignorant about what I do. My chemistry teacher Mr. Williams understood what I was doing but he recommended I cease my activities due to the post-9/11 political climate, and if I remember correctly he ratted me out to the principal. I felt betrayed.

# Police round up



## Explosive rumour

Investigations by Eden Police into allegations an Eden High student was planning a bomb attack on the school have proven the claims to be untrue.

Police who conducted a number of inquiries following the bomb threat reports have found the information to be rumour.

Police had to deny rumours that I was going to "blow up the school on the last day" in the local newspaper, the Eden Magnet, when I was in Year 12.

The local camping store owner reported me to the school principal after I purchased hexamine fuel tablets, and the principal took me into his office to show me a webpage about an explosive called HMTD and accused me of trying to make it. I had actually made HMTD before, but this time I bought the hexamine tablets to try to synthesise RDX (the explosive material in C-4). If you're curious: the RDX synthesis didn't work because my homemade nitric acid wasn't concentrated enough and contained nitrogen oxides. I only got a miniscule white precipitate and that might have been wax that I failed to separate from the hexamine when I purified the fuel tablets, or it might have been RDX but it was such a small amount that it got lost in the filter paper. The most explosives I ever made in one batch was 600 grams of urea nitrate.

After I completed Year 12 on New Years Eve 2007 I had this deranged idea to use high explosives to try and "out-do" the professional Merimbula beach firework display at midnight. It was a ridiculous idea that involved setting off a powerful high-explosive device at midnight on NYE to make the local newspaper report something like "Mystery Explosion Rocks Merimbula". I made up a charge of 110 grams acetone peroxide/urea nitrate and took it to Merimbula. I placed it in a paddock behind the RSL club and lit the fuse. It was a partial dud (I could never get urea nitrate to detonate reliably), but was still loud enough that people in nearby streets were cheering as I ran off into the night. I intended it to be loud enough to be heard from the beach where a large amount of people were gathered.

B. and M. have both been in trouble over explosives. M. has been busted two or three times, including once for threatening to blow up his brothers and an earlier time for causing over 60 local explosions. A court-appointed psychologist who examined M. simply said he appears "proud" of his bombs and the psychiatrist said he didn't know what was wrong with him. I vaguely remember that when they raided M. they found him with urea nitrate, acetone peroxide and I think PETN. He'd definitely been making PETN from pentaerythritol he sourced from a chemical supplier, a powerful military explosive I had never made myself.

B. was found with a blasting cap and a tub of chemicals that were clearly used for bomb-making, but I don't believe he was ever charged even though a local newspaper showed the video of the cap being destroyed in a controlled explosion by the bomb squad.

I got all this of my system by the time I was 18 and stopped, and these days I have a healthy fear of being blown up. The explosives may have just resulted from the inability to perceive consequences and risk-taking mentality of youth.



# CYBERPUNK

I wouldn't call myself a hacker, I was far from that knowledgeable. I was just a cyberpunk. I don't remember exactly how I did the following because it was a long time ago. I've since lost interest in computers and have forgotten most of what I used to know about them.

When I was 15 or 16 I discovered a XSS vulnerability in social media website Piczo.com that allowed for cookie theft by placing Javascript into the page, and once logged in the password recovery sent the plaintext password (not a password reset) to a specified email address. I probably have those password lists somewhere. This was many years ago when the Internet was simpler, and like I said I'm not into this anymore.

I wrote botnet software in Visual Basic 6 and distributed it over hacked Piczo.com accounts by using a piece of a Javascript to prompt the browser to "Save Page" (and keep prompting if you try to click Cancel until the user clicks Save), which saved a VB Script to the start folder. The VB Script wrote a Batch file to the start up folder and the batch file installed the trojan via ftp.exe (the commandline FTP software that comes with Windows). It worked something like that, it was a long time ago and I don't care for computers really now. It gave me a sense of power to have control over a group of computers.

The botnet software I called drTrojan (DR stood for my online alias, Dark\_Reaper). It had a control panel and was capable of transferring screenshots, keylogs, uploading and downloading files and updating itself. I put the malicious Javascript code on Piczo accounts of people from school which meant drTrojan infected local people, and a man whose PayPal account I broke into was named Wade Smith. I watched him tell people through email about my hacking attempt and it was very voyeuristic (I don't know if that's the right word, I mean non-sexually). I tried to steal approximately \$1700 off his PayPal account but the transaction was reversed. However, I successfully bought phone credit with his bank account via the BPay option. This was when I was in Year 11. This is probably the most immoral I've done, because it involved a victim.

Next over the school holidays before I started Year 12 I coded a simple HTTP server in Visual Basic 6 that mimicked the login screen of the school's DET Portal system. I ran the server on my home computer and I set all the school library computers' homepages to a DynDNS subdomain that directed to the server on my computer. I collected upwards of 700 passwords (some may have been duplicates), which was practically every student and teacher in the school, and usually the passwords used for the DET portal also matched the victim's MSN Messenger and social media accounts, which I took a look at sometimes. I defaced the social media (MySpace) account of my enemy with a big <div> over the entire page that proudly read "HACKED!".

My school phishing operation eventually was found out and I was caught during an elaborate sting operation set up by the school faculty. I still have a scan of the letter the school principal gave me. I didn't get punished because the principal wanted to let me complete Year 12, as I was a good student. They came around to all the roll call classes and told everybody to change their passwords. It was pretty funny at the time.

Here is the letter concerning the incident that the principal gave me:

*Date 23rd July 2007*

*Accused: Andrew Seefeldt*

*Written by: Jason Smith - Teacher.*

*Notification of breach of rules and the collation of DET usernames and passwords from Eden High School Computers.*

*At first I was emailed by a student with concerns that there was a hacker in the school and they were stealing passwords. This was done by a Yr11 student who is part of the School Promotion program, and can be named for further investigation. This student saw a list on the computer (Library 10), which had numerous (possibly more than 100) DET User ID's and their respective passwords. Both Students and teachers. He managed to identify several of his own friends on the list when he saw it on the screen.*

*I was first to initiate some investigative procedures (sic). The method used to capture the passwords was part of the Firefox program. The accused has changed the home page of the Firefox program to reflect a URL (gppl.ath.cx) which acts like a Dynamic Name Server, and resides on their personal computer, either at home or somewhere else.*

*The student who identified the accused also identified them using the School database of photographs, and pointed out with certainty that Andrew Seefeldt was the person responsible.*

*The method is quite simplistic, the user of the computer who wishes to use the internet needs to enter their DET username and password. Even if this is done correctly, when the user hits the enter button, the foreign program then prompts you to re-enter your username and password again then samples this to a file before it redirects you to the site you were after, therefore the user simply thinks they typed the password incorrectly the first time.*

*The only indication that this is not the DET site is when you are entering the username and password (sic) the second time. The entry window does not display the correct URL (for eden high it should read proxys3128) What this new window actually reads is <http://gppl.ath.cx> (which is a czechoslovakian domain).*

*After I identified that the log in was not right, I immediately phoned the DET and logged a Support Ticket. The DET responded and sent David, who is our regional Tech Support person.*

*After several hours of work, David concluded the realisation that we had a computer hacker in the school, and was able to find and print the list of students and teachers for future reference.*

*This was taken from the following address: <http://gppl.ath.cx:8081>*

*After this was done, we did various searches using the GProxy which is part of the school network, to confirm what was happening and at what times.*

*Today, Monday 23rd of July 2007, I set a trap for Andrew.*

*At the beginning of the day, I checked if the foreign URL was active and found that it wasn't. I then asked Mr Ainsworth what computer Andrew would be sitting at when he did the class exercise. This was the computer closest to the keyboard cupboard in DT1.*

*I changed the Home page for Firefox on that computer alone so that it required the user to enter their DET details into the hoax URL. IT was previously set as the eden High home page. This meant that the User would be directed to a page which would not load.*

*I was in the room and observed everything Andrew did. Andrew Seefeldt entered his DET details into the login window as normal, and then ws redirected to a screen that said the page could not be loaded (the hoax page). this was because the host computer ws either not turned on or accepting connections and the page could not be found. Andrew then cancelled this screen and went immediately to the Firefox Preferences and straight to the Home Page settings. He Highlighted the Hoax URL that I preset, and then immediately deleted this and selected the Blank Page option for the Home Page. Andrew Did this within 5 seconds of receiving the page load error.*

*During the time I was observing Andrew Seefeldt do this, I also noticed that he did something else with the System Preferences. I mmediately went to my staff room and asked Mr Morrow to observe his computer remotely. What Mr Morrow noticed was, Andrew had gotten around the security preferences on the computer and had complete Admin access to all the whole system from the Internet Login.*

*After further investigation I was able to identify anotehr student who then showed me the method used to get around this security.*

*In conclusion, Andrew Seefeldt has demonstrated a knowledge of a username and password capture process, initiated and changed the Fiorefox (sic) preferences to redirect the user on computers in accessible areas of the school, including the library and DT1. Modified and changed system software to gain access to the Admin sections of the school system.*

*Now the attempted PayPal heist when I was in Year 11 was something I shouldn't have done, but I have libertarian philosophies on why there's nothing wrong with drugs and guns, despite them being illegal, and drugs and guns are what captured my interest next.*

# THE MAIL-ORDER MACHINE GUN

I am an unrepentant firearm enthusiast. I've loved guns all my life. How they look, the different models, how they work, the different mechanisms and actions, the ballistics and dimensions of the different cartridges, the chemical compositions of the gunpowder and priming compounds, the noises they make when cocked, cycled or fired, just everything about them. It's a fascination that has gotten me in trouble before and worried some of those around me.

When I was 16 I machined an open-bolt blowback pistol designed for rimfire Rem-UMC .22LR blanks. I never fired it because I couldn't find a strong enough mainspring to set off the primer. My father found and confiscated it. There are countless improvised gun designs I have thought up over the years starting around age 16-17.

During my first year away for university (age 19) I started thinking about guns a lot and devised, by myself with no outside help, a way to smuggle gun parts I bought online into Australia. I found a mail forwarding company that offers a US postal address to receive parcels purchased online in America (from sellers who do not ship outside the US) and then allows you to fill in the Customs declaration, then forwards your parcel via EMS to Australia. I used my prepaid Visa debit card so I could put a fake (US-based) "billing" address when purchasing gun parts from the gun companies and the Visa transaction would still proceed. The mail-forwarding companies were not accomplices in any manner, as they do not verify if the Customs declaration matches the contents and usually they don't even open the parcels, they just place the box into a larger box and then into the international mail.

I purchased, in maybe 10 separate purchases all the parts for a Sten Mk.II 9mm submachine gun and assembled them during the 2009-2010 uni holiday in my dad's workshop, unbeknownst to him. When filling out the mail-forwarder's Customs forms I misdeclared the parts to get past Customs. The barrel as a "pinion gear shaft", the breach bolt as a "piston assembly" etc. and they arrived without any problems. The only component of a firearm that cannot be freely purchased as a "spare part" in the United States is the part known as the receiver, on which the serial number is printed. The receiver of the Sten Mk.II sub-machine gun is of a very simple tubular design, and can be fabricated from a piece of standard imperial 4130 chromemoly steel tubing which I purchased and then cut the appropriate slots and holes into using a Dremel rotary tool, which I had determined the sizes and locations of from studying a blueprint that I found on the Internet. I tricked my father into helping me weld it (the unassembled receiver didn't resemble a gun, so my father didn't know what it was he was helping me weld). I acquired magazines from a domestic militaria supplier that were for an Austen Mk.1, but also fit the Sten. The weapon cycled dummy rounds perfectly, but I could never acquire live 9mm ammunition.



A few photos taken during the assembly of the Sten gun. I have many others.

My friend M. gave it a try too after being inspired by my work. M. imported the upper receiver for a 9mm Cobray M-11/9 pistol and misdeclared it as "robotics components". Customs found it and he got raided by Customs officers, who left without charging him after not finding any further parts (they didn't find the AKM/AK-47 80% receiver he hid behind the curtain). His girlfriend went off at me over MSN Messenger calling me a bad influence and whatnot, but I was just sharing my much-loved hobby with him and I tried to give him my best advice in regard to not getting caught.

I also restored a deactivated (welded-up so it no longer functions for anything beyond display on a wall) Lee-Enfield SMLE No.1 MkIII rifle I bought online without a licence from a camping and disposals store in Western Australia by installing a new bolt head and firing pin and cutting out the welds to allow the bolt to move. The action worked perfectly after I did all this, but I never completed it because I needed to drill a 5/8" hole for the new barrel (the original one was plugged with hardened steel) and the drill bit was too large for the chuck on my drill. The new smoothbore barrel I wanted to install was chambered in .410 and it would have worked, converting it to a functional .410 shotgun, since the rim of a .410 and .303 have the same dimensions. After that, I put aside my gun projects and became fascinated with psychoactive drugs.

# HIGH TIMES

I know a large amount about about recreational drugs, including their chemistry and cultivation. Other drug users comment that I am "like an encyclopedia". I began reading extensively about drugs on the Internet, websites like Erowid.org and Bluelight.ru when I was about 17, and I was very interested. I didn't know anybody selling them, so I often took legal/more accessible drugs like cough syrup (dextromethorphan), whipped cream canisters (nitrous oxide), poppy seed tea, whole nutmegs, extracted codeine from painkillers that were only Schedule 2 (over-the-counter) back then and hallucinogenic mushrooms of the species *psilocybe subaeruginosa* that I found growing in the forest near my home.

In my years at university I remained very reclusive and didn't make any friends or social connections. I just stayed in my room all day and did drugs. I was very fascinated with all types of drugs: cannabinoids, amphetamines and cathinones, opioids, dissociatives, benzodiazepines and psychedelic tryptamines and phenethylamines, and I enjoyed their effects. I experimented with dozens of designer drugs ("RCs" or research chemicals) bought off the Internet. A research chemical is basically an obscure drug that has been recently invented or marketed but hasn't become popular enough for law-enforcement to take much notice or become banned, and even when they do it takes a year or two for the new legislation to pass. They are often chemically related to illicit drugs, for example methylone is structurally the same as MDMA except it has an oxygen atom attached to the beta-carbon. Some examples of legal RCs I have sampled include AM-2201, JWH-081, 4-FMC, MDPV, 5-APB, methoxetamine (MXE), 4-MeO-PCP, methylone, 4-AcO-DMT, 2C-E, 25C-NBOMe, phenazepam and many others. When one becomes banned, Chinese and European pharmacologists and chemists simply modify the molecule further to develop a new drug that isn't banned, and this industry stays ahead of law-enforcement that way. These aren't drug dealers selling these drugs, they are sold by registered online chemical supply businesses because it's legal. They only cost between 10 cents and a few dollars per dose.

I discovered *psilocybe subaeruginosa* mushrooms growing wild in someone's front yard near Belconnen, ate the entire patch and tripped so hard I thought I was going to die towards the end of it. That was the first time I had significant effects from wild mushrooms, and most of the experience was very mystical and positive. My experiments with 2C-E were even more incredible, I had synesthesia and once I went beyond shapes and patterns and actually saw complex alien worlds when I closed my eyes. It gave me extremely abstract revelations that I couldn't articulate and were impossible to remember when I came down. This was still nothing compared to DMT, which I can't even come close to describing, except that I witnessed the inner workings of the multiverse and the extra-dimensional beings that inhabit it who I can only describe as possessing an alien or god-like level of intellect and wisdom. To someone who has never tried DMT, what I just said sounds completely insane but if you witnessed it, you would use similar words. It was marvellous. All the common psychedelic drugs are relatively safe, benign, non-addicting and are entirely non-toxic (contrary to all the myths, ignorance and propaganda), and I highly recommend them to anybody with some degree of maturity.

To continue, I once fell asleep on the bus after taking a large dose of phenazepam (sedative), and

woke up at the bus depot surrounded by employees who thought I was in a diabetic coma. Later I first sourced MDMA by emailing a Dutch man and paying him via Western Union before he mailed it to me in a CD case, and similarly was how I found LSD, ketamine and DMT. This was before Silk Road. I never did the drugs in anything but my own company, but alone is when I feel most comfortable and I had many good times. I discussed all this with my online friend Jeremy (and also M.) who I met on TOTSE.com, but I've lost contact with him. Last I heard from Jeremy, he got done by the police for importing and selling significant quantities of MDMA on Silk Road and elsewhere, but had gone straight and gotten a job to look good for his sentencing. He might be even sitting in jail as I write this.

The only time I have been hospitalised due to a drug was after a bad reaction to a legal drug called AB-CHMINACA. After taking it for the first time I woke up in hospital with no idea what happened and the doctor said I had two seizures. These perfectly legal but dangerous and untested (zero history of human use), poor imitations of cannabis wouldn't even exist if the real thing which is well-studied and has a several millenia long history of human use without incident was legal. At the time of writing AB-CHMINACA has recently been banned in the US (but not in the UK), but Chinese chemists and pharmacologists have already invented new ones to get around the bans and these new drugs are already on the market. It's a War that the law will never win. The only reason I tried AB-CHMINACA was because I was subject to urine tests for parole which for some reason doesn't test for alcohol, which is by far one of the most destructive intoxicants. The average alcohol consumer couldn't even tell you that alcohol is listed as a class one carcinogen by the IARC (its metabolite acetaldehyde is proven to cause liver cancer) yet many law-abiding drinkers look down upon you for taking other less dangerous drugs like cannabis, based on their legal status which has no correlation with the actual danger they pose. The War on Drugs is killing people in other ways too, but I won't turn this book into a rant.

# DRUG COOKERY

Technically the first time I made a drug was when I was 15. I fermented sugar water with Bakers' yeast and after gagging it down and my face turning red (and then researching online) is when I realised I had the ALDH2 enzyme mutation (alcohol flush reaction) which exists in 50% of East Asians and which more or less prevents me from drinking alcohol. This is because I am of half-Chinese descent (the other half of me is German).

Little of the following will mean anything to the majority of readers who aren't chemists, but it's part of my story so I'll include it for the sake of completeness.

Moving from explosives, whose chemistry is rather simple, to total synthesis of various drugs just seemed like the natural progression of a clandestine chemist and that's what motivated me primarily. I directed my research at methamphetamine because that's the classic drug to try and manufacture yourself (I didn't have any experience using it), and there's a lot more information about its chemistry than other drugs. I had wanted to cook it since I was about 17-years-old, when explosives started to bore me. My online friend B. had been indoctrinated to think that drugs were bad whereas I was a bit more of a free-thinker on the subject, and we drifted apart and eventually stopped talking, with him interested in chemical weapons and me interested in drug chemistry at the time we lost contact.

Early attempts at age 17 or 18 aimed towards drug manufacture involved trying to form a bisulfite adduct with benzaldehyde in almond extract and synthesising piperonal from the alkaloid extract of black pepper (piperine), the latter of which I had some success with (I could smell the beautiful scent of piperonal, but failed to isolate any). I also made a small manganese ammonium alum cell and detected a strong smell of benzaldehyde when I put some toluene into the purple mixture to be oxidised. I recall making the manganese(II) sulfate for my first MAA cell from reacting manganese dioxide from batteries with hydrochloric acid in the backyard in a big mixing bowl and holding my breath and stirring the reaction madly yet still getting whiffs of the horrific chlorine gas, then running away with my lungs about to burst. I remember making the insoluble carbonate salt from the chloride, and then reacted that with sulfuric acid. Later when I was 20-21 I bypassed all this when I found manganese(II) sulfate sold as a fertiliser. When I was 18 or so I also successfully made isopropyl nitrite (those video head cleaners or room odourisers sold in adult shops that are used recreationally) out of sodium nitrite I made by reducing  $\text{NaNO}_3$  with molten lead in a sardine can on the stove.

I had to become very resourceful in sourcing or making all my chemicals from household products until I was into my 20's because I didn't have a credit card to order off the Internet. Jars were my beakers and beer bottles, my flasks. In my teens I used a distillation apparatus made from the corner of a Zip-lock bag filled with icy water placed over the neck of a jar and later tried to make a more sophisticated condenser from a fluorescent tube. Similarly, Zip-lock bags hung diagonally worked as crude separatory funnels when I did acid-base extractions of dextromethophan from cough syrup. Even once I got a prepaid Visa and proper jointed glassware I still preferred to make drug precursors via lengthy syntheses from "OTC" (over-the-counter) products to evade attention that might occur from making purchases from chemical suppliers.

I chose the more sophisticated methods starting from benzaldehydes because I didn't want to attempt to purchase pseudoephedrine. When I was 18 I prepared some potassium dichromate from a green pigment and extracted codeine from over-the-counter tablets in preparation to try an oxycodone synthesis, but didn't go any further. I also looked for niacin tablets to try and decarboxylate them to pyridine to for use in the demethylation of codeine to morphine. I don't know if either of these would have even worked. I would eventually use the manganese ammonium alum method to produce precursors for my first batch of amphetamine when I was 21, but I put my chemistry activities on hold for a couple years to concentrate on other things, including the Sten gun and university.

I imported some glassware and was visited by ACT police some time in 2010, because (if I remember correctly) over the 2010-2011 Summer uni holidays is when I cooked GHB for the first time and during the Winter holidays of 2011 is when I first cooked amphetamine (like the ADHD medication, not the N-methyl variety), and starting at the beginning of the 2011-2012 Summer holidays is when I started cooking methamphetamine. Apparently, the standard procedure when a private individual imports chemistry equipment is a Customs tip-off and a visit from the local police. Many Australian home chemists on the website Science Madness complain about this happening to them. When police were investigating the importation of chemistry glassware they spoke to my friend Tori, who called me to say she knew I was going to make drugs because my MSN Messenger name was "blinded\_by\_euphoria" (it's actually a song by Skyfire). She also knew that I used to pick psychedelic mushrooms in the forest said she knew what I was going to do because, "I know you, Andy."

The ACT detectives could tell that I was going to make drugs but they insisted that "We think somebody is making you do it. We just want to know who's making you do it. We want to catch the bad guys." I don't think they were trying to trick me or anything, I think they really believed that somebody was "making" me do it and they came to this conclusion after speaking to Tori. They thought I was a victim of exploitation and the second time they talked to me they treated me very sensitively and insisted that they "just want to know who's making you do it", so I believe they really thought that. In a way it's true, as I will explain in this book.

I'm not sure if they were federal police or just ACT police, since the Australian Federal Police handles ACT policing as well. The first pair of cops wanted to know where I was going to set up the equipment and they wanted see the chemistry glassware, even when I told them it was interstate they still wanted to drive down to NSW and see it, though the second pair of cops said that "It's out of our jurisdiction" and were confused when I mentioned that cops had previously talked to me. I met the first pair of cops when they performed a controlled delivery of the glassware at the Civic post office. The second pair who interviewed me at home didn't know who the first pair of cops were. When I mentioned them they asked in confusion, "What other cops?" The first pair of cops who met me at the post office had to ask me my address to know where I was living (I was renting a room in a house and hadn't updated the address on my licence), so how did the second pair of cops know where I was living (they arrived at my house) even though they had no idea who the first pair were? Maybe there was just some confusion, or the two pairs of cops were from different agencies. The cops also literally visited people on my phone records--which wasn't many people, just my landlord, a guy I was partnered with for a uni assignment, and Tori B. They asked Tori if I "had ties to Iran" which we had a good laugh about.

Once there was an undercover detective who hacked my MSN Messenger account (rift3r@hotmail.com) and impersonated me while talking to my friend M. One day I tried to log on and found that somebody had changed my password. I made a new account and contacted M. who told me that "Andrew" was online and was talking to him! The fake Andrew used the word "man" a lot, and I never use the word "man"! E.g. "Hey man, what's all this about drugs and guns, man?" (I'm exaggerating) M. suddenly addressed him as "officer" and the cop tried to deny it at first, but he eventually realised that he was found out and then gave us the "drugs are bad" speech. It was pretty funny.

Another time I told M. over MSN Messenger that "it's under my bed", with "it" referring to the Sten submachine gun. The AFP detectives who were investigating the importation of chemistry glassware must have been reading my online MSN Messenger conversations because my landlord said that they asked him to "check under his bed, there's something under his bed" which prompted me to dispose of the weapon.

When I was 20 I successfully completed a synthesis of NaGHB and GBL from the amino acid GABA and sodium nitrite/HCl (Sandmeyer reaction). I found that the temperature (it had to be kept very cold) would rise too fast when adding HCl and produce NO<sub>x</sub> fumes or start foaming up and popping off glass joints and I would have to put the GABA/NaNO<sub>2</sub> solution in the freezer and try again. This was probably due to ineffective ice-baths. I initially used solvent (dichloromethane) extraction of the GBL as per the online literature, but then I found a thread on TOTSE.com that said GBL forms an azeotrope with water, so I distilled it over like that and found that this was a much better method. I tried to sell some NaGHB once but I was too reclusive to find more than one potential buyer, and he wasn't interested in NaGHB so I just consumed the rest. It was a very pleasant drug, I liken it to a cross between amphetamine and alcohol, though I often lost consciousness and woke up two hours later having missed the high.

I was 21 when I successfully synthesised d,l-amphetamine sulphate by reducing phenyl-2-nitropropene with aluminium amalgam. I later pulled off a total synthesis of phenyl-2-propanone (P2P) via the dissolving-metal reduction of phenyl-2-nitropropene which I had obtained by reacting benzaldehyde/nitroethane with cyclohexylamine catalyst. I found that the synthesis on Rhodium Archives said to use freebase cyclohexylamine but I found that the acetate salt gives better yields and the freebase gave poor yields. My most technical accomplishment is a total synthesis of d,l-methamphetamine HCl via phenyl-2-propanone. Heisenberg-style right from the start, I have never seen a Pseudo tablet in my life! I didn't conspire with anybody, it was all my idea and solely my action.

To make (meth)amphetamine I needed benzaldehyde. I experimented with three different benzaldehyde syntheses:

1. Electrolytic cell producing the manganese ammonium alum (MAA) for the oxidation of toluene. Handling huge beakers of H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> with lead electrodes hanging on the edges scared me. Drain cleaner H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> caused foaming problems in the MAA cell so I used 98% technical grade from a chemical supplier. This method was tedious and gave me poor yields.

2.  $\text{BzOH} + \text{HCl} \rightarrow \text{BzCl}$ , and benzyl chloride reacts with aqueous hexamine to form benzaldehyde (Sommelet reaction). This was effective and I favoured it until I experimented with the essential oil of cinnamon bark.

3. Cinnamon bark oil consists of 90% cinnamaldehyde. Cinnamaldehyde + dilute aqueous NaOH  $\rightarrow$  benzaldehyde + acetaldehyde (retro-aldol). I used pressurised steam to distill the benzaldehyde from a boiling yellow-red tarry solution of cinnamaldehyde in aq. NaOH (fractional steam distillation). Obtained was crude benzaldehyde along with the water, the acetaldehyde boiled away during the distillation. I fractionated this with an insulated column under aspirator pressure to obtain pure benzaldehyde, and this was the most complicated yet most satisfying way of obtaining it.

After this I performed the standard procedure of reacting benzaldehyde with nitroethane with an amine catalyst (cyclohexylamine) to yield phenyl-2-nitropropene and then reducing this either directly to amphetamine with aluminium amalgam or reducing it to phenyl-2-propanone (P2P) with tin powder and hydrochloric acid for the methamphetamine synthesis, the latter of which I favoured after first successfully pulling it off. The P2P was an orange-yellow oil after steam distilling it (I never tried distilling in-vacu, I only had a water aspirator).

I performed a number of successful reductive aminations with both methylamine and nitromethane (reduced to methylamine in-situ) using aluminium amalgam. I dissolved thermometer Hg in  $\text{HNO}_3$ , added NaOH and decanted then added HCl to the muddy red-yellow precipitate to form a solution of  $\text{HgCl}_2$  I used for the amalgam.

I broke my addition funnel so I couldn't use the nitromethane + Al/Hg reductive amination technique since the extra heat from the in-situ methylamine formation made the already very exothermic Al/Hg reductive amination run-away without an addition funnel so I resorted to using the easier-to-control reductive amination using pre-made methylamine (methylamine HCl + NaOH aq.). I reacted hexamine with HCl and ethanol (and some extra  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$ ) heating on a waterbath and using an insulated column for 12hrs (more than necessary). I carefully distilled off formed ethyl formate (removing the formic acid from the system). I used stoichiometry to, using the weight of the ethyl formate recovered, determine how big my yield of methylamine HCl would be and how much  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$  I could expect to recover while concentrating the resulting solution in-vacu to precipitate the  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$  (which precipitates before the methylamine HCl and is, in portions, vacuum filtered before the solution is concentrated further to reduce bumping) with the aim of leaving a solution that is as free from  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$  and only containing the much more soluble methylamine HCl. The solution is then boiled in-vacu until it is rock hard dry. For the vacuum source I used a water aspirator and this put all the formic acid/formaldehyde down the sink (my mother complained about the astronomical water bill after I would run the water aspirator for hours), which otherwise burns your eyes if you try to concentrate the solution in the open air.

Boiling anhydrous isopropyl alcohol is perfect for separating the left over  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$  from the methylamine HCl and is added to the cake, then hot-filtered to remove insoluble  $\text{NH}_4\text{Cl}$  and put in the freezer to precipitate shiny deliquescent flakes of methylamine HCl. Then it is washed with chloroform to remove any dimethylamine HCl. If you have dilute isopropyl alcohol I found you can

concentrate it by saturating it with rock salt until it forms two layers, separating it to get around 90% IPA/10% water (and some aq. NaCl) and then adding solid NaOH (grease joints well or they'll freeze) to saturate the water left over and then distilling this to get dry IPA. After Hg salts, saturated aq. NaOH is my least favorite thing to handle. After the reaction, I had no analytical equipment so I performed a bioassay with the product, which is basically a fancy way of saying I consumed some and knew that it worked when I got high.

During the plotting stage I remember sitting up the back of the bus daydreaming about what it would be like to have \$100,000. I had known nothing but poverty my whole life. It wasn't all about the money though, I was also curious about the chemistry and experimenting involved and was also motivated by the sense of accomplishment I would get from successfully pulling off an organic synthesis much more complex than the ones I had done in relation to explosives. It was just so psychologically fulfilling to get a powerful mind-altering effect from something I made all by myself through a lengthy process from basic, readily available materials. Sourcing the precursors creatively was a thrill, when after scouring through countless MSDS sheets I finally found a product that contained nitroethane and also exciting was experimenting with three different methods of making benzaldehyde. If I could have just bought the precursors from a chemical supplier, it would have been no fun. The police prosecutor definitely did not understand that, thinking that the only goal must be all about the money I could have made. I'm not interested in cooking methamphetamine anymore. I don't do the same thing twice, it's just not fulfilling. It's not novel to me anymore and I already know that it will work so there's little room for curiosity or a challenge.



Forensic chemists pose with my reductive amination flask. Source: Eden Magnet.

## Police raid suspected drug lab from Eden home

An Eden home was subject to three days of police investigation following the discovery of an alleged drug lab on Sunday morning.

Police were called after a distraught young man was seen by golfers at Eden Gardens Country Club and nearby residents at about 11.15am.

After speaking with the 22-year-old man, police attended a Storey Avenue home where they found suspicious equipment and chemicals believed to be used in the manufacture of prohibited substances.

Police established a crime scene, with Fire and Rescue Eden on-site in case of fire, and a drug investigation squad was dispatched from Sydney.

The on-site investigation and dismantling of the clandestine lab continued until Tuesday afternoon.

Police believe they have recovered a quantity of prohibited drug and are analysing the substance along with other chemicals and equipment seized.

No charges have been laid.

Rumours abounded in Eden over the past few days that bodies had found at the scene, but this has been denied by police.

Eden Magnet article.

# IT BEGINS

The following describes the beginning of what I am going to document in the rest of this book. Some time into 2012 when I was in my lab cooking methamphetamine at 11 Storey Ave, a number of mysterious things began happening.

It started with cars pulling up next to me, this started happening to me when I lived in Canberra in 2010 or 2011. The cars would pull up a couple metres in front of me when I was walking to the Jamison shopping centre in Macquarie, Canberra and men in the front seats would glare menacingly and maintain eye contact as I walked past. This was about the time I began plotting to cook methamphetamine and I now know that my online conversations in which I discussed my plans with Internet friends were being hacked. I thought they were just random people being rude or curious or something and never thought much of it.

Sometimes while I was living in Canberra when I was at home during the day people in workmen's clothes would show up at the door and offer to do "gardening". This is the first time I had ever lived in the city and I'm not sure if it's normal for people to solicit work in this manner, but when I told my landlord he was confused and suspicious. I also started receiving phone calls with nobody on the other end. Once I tried to ring them back and after three tries a man finally answered and said "Oh, never mind" and hung up. My parents also got these empty calls and put it down to "pranksters".

Another early event that started it all is when I was approached by a man calling himself "Steven" at the bus interchange in Civic, Canberra a couple months before I first cooked GHB over the 2010-2011 uni holidays. He sat next to me and spoke with a nervous voice. He acted as if he wanted to be my friend, was interested in seeing what model my phone was and gave me a phone number to ring, which he claimed was his number. He told me to ring the number then and there "so that you have my number on your phone", which I did. Months later when I was back in Canberra after successfully cooking GHB, I remembered the friend I thought I had made and decided to ring "his" number which was still on my phone. I was confused when instead of "Steven", a suspicious father answered the phone and demanded to know my details because "My son Tommy has been the victim of pedophiles". I remember all this clearly because it's very rarely that I meet new people, and I didn't think much of it until 2012 when I realised that it was an attempt to frame me as a pedophile by tricking me into putting my personal mobile phone number on the call records of a young pedophile victim.

Like I said, I just shrugged the cars off as people being rude or curious about me, or doing it for some unknown innocuous reason. I did the same when I would notice the huge amount of noise next door during 2012 while I was in the lab. It didn't occur to me for quite some time that I was being targeted because I always shrugged off these incidents without much thought. There was a cacophony of noise being made with tools and machinery next door every single day, and yet for a long time I just dismissed it as workmen going about their business because I did not realise for some while that these aggressive, incessant noises were being directed at me.

When I was walking to the hardware store to get chemicals in early 2012 one time a red car pulled up about 3 metres in front of me and two men inside glared at me, maintaining eye contact for several

seconds. I somehow thought nothing of this because I didn't realise anybody knew about the lab. Also in 2012 while I was in the lab I regularly heard a man shouting "Andrew, Andrew!" at the back gate, but I thought it was just one of my brother's friends so I ignored him. One day while in the drug lab I awoke to hear my mother telling my father in a panic, "They're looking for Andrew! They're going to kill Andrew!"

Later I was awoken by a group of people on our veranda wailing in frustration, pounding violently on the walls and doors and screaming, "Where is Andrew?! Where is he!? We haven't heard from him in five [weeks or months]! Where is he?! What are you making him do!?" The people all had that lower-class accent that I associate with the criminal class. I'm sure you know the type of crude accent I'm talking about. My mother frantically closed the curtains. Our dog was barking his head off and my father went outside with the dog whistle while my mother told me to hide in my room, but she probably won't admit that this happened, for some reason. I have no idea who these people are. I was petrified, I had no idea what was going on.

In addition to all the noise next door being made with tools I started hearing speakers around our house murmuring something like "And tonight's raffle winner is..." and then a series of numbers. I heard the speakers every evening for several months. The sound was coming from all around our property.

I was using the Internet a lot while I was in the lab, just reading about all sorts of things on Wikipedia such as The Troubles in Northern Ireland. I remember I first came across a website about "Satanic ritual abuse" while I was researching the psychological effects of child abuse and neglect on the Internet. I think it might have been Dr. Ellen Lacter's website (<http://endritualabuse.org>). This was around half way through 2012 while I was sitting in my drug lab. At this point, I was experiencing a lot of noise next door all day long and the "raffle" speaker announcements, which annoyed me but I just shrugged it off. I thought they were just making so much noise for some innocuous reason (and that nobody knew about my lab) and the man constantly shouting "Andrew, Andrew!" at the back gate, I mistakenly thought was one of my brother's friends and I ignored him.

On two occasions during 2012 immediately after falling asleep I had all my five senses raped and violated in every way possible and I woke up from nightmares screaming at the top of my lungs. Never has this happened to me before, and never did it happen again, it only happened during the time which all these other strange things began occurring. Then for four nights in a row I had a very strange set of dreams. On the first night I dreamed about making explosives, just like I used to do when I was 17. On the second night, I dreamed about building a Sten submachine gun, just like I built when I was 19-20. On the third night I had a dream in which I was cooking methamphetamine, just as I was doing now. Finally, on the fourth night I had a nightmare in which a large group of people were screaming at me, "Give us the speed!" ("speed" is slang for methamphetamine). What the hell?

For a while I tried to explain away this series of dreams as some sort of natural psychological occurrence (though it seemed too bizzare to be mere coincidence), but then I came under assault with a variety of devices that I can only describe as electronic, high-tech and classified in nature, and slowly came to the conclusion that the series of dreams was induced by one of these weapons. I had poor understanding of what was happening or who was behind it: I had many pieces of the puzzle but

hadn't a clue how to fit them together. I was increasingly confused and scared.

The assaults started when out of no where suddenly my whole body would feel extremely hot. I tried to make excuses for why my body would regularly become hot all over as if I was being "cooked" such as thinking it could be gaseous formaldehyde doing that to my skin (note: I don't think formaldehyde would even do that), but it definitely wasn't anything chemical related. I began to notice that when I was "cooked" the sensation was accompanied by humming or buzzing noise coming from the ruins of the Pelagic fish factory at the rear of our property, which sounded like a large transformer. The fish factory had recently been destroyed by an unexplained fire. I kept trying to make excuses or find innocent explanations for all the strange things that began to occur, because I didn't know that anybody knew about my lab. I was assaulted further when sporadically I started hearing a sharp, piercing tone sound that seemed to come from "everywhere". It was being externally produced and was definitely not a problem with my hearing. Even though it seemed to come from "everywhere", I could tell it was coming from the ruins of the fish factory at the rear of our property.

I began taking notice of the huge amount of noise made with pneumatic tools, hammers, grinders and drills next door all day long that had been occurring for months and was becoming more and more intense, as well as the "raffle" speakers. This was all being done to harass me! It was horrific, the noise harassment stresses you to the core once you realise it's being directed at you.

I don't remember how I first came across a website about gang-stalking. It was probably when I typed "stalking" and "electronic weapons" into Google in an attempt to figure out what going on. I don't remember. For the one month or so before the lab was found, I had been reading about gang-stalking on the Internet and had established that this was the name for what was happening to me. I also realised that I had many symptoms of Satanic ritual abuse as described on Dr. Lacter's website. I was frantically trying to put the pieces together in the form of text files and other evidence that I was saving to three USB drives.

In a state of fear and panic and under intense gang-stalking and in a desperate act of self-preservation I posted on my Facebook Wall frantically, "I've told the Australian Federal Police everything, and if anything happens to me they're going to know why!" I was bluffing, I hadn't told anybody anything and was still not quite sure what was going on, but I was very scared. The school captain when I was in Year 12, Hannah B., saw me posting on Facebook and was alarmed. Immediately after I posted that on Facebook I received a text message from a number I didn't recognise that simply said "Hi" and the "raffle" speakers began blaring furiously. I was a loner who had no friends or acquaintances, so who could have been texting me?

I know most of this may sound like I was mentally unstable at this point, but I wasn't. These things were really occurring, and it took me a while to understand the meaning of it all. Continue reading until you reach the detailed sections on gang-stalking, where I elaborate on everything I saw and give my explanation for it. I wish I could remember in greater detail everything that happened during 2012, my description really doesn't do justice to how strange, overwhelming and frightening it was to have all this start happening with little understanding of what was going on.

In the days before the lab was found the electronic weapon assaults became more and more frequent

and the noise harassment more and more aggressive. I demanded to know from my mother why is all this was happening and what was going on. She denied that anything was wrong a couple times then finally she came to my room and said, "All right, Andrew. I'll tell you what's going on. If you have any questions, I'll answer them but you might never be right in the, in the... head again." She backedpeddled and shut up after saying this, but she admitted that there was a dark secret that she thought I wouldn't be able to mentally handle. I think this happened one or two days before I ran onto the golf course for help. Around the same time a weapon was used on us that caused my father to fall into a trance. He suddenly became frozen as still as a statue with his finger on his wrist as if to check his pulse and stared off into space. I was frantically yelling "Dad, dad!" and he wouldn't even flinch until maybe 20 seconds later when he suddenly came back to life. It was horrific. I think that was the day before I ran onto the golf course screaming, I just couldn't take it anymore. At the peak of the gang-stalking I sat in my lab trapped and hopeless and wondering what I got myself into. By the 21st of October I had been too terrified to leave the house for 10 weeks.

In light of all the strange things that began happening, I desperately searched for anything else in my life that appeared suspicious and came across the death of Tom Buckland.

# THE DEATH OF TOM BUCKLAND

# **IT WAS MURDER**

Remember how I mentioned I had a friend named Tori? Well, one of her friends was killed in a car crash in 2011. I didn't know Tom Buckland, I just knew he was Tori's friend and occasionally he would say hi to me when I was sitting outside the library at school with his friend Nathan(?). I'm fairly sure he was in Tori's year. His funeral was at the Pambula cemetery so he was either from Merimbula or Pambula. I don't remember where I was when I heard that Tom had died, but I was reading either the news or social media and heard about it through there. I am inclined to believe that it was social media and I probably first heard of the death when people started posting "RIP Tom Buckland" on their social media accounts. I might have even been living with my parents in Eden on the Winter uni holidays when it happened (which was when I first successfully cooked amphetamine) because I think he died in June or July, but I don't remember. Tom Buckland was killed in mid-2011 around the time (or perhaps soon after) I successfully synthesised amphetamine and had already successfully made NaGHB, but I didn't mention it chronologically because it was only now (mid-2012 while I was in the lab) that it slowly began to dawn on me that something was suspicious about his car crash.

According to the news reports Tom was killed when the Mitsubishi Magna he was driving slowly drifted over the centre-line into the path of an oncoming truck. He died soon after paramedics arrived. This happened near Bredbo, NSW. I have saved copies of the online news reports concerning the crash and I can provide them to investigators if the original pages no longer exist on the Internet.

Here is a news report about the crash:

<http://web.archive.org/web/20110712020528/http://www.canberratimes.com.au/news/local/news/get-tragedy-sparks-holiday-chaos/2221247.aspx>

*Highway tragedy sparks holiday chaos*

*BY EWA KRETOWICZ*

*09 Jul, 2011 12:00 AM*

*A collision between a truck and a sedan on the Monaro Highway yesterday afternoon left one young man dead and stranded thousands of motorists headed for the ski fields.*

*NSW police closed both lanes of the highway at the height of the school holiday snow season backing up traffic for about 4km in both directions.*

*The section of road where the crash took place 80km from Canberra is due for an upgrade after the NSW Coalition pledged \$6million for overtaking lanes.*

*The Roads and Traffic Authority recorded 11 fatalities from crashes on the stretch of highway between the ACT border to the intersection with the Snowy Mountains Highway in Cooma.*

*According to early police reports, at 3.30pm yesterday a provisional driver in a NSW-registered car drifted into the oncoming semi-trailer. The Mitsubishi Magna driven by the young man was crushed and he died shortly after Cooma ambulance arrived at the scene.*

*Queanbeyan Police's Inspector Chris Varley said the young man, who was travelling south on the highway, appeared to be at fault.*

*"A truck travelling north made every attempt to avoid the car by swerving off the road, the truck was swerving right off the road to get out of the way for some reason he kept coming across to the wrong side of the road and unfortunately collided with the truck," Inspector Varley said. The Queanbeyan police officer said there was no indication the young man swerved to avoid wildlife or debris on the road.*

*"It appeared to be a slow and a gradual swerving. At this stage it may be a possibility that the driver fell asleep. There was obviously some problem because he was not going on the correct side of the road and it was gradual," he said.*

*The driver of the truck was taken to Cooma Hospital for blood and urine tests.*

*"The gentleman is obviously shaken he's in shock but he has been spoken to by police. .. by all indications it would be fair to say that the driver of the sedan was at fault."*

*NSW police and the Roads and Traffic Authority worked to reopen the highway. Vehicles were directed onto the verge in a paddock and were alternated between south-bound and north-bound motorists.*

*Despite waits of more than two hours for north-bound vehicles, drivers were resigned.*

*Kim Chang, of Chatswood, was returning to Sydney following a week's skiing-holiday with his family.*

*The 51-year-old was understanding.*

*"These things happen," Mr Chang said.*

*The highway was reopened about 9pm.*

*Inspector Varley said the accident provided a reminder to road users.*

*"Clearly there is going to be a lot of people coming down this weekend and I can't say whether this young person was heading to the snow but if they become fatigued and this crash is the result of fatigue it only goes to highlight people need to drive carefully, safely and have sufficient rest and breaks, otherwise it can end in tragic circumstances."*



The scene of Tom Buckland's crash. Source: The Canberra Times.

I remember in 2012 while I was coming to realise that Tom's death was suspicious, initially I thought someone was hacking my Internet connection and making a fake news website appear on my computer when I was reading the news article of his crash, but no, Tom Buckland really died that way. I couldn't believe it, and I didn't come to the conclusion immediately--it took a while. The realisation that Tom Buckland was murdered was slow to come to me some time in 2012, perhaps one or two months before the 21st of October, but by the time I would run onto the golf course I had concluded that it was murder and I'm quite sure that the three USB drives in my pocket contained my realisation, though the contents were very nonsensical because the document was in its very early stages.

How did I conclude that he was murdered? He died behind the wheel of a 1990's model black Mitsubishi Magna sedan--exactly the same model and colour car that I wanted to buy when I was about 18. I know this sounds crazy at this point, but bear with me.

When I heard of his death I thought about attending his funeral in Pambula but either decided I couldn't make it or didn't get around to it. I had no idea he was murdered and didn't realise the significance of the black Magna because it had been years since I posted on the Internet that my ideal car would be a black Magna, and I think now I wanted a Toyota Soarer. I will hereby refer to the criminal organisation that murdered Tom as "the cult" because as far as I can tell, they appear to be an occult secret society or Satanic mafia of sorts. The cult will be the topic of the rest of this book.

"A truck travelling north made every attempt to avoid the car by swerving off the road, the truck was swerving right off the road to get out of the way for some reason he kept coming across to the wrong side of the road and unfortunately collided with the truck," Inspector Varley said. The police officer said there was no indication the young man swerved to avoid wildlife or debris on the road." --A quote from the news article.

I remember when the news report said a Magna was involved in the crash, when I imagined the "accident" I imagined the Magna as purple for some reason (I don't know why, I don't think I've ever seen a purple Magna), so that's one reason nothing seemed suspicious or coincidental. When I looked up Tom's Facebook profile and saw the photo of him posing next to a black Magna at night, it still didn't ring any bells because it had been years since I posted on social media website MySpace that I wanted a black Magna.

A MySpace survey is basically a series of questions like "What is your favourite colour?" or "What is

your favourite song?" and you would answer them. To the question "What is your ideal car?" I answered "an early 1990s model black Mitsubishi Magna sedan" and posted this survey on MySpace for the world to see. I didn't say my ideal car would be a Ferrari or anything because I don't dream unrealistically about what I can never have. This social media post is how the cult knew I wanted a black Magna, and they killed Tom in one to send me a message. I don't think Tom was a close friend of Tori, I think he was more distant than that, perhaps even just an acquaintance (though she said she missed him on Facebook) but the cult must have known (watching our social media accounts?) that Tom was known to me and that if something happened to him I would notice.

Tom's car was remote-controlled. If it was simply driven off the lane by another car, the truck driver he collided with would have seen it. I don't know for certain why Tom was murdered. I think at this point I had successfully cooked amphetamine (or was soon to) and I had already successfully manufactured GHB, a machine gun and conducted explosions with homemade materials so I think my skill set is why the cult was so interested in me. Perhaps they wanted to exert dominance over me and intimidate me into believing I had to work for them and that there was no escape. Furthermore, I'm sure Tom wasn't the first person they murdered with this technique and if they already had the technology to rig cars, I imagine they were itching for a reason to use it on somebody because they are sadistic. They probably thought that killing somebody in the same model and colour car I wanted would be a funny joke or prank that would send me a message.

When I heard news of Tom's death and looked at his Facebook page, I noticed that his main profile picture was a photo of him standing next to a early 1990's model black Magna while smiling. I think the photo was taken at night time. Unless Tom's friends and family can confirm that they took this photograph, I believe it was taken by the murderers. When I bought my van, the seller took a photo of me standing next to it. Sometimes private car sellers like to do this to keep the photo as a memory of their old vehicle. I think it's possible that the cultists who sold the rigged Magna to Tom asked him to pose next to the car for one of these types of photos, then after killing him they hacked his Facebook and put the photograph as his main profile picture to send me a message (when I would see the black Magna profile picture, I was supposed to realise that he was killed in the same car I wanted).

The cult is killing people with a vehicular sabotage technique known as the "Boston brakes". I suspect that it may involve sabotage of the ABS/traction/stability control in order to make the wheels on one side of the sabotaged vehicle spin slower than the other side in order to cause the vehicle to swerve, as well as disabling the foot brake. This is similar to how a tank works, the tracks on one of the tank move slower than the other side to make the tank turn in this direction. This is done under remote-control of a sabotaged vehicle by assassins in a car that follows the target vehicle. I don't know much about cars, but this is my theory at the moment. Look up on YouTube the video titled "Digital Carjackers Show Off New Attacks", the video by Forbes. It shows a Prius in this video, but the older Magna that Tom Buckland was murdered in wouldn't have so much that can be controlled by computers, including the steering, like the Prius in that video. However, it would have had ABS brakes. I think ABS is the only computer controlled component of a 1990's model car which has an effect on the vehicle's movement. I'm pretty sure power steering is entirely mechanical, because with my second car (1991 Ford) you could hear a belt slipping when you turned the steering too far.

Cars are probably rigged for Boston brakes incidents after being stolen and then recovered

somewhere, apparently "intact". This is what the author of the "Boston brakes" article on Urbandictionary.com claims. In Tom Buckland's case I believe they sold the rigged car directly to him. I noticed in the Canberra Times photo of the crash site that the black Magna Tom Buckland died in was fitted with rims. These stylish rims might have been fitted so that the rigged vehicle would appeal to a young man looking to buy a car.

On celebrity conspiracy theorist Alex Jones' website there was an article about the Boston brakes and one of the reader comments named a policewoman in the US who he claimed to have inside knowledge that she was murdered with this technique. I looked up the news report about the crash and it said that the policewoman's car drifted over the centreline into oncoming traffic, just like Tom Buckland's crash. The report said the policewoman had a high-range blood alcohol content, but perhaps this just indicates that the cult is capable of forging or otherwise altering toxicology reports. Maybe the policewoman was getting too close to the truth? For the record, if I end up in a car crash and they say I was drunk, then it's a lie because I don't drink due to a genetic defect in my liver.

I read on a credible-seeming website that the car Princess Diana was killed in had been stolen soon before the crash and when it was recovered, it was found that the thieves had removed the ABS computer/system. A new ABS computer was installed and the car was placed back in the fleet. I find this interesting. While I haven't read it, I have heard that a document floating around the Internet titled the "CIA Assassin's Manual" recommends murdering people in staged car accidents because anybody who observes the murder will be dismissed as a "conspiracy theorist", which is the unfortunate position I am in.

I watched a television show called Driving Wars while in jail, and this show demonstrated remote-control cars that had no visible modifications to the interior (the black convertible the hosts were driven in). The technology to cause a "Boston brakes" incident definitely exists, all that is needed is the motive to kill somebody with it, and I have described why I believe Tom Buckland was murdered: to intimidate me and send me a message, and they thought so little of it because they knew there's no way they could ever get caught.

Some time after his death, Tom's Facebook page that was being used as a memorial was deleted, and I'm pretty sure it still had the picture of him posing next to the black Magna as his main profile picture. Perhaps Facebook employees delete the profiles of the deceased, because a recent news report claimed this.

The following is an extract from an online community centered around traffic reports for people on their way to the ski fields, discussing Tom's crash and one person described a vehicle fleeing from the scene of the murder:

"Sometime earlier in the trip before Cooma, I was 3rd in a line of cars, we were going down one of the straights, when a little red car coming the other way ducked out and overtook another cutting back in with less than a second to spare before a collision would have occurred with the 4wd at the front of the line I was in. The driver and passengers in the red car were laughing and carrying on, the driver and passenger in the car they overtook were looking very shocked, I'm sure the driver at the front of the queue would have had a similar look and probably had to change their pants, they only

just had time to start taking evasive action when the car pulled out before it was back in and past."

---Quote from a witness on an online forum dedicated to snow field traffic reports.

A witness saw a small red car speeding erratically from the scene of Tom's crash that was filled with people who were "laughing and carrying on"! Could this have been the assassins? The driver of the truck Tom collided with needs to be re-interviewed to determine whether he saw a small red car travelling with Tom's black Magna.

On the same ski traffic report message board, one of Tom's friends posted a message. The friend couldn't understand why the crash occurred. Even Tom's friends, who had no knowledge of the meaning of the black Magna, were confused about what happened. Tom's friend said on that website that he was heading to "Mimbi" for work when the crash happened. I assume that "Mimbi" refers to Merimbula, so he was heading south from Canberra (he must have originated in Canberra because he was travelling on the Monaro Highway, according to reports). Furthermore, another person on the ski website posted "I knew the guy" and his profile said he was from Canberra. I don't think the original webpage exists on the Internet anymore, but I have saved a copy and can provide it to investigators. Here's exactly (copy-and-paste) what Tom's friend posted on that website:

*Username "ReEnA"*

*09/07/11 07:19 pm*

*"Can anyone shed light on what events occurred yesterday? find it hard to believe he swerved into the truck he was a sensible driver but accidents do happen,... was his car on his side of the road or what? I cant believe that canberra times its just so unlike him to mess up like that he is pretty cautious driver, did the truck roll over the front of his car,?"*

*"shame when he was only comin home to mimbi to his family and work, not snow tripping! he will be sorly missed such a bright young man still cant believe he is gone ="*

Another person posted, "Possibly not an overtaking manouver but fatigue (fell asleep) and drifted across the lane was what I had heard." Complete nonsense, it was only 3pm in the afternoon and he was at Bredbo which is only about 80km from Canberra, which is where I assume he originated. He was only an hour and a half into his trip home and how could he have fallen asleep at that time of day? A very "cautious driver" according to his friend, so why would he drive if he was tired enough to pass out?

Tom's car wasn't the only black Magna. Remember how I said Tom was a friend of my friend, Tori B.? When I was 17 or 18 Tori's best friend and neighbour Laura K. also bought a 1990's black Mitsubishi sedan, and this happened soon after I posted on social media that this was the type of car I was looking to buy! I did notice at the time that it was the same car I wanted but I dismissed it as a strange coincidence without much thought. However, when Tom was killed in a black Magna I didn't notice this immediately because it had been years since I posted on social media that my ideal car would be a 1990's black Magna sedan. It took me until mid-2012 to realise what happened. I bet the cult would have made Tori buy a black Magna, except Tori didn't drive. Perhaps they wouldn't kill a female because among criminals (e.g. in jail) that would make you a "dog".



6 Henwood St, Merimbula. Laura K.'s parents' house. This photo was taken in 2010 by Google Street View. In the photo I can see what I believe is a early 1990's black Mitsubishi Magna in the driveway. She posted much more clear pictures on her social media account years ago and it was definitely a black 1990's Magna.

I know this claim of murder doesn't sound very convincing at this stage, but keep reading and by the time you reach the end you will have some context, see how it all comes together and will understand that this crime was just part of a major conspiracy. Maybe what happened next will convince you.

Fast-forward to March 2013: when I was looking for news reports about the car crash at Bredbo I typed "bredbo car accident" into Google (yes, I know it wasn't an "accident", but that's what I typed). A hacker who unbeknownst to me was watching my Internet use modified my Google Search results page to include the numeral "666". It appeared after browsing through several pages of search results. The Google search result "ABC News" had been modified to read "666 6ABC News" by the time the HTTP packets reached my computer. The hacker would have had to have typed the message very quickly or else I would have noticed that the modified page was taking an unusually long time to load, and in his haste he accidentally added a fourth "6" after the space but clearly he intended to make the Satanic numeral "666" appear on my computer. After the message appeared amongst my Google search results I was terrified to touch my computer but I listened to music briefly on YouTube in an attempt to show the hacker that I wasn't scared of him before I shut down my computer.

If not for the "666" message I might have eventually dismissed my suspicions and put Tom's black Magna down to a coincidence like I thought Laura K.'s was initially, but now I can see that neither were coincidental. Someone was sending me a message: the cult.



This is a replica (not an actual screenshot) showing what the hacker's message looked like. I swear up and down that this happened.



## **OTHER POSSIBLE WITNESSES**

Firstly, a little background knowledge. That friend of mine, Tori B., and I dated briefly. When I was 17 I sent a social media message to the school captain Hannah B. complaining about how much I missed Tori and how Tori would always tell me I'm "good looking", then after I did that adult strangers would start coming up to me at school and saying "You're really good looking". I can tell that these weren't just individuals who might have thought I was attractive, I could tell that they were some group in the community that was trying to support me (because I was a troubled kid) after reading the lengthy message I sent the school captain. I believe this group of people (social workers) realised that Tom Buckland was murdered before I did because in early 2012 when I went to Canberra by coach to buy chemicals, a woman sat next to me on the way to Canberra after getting on in Merimbula or so and she said immediately after sitting down, "You're really good looking" just like the anonymous social workers at high school would always say. She looked worried. Almost all the seats were empty, she could have sat anywhere but she went all the way up the back and sat next to me. I believe the social workers that tried to help me in high school realised Tom was murdered and were escorting me because they feared for my safety.

1. These social workers may have been watching my MySpace page because they wanted to help me.
2. These social workers may have remembered how I posted on MySpace that I wanted an "early 1990's model black Mitsubishi Magna sedan" and when Tom Buckland was killed they may have figured it out before I did.
3. I remember a person on Tom's memorial Facebook page asking "What colour was his Magna?" and I wonder whether this person was starting to put together the pieces.
4. Just because he died in the same car I wanted wasn't all, the social workers might have noticed the many things suspicious about that crash (read the news report, even the police officer who was quoted was scratching his head).

On the way home from Canberra, the bus driver was obviously tasked to escort me too but when I was getting off the bus (we were the only two left on the bus) he broke down and started screaming, "It's all your fault! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! You have to learn to drive! YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO DRIVE! It's all your fault! You're going to ruin everything! Get out of here or I'll tell the cops!" At the time I had no idea what he was going on about or what I did wrong, but now I understand that he was referring to the murder of Tom Buckland. I had no idea at this point that Tom was murdered so I was very confused by his bizzare outburst which came out of no where. The bus driver might have thought that I was taking the bus because I was too intimidated to drive because of what happened to Tom, but I didn't even know he had been murdered at that point and I did have a licence at the time, but no car. I think because of this he thought I was a coward by taking the bus, and that's why he started screaming at me. Or maybe he somehow knew I was going to cook methamphetamine and fall into the cult's trap, so that's why he was screaming "You're going to ruin everything! Get out of here or I'll tell the cops!"

# EVENTS OF 21ST OCTOBER 2012

Now back to the gang-stalking. As you recall in the It Begins section the gang-stalking, noise harassment next door and electronic weapon assaults were becoming very intense and frequent. I felt completely trapped in my room because the gang-stalkers invade every aspect of your life. The prolonged gang-stalking caused me an overwhelming sense of being cornered. It causes so much stress and tension, you'd have no idea what it's like unless it was happening to you. I was completely disorientated and terrified. The gang-stalkers were so terrifying that I was agoraphobic, having not left the house in around 10 weeks, and I felt like I was backed into a corner and not even safe in my own room anymore. On the 21st of October, 2012 they were making things miserable for me again with the agonising noise harassment using tools and machinery since early in the morning, and it just drives you so crazy you wouldn't understand unless it was happening to you. They had my house surrounded day and night.

On the morning of the 21st October 2012 I was so frightened of the stalkers and the electronic weapons that I thought they were going to kill me. I just snapped, I couldn't take it anymore. I was panicking and thought I was going to die. This was the day after they "froze" my father in a hypnotic trance using their electronic weapons, and were heavily assaulting us with other weapons. I called 000 (the emergency number, for you Yanks) and told them to get the police, ambulance and fire brigade because "It's a cult! They're going to kill me!" I grabbed a steak knife that I had been keeping under my pillow as the fear mounted in the past few days, put my wallet and the three USB drives I had been collecting evidence and notes on in my pocket, then abandoned the lab and ran onto the golf course screaming for help.

In my pocket was my wallet with some cash and three USB drives which contained preliminary evidence and notes that I had compiled about the cult over the last couple months. I put some notes between the cards in my wallet that read something like "Help! I am a victim of Satanic ritual abuse!" I ran onto the golf course in a desperate attempt to show the contents of the USB drives to somebody (I had no friends at the time, so I couldn't call anybody except 000). I think it was only weeks or a month or so since it began to dawn on me that Tom Buckland was murdered, and I feared they were going to kill me too. The USB drives contained my realisation about what happened to Tom, but since the notes were in their very early stages, they were largely nonsensical, I remember.

When I called 000 my parents were screaming at me not to do it, but I did it anyway. I was pleading with the 000 dispatcher to get the Australian Federal Police down here, not the local police. I said in an earlier manuscript that I knew the local cops were in on it, but I don't believe I knew that at this point. I think I just wanted the federal police because of the enormity of the conspiracy I had begun to observe. After that, I ran out the back door and out to the front, then ran across the road with my knife onto the golf course. I tripped over because my legs were like jelly and almost fell on my knife.

I yelled at some golfers I saw, "Help! They're going to fucking kill me!" Then I ran to the Princes Highway and tried to pull a car over by yelling "Help!", but none even slowed down. My father chased me down and made me drop the knife. When he snatched it off the ground, he had this bizzare grin on his face. My brother and his girlfriend Joyce arrived at the scene. Joyce asked, "What do you

need?" I said, "I need a car!" because I was in panic mode and felt an overwhelming need to "escape" the situation. When I said this, Joyce grinned and turned to my brother as if they were sharing an inside joke and snickered, "Ha-ha, he wants to DRIVE!" Could this be a reference to what happened to Tom Buckland, who may have been murdered to intimidate me into not driving?

I don't have any real reason to believe Joyce and my brother were in on it. Then again, when I said I needed a car, my brother said "But my car's a manual". My parents didn't teach me to drive, I taught myself to in a car that my family didn't know I had (bought it with stolen money and I parked it in public). The only way my brother could have known I only know how to drive automatics is if he was reading my MySpace.com "surveys", the only place where I stated this fact. This proves that my brother was reading my MySpace surveys, even though he wasn't my friend on MySpace so how could he have gained access to them? The MySpace surveys are also the only place where I stated I wanted a black Mitsubishi Magna. Furthermore, while I was running the drug lab, multiple times out of the blue Joyce contacted me and very, very persistently tried to lure me into sex in a hotel room over Facebook. Could have been some sort of blackmail plot by the cult? Could the cult have put her up to it, to get at my drugs? I had never even spoken to her, and only had saw her a couple times! It was bizzare how insistent she was and how hard she tried to seduce me completely out of the blue. They had previously tried to frame me as a pedophile, so I wouldn't put these types of dirty tricks past them. But that's all I have on Joyce and my brother, perhaps all this meant nothing and they knew nothing about the cult.

Anyway, after that I ran across the highway to the Golf View Motel and was banging on the office door of the motel but it was Sunday and nobody was there. I was so scared I collapsed behind the motel, my legs just gave out and I couldn't stand. I was dry-heaving. I was on the ground behind the motel hyperventilating and my father chased me down telling me to take deep breaths and because "[panic attacks] happen to all of us".

Next a speeding 4x4 police car arrived on the scene in front of the Golf View Motel. Two police officers who I'll call Officer #1 and Officer #2 got out. Officer #1 had dark hair and I think Officer #2 had brown or dirty blond hair. I think that both men might have been smaller/shorter than average, and I vaguely recall that Officer #1 had a tattoo of Old English letters on his lower arm, but I'm not sure. In any case, it should be easy to identify them because they were the first pair of police on the scene. I would describe myself as having been agitated, but unarmed and not posing a threat. Furthermore, I was 66kg, only capable of three, maybe five pushups maximum and had never been in a fight in my life. Officer #1 reached for his pepper spray but stopped when my brother's girlfriend Joyce arrived at the scene and protested scoldingly, "Don't mace him!"

Officer #1 said, "What's the problem?" I may have told him that people were out to get me at this point, but I don't remember. Maybe I said nothing. Then he said, "Why don't we step away from the road a bit?" in an eerie manner and at the same time I realised that both cops were wearing sunglasses so I couldn't see their face well, and became immediately suspicious. Something was "off" about the demeanor of these two cops who I initially thought had arrived to help me. I may have been just paranoid at the time, but incredibly, as it would turn out, I was right to be suspicious. At this point I took off running and yelling "Help! Help!" again in the direction of the home next to the Golf View Motel, the house with all the cars out front and pet alpacas. I was in a state of terror and could barely

stand.

My recount of what happened next is not influenced by any supposed mental illness and is not the result of any drug or stress-induced hallucination, "false memory" or anything of the sort. I am absolutely-without-a-doubt-100-percent positive that the following events happened as described.

When I started running towards the house next to the Golf View Motel yelling "Help, help!" Officer #1 and Officer #2 desperately chased after me. I made it to their front lawn before the cops caught up, knocked my legs out from under me, pinned me to the ground and tried to wrestle me into handcuffs. The cops started pulling everything out of my pockets (my wallet and the three USB drives). I was completely unarmed at this point, and I was in no way aggressive. I was terribly afraid and screaming "Help! Help!"

While the cops had me pinned on the ground and were trying to get me into handcuffs, the most extraordinary and horrific thing happened. I saw a cloth fall on the grass in front of my face (I was face-down on the lawn) and immediately smelled chloroform, a chemical solvent that is commonly depicted in Hollywood films as rendering a person unconscious when the fumes are inhaled. When I saw the cloth and smelled the chloroform I was hysterical. I immediately knew what it was and I thought I was done-for, I thought I was a goner for sure.

Chloroform evaporates very readily so the smell of the fumes fills the surrounding air almost immediately and it's very strong and distinct. And no, the smell of chloroform wasn't stuck on my clothes from the lab or anything stupid like that (my bottle of chloroform was collecting dust!), the smell came from the cloth the two cops dropped in front of my face when they had me pinned on the ground. Chloroform isn't quite as effective as rendering a person unconscious as depicted in Hollywood, but a non-chemist wouldn't know this and the cult cops tried it on me in the belief that it would work. You'd have to deeply inhale/huff the fumes continuously for a minute (not seconds) to lose consciousness.

In an earlier version of what you are reading now I described my vision going black for a split second at one point during all this, but I think this was due to all the blood leaving my face rapidly and going to my body in the form of adrenaline, and not from the chloroform. I had never been so terrified in my life. When the cops tried to chloroform me I was screaming bloody murder and I was told (either by the paramedics or the second pair of police officers who arrived) that my face was completely white and drained of blood.

The cult cops probably heard my 000 call over the radio and rushed over to suppress the situation, not wanting the lab to be found. I can offer no explanation for why these cops frantically tried to drug (and presumably abduct) me other than they wanted to quickly remove me from the scene because I was causing a spectacle and they didn't want my drug lab to be found. The cops trying to kidnap me turned my world upside down, I couldn't believe what happened. Until that moment I thought the worst thing a cop could ever do was bust me. I never really saw them as the "enemy", I believed in the integrity of the police and that corruption in this country was all but non-existent. How naive I was.

The attempted drugging was averted when a second pair of police officers arrived on the scene. The first pair of police officers stopped abusing me and started to abide by proper police protocol immediately. The two pair of cops talked a bit, I think the second pair were confused about which superior's orders the first pair were following, but I didn't hear all of the conversation and I'm not sure.

I was still on the ground and the second pair of officers tried to make me read their name tags to assess my mental state but I couldn't speak the name on it due to the trauma and panic of what just happened a minute ago. I was shellshocked by what just happened. It was not psychosis resulting from drugs or mental illness and I didn't hallucinate or imagine any of what happened that day, I can't stress this enough. The only drugs that can cause realistic visual hallucinations that are indistinguishable from reality are delirants (anticholinergics) and I have never taken those before. The visual effects of methamphetamine are limited to swaying shadows in the corner of your eye at night and mild "static" you can see in the dark after very heavy use, nothing beyond that. Methamphetamine is not a hallucinogen and I have a deep understanding of what drugs do and don't do, better than any doctor whose only knowledge of them comes from a textbook written by people who also have no first-hand experience. There's so much ignorance and myths surrounding drugs amongst those who don't use them, even doctors believe the myths.

Soon the ambulance I requested when I called 000 arrived on the scene and I was taken to Pambula hospital. One of the police officers who tried to drug me (Officer #1) was in the ambulance escorting me. I don't think the cop said anything during the ambulance ride, but as I was being wheeled into Pambula hospital, Officer #1 said the exact words in a low voice, "You get this right and I'll leave you alone." He meant that he would leave me alone if I didn't tell the hospital staff about what just happened. I didn't take it out of context. The paramedics might have heard him say it.

Officer #1 stayed in the room but left whenever the doctor came in, though he might have listened to me talk through the door. I didn't mention the attempted abduction. I told the doctors or paramedics that I had been taking methamphetamine and when they asked me where I got the drugs I told them I "made it in my bedroom" and they told the police, who had swarmed our house by the time I got back to Eden. I'm just not a good liar. I was allowed to leave Pambula Hospital after a doctor (on a Sunday, the ward was fairly empty) had asked me some questions, performed something with electrodes on my abdomen. I stayed maybe 15 minutes and the doctor decided I didn't need to be admitted.

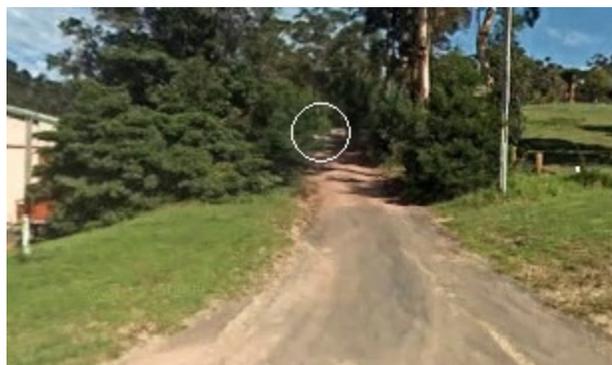
My father arrived at the hospital in his car (he had lost his licence, so he must have deemed it an emergency). Outside the hospital my father picked up a bottle from a bin and filled the bottle with water from a tap. He made sure that I was watching him. He wanted to make sure that I saw that the bottle contained only tap water... for what was about to happen next. When my father drove me back to Eden, he drove to a secluded location where Officer #1 and Officer #2 were waiting with their 4x4 patrol car, still wearing sunglasses. The secluded location was on the dirt road that leads up a hill next to the self-storage place that is opposite to the yard that sells caravans, i.e. opposite the Government Rd turn off.

My father and I got out of the car and walked a little way off. The police officers then entered my

father's car, picked up the bottle my father had filled with water and placed a neatly printed label that read "sorbitol" on it. Officer #1 then presented me the "sorbitol" bottle and told me to drink from it.



A replica showing what the "sorbitol" bottle looked like. The cult cops tried to make me drink water from a bottle labelled "sorbitol" in some sort of twisted trust-building exercise, and my father helped them.



This photo shows the secluded location I was taken to (opposite Government Rd) where the "sorbitol" bottle ritual took place.

When I was 17, or perhaps early into 18 I read on the Internet that you could get high by drinking cough syrup that contained dextromethorphan. I decided to try this, but I got the wrong brand of cough syrup. I was supposed to get the Robitussin DX brand, but instead I bought Benadryl Dry Cough. The Benadryl syrup had a warning on the label that said "Contains sorbitol: excess consumption may have a laxative effect" but I didn't heed this warning in my quest to get high.

Obviously, after drinking the entire bottle of syrup the sorbitol caused me to have severe diarrhea. I was wandering around Eden at night alone at the time and barely made it to the Aslings beach toilets in time, which were still open fortunately. I told my online friends over MSN Messenger about what happened, that's the only way the cult cops could have known about this incident.

The only way these cult cops could have known about when I accidentally poisoned myself with sorbitol when I was a teenager is if they had hackers watching my online MSN Messenger conversations when I was around 17-years-old. They had been watching my MSN conversations since I was a teenager, which means they would have known all about the explosives, all about how I imported and built a Sten submachine gun, as well as all about my plans to cook methamphetamine.

The cult was watching my MSN Messenger conversations since I was 17 or so, and they probably were laughing at my teenage misadventures like the bomb-making and the sorbitol poisoning, as if my life was some sort of reality TV-esque joke. It's terrible to know this.

In the brief of evidence I was later served (according to my barrister) the NSW Police stated that they had no idea the drug lab existed, which proves that the cult cops who tried to drug me then tried to make me drink from a bottle labelled "sorbitol" had someone who was accessing my computer and MSN Messenger conversations illegally without a warrant, and this was occurring since I was at least 17 or 18-years-old which is when I accidentally poisoned myself with sorbitol (I was almost 23 when the drug lab was found).

At one point I had told an online friend (who wasn't involved in my plot in any way, nobody else was) on MSN Messenger that I was hoping to cook "six figures worth" of methamphetamine, which was probably why the cult went to such lengths to stalk and terrorise me into submission, and why the cult cops tried to abduct me and cover-up the lab. They thought that they would find \$100,000+ worth of drugs there, but when police raided the lab they only found 17 grams and that's all I had.

I suppose that by making me drink harmless water from a bottle labelled as something I had previously poisoned myself with, the cult cops were trying to make me feel "trust" towards the cult or were trying to show that they weren't going to hurt me. The "sorbitol" bottle thing might have been a trust-building exercise in the same vein as the one where you fall backwards and let somebody catch you. These two cops must have thought it was pretty funny what happened to me when I drank that cough syrup, in order to have remembered it years later.

After the second pair of (non-crooked) cops arrived on the scene in front of the alpaca house I started to calm down and asked the nearby residents for something to drink. They gave me juice but I couldn't swallow so I spat it out. I guess this is why the cops who attempted to drug and abduct me tried to make me drink water, but they took me to a secluded location to do it and labelled the bottle as something I accidentally poisoned myself years ago. And my father helped them do it! This really happened exactly as I have described. People are going to think I imagined all this or use some other mental gymnastics to find a way to not believe me, but this really happened. If I was making any of this up, I would make up something believable!

Officer #1 also took \$1750 cash I had in my wallet and promised to return it if I showed them my bank statement to him to prove it "wasn't from drug dealing". It was Centrelink money. When Officer #1 gave me my wallet back, all my cards had been rearranged and the "Help! I am a victim of Satanic ritual abuse!" notes were missing. They didn't say anything about it. The other cops who took my wallet for a second time might have noticed that my cards were not arranged in an intuitive manner, e.g. drivers licence not easily accessible.

When I repeatedly refused to drink from the "sorbitol" bottle Officer #1 finally said the exact words, "I don't have time for your crap, Andrew" and the cops left.

Next my father and I walked down Hopkins St to our back gate, which was swarming with police. Other cops took my wallet. Officer #1 was there, and he placed me in a metal paddywagon. There

was another cop in the front seat and when I said "Hey, it's getting hot in here..." he ignored me and continued to stare ahead. Then after around five minutes, Officer #1 opened the paddywagon and let me out! Confused about why I was being let out, I asked Officer #1 "What's going on?" and he replied, "I've just arrested you."

The EXACT SAME THING happened to my friend B. When he was found with high explosives! He told me that police put him in a paddywagon for a few minutes and then let him out again and the cops told him "You've just been arrested." He told me about this on MSN Messenger and he didn't have any clue what happened. He never heard from the police again, and was never charged despite confessing to them that the live explosive device and tub of bomb-making chemicals found in bushland were his. There used to be a news report of this incident and a video of the bomb squad disposing of the explosives they uncovered via a controlled explosion, but I can't find it anymore. I think this happened at Somersby, NSW in 2010, or it may have been late 2009 or even early 2011.

I'm not sure of the purpose of this (putting us in paddywagons for five minutes then letting us out, telling us we had been "arrested"), but I am suspicious because one of the cops who tried to drug me unconscious was the one who performed it and the same ritual happened to B. when he was found with high explosives, and he was never charged.

Unless it's some sort of standard police procedure that I'm unaware of, what could be the meaning of this? The cult puts its victims in paddywagons for five minutes, then lets them out telling them that they've "just been arrested" ("arrested", not detained). It seems to happen during (attempted) cover-ups. I have a Microsoft Word document ("project 4-686.doc") authored by B. that details the clandestine manufacture of chemical weapons and I can provide it to investigators. My fear is that the cult knows about him, and clearly they do.

We weren't allowed to return to the house so we got in my father's car. We returned to the back gate I think to pick up our dog which had been jumping on police. When we were parked in the rear drive way is when I saw the speaker system. Next door at the rear of our property on the ruins of the Pelagic fish factory (which had been destroyed by a mysterious fire while I was at university), I saw a tower of speakers. The speakers were black and built into what appeared to be a frame made from square steel tubing, and they were aimed at my parents house. I believe these speakers were causing the sharp, piercing tone that seemed to come from "everywhere" while I was in the lab. It was some sort of sonic weapon I was regularly being assaulted with. The speakers might have also been producing the "raffle" announcements that were being employed as a form of noise harassment every evening for the past several months, although I also heard them coming from the front of our property as well as the rear. I know what I saw and in no way did my eyes deceive me--there was an enormous speaker system.

While in the car in our rear drive way I asked a bald police officer (who I'll call Officer #3), "Hey, what's with those speakers?" and pointed them out. This was the first thing I ever said to this officer, and I had spoken barely if at all to any of the cops at this point. Instead of saying something "What speakers?" or "What are you talking about?", he ignored my question and quickly snapped "You give me any of this crazy talk and you'll find yourself in a mental home." After saying that, he narrowed his eyes and glared at me threateningly. He was standing only 10-15 metres away from the speakers and

they stood around 2 metres tall--he couldn't have missed them. I don't entirely remember what he said actually, he definitely started with "You give me any of this crazy talk and..." and I'm pretty sure this was followed by the threat of mental health commitment. He definitely narrowed his eyes and glared at me after saying it. It may have been Officer #3 who sat in the front seat of the paddywagon while I was in there, but I'm not sure.

I also saw a person in a red car parked about 10 metres away from where the cops were at the back gate. The car's driver side door was open and the person was standing next to it, watching us as we drove past. The person was obese and had thin legs, and at the time I recognised the person as Laura McM., due to this distinct appearance. Laura McM. was a girl who was in my friend Tori's extended social circle at school. Laura R.M. had added me to Facebook (I only had maybe 20 friends on Facebook) even though we've never talked. I'm not entirely sure it was her now, but I'm fairly sure. At the time that's who I recognised the person with the red car as. Laura McM. lives in Pambula and must have begun travelling to Eden within 20 minutes of me running onto the golf course, in order to have arrived at my parents' house before I got home from Pambula hospital. She had clearly arrived to visit my parents' property where the drug lab was, and my parents don't know her so she wouldn't have been invited (my parents haven't had visitors in the past 15 years or so). There are no adjacent residences or businesses that she could have been visiting, parked in the location that she was. She was definitely there because of the drug lab. What in the world was she doing at the scene of the drug lab?

On the night after the drug lab was found I was sleeping in the car with my parents (because the house was off-limits) near the new housing establishment opposite the high school. I was walking along the footpath in front of the high school while minding my own business and in no way being provocative, when a group of people walked past some of whom were carrying pillows and bedding. They saw and apparently recognised me and began moaning in frustration and shouting angrily at me. I remember one of them shouted "Yea, have a sook!" I don't know how or why these people all know me but I don't know them. I believe they were from the cult. These people had the same accent as the man shouting "Andrew, Andrew!" at the back gate while I was in the lab, and the same accent as the people who were on our veranda screaming "Where is Andrew?! We haven't heard from him in ... Where is he, what are you making him do!?" It was also the same lower-class criminal accent as the words "Give us the speed!" were spoken with in my dreams under mysterious circumstances. People who grew up associating with each other all develop the same accents. They were clearly berating me for getting caught and the lab being found.

The cops who tried to drug me probably spread the word to the cult about what went down. This group of people somehow thought it was MY fault that I called 000, ran around screaming in panic and the lab got found, when they were the ones who terrorised me until I did it. That's how psychopaths think: it's always their victim's fault.

On the day after the drug lab went down we were living in the car because the house was closed off and the drug lab was being removed and my parents tried to lure me into a property in town at the rear of the Australasia building.

My father parked us next to the entrance and said "Oh, we can't go anywhere, we're too low on fuel what do we do now? We can go inside here." Another tactic he tried was "Oh, I need to charge the

phone, where can I charge it, oh look I can charge it inside here. We're all welcome inside here" and he went inside to charge the phone. When I was a kid and my parents were fighting I remember my mother took me to this property, but we didn't go inside we just waited in the entrance. It's strange, because I never see my parents associate with anybody.

When my father was trying to get me to go inside I saw a bearded man, a woman in a white Commodore and P-plate 4x4 car repeatedly circling us, all at the same time (we were in the car and me still refusing to go inside). The bearded man was on foot, watching us then looking down to tap furiously on a phone. The woman in the white Commodore I recognised as Carlee H.'s mother, the mother of a girl I went to school with who was an aid at the school. The 4x4 with P-plates I think was dark green, and circled us at least three times. Carlee H.'s mother and the bearded man circled us at least twice, watching us with wide eyes. It's years later and now I feel I can make a reasonable assessment of what I saw, and I still believe that these people were watching and waiting for me to go inside the rear of the Australasia, and I was not causing a scene or doing anything that might give an innocent bystander a reason to watch us so intently. I think I vaguely recall my father saying something like "You have family here", but I'm not sure. I have no blood relatives in Australia other than my immediate family. Then an old man came out of the property, saw me and my family and said "Oh, it's just you guys" and then he complained that aborigines were coming into the property and stealing things.

I was still traumatised and fearful about what I had seen the previous day (the cops trying to drug me unconscious and my father helping them with the "sorbitol" bottle) and now my father--who by now it was clear was in on the conspiracy--was trying to get me to go inside that property at the rear of the Australasia with all these people who appeared to be waiting for me to go inside, too. I couldn't take it anymore. I went into the Bi-Lo (now Coles) supermarket and showed paper with "Help!" written on them to the security cameras and then went into the IGA supermarket, took a knife from its packaging and told my father to get away from me. The IGA staff called the police who arrived and put me in the back of a paddywagon and took me to the Bega mental ward.

# THE BEGA MENTAL HEALTH UNIT

When I was brought to Bega hospital by the police the day after the lab was found I waited under guard in the lobby and tried to tell one of the staff that "They're trying to frame me as a pedophile!" They asked me if I wanted to be admitted to the mental health unit and I said yes, because I wanted to hide from the cult and couldn't take it anymore. They said, "You don't have to [be admitted] if you don't want to be." Later I think I found out I was being held involuntarily, but I'm not sure. I was in there for 4-5 weeks. I met some cult members and victims there, it seems that people who are involved with the cult regularly end up in the Bega mental ward.

In one of the courtyards I saw words painted on the wall which said, "Out of chaos comes order" and the artist had painted a red devil's tail on the word "order". I recognised this phrase as being associated with the Illuminati (I had seen it on the Internet). I think the artist was trying to imply "order" as the definition of the word which is synonymous with "secret society". A Satanic secret society. There's other witnesses to the cult out there, and they've been in the Bega mental ward. Another mural on the courtyard wall read "Earth Mother" (no, not Mother Earth: it said "Earth Mother"). Remember when I mentioned while I was in the lab during 2012 I came across a website called EndRitualAbuse.org authored by psychologist Dr. Ellen Lacter? She has been treating victims of Satanic cults for two decades, and on her website it says that worship of the "Earth Mother" is a component of what she terms "Abusive Witchcraft". This is definite proof that there is a cult in the area that practices Abusive Witchcraft. What else could the Earth Mother painting mean?

While on escorted leave from the hospital we were in the supermarket and at the checkout I placed a 50-cent lollipop on the conveyer belt as my only item. I was reaching into my wallet for some coins when the nurse saw what I had done and squealed. She must have thought it was cute or something because from then on she treated me like a little boy, and I really responded strongly to that.

In the ward I met a 50-year-old woman named Marissa from Cooma who was a patient there. She told me that I reminded her of her kids. She would play with me like creeping up and "zapping" me with her fingers and she gave me hugs, and I felt attached to her quickly. I told Marissa, "The cops tried to kidnap me!" and she replied, "Yeah, yeah, half the cops are in on it!" She said that many of these police officers are "into all the drugs". She went on to explain that "We're the little pawns" and that we are trafficked by "the Mafia" (she told me she used to be a sex worker when she was younger). She explained that they must have viewed me as "important" or else they "would have just let you go to jail".

I recounted how when I imported chemistry equipment the ACT detectives who were tipped off by Customs asked my friend Tori if I had "ties to Iran" and Marissa replied, "Yeah, the cops think we're terrorists!" I told her about how the cops took all my lab equipment, and she said not to worry because the conspiracy would find a way to have my glassware returned to me, and I interpreted this as meaning due to the police corruption and infiltration of law-enforcement by the cult. I asked Marissa if "they" had a name and she said she wasn't aware of one. She didn't seem crazy in any way, and if I recall correctly she took mood medications, not anti-psychotics. She was a victim of the cult.

A 35-year-old man was admitted to the mental ward and without saying much we could both tell that we'd been victims of the same conspiracy. He told me that he had been successfully living in hiding, but when he visited family in Moruya "their security guys" found him and he was "kidnapped". He said that he no longer trusted any form of electronic communication. He spoke of this casually, as if things like that happen to him all the time. He seemed perfectly sane and reasonable. The man had a very large purple birthmark on his chest, was short and looked young for his age. I don't know his name, but his parents or other family live in Moruya. That's all the information I can provide towards finding this witness. He once asked "This might sound crazy, but what's your birthday?" He was into conspiracy theories like HAARP electronic weapons (like I was after discovering that I was the victim of one), and perhaps he wanted to know my birthday because the cult had been causing bizarre "coincidences" in his life, similar to the black Magnas. Both the man and Marissa told me that the cult arranges to have them incarcerated in mental hospitals as a form of punishment ("when I screw up") and they can do this because the cult knows if they talk about it with the doctors they will be misdiagnosed as delusional/psychotic because the truth is so outrageous. Marissa told me the cult would punish her for "knowing the wrong person at the wrong time."

A traumatised teenage boy came into the ward and hid in the corner, all curled up. I think he was wailing something like, "It's real, it's real!" but I'm not sure. He was too agitated to be admitted.

I feel that there was an air of knowledge about the cult amongst some of the hospital staff. Some of the staff asked things like "Can they access you here? Are you in danger?" A nurse once said to me, "We think someone is trying to ruin your reputation." When I was being admitted I told staff that the cult was trying to frame me as a pedophile, could they have known that it was true? A nurse told me to flee Eden because it's "not safe" there. Could they have known about the cult? I think my father detected that some of the nurses were wise to what's going on too because while he was visiting he tried to tell a staff member that "they" put him on a plane and sent him to Australia as opposed to immigrating here voluntarily. From talking to them I determined that the majority of the patients there were involved with the cult either as victims or members, and of course the hospital staff might have noticed that something very real was going on. The nurses told me they didn't believe I was psychotic but the psychiatrist who only visited on certain days was entirely clueless.

I was falsely diagnosed by the psychiatrist with "mild schizophrenia" because of my claims about the cult, which I disagree with. The doctor also described me as "avoidant" which I agree with (I have read a lot about psychiatry, I understand what all these terms mean). Schizophrenics have delusions, which is the belief in something that is not real and the psychiatrist just assumed that my claims were false because they were sensational. Psychiatrists would be unable to differentiate between a person who is making sensational claims because they witnessed something extraordinary and a person who is making sensational claims because of a mental aberration, especially in regard to conspiracies. I read somewhere that initially witnesses to the Watergate scandal were deemed insane. Look up the Rosenhan experiment on Wikipedia, it shows how fallible psychiatric diagnoses are.

I wrote three pages about the gang-stalkers and electronic weapons and tried to show it to a nurse, but the nurse said nothing and just smiled then she said, "You should stay in Eden" because "There are lots of girls in Eden". This was in stark contrast to the other nurses who told me to flee Eden because it was dangerous there. Another nurse, a male, said to me when we were alone: "We're trying to help

you, do you... do you know what I mean?" He was either implying that he was a cult member and the cult was trying to "help" me, or he wasn't a cult member and was just referring to helping me with my mental health. I can't tell, but he seemed really careful and implicit in selecting his words. While we were on escorted leave we were driving by the Merimbula police station and an older female patient from Candelo who was seated next to me pointed out the police station and tried to tell me that she had been abused by Merimbula police. This same male nurse heard her telling me about it and in a panicked voice told her to stop talking because "We're supposed to be relaxing today." This woman had been declared a "schizophrenic", perhaps falsely like me. Marissa told me that some patients and nurses in the Bega mental ward were involved with the cult.

Marissa also pointed out a male nurse and told me she could tell he was an "undercover Australian Federal Police" operative who was investigating the cult. The "undercover AFP" nurse asked me if I had memory loss. I am interested in psychiatry and have read a fair bit about it, and from what I know, the only psychiatric disorders that have memory loss as a symptom--apart from neurological disorders such as dementia and head trauma--are dissociative disorders and post-traumatic stress disorder that both arise from extremely traumatic events, and psychologists like Dr. Ellen Lacter have linked dissociative disorders to the trauma-based brainwashing techniques employed by Satanic cults. Could this "undercover AFP" nurse have suspected that I was a victim of a Satanic cult and not a schizophrenic, like I've been misdiagnosed? Could he have known the truth? Amnesia is not a symptom of methamphetamine use or my false diagnosis of schizophrenia. The "undercover AFP" nurse also heard me talking about a "sadistic cult" and he asked me "What's this about a sadistic cult?" I don't think I told him anything, but he was really eager to hear about the cult, which is strange because typically the nurses were minimally involved in our treatment and weren't interested in our beliefs (only the psychiatrist was). The "undercover AFP" nurse also took my weight and by remarkable coincidence the scale said "66.6kg" (the Satanic numeral 666) and he made a joking remark about it, even though I don't think at this point I had told anybody I suspected I was a victim of Satanists. Could he have known about the cult and known that when I came into the ward completely distraught after running a drug lab, that I was a victim of the cult? Yes, it does seem like he could have been an undercover cop, just like Marissa suspected.

They did a blood test and I went into the office while no staff members were there and took a look at my chart. It said that I had tested positive for Hepatitis D, which I later learned was a serious condition of the liver that eventually results in cirrhosis and it is contracted by blood-to-blood contact with an infected person. Hepatitis D is more severe and much more rare than the common Hepatitis C, the mortality rate is the highest of any form of hepatitis and there's no cure for it. I have never used needles let alone shared them, have never have shared toothbrushes or razors with anybody and have no recollection of ever coming with another person's blood. I have no idea how I may have caught it. I don't know how long I've had it because when I was admitted to the Bega hospital in 2012 that was the second time I had seen a doctor in my life (the first time was when I was six, and that was in Germany). My parents just never took me for check ups, and I've always been afraid of doctors. They also hooked me up to a heart monitor (ECG) and when it gave a very erratic result they asked me if I had a family history of heart disease. I had been abusing doperminergic stimulants (amphetamines and cathinones), and I'm sure that's why my heart isn't in good condition. I read a story about an Australian methamphetamine addict who died at age 26 from heart failure. It's depressing to know that I might die young, but I don't care anymore so long as successfully expose the cult before I go. That's become

my purpose in life and I want this book to be my legacy.

I met a strange young man who was a patient there, and while he was friendly, I suspect that he was an active cult member. I think he was about 17-years-old and I didn't know his name, so I'll just refer to him as "the youth". The youth told me that there is a "number" associated with me and that my "number" is over 125 or so, and I asked him how he knew my number. He told me that he "asked somebody" about what my number was. He seemed enthusiastic and impressed about how high my number was and said, "It's an honor to meet you, brother." He used the term "brother" towards me a lot in a stereotypical cultic fashion, and I believe that this "number" he spoke of was not the product of some sort of mental illness. He seemed quite normal and sane, except he appeared to be part of a secret society of sorts. I know I might not sound very convincing, but there were other plenty of other things he said and behaviours that indicated his membership of a secret society, and I don't remember them all because I wasn't documenting all this at the time. Perhaps the number is some sort of rank system within the cult, and the cult gave me a high rank because they were impressed by my criminal skills.

The youth regularly did a peculiar, elaborate type of handshake with me, which was exactly the same handshake a certain boy in high school did with me occasionally. I don't know if this handshake is associated with a cult, or if it's just meaningless. Nobody ever taught it to me, when those two boys did it with me I just copied them. The second time I copied the youth's handshake I made a mistake and he told me not to worry because I would learn the handshake eventually. If I recall correctly, the handshake went like so: first fingers are "cupped" around each others fingers and shaken with thumbs wrapped over each other's, then shaken again with the thumbs wrapped the other way. The second stage is the two people's hands placed with palms on each other and then the hands slide outwards away from each other, then the hand is flipped (same hand) and the same palms are placed against each other in the opposite way and then, again, slid apart. The final stage of the handshake is a "fist bump". Sometimes the handshake would be done leaning close together in a "brotherly" fashion.

When the boy in high school did the handshake with me I never knew it had any meaning, until the youth in the mental hospital did the exact same handshake with me! The boy in high school who often did the handshake with me was named James D. and he wasn't a delinquent or anything. He was the dux (though the Bega detective who would later extradite me said that people called me the dux). They thought I was "one of them" and did the cult's secret handshake with me. Just because my parents may be involved doesn't make me one of them. I was never one of them! I've been a poorly social reclusive homebody all my life, and I think that's why I was never integrated into the cult. I developed sophisticated criminal skills independently, and the cult wanted in on it.

The youth asked me where I learned martial arts and was very confused and suspicious when I told him that I had never been taught martial arts. He was calling me "brother" and repeatedly saying that I was a "good" person, but when I told him I had never taken martial arts courses he became very suspicious and confused and concluded, "W-w-well, you're still a good person." He might have meant the martial arts classes my mother tried to make me do when I was 14 or so in the Eden Primary School hall at night. He became confused when I said I had never taken martial arts and said, "Oh, so you... create your own luck?" I believe these youth martial arts courses could be integral to the cult indoctrination and also perhaps to teach young recruits hand-to-hand combat and within cult

ideology "luck" probably refers to bizarre symbolic events that other cult members secretly arrange for us.

Another time the youth took me aside and out of nowhere he sternly told me, "Never say you did something when you didn't." Could he have been referring to how soon before the lab was found I frantically posted on Facebook "I've told the Australian Federal Police everything and if anything happens to me, they're going to know why!" while bluffing, I wonder?

The youth said to me, "Never forget why you ended up here [in the mental ward]". Maybe this relates to how Marissa and the 35-year-old man told me the cult has them sent to mental hospitals as a disciplinary measure. He also told me, "We're giving you a second chance." I'm fairly certain he meant the cult was going to give me a "second chance" after everything that happened with the drug lab being found. The youth also commented that he didn't care for Western society and referred to me a "warrior". He was obviously brainwashed by a cult, but otherwise not mentally ill like the clueless doctors would have concluded.

Another patient I suspected of being a cult member was named Michael W. and I think he was from Cooma. I often saw Michael practicing his martial arts (like the youth) and he would associate with the youth. I told Michael about how I liked guns and other weapons and he told me that, "This is all part of your training, do you know what I mean by training?" or something like that. He definitely used the term "training". Michael told me that he builds weapons (non-firearm). When I told him I liked building guns he replied "You know what this is going to lead to, right?" It was as if he was implying that he had murdered people before. Michael asked me if I could build him a silenced .22-calibre pistol, and he insisted that the weapon must be silenced. He also told me that he wanted to join ASIO, the Australian intelligence agency.

Michael offered me a place to cook methamphetamine where "You would never get caught". I asked him, "Can you leave [this place]?" and he went silent and serious to imply that no, once you're there you can never leave this place. Another time he sat next to me and said, "Yeah, you're still good, I can tell." It was clear that he meant "good" in the context of good versus evil.

I told Michael about the electronic weapon that inserted messages into my dreams ("Give us the speed!") and he replied, "Oh, you mean the visions." Perhaps dreams caused by the weapon are explained as "visions" within cult ideology and the cult uses the dreams to influence its members.

While we were on escorted leave another patient, a middle-aged English man, pointed out a tree in Bega and referred to it as "the sacred tree". The tree was opposite the bowling green near the car park. It had a trunk that was split into three parts (trifurcated) and a ring of bricks in the centre of it, with a lot of burn marks as if fires had regularly been lit inside the ring of bricks. The "sacred" tree in Bega resembles the photos of witchcraft altars on Dr. Lacter's website, including the trifurcated trunk, circle of rocks (bricks) and the pit in the middle she has photographed during her twenty odd years of treating victims of Satanic and Witchcraft cults. I'm not too sure about this, but if it's true then this is further evidence of a witchcraft cult.

While I was in hospital my parents visited and my father told me that "vandals" had entered our

property "at 3am" and smashed up his car and I inspected the damage when I got home. I will describe everything that happened after my discharge from hospital in the next section.

# AFTERMATH

I returned home after being discharged from the Bega mental ward, and found that the hellish amount of noise next door every day had completely ceased, and I no longer heard the "raffle" speakers or any other sign of the cult. I immediately inspected the damage to my father's car that had been done while I was in hospitals by "vandals" at "3am", according to my father. The rear window was completely smashed and the fender was bashed in so deeply that I can't imagine it being done with anything less than a sledgehammer. I didn't possess a car at the time, otherwise they would have probably smashed mine instead of my father's because I'm sure it was retaliation for the drug lab being found. It would have been very difficult to access our property (tall chain-link fences, barbed wire) so it wouldn't have been random teenagers or something, and the only way they could have accessed it is if they had access to the Pelagic fish factory--which is where I saw the speaker system. I doubt my father reported it to police, and I'm not sure if, like my mother, he won't admit anything about the cult to outsiders for reasons not known to me.

When I got home I found our old couch lying in the backyard, smashed to a dozen pieces. I hadn't seen the couch in a long time, years ago it just disappeared. Perhaps my parents loaned it to cult members they associate with and when the lab was found they got so upset that they returned it all smashed up, similar to how they vandalised my father's car.

I received a list of items that were seized by police, and the USB drives containing evidence and notes about the cult that were taken by Officer #1 and Officer #2 were not listed. They were stolen from me by the cult cops during the attempted drugging. There were two dark grey or black USB drives and the third was white with light blue trim.

The police who took my camera would have found a long range photo of the fish factory on it. I was so scared to go any closer to the rear of our property. While I was being abused through the walls in my lab with the sharp, piercing acoustic tone that seemed to come from "everywhere" I never dared go near the rear of the property because the electronic weapons seemed to come from that direction. After I got out of Bega hospital I mustered up some courage and looked over the fence while armed with a hidden camera, but the speakers had vanished. There was now a flatbed truck and forklift parked on the property. The speakers must have been quickly removed once the lab was found. I swear they were right there. I know that nobody is going to believe me without a photograph of the speaker system, but I'm going to have to tell my story without one. In no way did I make a mistake and there is no possibility that my eyes deceived me: I saw a huge speaker system built amongst the ruins of the Pelagic fish factory that neighbours my parents property, which was aimed at my parents' house. It was quickly removed after the drug lab was found. Someone on YouTube suggested that the speaker system I saw might have been police surveillance, but according to my barrister the NSW police stated in the brief of evidence that they had no idea the drug lab existed.

My mother referred to the people dismantling the fish factory ruins as "them" and my father asked "Who do you mean by 'them'?" to which my mother replied "You know... 'them'." I believe "them" refers to what I call "the cult". I overheard my mother tell my father that the people who owned the Pelagic fish factory couldn't get insurance money because it couldn't be shown that the fire was

accidental. I don't know how true that is, but to me it appeared like the factory was destroyed by the cult to make way for the speaker system they built amongst the ruins.

Out of no where my mother came up to me and said "If you get a job, they have people in the Australian Taxation Office who will track you, if you get Centrelink they have people in the banks who will look up your address. You can't escape from them." I don't believe she was talking about the police, I think she meant the cult. My father also demonstrated knowledge of the conspiracy when he said not to make drugs because, "You'll get used, just like what happened."

When I was walking on the street in Bega I saw Laura McM.'s mother (Laura McM. was the woman I believe I might have seen at the scene of the drug lab on the 21st October, 2012). When the mother saw me she panicked and hurried into the nearest store to avoid having to walk past me. Suspicious. I have no idea what that civilian was doing at the scene of the drug lab in a red car while the police were arriving. The red car wasn't the drug squad, the drug squad was from Sydney several hours away.

I often see Laura McM. take the bus, so maybe the red car was borrowed. I don't know, maybe Laura McM. takes the bus because she can't drive. I just recall an obese person, possibly a woman, with thin legs standing next to the open driver's side door watching us as we drove past on the 21st, and at the time I recognised the person as Laura McM.

My first psychiatric case manager didn't believe me when I told him about the cult because "If it was true, you wouldn't be so calm." On the 21st Oct 2012 I was running around with a knife screaming for my life because of the cult, how's that for calm?

When the lab was found rumours abounded Eden that the cops were there because they found the body of my grandmother who we supposedly killed to "collect her pension". Who starts these things? Is it like Chinese whispers? It was just like all the rumours that I was going to "blow up the school on the last day" when I was a teenager. Both times the police had to deny the claims in the local newspaper. Why are people so ignorant?

My father informed me later that my chemistry glassware was "Waiting in Sydney for you to pick it up, but don't tell your mother." I don't know if this means anything. Maybe the police tried to return it because glassware isn't illegal and after all it was my property (though by September 2015 I still haven't received my laptop, phone or camera back from the police), and this was before the judge ordered it destroyed. But then again, I still think that's very bizzare. Why would the police return chemistry equipment to a drug cook they were soon to charge? Remember that Marissa in the Bega mental hospital told me that the conspiracy would find a way to have my laboratory equipment returned to me. Was the cult trying to get me to continue cooking?

Two police officers arrived at night to return the money they took from my wallet on the 21st October 2012. I'm pretty sure it was Officer #1 and Officer #2. I'm quite sure it was Officer #1 who handed me my \$1750, the same cop who took the money originally and who abused me along with his partner Officer #2 on the 21st. It was at night and this time he wasn't wearing sunglasses, but I'm pretty sure it was him, though I'm not entirely sure. It was an awkward re-encounter, because of what they did to me on the 21st. The money had a NSW Police barcode in it, so proper procedure was followed with

the money. However, three USB drives with notes and evidence against the cult were stolen from me by the cult cops and proper procedure was not followed with those.

The Eden police visited my home tried to trick my mother to let them search my car while I was out. They also tried to trick my mother into letting them in to search my room by telling her that they "smelled cannabis" when I didn't even have any cannabis and I had never smoked it at home except once nine years prior. Even if I had any, my room isn't even anywhere near the front door so how would they have smelled it? It took police eight months of investigation before they charged me for the drug lab. I was charged with manufacture and supply of drugs and possession of explosives. The Bega detectives charged me with possession of explosives for having a case of spent fireworks.

I was determined to continue my research into Satanic ritual abuse (SRA) and gang-stalking on the Internet. Like soon before the lab was found, in early 2013 again I began reading extensively about a conspiracy called Satanic ritual abuse (the abuse of children by intergenerational Satanic cults) on the Internet almost every day, and hackers probably saw that I was doing this. I tried to contact a man who I believed at the time might have been the victim of SRA over Facebook and told him that I was beginning to suspect that I had been the victim of abuses as a child that I don't consciously remember. The man was named Peter L. who was in my year at school and I recall he contacted me over social media to tell me that he was "laying low in Perth" a while before. At the time I thought that perhaps he moved to the other side of the country to "lay low" because he was a victim of the cult, and perhaps he knew that I was too.

I never got a reply from Peter and immediately after I contacted him the second wave of gang-stalking began and lasted for several months. I documented it this time. It was executed very similarly to the campaign that occurred during 2012 when the cult tried to stand over me for the drugs. I have no way of knowing whether SRA happened to me as a kid, but they started terrorising me for trying to find out.



# DIARY OF A TARGETED INDIVIDUAL PART I

Note: I was under intense pressure when I wrote this and at the time I had less understanding of what I was witnessing than I do now, which explains the relative incoherence of the following section. These entries are not complete accounts of the gang-stalking. For example, the humming noise, the "raffle" speakers and noise with tools next door continued every single day for months, but I only mentioned it in a couple entries. I have written a more comprehensive recount of the gang-stalking in a later section of this book.

[Late March 2013]

These recent harassment techniques, in addition to others, were employed against me in 2012 too. The recent electronic assaults and 'gang-stalking' (that is the term, I believe) behaviour started after I contacted another cult victim in an attempt to determine whether he had similar marks on his body that I suspected may have been caused by electroshock from a cattle prod at young age (I never got an answer). It seems that they are still watching all my Facebook activity, and if they punished me for this then maybe it was because I was getting close to the truth. In response to attempting to investigate my history of abuse, I also had my car broken into twice without signs of forced entry and the rear-vision mirror flipped down to symbolically convey the threat "watch your back"

[Late March 2013]

The speaker system started back up again, a speaker that recites numbers and murmuring voices and makes strange tones all night. The truck shed "workers" next door have returned, they appear to be employed to yell profanities over the fence at me and make drilling, hammering and loud machinery noises all day to drive me crazy, then I'm sure they would act all innocent if confronted and maintain that the noises are relevant to legitimate work and try to paint me as paranoid, delusional and a complainer. Also, late at night sometimes they would drive back there to do "work" for several minutes, hammer several times loudly and then drive off again.

[17/3/13]

The cult is plotting something against me. I saw a dark grey tinted-window SUV pull up in front of my parents house yesterday morning for a while then drive off. Cult members work next door at the truck shed (recently one yelled "Yea! Fuck you, ya cunt!" over the fence). On two occasions the rear-vision mirror flipped down to symbolically convey the threat "watch your back". My car has been broken into without signs of entry at least twice recently.

I'm not sure what I've done to provoke this harassment again except recently I asked another cult victim over Facebook (got no reply) if he had any marks (two dots/moles spaced neatly apart) on his body because I suspect these marks on me were caused by a cattle prod/taser early in life. My Facebook was being stalked by hackers during 2012, prior to that, and right now probably still is.

UPDATE 2015:

Black dark-tinted SUV: What I described did happen, but in hindsight maybe I was being a bit paranoid and the SUV could have been there for some innocuous reason. Being gang-stalked makes you pretty paranoid and sensitive. The SUV might have been police, even. They were very interested

in me after finding the drug lab and they knew whenever I left the house because when I was away is when tried to trick my mother into letting them search my room and car. However, I'm didn't confuse any other gang-stalking incidents for the police.

[23/3/13]

The Internet has been going out intermittently the past couple days, current it is out, my phone has lost reception suddenly and there's a speaker system in the distance that has a voice announcement mumbling something, like it did yesterday.

[26/3/13]

There is activity at the property of the burnt-out fish factory in Hopkins St recently, trucks, forklifts and cherry-pickers dismantling the remains of the factory building where in 2012 there used to be large speaker systems. They continue to harass me during the day with needless drilling, hammering, and pneumatic tool use next door and in the morning, evening and night they play the murmuring voices and once again recite strings of numbers over another speaker system they've built somewhere. Also I recall that a young drug dealer they tried to pair me up with on the bus had a job at the fish factory

Update 2015: I don't think that drug dealer had anything to do with the cult.

[27/3/13]

I was researching Tom's death recently in March 2013, and when I typed "bredbo car accident" into Google among the search results the "ABC News" link had been modified to included '666'. The modified search result read "666 6ABC News" (sic) when it appeared in my web browser. Hackers had been monitoring the incoming packets on the landline ADSL connection at 11 Storey Ave Eden (man-in-the-middle attack) and modified the incoming packet before it reached my computer to include '666' on the search results page of "bredbo car accident" to claim responsibility for Tom Buckland's death and to let me know that they were watching the webpages I visit (I loaded a lot of ritual/child abuse resources in the days/weeks leading up to this.

I started to try and point out to my parents the organised harassment, surveillance, threats and assault and behaviour modification with electronic weapons, and they tried to tell me that "you're sick" and "get some sleep". I noticed these harassment campaigns in 2012 as well, and my mother said "If you see anything that's not there, you have to tell me. You are sick, you have paranoid schizophrenia."

Update 2015: In 2015 my mother admitted that my brother and I DON'T have schizophrenia.

[28/3/13]

3am - Some large device (it sounds large anyway) is making a loud droning noise in the distance that sounds like it's coming from everywhere. I went outside into the backyard and then large truck that sounded like it was from near the fish canning factory stated idling noisily. The revelation that they are monitoring the websites I visit in real time indictes that they are able to also use this to profile my sleeping habits, know the things I am doing or planning to do, as well as pick up usernames, accounts, email addresses, phone numbers etc. I use on the net. I suspect that telecom or ISP guys on the inside could be involved. 'man-in-the-middle' attack, and the data packets they intercept are probably used

to render a HTML page on their computers so that they can view the websites I am viewing in real time.

[30/3/13]

I tried to use Tor (and I typed "what port does Tor use" into Google, so the hackers watching my Internet use knew I was trying to use Tor (anonymity technology) but several minutes later Tor would no longer connect.

I started using TOR to access websites and then suddenly TOR would no longer connect. Those monitoring the Internet connection at 11 Storey Ave may have blocked the ports required for TOR several minutes after they noticed me start to use it so that I can't use it to avoid man-in-the-middle monitoring of my Internet usage. This is occurring to the landline ADSL connection at 11 Storey Ave Eden and is probably not the only residence whose services they tamper with. In high school I remember another guy wanting to know if a phone somebody gave me had come with SIM (so that I couldn't avoid stalking efforts by using somebody else's SIM). He also said "You're not allowed to drive." (Who says?!)

[20/4/13]

2-4am The voice announcement reciting numbers and machinery/grinding noise is playing early this morning. Usually the truck shed machinery noise only occurs in the day (and during the night they only harass me with electronic humming noises) but tonight it is raining and they go ahead with the noise harassment because the rain disguises these noises from the other residents (other side of Storey Ave etc.)

[23/4/13]

This afternoon a vehicle repeatedly revved loudly next door at the truck shed for an unnaturally long period of time to irritate me.

[28/4/13]

Since I stopped using the landline ADSL at 11 Storey Ave the daytime noise harassment has decreased

[3/5/13]

8:52pm - The murmuring voice announcements are back as well as the machinery/tool noise next door. This is probably because I walked outside and they saw that I was still there

[6/5/13]

Furious, incessant hammering noise started up again after I got home after people from the truck shed saw me drive past.

[22/5/13 and 23/5/13]

I heard strange humming/droning noises again and all night I had vivid, long dreams/nightmares about similar subjects (guns and other cult-related subjects) and finally a bunch of people telling me, "Do you have something to tell us?" in the dream. This was very similar to the nights I had the dreams with

people telling me to "Give us the speed!" while I was in the drug lab in 2012. This coincided with further noise harassment again, people from the truck shed next door aggressively spraying loud water hoses into the air early this morning when I walked past them to try and retrieve something from the boot of my car. I suspect, again, that they are hypnotically suggesting/modifying my dreams.

[30/5/13]

Username 'notdemocracy' on eBay bought all my listed items and failed to pay for them to harass me and force me to lose money to seller fees. When I click the listing to try and find out his mailing address, there seems to be no option to view his mailing address even though he "bought" my items! The eBay system is compromised. Also, a day before somebody asked if they could pick up an item I was selling and said they "worked in EDEN". Stalkers tricked me into revealing that I was still in Eden when I replied that yes, I could do local pick up over eBay. All the seller listings I had that weren't bought up by "notdemocracy" just mysteriously disappeared (nobody purchased them up and failed to pay, this time they completely just disappeared after I listed them due to hackers).

Also, my father randomly came up to me and said that my chemical glassware that was seized by police was now waiting in Sydney for me to pick up "but don't tell your mother"

Furthermore, I had a recent hypnosis-induced dream of the white van I thought about buying a while back and enquired about. I sent a message to the user who was selling the vehicle on eBay, and that's how the cult knew I was thinking about it--they hacked my eBay account '888899'. I believe they have eBay staff on the inside who abuse their access to data on behalf of the cult to spy on us and I will boycott eBay until they find those responsible and address this misconduct. Tila Tequila also complained of her YouTube account being hacked and all the videos being deleted when she tried to expose the cult on YouTube.

[31/5/13] More hypnosis induced dreams (themes of gore and fecal matter inside the white van I was thinking of buying) at night and noise harassment during the day. This was the response to the eBay hackers finding out that I enquired about a white van on Ebay, they probably found the message in my Sent folder.

[3/6/13]

It is possible that the cult hypnotically induced a dream of a girl saying "...We can make love afterwards", and I don't usually have dreams at all let alone ones like this. It was very vivid, which indicates a hypnosis-induced dream.

Update 2015: This dream meant nothing, it was not caused by an electronic weapon. However, the dreams I just mentioned about a white van filled with blood, guts and diarrhea that I had for two consecutive nights were definitely induced with some sort of weapon the cult has.

[4/6/13]

Tonight for a few hours my family and I were hit with the full force of the cult's electronic weapons. I observed plenty of activity at the truck shed next door. My body became hot all over repeatedly (EMR), my vision and sense of balance was disturbed, I became gassy and had a faint urge to vomit on two occasions and I became very sleepy and so did my parents (they said so out loud), and they

came under hypnosis too because they became completely motionless and began staring off into nothing in a trance and at other times they were hurrying around very frantically and so was I. Furthermore, I heard the speaker announcement reciting numbers again, PRETENDING to be announcing raffle winners and the announcer said something like "543765345 and the winner is Andrew, come on down Andrew, calling Andrew! Calling Andrew! 543765345".

The 'raffle' is fake, any claim that they are holding a 'raffle' or 'Bingo game' is just a false excuse for the cult to broadcast speaker announcements around the golf course/Storey Ave industrial area directed at me, 'Andrew'. There was also somebody at the back gate shouting my name, "Andrew! Andrew!" around the same time.

The electronic weapons make our dog run around the property barking his head off.

[Sometime in May]

I believe my P plates were stolen after I parked my vehicle (the green 99 Commodore) in Bega to let me know that there was a tracking device on it and they knew where I was. At the time, I just thought they blew off in the wind while driving.

Update 2015: Somebody definitely stole both P-plates off my car. I thought this happened when I parked it in Bega so I suspected the cult had put a tracking device on my car to know where I was parked, but now I think it could have been stolen at night while I was asleep and while the car was parked at home (i.e. no tracking device needed to accomplish this).

[10/6/13]

I saw a white later model ute pull up next to me in Eden (I crossed to the other side of the road thinking they would pull me into it or something) when I went outside to walk to town. Later when I returned home as I walked onto Storey Ave I saw the same vehicle drive past and pull into the next door truck shed (on a public holiday) as I walked past. It drove deep into the property so I couldn't see it anymore. This was to warn me "We are watching you".

Also, a black Magna drove past soon before this, I don't know if this was them or not. More unpleasant, suspected hypnosis-induced dreams/nightmares of guns (shooting myself in the gut) and explosives (blowing my legs off as I almost did at age 17, with carrots representing my legs), including when I tried to sleep during the day time. [UPDATE: No, the black Magna was just a coincidence I'm sure... I'm a bit hypervigilant, maybe you can understand why!]

Update 2015: No, those dreams were not caused by the electronic weapons.

[29/6/13]

Same old things have continued since my last entry. A white vehicle with fluoro-orange border around the number plate pulled up next to me then drove into the truck shed. Also, a couple days ago the cult police returned the \$1700 they took from me on 21st Oct. That was unexpected but welcome and the cult cops were better behaved this time.

[2/7/13]

A ute pulled up next to me in Eden to intimidate me when I went outside for a walk.

[7/8/13 and 8/7/13]

Immediately after I fell asleep (I woke a couple hours later) I suffered a vivid hypnosis-induced nightmare of being murdered and watching others ruthlessly murdered over and over by a serial killer. When I went back to sleep I had further dreams of guns and disgusting worms/bugs.

Update 2015: This was not caused by the dream manipulation weapon, I was just having nightmares.

[12/8/13] They've still been harassing me with the speakers that make a humming noise that comes from "everywhere". Usually they only play it at night, but if it rains during the day they play the humming during the rain because the rain camouflages the sound so that golf players and other residents are less likely to notice (it's a faint but obvious noise designed so that only somebody who knows they are being specifically targeted will recognise it, and other people will overlook it as industrial/factory noises or simply not notice it). I should also note that my parents have a circular saw for firewood that makes a loud whistling noise, but this is completely unrelated to the cult's gang-stalking/harassment activity and I am NOT confusing the circular saw noise for something else. The humming/droning noise is distant, fills the entire sky and 'sweeps' from one direction to another, as if it is coming from "everywhere" and while the large speaker systems on the fish factory property next door were present, the "everywhere" noise was much louder and at times was being used as a full-blown acoustic weapon (a sharp, piercing tone that "comes from everywhere" used as full-on punishment/abuse while I was in 2012 instead of the fainter, persistent humming/droning in the distance which has been used as ambient harassment throughout 2013).

[13/8/13]

The stalking activity is minimal, it has been reduced to simply the humming/droning noise that still occurs for periods of time most nights and the occasional half-hearted hammering noises next door.

[Unknown]

In the truck shed next door they are still making completely pointless and aggressive hammering/tool noises clearly intended to covertly harass/intimidate me, including in the mornings, whenever I walk past their shed (and they see me), and they are doing it right now at 9-10PM at night (sometimes they're there at night, sometimes they're not). I don't know if they solely get paid to do this to me, or if they do legitimate work there and the harassment/surveillance campaign is just a "side project". Late one night I heard a car pull up, somebody went into the shed, I heard loud hammering noises for a couple minutes then he walked back out and drove off again! They appear to store and maintain vehicles and machinery on the property for legitimate work, as a front. The fish factory that neighbours my parents' property (that was destroyed by arson and a giant speaker system was built on it) has been completely abandoned by the cult, it appears, after flatbed trucks came and took the speakers away quickly after the drug lab went down and the ruins were cleaned up.

[19/8/13]

The cult was hacking my laptop by setting up a WiFi access point near my parents' property (the name of it was a short string of random characters) which appears periodically. It's possible that this WiFi AP was set up in the truck shed next door because every night there is a single light and music playing

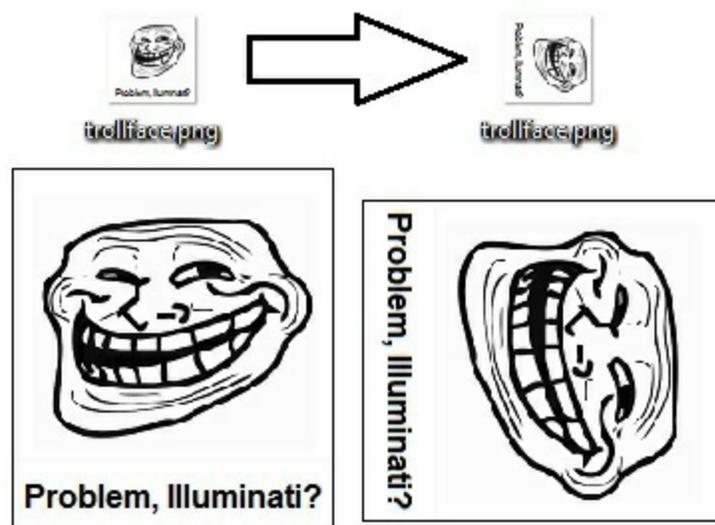
next door. Somehow they were forcing my laptop to connect to their WiFi AP (while still displaying Not Connected in Windows) and using it to download a trojan onto my computer and controlling this trojan through the WiFi AP.

They must have seen me sign up to several conspiracy-orientated online forums in a single day and known that I was gonna spill the beans, and put me under 24hr surveillance by hackers because all this happened about 1-2am in the morning. They caught me in the act of writing these diary entries and used the trojan to make my Windows taskbar and wallpaper flicker black and rotated picture files on my desktop 90-degrees to let me know they were watching my computer. I was writing these notes on my host system and only connecting to the Internet through a copy of Windows running as a virtual machine, and this virtual machine was what the cult was spying on until they figured out I was using a VM on the 19/8 and hackers accessed my host system. On 19/8 the cult discovered my host system on which these notes you are reading were stored and immediately my virtual machine gave an error when I tried to run it. The cult found my notes on the 19/8 and I decided within the span of 30 minutes that I had to flee Eden for my life and never come back. This is it, their hackers found out I was typing these notes and they are going to kill me, and I can't do anything about it because nobody wants to hear my story let alone help me. This is probably going to be my last diary entry. Bye.

# ON THE RUN

After the hackers breached my laptop and caught me typing this manuscript, I decided that I had to flee Eden and I came to this conclusion within an hour or two. I had previously fantasised about the idea of running away to live in a van and living a life on the road because I didn't want to go to jail, but the cult catching me typing my manuscript (or so I thought) and thinking they were going to kill me clinched my decision to do so. While they did hack my computer on the 19th of August and gained access to the system on which I was storing my manuscript, I don't believe they saw the manuscript but at the time I feared the worst and thought that they were going to kill me before I could expose them.

On the 19th of August 2013 I had a picture of the Internet meme "Troll Face" on the desktop of a virtual machine running on my laptop. The Troll Face picture had the caption "Problem, Illuminati?" The hacker saw the picture with the caption and rotated it 90-degrees as a joke and to let me know that he had seen it. That night I saw a WiFi access point called "cvcvbvb" or similar appear in range with good reception briefly while my computer was being hacked and I concluded that they were hacking my computer through the WiFi. I panicked, closed my virtual machine software (VMPlayer) and immediately realised my mistake when the closure of the VM software allowed the hacker to access my host system (VMPlayer disabled network connections on my host system while it was running). I had disconnected my laptop from the Internet to try and stop the hacker at this point. The host system was where I was writing my manuscript and the hacker made my window borders, taskbar and wallpaper flicker black for about three seconds to announce that he had gained access to my host system. This happened after my laptop had been disconnected from the Internet, which proves they were hacking my computer through the "cvcvbvb" WiFi access point. I frantically pulled the battery out of my laptop but I feared that the hacker had seen my manuscript on my host system and the cult was going to murder me before I could publish it. Furthermore, I had to complete my manuscript and I couldn't escape the hacker by staying at home because my laptop didn't have an external WiFi switch to disable. I no longer believe the cult was ever going to kill me at any point. I overreacted. I was scared.



[Replica]

This is a replica showing the picture I had on my virtual machine and what it looked like after the

hacker rotated it 90-degrees.

I put my laptop in my backpack and ran to town in terror through the dark then caught a coach and train to Sydney. I purchased a Toyota Hiace van and began camping in it. I had constructed a homemade 12-gauge shotgun out of pipe fittings and steel tubing some time during 2013 and had successfully test-fired it in the forest. Once I had my van I returned to Eden to retrieve it to protect myself from the cult.

I finished typing an early copy of my manuscript while staying in a youth hostel. I mailed copies of my manuscript to Amnesty International (human rights organisation), the ASCA (who in 2006 published a paper titled Ritual Abuse and Torture in Australia), my solicitor, and one of my high school teachers. I also mailed a copy to the Royal Commission. I placed a copy under the windscreen wiper of a marked car outside Australian Federal Police headquarters in Barton and then posted the manuscript on every user-contributed conspiracy website I could find.

I slept in my van while cruising around three different states with my shotgun loaded and behind the driver's seat after publishing the early version of my manuscript. It was fun to visit different places while driving around listening to Iron Maiden and of course Judas Priest's song "Breaking the Law" which I played after being pulled over for a breath test in Canberra and the police leaving after not discovering that I was a fugitive. I felt so free to be on the run, having escaped the gang-stalkers. I was waiting for the sky to fall and for the manuscript to be all over the news and a full-scale police investigation into the death of Tom Buckland to be launched, but nothing ever happened. I guess nobody bothered to read it, or if they did they didn't believe me and thought that it was just the work of some crazy person. In 2015 I checked my post on a conspiracy website and some people gave me good advice including referring me to an organisation that helps victims of the occult but some people replied with things like "sounds like bullshit", which hurt. These mainstream 9/11 truthers wouldn't know a real conspiracy if it slapped them in the face.

One night about a month after I fled Eden while I was trying to get to sleep in my van in an empty car park in Canberra, police approached and started shining flash lights through my window. They said a white van had been seen approaching kids (my van was tan coloured), but I think they made this up as an excuse to check me out and see what I was doing in the car park at night. The police were alerted by the computer that I was declared a missing person in NSW after I told them my name. The detectives put me in handcuffs for their safety after discovering that I had been charged with drug manufacture on their computer and I was so anxious that I blurted out that I had the shotgun, because I'm not good at telling lies or concealing the truth. The Canberra police also confiscated my dagger, some homemade black powder and a bag of nitrocellulose flakes that I was using to reload shotgun shells. I was taken to Tuggeranong police station and I tried to tell the detective about the cult and what happened to Tom Buckland, but I don't think he believed me. I spent the night in the watchhouse cells and was taken to court the next morning for a bail hearing.

While in the holding cells under the Canberra magistrate's court, the television was on and the news reporter started talking about the seizure of my homemade shotgun the previous night, which prompted the other inmates to give me high-fives. Like I said, I don't think the detectives believed me about the cult which was probably why a psychiatrist was appointed to talk to me before my bail hearing. I

tried frantically to explain the cult to the psychiatrist but she testified in court that I would need to be admitted to the mental hospital for a psychiatric evaluation. Nobody believed me about the cult. When the psychiatrist decided to send me to hospital all I could do is whine, "You're making a mistake, you're making a huge mistake!"

# CANBERRA MENTAL HEALTH UNIT

When they were considering admitting me to the mental hospital I tried to tell the second psychiatrist I saw all about the cult and how the cops tried to chloroform me. I was mindlessly optimistic that he would believe me but when he replied "Well, I'm sure YOU believe it" my heart sank. He didn't believe me. I had been through so much and nobody believed me. I couldn't believe that this was happening. The psychiatrist had a degree in chemistry and knew things about drug manufacture, energetic materials (explosives) and chemical weapons which I found interesting, though he called my activities "nefarious". I don't see anything wrong with what I did, which is probably a sign of a true mad scientist.

Immediately after I was admitted to the Canberra mental ward I tried to tell another patient that I was the victim of the "Illuminati" (I used to call the cult the "Illuminati" because they had no name, and I didn't know what else to call them) and he replied, completely seriously, "Yeah, me too, my dad's the king of the Illuminati!". It was so upsetting.

Once I was in the main ward I told a psychiatrist that I was a "victim of Satanic ritual abuse" and insisted he should read psychologist Dr. Ellen Lacter's website [EndRitualAbuse.org](http://EndRitualAbuse.org), and it seemed that upon hearing the word "Satanic" he concluded that my incarceration in the Canberra mental health unit must be extended beyond the initial 3 day hold. The stress being involuntarily committed and disbelieved caused me to violently punch myself and I had thoughts of suicide. The psychiatrists asked me if I was raised in a religious household, thinking that that would be the reason I believe in Satanic ritual abuse. But no, I wasn't and I am an atheist.

I observed an epidemic of overdiagnosis in the mental wards. There were a couple of legitimate schizophrenics there (thoughts disappearing etc. like the videos of schizophrenics we watched when I took elective psychology courses at university), but they could also easily take a healthy person and find some label to stick on them. That's my opinion as someone who takes an interest in psychology. A complaint by another patient in the Canberra mental ward really got me thinking. Psychiatrists don't need to provide a commentary of reasoning and justification for how they come to a conclusion, like a judge/magistrate would have to. They just make an opinion, and their opinion becomes fact because their words are viewed as gospel as they are the supposed "experts".

When I was in the Canberra mental ward I read in the newspaper that the value of Bitcoin had jumped to \$700. I used to have \$3000 of Bitcoin that I made when it was only worth around \$10, but I spent it all throughout the year. I had over \$3000 worth of Bitcoin I made by selling primarily a (then legal) drug called 25C-NBOMe on Silk Road when Bitcoin was worth only \$8 to \$12.

I helped an old guy escape from the hospital through a broken automatic door. He was cool. After his escape I took delight in taunting the nurses by asking where he was while they were clearly looking for him desperately, to which they angrily replied that it was none of my business.

The psychiatrist concluded that I was a paranoid schizophrenic who was at "moderate" risk of violence simply because I know how to make drugs and firearms. Complete nonsense, I am a very

timid person. I was just trying to defend myself. If you go into a mental hospital and make extraordinary claims (even if they're true), you'll be diagnosed as psychotic and delusional. There's little more to their assessments, it's as simple as that. Psychiatry is a primitive "science" which is in its infancy, we barely know anything about how the mind works. Doctors know next to nothing about the psychology of people who have just witnessed conspiracies, but let me tell you that it makes you very paranoid and this is likely to get interpreted as paranoid schizophrenia by someone who's used to seeing mental illness in everybody they assess. Gang-stalkers exploit the psychological concept of "ideas of reference" to induce paranoia. The difference between paranoid schizophrenia and gang-stalking is that with gang-stalking all those little things you think are being directed at you, are real and are being done by people with a purpose. That purpose is to cause you to have a mental breakdown and become involuntarily committed, and thereby discredited and open to revictimisation due to disbelief and medical abuses such as unjustified druggings with powerful antipsychotic drugs. The difference between paranoid schizophrenia and gang-stalking is that I really WAS being persecuted, it wasn't a persecutory delusion.

Here's an excerpt from the Wikipedia page on Hypervigilance: "Hypervigilance can be a symptom of post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and various types of anxiety disorder. It is distinguished from paranoia. Paranoid states, such as those in schizophrenia, can seem superficially similar, but are characteristically different." I have been misdiagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, when I was actually suffering psychological trauma from my gang-stalking ordeal. I was hypervigilant, not paranoid.

It was exactly six weeks before I was released and I have been continuously injected with potent psychiatric drugs since then on the conditions of a community treatment order (CTO), which now has been about two years (they typically last 6 months, but as a condition of my parole I have received a particularly lengthy order because my barrister and I mentioned the cult in court). Writing in 2015, being drugged with the highest dose possible of paliperidone for two years has eventually caused pronounced and unmentionable sexual side effects. I've found several other people complaining of the exact same effects from paliperidone on the Internet, even though these side effects are not listed on the pamphlet which comes with the drugs. I just hope it's not permanent. In 2015 my psychiatrist was considering putting me on clozapine. Clozapine is given to people with "treatment-resistant" schizophrenia and they really think that I am "treatment-resistant" because my so-called "delusions" don't respond to the continuous druggings they've subjected me to already. Antipsychotic drugs stop psychotic beliefs (supposedly), and my beliefs aren't psychotic that's why they don't change anything! Clozapine can cause heart problems and potentially fatal issues with your white blood cell count and it was originally taken off the market after a large number of deaths. I'd rather the sexual dysfunction of paliperidone over that.

Unfortunately, the men's refuge I was staying at while on bail disposed of my hospital documents while I was in jail, but these documents that the psychiatrists showed to the mental health tribunal stated that my primary symptoms of schizophrenia were "feelings of persecution" and the "belief that a man named Tom Buckland was murdered by being sold a remote-control car" but this is ridiculous because I really WAS being persecuted and Tom really WAS murdered in this manner! I felt very wronged and outraged by my false diagnosis and being drugged against my will for it. I tried to deny that I was schizophrenic, but the doctors simply interpreted this as having "poor insight" into my

supposed condition. Sheesh. I am very insightful and I have read plenty of literature on psychiatry, and I know I am not a schizophrenic. I have been the victim of an outlandish conspiracy and my only problem is that nobody believes me. That's all there is to it. I did not observe any cult activity in the Canberra hospital, the only problem I had to deal with was the ignorance of the doctors about ritualistic cult abuse and gang-stalking.

Look up the recent story of Kam Brock to see how easily it is for doctors to falsely diagnose somebody as "psychotic" for making remarkable claims, even if the claims are later found to be true. Brock was committed to a mental hospital and misdiagnosed with bipolar after telling police officers that Obama follows her on Twitter. When they finally let her out, she was able to prove with a screenshot that Obama's official Twitter account really is one of her followers and now she's filing a lawsuit. The psychiatrists allegedly said that she had to take medication and "admit" that Obama doesn't follow her on Twitter as a condition of her discharge from hospital. The disbelief I received puts me in a far worse position than Brock. Then there's the story of a woman only known as "Amy" who in 2004 was misdiagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic when she claimed that a male nurse raped her, by doctors who thought she hallucinated it. The nurse was later convicted of the rape and it was discovered that he had a previous record of sexual assault. There's also the story of German man Gustl Mollath, who was institutionalised and misdiagnosed as delusional and paranoid for claiming that his ex-wife was collaborating with bankers in an enormous money laundering operation, which later turned out to be true. I draw parallels between my situation and these cases.

After my discharge from hospital I was on bail for a week which I spent smoking a quarter ounce of marijuana to myself. I had nothing better to do because the police still had my laptop. I called the detective who had my van and told him I wanted to pick it up. He said to come down to the police station because my van was ready to go, but when I arrived I was arrested and extradited to NSW to face the charges of manufacturing methamphetamine. I'm ashamed of how easily I was tricked. Admittedly, if I had gotten my van back I would have run away and continued my adventure.

# MAXIMUM SECURITY

On the 1st of November 2013 I was extradited to NSW and brought to the Queanbeyan court house for a bail hearing. At my bail hearing the judge said, "This is a very serious offense, Mr. Seefeldt, punishable by up to 25 years imprisonment." I was crapping myself, but now I see he was just trying to scare me even if it was technically true. After the judge heard that I had a homemade shotgun, he refused me bail and I was taken into custody and brought to Goulburn jail on remand.

During my initial health screening the physician showed me two numbers that were supposed to be under 40 in a healthy liver, and mine were over 100 and the other was over 300 and he said it indicated hepatitis or alcoholism, and I don't drink. My liver is wrecked. I was transferred from Goulburn jail before they could conduct further blood tests, but in my mind the initial test results confirm what my chart said at the Bega mental hospital. Hepatitis D. I'm very sensitive about my health and sometimes when I remember that I have the diagnosis I pace around and want to rip my hair out. When I get bad news about my health I always get panic attacks and become filled with anxiety and dread. Like I said, I have no idea how I contracted it. They filled out a mandatory form for people with transmissible illnesses and when the doctors asked if I had been engaging in unsafe sexual practices I replied, "Never been kissed" and the health worker crossed out the section with a smile. I've never touched needles either, I never did anything wrong to catch it.

Anyway, I entered a plea of guilty to drug manufacture, not guilty to supply and not guilty to explosives (the fireworks were spent). It was more than 11 months before my case went to trial and I received my sentence, which meant I had to remain a B classification (maximum security) on remand and couldn't be moved to minimum security.

Prison was fairly uneventful and most of it not worthy of mention. Time went slow, the days blended together and most of it wasn't memorable. It was boring, but I passed the time by drinking large amounts of coffee, listening to the radio (mainly The Racket on Triple J, I always looked forward to the three hours of heavy metal every Tuesday), watching television, pacing back and forth in the yard deep in thought and fantasy, lying in bed while engineering homemade firearms in my head and by working on this manuscript in an exercise book, which I guarded very closely. I also did a few physical exercises, but not often. Going to prison was the first time I had really met new people since I was in high school, and I became relatively comfortable with it. I have been to four correctional centres: Goulburn, South Coast (Nowra), Bathurst and Silverwater. I spent most my time at the South Coast centre (Nowra) in F2 and F1 pods. In Goulburn I was in the remand yards (9/10), in Bathurst I was in C3/4 yard and at Silverwater I was placed in many different pods, including the specialised mental health wing (also known by inmates as the "spinners' pod"). I saw the infamous Malcolm Naden in Goulburn in one of the protection yards and bkie boss Sam Ibrahim was in F1 pod with me in Nowra. Sam would walk with a limp, and I was told he had taken a bullet to the leg.

My mother visited me in Goulburn jail around Christmas time 2013. At the jail, out of no where she quietly told me "They're threatening your brother (Jim), never make drugs again." My mother is aware of the conspiracy, but she probably won't admit it to outsiders. By "threatening", could this mean that Jim was also gang-stalked? I don't know, I don't talk to him.

For the first time in my life I found another person who listens to the same music as me when I was in Silverwater jail. When I asked him what music he listens to and he rolled up his sleeve to reveal a "Death Metal" tattoo I was so excited. He liked some of my favourite bands like Scar Symmetry, Insomnium, Arch Enemy and MyGrain. He listened to all the Scandinavian melodic death metal bands that I liked, it was amazing. He was the drummer in a band and he demonstrated how he could do death metal vocals. He was also into drugs. Unfortunately, the day after I met him I was transferred to another jail.

As I've said before, at the beginning of 2013 I had over \$3000 in Bitcoin that I made when Bitcoin's value was between \$8 and \$12. The value suddenly shot to \$700 while I was in the Canberra mental ward, but I had spent it all in the past several months. While I was in jail another inmate (who was into computers) told me that Bitcoin peaked at \$1500 or so, so I was really kicking myself. It really got me down for a while. Yes, I guess I missed out on making around \$450,000--five times more than I ever hoped to make from the drug lab (not that I ever got the chance to sell any product). In Goulburn jail an inmate mentioned that he bought drugs from Silk Road, and when I told him the name of my vendor (seller) account (I mainly sold the psychedelic drug 25C-NBOMe) he recognised it and commented that it was a "small world".

Once in Nowra (South Coast) correctional centre when I was coming back from court a prison officer recognised my name and said, "Look, it's the Canberra bomb man." This was because the Canberra police confiscated some black powder (gunpowder) and nitrocellulose I made which I was using to reload shotgun shells. The officer then said "You're like that kid from Sanctuary Point..." and then said my online friend M.'s full name (M. lived in Sanctuary Point which is very close to Nowra and had previously been in Nowra jail for threatening to blow up his brothers and possessing homemade explosives). Then he said, "Oh, he's your friend is he? So you plot bombings together, huh?" M. and I are a bit notorious.

Once we were boiling water in our cells by sticking foil from our food trays in the powerpoints and I got an electric shock. We also lit cigarettes this way sometimes.

I was assaulted once at Silverwater because I wouldn't give another inmate who was a Rebel bikie with tattoos all over his shaved head the highly-prized "one out" (single person) cell I had been allocated. This happened on my first day in the notorious pod 10. He demanded that I give him the cell and wouldn't take no for an answer, but I said no anyway repeatedly in an attempt to stand up for myself so he brought his large, muscular Lebanese friend in who started hitting me in the face while yelling, "How about now? How about now?" The bikie then said, "Next time you fuck with me I'll do it myself." I had a blood nose, swollen mark on my cheek and my hearing was impaired in one ear afterwards. Later an officer saw my face and I was immediately transferred to the Bathurst correctional centre.

A few days after I was moved to Bathurst jail, at around 8pm (and continuing for perhaps an hour) I heard a distant speaker announcement call a series of numbers along side some murmuring, and it sounded precisely the same as the speaker announcements that were set up around my parents' house and were employed as a form of noise harassment by the gang-stalkers. The speakers near the

Bathurst jail were announcing with the same voice, the same murmuring about a "raffle" and the same series of numbers--everything was the same as the speakers the gang-stalkers set up around my parents' house (which is 550km away from the jail) in 2012 and 2013. My cellmate Anish P. heard the speakers too, and asked me "Is that the screws (prison officers)?" but no, it wasn't the jail's PA system, it was a lot further in the distance and to have been heard from that distance it must have been played very loud. Usually there can be no noises from the town of Bathurst heard from within the jail. This is the only time the cult tried to reach me while imprisoned. I never heard the humming noise while I was in jail or anything else from the cult.

In Bathurst jail I met an inmate called Bryan who was in for grievous bodily harm. He chopped somebody's arm half off with a samurai sword, but it wasn't unprovoked and Bryan was a good person while I couldn't say the same about the victim from what Bryan told me. Bryan wasn't a criminal, he just made a mistake. He was into conspiracy theories and believed me when I told him about the murder of Tom Buckland. All the other inmates I told just laughed, didn't believe me and joked about it by saying things like, "Look behind you! It's the Illuminati!" Bryan told me he had been assaulted with a high-tech weapon that made his body feel like it was being "crushed" and saw strange lights across his dashboard while driving one night. He put it down to "aliens". When I was moved to other jails Bryan and I kept in touch through the mail.

I met another clandestine chemist in Nowra. He probably knew more about chemistry than me, though he said that I could teach him a lot. He knew how to get safrole from a species of plant that grows wild in Australia, I don't remember what species but it wasn't sassafras and he gave me some tips for the steam distillation. He and I both recalled a news article that stated children in third world countries were smoking dead ants to get high from the formic acid they contained (an intoxicant, apparently) so we rolled up some ants into a cigarette and took turns smoking it, but it didn't work. Another inmate recommended smoking some milk thistle that was growing in the yard and one of my cellmates smoked banana peels a la The Anarchist's Cookbook. A couple times an inmate gave me some buprenorphine. After taking the "bupe" I began feeling sick at muster (roll call) and it made me vomit about 10 seconds after the officer shut our cell door for lock-in, so I was very lucky to have held it down that long or else they would have known that I had taken something. I got codeine tablets a few times, including after I was assaulted (to ease the pain), and extracted them with water (to remove the paracetamol) just like I used to do as a teenager and I also taught others how to do it. Once I traded tobacco for gabapentin but unlike pregabalin which I had experimented with on the outside, the gabapentin didn't give me any effects. Once I got out of jail my interest in drugs sort of waned and I no longer do them regularly.

I was put in the mental health unit of Silverwater jail after telling a psychiatrist over video link that I wanted to distribute 500 copies of my manuscript around Eden. I remember when I was taken to Silverwater there were 10 inmates crammed into the enclosed truck and they never turned the fan on during the three hour trip (because it was a cold time of year) so I arrived with a massive headache that persisted for a couple days due to oxygen deprivation. I told one of those inmates and he said he had a headache too.

I was talking to a psychologist at Silverwater and she told me that I don't have any symptoms of schizophrenia except for my belief in the cult and she agreed my diagnosis was based solely on this

belief. She said that she thought my beliefs were "plausible" as opposed to the impossibly bizarre delusions commonly seen in schizophrenics, and she would not rule them out. She was the most reasonable doctor I've seen so far, which may have been because she was a psychologist and not a psychiatrist. She even said she would look up gang-stalking on the Internet. She commented, "You seem so sure about it." Another psychiatrist was confused when I told him that my cellmate Anish P. heard the "raffle" speaker announcements too, after he assumed I was hallucinating them. I was not, but was declared a paranoid schizophrenic again anyway in further psychiatric reports.

The trial for my not guilty plea to drug supply kept getting adjourned until I had been in custody for 11-and-a-half months. At my trial I was found mentally competent to stand trial and give evidence, if that means anything to you for my credibility in this book. While he showed no evidence that I ever sold or gave away any methamphetamine, the prosecutor argued that 17 grams was too much for personal use and in accordance with "deemed supply" laws the onus was on the defense to prove that it wasn't being sold (guilty until proven innocent!), which my barrister succeeded at. In the brief of evidence police presented Tori's text message "I'm really good at selling chocolates!" as evidence of drug dealing, thinking that "chocolates" could be code for drugs but the prosecutor didn't use this "evidence". It was pretty amusing, because Tori really was selling chocolates for a fund raiser or something. I never sold any methamphetamine because I was waiting to use up all my remaining chemicals, then I would have taken it back to Canberra to sell on Silk Road (the infamous blackmarket website, which I had sold psychedelic drugs on previously) but the cult and their gang-stalkers ruined my plans. I realised that you can't mail drugs from a small town like Eden because police could buy from you and then track the postmarks to learn where it was sent from, and with Eden's population of only 3000 it would really narrow things down. A man I met on the bus once told me that there was only two speed dealers in Eden, and he seemed to know every local who was into drugs.

I was the only one who gave evidence at the trial and the judge described me as a "credible" witness. I don't know if that can be extrapolated to prove that I'm telling the truth in this book, but I am. I was found not guilty of supply at trial, the explosives charge was dropped after police realised the fireworks were spent and for my guilty plea for drug manufacture I received a two year sentence with a one year non-parole period. The sentencing was on the same day as my trial, and by the time I was given one year in custody, there were only 9 or 10 days of my sentence remaining. Those days went quick and lesiurely, I was in A pod at Nowra and didn't even get a cellmate so I had the cell to myself for almost all that time.

Come the 31st of October 2014, my release date, I was less excited than I thought I'd be. I had gotten pretty comfortable with prison. Immediately after I got out of jail I was in Nowra waiting for the coach home and I bought a bottle of dextromethorphan cough syrup, just like the good old times, to celebrate. I drank it but had a bad trip, it felt terrible to be so high during the ride home. Time was frozen, my vision was spinning and when the man next to me tried to talk to me I was tripping too hard to speak so I just grunted and I must have looked like an idiot. I thought everybody could tell I was intoxicated. I almost missed the bus, that's how high I got. It hit me harder than I thought it would because my tolerance was zero. It was a hellish ride home. When I got home the first thing I did was listen to "The Prisoner" by Iron Maiden. Not a prisoner, I'm a free man! And my blood is my own now! Don't care where the past was, I know where I'm going... out!





# DIARY OF A TARGETED INDIVIDUAL PART II

[6/11/14]

It's been a week since I was released from jail. I was downloading music and a hacker saw that I was doing this. The hacker placed a file named "andrews message.htm.lo3vh6c.partial" into the folder I was downloading music to, where I would see it. When I opened the file out of curiosity, I was surprised to discover that it was a saved HTML file of my post to a conspiracy website in which I published my manuscript (an earlier version of what you're reading now) in an attempt to expose the cult. The hacker was showing me that he had seen my conspiracy website publication and that he had read it.

The last modified (creation) date of the file was 18th of August 2014. It retained its creation date after being copied from the hacker's computer to mine. I was still in prison on this date, I couldn't have possibly created this file myself. This proves that I am NOT making this stuff up. The file suddenly appeared in my music folder while I was downloading music! It was definitely not there before.

I can supply a copy of the file on a USB drive upon request by investigators that has its original last modified date--a date during which I was in prison.

UPDATE: Sometimes the file won't open in Internet Explorer (it asks you to save the file instead of rendering the HTML because the file appears to be a \*.partial download), but it usually does.

[20/12/14]

In the past 40 days or so everything has been quiet. The gang-stalking has completely ceased and there has been no noise harassment or the playing of acoustic devices or anything of the sort. It appears that the cult has left me alone for now. Everything is good with my parents.

[26/1/15]

I received nine month good behaviour bond for the homemade shotgun in the Canberra Magistrate's Court. I was never charged for the explosives for some reason, possibly because I was only using them to manufacture ammunition and they did charge me for ammunition. My lawyer played the mental illness card when he claimed that I was afraid for my life due to my "delusions" about a Satanic cult, but I have to live the terrible truth: the cult is real. See the Canberra Times report "Man arrested over homemade shotgun" dated September 13, 2013.

The judge commented that "extreme paranoia" was central to me possessing the shotgun. Well I was JUSTIFIABLY paranoid. Paranoid is how gang-stalking is designed to make you feel. The evil masterminds who developed these tactics knows that the psychological effects and sensational claims that stem from being gang-stalked will result in a victim being misdiagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic if they try to tell anyone. The Wikipedia article on "mobbing" states that the psychological effects of this form of abuse include paranoia. "Some targets may even develop brief psychotic episodes, generally with paranoid symptoms." --Wikipedia

[18/3/15]

I hear the humming noise at night perhaps once per week these days, and it's not as constant or prominent as it was during the two gang-stalking campaigns that were waged against me in 2012 and 2013. I used to hear it practically every night and it was much more intense and regular, but still occasionally they play very loud pulses of the sound, though it's quite infrequent. Other than that, there have been no incidents involving the cult in any shape or form. Like I said in my previous entry, it seems that they have left me alone for now.

[30/05/15]

On rare occasion I still hear the humming noise, but it has become so greatly diminished--both the actual sound and how frequent it happens--that it's barely perceptible. I think it's all finally over.

[26/06/15]

Today I saw an early 1990s black Magna sedan parked just 50 metres from my parents' home. It wasn't there when I left for town, but when I returned home there it was. I have no way of telling whether it was a coincidence or not, but without anything indicating otherwise I have to assume it was just a coincidence and not placed there to torment me or anything. The humming noise at night has completely ceased and there has been no other contact with the cult. I checked the rear of the car and it said "Magna". It was the exact same model and colour vehicle Tom was killed in, and it was parked opposite the truck shed next door (the truck shed appears to be closed today, nobody is working there).

Update: The black Magna parked 50 metres from my home was just a coincidence (I saw it a second time, which lead to this conclusion), but you can see how on edge the murder of Tom has made me. I'm always on the look out for danger.



This black 1990's Magna was parked 50 metres from my parents' house, but I concluded that it was just a coincidence. Laura K.'s and Tom Buckland's black Magnas were definitely NOT coincidences.

# **HARASSMENT, INTIMIDATION & STALKING TACTICS**

# **GANG-STALKING: AN OVERVIEW**

Gang-stalking is advanced psychological warfare being waged upon civilians all over the world. These stalking techniques and weapons are being propagated by an international criminal organisation, which is why people are reporting the same thing all over the world. It is perpetrated by a global network of criminal civilian spies. It's cumulative: each gang-stalker only plays a small role so it's a very hard crime to prove or prosecute.

Some gang-stalking techniques are consistent on different targets, some appear to be tailor made to the specific targeted individual. Some writers have suggested that gang-stalking is purely a psychological tactic and the perpetrators don't commit physical harm, but this is not true because they murdered Tom Buckland and tried to abduct me. Maybe I am an exceptional case.

Some incredulous readers may wonder if what I witnessed was "imagined" due to drug use, but the answer is a resounding NO. It annoys me how ignorant and influenced by myths and anti-drug propaganda the average person is when it comes to drugs, even people like doctors. I know exactly what drugs do and don't do better than anybody else because I have first-hand experience. Furthermore, I wasn't even using methamphetamine anymore when the gang-stalking began happening again in 2013 when I upset the cult for the second time, for what that's worth.

None of what I witnessed regarding the gang-stalking is influenced by the information I have since read about it online. All this started happening to me before I even knew what was happening or that gang-stalking had a name. I thought I was the only one, but I've since learned that it is happening to other people all over the world too. Some writers term gang-stalking "no-touch torture", which I think is appropriate.

It was like the film *The Truman Show*: the electronic surveillance and organised stalking efforts I uncovered made me feel as though I was the star of the Truman Show. Much like when Truman begins to notice that something is "off" in his environment, it then hit me like a tonne of bricks. I wasn't even aware that I was a target of something until mid-2012.

Gang-stalkers "sensitise" their target first: sensitise them into noticing subtle stalking tactics which usually start with a marked increase in noise surrounding the victim's home. These noises, like all gang-stalking incidents, are designed to appear like part of "everyday life", disguised to appear that the noises are legitimate and belong in that environment. Even if they are excessive, typically only a target who knows they're being stalked will notice this. Everybody else will overlook it because the gang-stalkers are creative enough to make the noise harassment blend into the environment so well. For example, I live in an industrial area and the noise harassment was made by pneumatic tools, hammers and grinders next door, as well as loud trucks parked around our property starting and revving their engines when I walked outside to where I could be seen from the street, noise being made by industrial waterhoses being sprayed in the air, and speaker systems set up both to the north and south of our property announcing a phony "raffle" every single evening for months on end.

In the online gang-stalking community, reports that gang-stalkers use noise harassment is common, and people in residential areas report different forms of noise harassment than the forms I observed, because I live in an industrial area. Gang-stalking victims who live in residential areas report loud

music, people doing burnouts, car alarms going off in tandem, doors slamming and loud tools, which is different to what I suffered living in an industrial area. The gang-stalkers design the incessant noises to blend into the environment and made so that to a casual observer (someone who isn't the target and doesn't witness how persistent and gratuitous it is) will believe that the noises "belong" in that environment and not see a problem except that the target is "just paranoid". They know that if they make the stalking as subtle as possible, they will never be prosecuted for it because it can't be proved. For example, I live in an industrial zone on an old bus depot and the gang-stalkers made a huge amount of noise all day long with grinders, hammers, pneumatic tools, trucks and industrial hoses--things that "belong" in an industrial area. Furthermore, these tools and machinery were already available to the gang-stalkers because there is a legitimate business next door and the gang-stalking was just a side-project, or a secondary form of employment for them. Perhaps they were legitimate workers and the cult offered them extra money to harass me. According to the current literature on gang-stalking, often the gang-stalkers are told lies, e.g. the target is a pedophile to gain compliance.

The subtleness of the stalking tactics gives them "plausible deniability": they will undoubtedly claim that the target is mentally ill, paranoid and a complainer if confronted by police, and then when police are gone, increase the intensity of the gang-stalking to punish the target for speaking out. They make the noises blend in because it's all about camouflage. Only the target who actively knows they are being targeted, witnesses how ferocious it can get and observe it every single day for months or even years after they did something to become the enemy of someone in power, or even for no reason at all (according to the current literature, sometimes gang-stalkers choose random targets or minorities to hone their techniques and for sadistic entertainment).

T.B. Justice (author of blog <http://emsecured.wordpress.com>) reports that regularly people would enter his house and rearrange cans in their pantry so that they would be upside down and moved all the way to the front, tie knots in his electric cables and other little things like that, or break in and persistently tamper with surveillance equipment. My home was never burglarised because at least one of my parents is always at home, but they have entered my car on two occasions at night (it happened around the same time while I was being gang-stalked in 2013) and flipped the rear-view mirror as far down as it would go, or they would steal both the P-plates. The reason they don't steal or touch anything of value is so that the police don't get involved. The police would laugh in your face if you complained to them that little things were being moved or adjusted, but not stolen. All these little things are cumulative and amount to cause major psychological distress.

If the targeted individual complains that "all these people are doing little things to harass me" he will appear insane, like the stereotypical paranoid schizophrenic. There is a name for this psychological abuse tactic: it is called "gaslighting", named after a novel/play called *Gaslight* (*Angel Street*) in which an abusive husband makes his wife look mentally ill by manipulating the level of lighting in their home and telling his wife that she is imagining things when she notices. According to Wikipedia, the definition of gaslighting includes "staging of bizarre events by the abuser with the intention of disorienting the victim." That was the purpose of the gang-stalking and the black Magnas. They successfully gaslighted me into a mental hospital twice, just like a plot from a horror film. The police probably don't record gang-stalking reports because all the victims are falsely dismissed as paranoid schizophrenics, or the police themselves cover it up.

Gang-stalkers also deploy highly-sophisticated electronic weapons on targeted individuals that are acoustic in nature or employ electromagnetic radiation, and many of these weapons appear to be classified or developed by the cult. I believe that the reason they used electronic weapons on me but chose not to use them on some other gang-stalking victims I have read about is because I live on a geographically isolated property (an old bus depot) where these weapons will not be observed by any neighbours. Another reason is that they really wanted the drugs I was producing so they employed their entire arsenal on me.

These weapons included a humming noise played every night for years around my property that seemed to come from "everywhere", being assaulted regularly in 2012 with a sharp, piercing tone that seemed to come from "everywhere", a weapon that made a noise like a large transformer and "cooked" my body by making me feel very hot all over, a weapon that caused disorientation, a weapon that made me extremely sleepy and hypnotised and made my parents become "frozen" deep in a trance, and most remarkably a weapon that manipulated my dreams by inserting messages into them at night.

All the gang-stalkers (except for the man played over the "raffle" speakers) I have witnessed had that crude accent that I associate with typical criminals and perhaps the working class. Gang-stalkers, at least the lower-level footsoldiers, appear to be employed from the lower class of petty criminals. This is consistent with the current literature about gang-stalking I have since read on the Internet. The gang-stalker vehicles were also mostly white utes, indicating that many of them are tradespeople.

Many sources, such as former head of the FBI in Los Angeles Ted L. Gunderson state that gang-stalking is funded by black operations such as drug trafficking, child pornography and prostitution and this is consistent with my observations (the drugs, anyway). From monitoring my online conversations they believed that they would find \$100,000+ worth of drugs in my room in 2012. I can conclude for a fact that they've been hacking my computer since I was at least 17-years-old, and this is about the time word got around the school (and to police) that I was skilled at making and using high explosives, which is probably what piqued their interest in me.

There are many websites exposing gang-stalking and many people coming forward with similar stories and same descriptions of the tactics used. Gang-stalking is employed by organised crime and secret societies, which are a global phenomenon. While the gang-stalkers are probably paid to do it, it is done mainly as a sport for "reality TV"-esque entertainment. Gang-stalkers derive sadistic pleasure from driving people insane to the point of mental breakdown, and it is committed with total impunity as organised gang-stalking is almost entirely unrecognised by law-enforcement at the time of writing.

Some of the literature on gang-stalking is fairly paranoid and exaggerated and this does a disservice to real gang-stalking victims, but I can understand how being gang-stalked by a group that very powerful and pervasive and that there is little information about can make you get a bit carried away in trying to make sense of what is going on. That's how I was at first, but now that I feel relatively safe I can make a reasonable assessment of what I have witnessed, and it's still quite extraordinary.

## **TELSTRA PREPAID 0438040636**

There have been a few cult-related occurrences related to my old phone Telstra prepaid 0438040636. The first incident was in late 2010 when I was soon to manufacture drugs for the first time. After I had finished my exams I was still in Canberra and at the Civic bus interchange on a bench when a man calling himself "Steven" sat next to me and behaved as if he wanted to be friends.

I am of a quiet nature so "Steven" lead the conversation and he wanted to talk to me more than I wanted to talk to him. I remember that "Steven" sounded very nervous when he spoke, but at the time I thought he was just shy and socially anxious about meeting new people like I was. Now I realise that he was nervous because he was involved in a plot to frame me as a pedophile.

"Steven" wanted to know where I was going to go after university. He was also interested in seeing if my phone had a specific feature, but I don't remember what it was. It might have been whether my phone had GPS, but I'm not sure. He wanted to see what model it was, and I believe it was a Telstra (ZTE) T6 (not a smartphone).

"Steven" gave me a phone number (he said it was his) and told me to call it from my phone there and then "So you have my number on your phone", so I did what he told me to do, but I didn't hear his phone ring and I didn't listen to the phone, I hung up immediately once I had rung it.

He then said, "We'll catch up when you get back [to Canberra after the uni holidays]." Then he left and I returned to Eden to cook the drug GHB for the first time over the uni holidays. I remember all this clearly because it is very infrequently that I meet new people, as I am quite reclusive.

When I got back to Canberra after a few months I remembered the friend "Steven" I thought I had made and I didn't have any friends except for on the Internet so I decided to call him. I called the number he gave me and when it picked up I said something like, "Hey, it's Andrew. We met at the bus stop. Do you still wanna catch up?" I was confused when on the other end was a suspicious father demanding to know my details because, "My son Tommy has been the target of pedophiles." I could hear a young boy in the background. I was confused so I hung up thinking "Steven" had accidentally given me the wrong number or something, but I don't think I really ever thought much about it.

"Steven" tricked me into calling and placing my personal mobile phone (SIM registered in my name, I believe) on a young pedophile victim's phone, a victim whose phone was being monitored by his father and possibly police. "Steven" was in his late teens or early twenties, overweight, dark hair, Caucasian and was wearing sandals, that's as best a description I can make.

I never heard from the police after making the phone call, so I guess their attempt to frame me failed unless they were trying to make me look like a pedophile in the eyes of someone who wasn't police. "Steven" didn't accidentally give me the wrong number, the nervousness that was in his voice shows me that now. I never thought anything of the incident until mid-2012 when I slowly came to realise that I was being targeted by a conspiracy.

Other strange things occurred with that phone. I kept getting all these phone calls with nobody on the

other end around the same time I had the Sten submachine gun in my possession, and I was keeping my online friends updated about the gun so by hacking these online MSN Messenger conversations is how the cult knew. I tried to call the number back and on the third time a man finally answered. I said, "Hey, you called me?" and he replied "Oh, nevermind" and hung up. I'm a loner and I rarely give my number out, so getting any calls or texts is highly unusual. My parents also would receive calls on their mobiles with nobody on the other end, but they dismissed it as "just pranksters". On Dr. Lacter's website about Satanic cults she describes phone calls with nobody on the other end as a symptom of ritual abuse and links it to mind-control.

I wonder if the phone calls with nobody on the other end might have been related to tracking the location of my phone. I don't know how police track phones, but I know they can do this because on the news I saw police locate a downed pilot after his plane crashed by tracking the location of his phone. Perhaps the empty phone calls were designed to force my handset to connect to the nearest celltower, where the signal was triangulated. I know for a fact that some police are involved with the cult.

In 2012 while I was in the drug lab I was under intense gang-stalking and regularly being assaulted with electronic weapons, when in a desperate attempt at self-preservation I posted on my Facebook Wall, "I've told the Australian Federal Police everything, and if anything happens to me they're going to know why!" I was bluffing, I hadn't told anybody anything. I didn't even know what was going on at this point, I was hoping that whatever was happening, it would stop if they thought that the AFP was watching. I was also posting what I knew about the cult on Facebook and frantic things like "I will never retract this statement except under coercion!" Immediately after I posted that I had gone to federal authorities, I received a text message on my phone that simply said "Hi" from a number I didn't recognise. Maybe the "Hi" text was related to tracking my phone to make sure I was still in Eden and not in Canberra with the AFP. I replied to this text message with "Sorry, I don't talk to strangers".

In my drug lab court case the police brought up my reply "Sorry, I don't talk to strangers" in the belief that this exchange had something to do with drug dealing, but it didn't. The "Hi" text I was replying to was sent to me by the gang-stalkers immediately after I threatened to go to the federal police on Facebook. I would like to know what can be found out about the number that sent me the "Hi" SMS, if there's even any record of it (the gang-stalkers may have the technical expertise to cover their tracks). I used my phone very, very rarely and practically never received calls or texts so the "Hi" text was far out of the ordinary. I had no friends or acquaintances, so who else but the cult could have sent me that text?

# **NOISE HARASSMENT**

Next door to my parents' house is a shed that maintains trucks and other vehicles/machinery. I don't believe all the people next door were gang-stalkers, they seem to run a legitimate business there and not all the workmen harassed me, only some of them (by 2015 I'm not sure if any gang-stalkers still "work" there, they've left me alone largely). The workmen that weren't doing the stalking must have condoned it or maybe they were scheduled to work at different times than the gang-stalkers so they never saw the noise harassment. Some websites exposing gang-stalking claim that neighbours are shown fabricated "evidence" that suggests the target is undesirable (target is a pedophile etc.) to gain their compliance in the harassment. Maybe that's what that whole deal was with "Steven" at the Civic bus stop who tried to frame me as a pedophile.

Anyway, early in 2012 when I had been cooking methamphetamine at my parents' house at 11 Storey Ave, Eden, next door started a lot of noise with pneumatic tools, hammers and grinders that persisted throughout the day and came in highly aggressive bursts. I was always able to dismiss it as just workmen going about their business, because I had no idea at this point that I was a targeted individual and I had never heard of gang-stalking. It went on every single day, all day and went on for several months, only stopping when the drug lab was found on the 21st of October. The amount of noise kept getting more and more intense, desperate and frequent throughout the year. It was also accompanied by a speaker system that seemed to be set up both to the north and south of my parents' house. The speakers were announcing a "raffle" of some sort. I heard an announcer's voice murmuring something like "The winner of tonight's raffle is" and then a series of numbers like "The winner of tonight's raffle is 6-6-3-8-5-3-4-7" over and over for hours and this happened every single evening for several months.

My father heard the speakers too. When I asked my father what he thought the speaker announcement was, he said he thought it was a "Bingo game" played at the golf course club house. I'm sure the golf course club house can confirm that they never held such announcements every evening for months on end, and the speakers were always used on me in conjunction with numerous other incessant gang-stalking techniques that continued every day and night for months, and ceased when the other stalking tactics ceased. Furthermore, the sound of the announcement came from both the south and the north of our property, and the golf course club house is located only to the south, and is much too far away to have produced the sounds. The announcement speaker system originated somewhere in the Storey Ave industrial area where we live, coming from multiple locations surrounding our property. If the "raffle" was legitimate, which it wasn't, why would they hold it in a zoned industrial area? They disguised these announcements that were directed at me as a "raffle" so that other people who might hear them wouldn't give them a second thought, although my parents' house is quite geographically isolated so there may have been no other witnesses (and my parents probably won't talk for some reason).

They did this to me in 2012 but for the first half of the year I just overlooked the persistent and annoying tool noises as legitimate "work" that I thought were doing next door, simply put up with it and didn't realise it was being directed at me. They began these activities again, very fiercely, in 2013 when I upset the cult for a second time. The 2013 harassment campaign came after they completely ceased for a few months after the drug lab was found.

Every single night (and to date this has persisted for years) I heard a strange humming noise that filled the whole sky around my parents' house. The humming noise would come from one direction, then "sweep" across the sky and come from an entirely new direction, as if it was coming from "everywhere". It sounded like a generator, but also sounded high-tech and electronic in nature like something out of a sci-fi film.

I started getting assaulted regularly by a sharp, piercing acoustic tone that seemed to come from "everywhere" but I could still tell it was being produced at the rear of our property. At the rear of our property were the ruins of the Pelagic fish factory, which had been destroyed by an unexplained fire soon before I returned to Eden to cook methamphetamine. The sharp, piercing tone was definitely being produced externally and was not a problem with my hearing. The acoustics were somehow set up to make it sound like it was coming from "everywhere".

During the gang-stalking campaigns trucks would park around our property and idle their loud engines for hours, regularly revving their engines over and over and constantly making loud hydraulic or pneumatic noises. Once during the 2013 campaign I went outside at 2am in the morning and the moment I stepped out from behind our shed to where I would be visible from Hopkins St, a large truck parked on Hopkins St started up its engine immediately and began idling.

The huge amount of noise was definitely not part of actual work they were doing next door. The aggressiveness, frequency and intensity became so great it clearly showed without doubt that they were making these noises to harass and drive me insane. If you still are in doubt, then all I can say is that you really had to be there to see it for yourself. The noise with tools was always used in combination with the speakers announcing a "raffle" in the evenings. When I am not being gang-stalked, there are workers next door but they make virtually no noise. A few times when I went outside and walked past the truck shed next door the people inside would furiously make aggressive and pointless hammering noises when they saw me.

Once when I was in the backyard minding my own business and not being provocative in any way, a man next door sitting in a small caterpillar earth moving vehicle yelled at me, "Yea, fuck you, ya cunt!" Sometimes the gang-stalkers would break character and yell at me, instead of pretending to be workmen going about their business. Sometimes they would drop their disguise. Another time they were spraying a very loud industrial water hose in the air (not cleaning a truck, they were spraying it in the air, I could see the fountain over the fence) and a man jokingly yelled "Haha, SHUT up!" at the man spraying the hose while referring to how much noise he was making. This was at around 8pm at night and was being done to annoy me. They would also rev their cars for about a minute before driving off next door. Once at night I heard a man arrive next door, go inside, make pointless hammering noises for a minute, then exit and drive off. A lot of gang-stalking victims report rude neighbours as being part of the stalking campaign.

I have some videos of the noise harassment next door and I can provide them to investigators but these videos really don't do it justice. You really had to be there to witness how it went on all day, every day and how loud, purposeless and aggressive the noise campaign next door was. They would undoubtedly pretend to be workmen going about their business if confronted by anybody who isn't me.



# THE HACKERS

First, read this article:

<http://www.news.com.au/technology/gadgets/the-end-of-privacy-as-we-know-it-60-minutes-uncovers-huge-mobile-phone-security-vulnerabilities/story-fn6vihic-1227485884359>

It has been exposed by 60 Minutes that all mobile phones have a backdoor built into them for use by intelligence agencies that allows the hacker complete access to the phone. The article states that the backdoors are now being used by organised crime and hackers. PCs definitely have something similar, from what I've observed.

In 2012 while I was in the lab I posted cryptically about how I thought I was the victim of a conspiracy, and my friend Tori "Liked" it. Another time while I was still cooking methamphetamine I messaged Tori about my plans to study chemistry at university and Tori replied "Yay, Andy! Do what you WANT to do!" Later I found that Tori's reply had disappeared from my Facebook inbox but I didn't think anything of it at the time. Now I realise that it was deleted by hackers who didn't want me to discover that I was a victim of mind-control, which I have written an entire later section about. I believe Tori had been trying to warn me.

The first overt hacking event was in March 2013 I believe when I was investigating the death of Tom Buckland. I typed "bredbo car accident" into Google to find information about the crash, and after reading through several pages of results I saw the hacker's message. A search result that was a news report about the crash had been modified before the HTTP packets reached my laptop. The news report's heading "ABC News" had been modified to read "666 6ABC News". This proved to me my suspicions that Tom Buckland was murdered, likely by Satanists. The hacker who must have been watching my Internet use (I had been researching Satanic ritual abuse and gang-stalking every day on the Internet when this happened) thought it would be funny to make the Satanic numeral "666" appear on my computer to claim responsibility for Tom's murder. I listened to music on YouTube briefly in an attempt to show the hacker that I wasn't scared of him, but I was terrified and I don't think I touched my computer for a few days after I shut it down minutes later. Unfortunately, it didn't occur to me to take a screenshot at the time because this was before I started documenting the gang-stalking in a diary. The hacker would have probably deleted the screenshot anyway if I took one. After that happened I took precautions against hackers which involved running a virtual machine and only accessing the Internet through it, so that if they infected my computer with a trojan it would only infect the virtual machine. A trojan wasn't how they were hacking my computer, as I would later figure out, but inadvertently it would turn out that running a virtual machine is what stopped the hacker from being able to read my diary and manuscript, which I started typing at this point.

The next hacking event happened while I was selling things on eBay on the 30th of May 2013. I think the items I was trying to sell ranged from plumbing parts left over from building my shotgun, stripper clips for Lee-Enfield rifle, a malfunctioning Chinese-made security camera and a couple of old computer games. In other words, a bunch of largely worthless items. All my several items including the worthless plumbing parts that could be had at any hardware store for cheaper were "bought" by the eBay username "notdemocracy", who failed to pay for them. The few items that weren't bought by him simply vanished from my eBay account, which proves he was a hacker. They were not prohibited

items and there's no reason they should have disappeared. Even though "notdemocracy" had "bought" all my items, there was no option to view his mailing address anywhere. A few days later "notdemocracy" messaged me over eBay to tell me that he "works in Eden" and wanted to do the transaction in-person in Eden. I believe this was an attempt by the cult to lure me somewhere in Eden. What are the chances that a legitimate buyer would want all my worthless items and just so happen to be from the same home town as me, a town with only 3000 people? This happened on my old eBay account "888899". In 2015 I checked the account of "notdemocracy" and it said he was still active recently. He had 100% feedback with over 4000 transactions. "Notdemocracy" didn't trade in junk, I saw him list a \$500 gem stone kit or something in 2015. "Notdemocracy" is a cult member and the name "notdemocracy" ("not democracy") possibly depicts the totalitarian world view of the cult and might refer to what conspiracy theorists call the "New World Order". Something very bizarre happened the night after my eBay account was hacked, as well as the night after that which proves for certain that "notdemocracy" was a hacker. I will explain what that was in a later section.

Throughout 2013 I would see a WiFi access point called "cvbcvbc" or similar appear with good reception briefly, then disappear. I thought it was strange since we live in an industrial zone and nobody else lives here but us. Usually there are absolutely no access points in range, not even ours (we don't use WiFi). I thought it was odd, but I didn't think much of it.

On the 19th of August 2013 was the most terrifying time my computer was conspicuously hacked. I had a picture of the Internet meme "Troll Face" on my computer with the caption "Problem, Illuminati?" The hacker watching my computer rotated this picture 90-degrees as a joke. I couldn't believe my eyes, so I clicked File Properties and it said the file had been modified "less than one hour ago" and the last time I had touched this file was two days prior!

After I noticed the picture had been rotated I frantically disconnected my virtual machine from the Internet. I had the Troll Face image on my virtual machine (VM) and not my host system because I downloaded the Troll Face picture and was only accessing the Internet through the VM. The hacker saw the image file on the desktop of my virtual machine and thought that I was trying to send him a message, but I wasn't. I had the image file because I was going to include it in an early version of my manuscript, which I was typing on my host system and the hacker couldn't see the manuscript because VMPlayer disabled the network connections on my host system.

I panicked and closed my virtual machine software, which re-enabled network connections on my host system. Suddenly while I was frantically writing a diary entry about the incident, all the window borders, desktop wallpaper and taskbar started flickering black! I thought when the hacker made my host system flicker black he was announcing that he had seen my manuscript, but now I believe he was merely announcing that he had gained access to my host system and nothing further. When I say Windows flickered black, I definitely do not mean when a pirated copy of Windows turns its wallpaper black (my copy wasn't even pirated!). I mean the taskbar and window borders flickered black, and I have no explanation for how this happened except via a backdoor that has apparently been coded into Windows, as incredible as it would be if I could prove it. I swear I never downloaded any trojans, as I'm not an idiot and have used computers all my life. Furthermore, they were able to hack my virtual machines immediately after I installed Windows, so it definitely wasn't a third-party trojan. Windows has a backdoor coded into it for use by intelligence agencies and it's

being abused by organised criminals, I'm sure of this.

The hacker made my computer flicker black while my laptop was completely disconnected from the Internet, which proves they weren't hacking it through the Internet. That's when I noticed the WiFi access point I had been seeing periodically throughout 2013 called "cvbcvbc" or similar was visible and in-range, and instantly I realised that's how they had been hacking my computer. Through a WiFi access point set up near our home that Windows didn't even list as connected. Gang-stalking victim T.B. Justice (<http://emsecured.wordpress.com>) reports a WiFi access point called "FBI Surveillance Van" briefly appearing in range of his home, then promptly disappearing. I highly recommend reading the "My Story" post on T.B. Justice's blog, it is excellent.

About 30 seconds after my computer flickered black I frantically pulled the battery from my laptop, but I feared it was too late and the hacker had seen my manuscript and they were going to kill me before I could expose them. I was hit by a stab of terror to the gut, immediately realising the mistake of closing my virtual machine software which allowed the hacker access to my host system because it re-enabled the host system's network connections. In hindsight, I don't think the cult was ever going to kill me, I overreacted. While it turned out that the hacker never saw my manuscript that night, I now know in 2015 that they've read an early copy of my manuscript that I posted on the Internet and they mustn't care too much, since they're no longer gang-stalking me. They probably don't see me as a threat because I've been misdiagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and have a history of drug use, and am thereby discredited in the eyes of the average person. I like to think that perhaps they're not gang-stalking me because they are intimidated by how vocal I have become regarding what I saw, but this is probably not the case. Although, if I remember correctly, gang-stalking victim T.B. Justice says the stalking ceased when he started documenting it on his blog.

The WiFi access point only ever appeared for a few minutes at a time, including when my laptop was being conspicuously hacked. Microsoft Windows has a backdoor coded into it, which is possible since it is closed-source. If I could prove that it's true, this would be the biggest news in history in the world of computer security. I have seen them employ this hacking technique on me while I was running Windows XP, Windows 7 and Windows 8. I find it interesting that whistleblower Edward Snowden claims Microsoft collaborated with the NSA in their PRISM mass surveillance project.

When this happened I was so scared that I fled Eden with my homemade shotgun and lived in a van, as detailed in the previous section "ON THE RUN". If it was an ordinary hacker it wouldn't be that big a deal, but it was so much worse because I knew that it was a murderous Satanist on my computer. My computer is my life so it was very frightening to have it intruded upon.

Also, a week after I was released from jail I was on my computer downloading music when suddenly I noticed a file called "andrews message.htm.lo3vh6c.partial" appear amongst my music files. I clicked it, it opened in Internet Explorer and I was shocked to discover that it was a saved HTML file of my post to a conspiracy website in which I published an early version of my manuscript. The hacker was showing me that he had read an early copy of this manuscript.

# **THE STALKER CARS**

I think it was at least on two occasions while I lived in Canberra that cars would pull up a couple metres in front of me and men in the front seats would glare menacingly while maintaining eye contact for several seconds. This happened when I was walking to the shopping centre (Jamison centre) from my home in Macquarie. At the time I thought the men were just random people being rude or curious about me and I didn't think much of it, because I didn't know I was being targeted. This happened in 2010 or 2011, so it was around the time I began plotting to cook methamphetamine, ordering glassware and chemicals and telling my online friends about what I was planning.

In 2012 while I was cooking methamphetamine and hadn't noticed anything strange yet, I was walking to the hardware store to get chemicals when a red car pulled up three metres in front of me near the golf course entrance and the two men in the front seats glared at me threateningly, with eye contact maintained without any break for the entire time it took me to walk past. I had no idea that anybody knew about my lab at this point, so I somehow dismissed it without much thought. I must have been under constant surveillance. Whenever I left the house, they knew immediately and dispatched stalker cars to pull up next to me.

During the 2013 gang-stalking campaign they had cars pull up next to me when I went for walks several times, and they were usually white utes. One of those several times a white ute pulled up a few metres in front of me when I was near the former garden centre, and I was so scared I crossed the road. As I was walking home the same vehicle drove slowly past me, turned into Storey Ave and then turned into the truck shed next door to my parents' property and drove all the way in so that I could no longer see it. Another time when I was walking home a white 4x4 or ute drove out of the truck shed, down Storey Ave then pulled up two metres in front of me on the side of the Princes Highway. I didn't get the plate number (I was too scared to even look at it), but it had a fluorescent orange plastic border around the number plate. Incidents like this prove that the people who moved in next door in the truck shed were out to get me and were making all those noises with tools to harass me. They use the stalker cars to create the illusion that the cult is omnipresent.

The stalkers also touched my car on at least three occasions (my VT Commodore). On two occasions while the "raffle" speakers and noise harassment next door were at their maximum, I got in my car and noticed that the rear-view mirror had been flipped downwards as far down as it would go. I think the flipped rear-view mirror could be a symbolic warning that means "Watch your back" (get it?). This warning was issued by the cult on two occasions near the beginning of the 2013 gang-stalking campaign soon after I upset the cult by trying to determine if I was a victim of Satanic ritual abuse. There were no signs of forced entry which means the gang-stalkers probably have manufacturer's master keys for all kinds of models of cars. I am completely certain that I did not bump the mirror while getting out of the car, or anything stupid like that. Around the same time I found that both my car's P-plates had been stolen, again to stalk me.

Take a look at this blog:

<http://targeted11.blogspot.com.au/p/gang-stalking.html>

This person makes the same claim. The gang-stalkers flipped the rear-view mirror in his car, the same tactic that they used on me twice.

# **THE HUM**

There is an infernal humming noise that fills the entire night sky around my parents' isolated house. It's definitely not the sound of distant traffic, industrial machinery or a natural phenomena. It clearly sounds like some sort of electronic harassment device, and if you heard it you would agree. It's quite effective at causing distress, which is most likely its purpose. It's known on the Internet as "The Hum" and there are many theories as to its cause. I believe it's an acoustic device employed by gang-stalkers to harass targeted individuals, and once it starts it never stops. A suicide in the UK has been attributed to The Hum.

It sounds very unnatural, like a hovering spacecraft out of a sci-fi movie or something, or perhaps a generator, except it comes in pulses that last several seconds. The sound lights up the entire sky with no discernible source, as if it's coming from "everywhere". There would be a "winding down" noise like a generator or machine shutting down, and the electronic humming sound would stop, then a few seconds later a "winding up" noise and the humming would start again. It's definitely not legitimate equipment that one would find in an industrial area, and if you heard the sound it would be clear to you too that it's some sort of electronic harassment device. It's definitely not the substation next door. Just when I think I can tell where it's coming from, it makes a "sweep" across the sky and starts coming from an entirely new direction. It's some sort of harassment device whose acoustics are set up to make it sound like it's coming from "everywhere", and they've been playing it around my parents' house at 11 Storey Ave, Eden for the past few years to drive me insane. It all started when I began cooking methamphetamine at my parents' house in 2012 and has never completely stopped since. It only ever comes out at night time and I only ever hear it at my parents' house. Fortunately, they have never set it up in other places I have stayed.

On the Internet I read an account written by somebody investigating a pedophile ring who also complained of being harassed with humming noises in the same manner at her rural property (I lost the address for this webpage, I really wish I didn't).

On an online discussion arguing for and against the existence of gang-stalking, a targeted individual calling himself "P0ci" writes: "The cops are in on it too ... They hacked my home network itself and put military grade viruses on my hardware that cant be destroyed ... every friggen day I hear the noise of what seems like an electrical generator but a deep sound like I dunno weird. And It drives me nuts" Like me, "P0ci" has noted that the cops are "in on it" and his computer's WiFi has been subjected to advanced hacking techniques like mine was. He also has been hearing the same electronic humming noise the gang-stalkers have harassed me with for years. If I am crazy, why are there other victims of the exact same harassment that happened to me?

Look at this article for further information about the mystery:

<http://theblaze.com/stories/2013/07/29/whats-the-mysterious-hum-driving-people-crazy-around-the-world/>

# ***THE ELECTRONIC ONSLAUGHT***

On the 4th of June, 2013 my family and I came under a ruthless gang-stalking assault, it was the most vicious the gang-stalking ever became.

It started off at around 8pm. The "raffle" speakers started calling me by my name. This is the first and only time they have called a name over the speakers, and it was MY name! They've never announced anybody else's name, only mine. Usually they call a series of numbers instead. The speakers set up around my parents' house started blaring, much more loud and clear than usual, "And the winner of tonight's raffle is Andrew! Come on down, Andrew! Calling Andrew!" Then immediately a man was at the back gate screaming, "Andrew, Andrew!" over and over. It sounded like the same man who would regularly shout my name to get my attention at the back gate during 2012 while I was in the drug lab.

Then I began hearing a humming or buzzing noise like a large transformer coming from the rear of our property and immediately my body became very hot all over. I forgot to mention this in the diary entry, but this definitely happened. They were "cooking" us with the same electromagnetic weapon I was regularly being assaulted with during the 2012 gang-stalking campaign.

Next they employed a weapon that caused my vision to take on a mild dream like quality sort of like my eyes were out of focus and I felt disorientated like the floor was moving under me. I bumped into the kitchen counter while pacing nervously.

Also deployed on us that night was a hypnotic weapon that made me become very tired over and over and I had to repeatedly "snap" myself out of it, and this weapon caused my parents to become as still as a statue and trance out for about 30 seconds. I went up the hallway while mentally fighting off the weapon to check on my parents and both my parents were "frozen" as still as statues in strange postures, staring off into space. It looked like something out of a horror film. If I didn't fight the weapon I would have fallen asleep with my eyes open just like my parents.

When I said "Mum...?" my mother snapped out of it and did not seem to realise at all that, just then for about half a minute, she and my father had become completely motionless, stuck in odd postures and were staring off into space, deep in a hypnotic trance. They also used this weapon on us one or two days before I ran onto the golf course for help in 2012: on that day in 2012 my father became motionless and stared off into space for about 20 seconds with his hand on his wrist as if to check his pulse, and he wouldn't even flinch when I frantically yelled "Dad, dad!" at him. He remained in this state for maybe 20 seconds before finally snapping back to life.

And (not mentioned in the diary entry because I was still in denial about the existence of such a weapon), indeed they were using some sort of mind-altering weapon to cause me to suffer olfactory (smell) hallucinations of something disgusting. I know that there's no way I can describe hallucinations without all my readers immediately thinking mental illness or drug use, but I swear it was caused by some sort of weapon. In 2012 the day before the lab was found we were under regular electronic weapon assaults and my father commented that he was experiencing strange tastes, so I think they employed the same weapon on us in 2012.

The electronic weapon onslaught went on for an hour or so, all the while a man was shouting "Andrew, Andrew!" at the back gate and the "raffle" speakers were blaring my name. The electronic weapons were being used on us in an attempt to make me flee the house and meet with the man at the back gate. It was literally torture, for a moment it broke me down so much that I considered deleting my manuscript and never writing about what I witnessed.

# ***ELECTRONIC WEAPONS***

Here is a description of all the electronic weapons that were deployed on me mainly in 2012, but again in 2013 on the 4th of June.

\* The "cooking" weapon: the gang-stalkers have a weapon that employs electromagnetic radiation to heat up a person's body. These weapons are nothing new, they are used by the military, corrections and riot police in some countries where they are known as "Active Denial Systems". They tormented me with this weapon regularly throughout 2012 while I was in the lab and again on the 4th of June 2013. When they would "cook" us there was a sound like a large transformer coming from the rear of our property. Our dogs felt it too, when they used the weapon on us the dogs would start barking and yelping, scrambling around frantically and rolling on their backs due to the heat. It was like my body had been placed into an oven. A couple times when they cooked us during 2012, my mother would start weeping and run a (presumably cold) shower. She probably will deny this, though. I don't know why.

\* The tone weapon: Regularly in 2012 (but never in 2013) they would play a sharp, piercing acoustic tone that seemed to come from "everywhere". It was definitely not a problem with my hearing, and likely was coming from the speaker system I saw constructed among the ruins of the Pelagic fish factory that neighbours our property to the rear. It was some sort of sonic weapon. On the day the drug lab was found I was at the rear driveway and I saw a 2 metre tall speaker system, aimed at my parents house, built on the ruins of the fish factory. I asked a bald police officer, "Hey, what's with those speakers?" He ignored my question and snapped, "You give me any of this crazy talk and you'll find yourself in a mental home." Then he narrowed his eyes and glared at me threateningly. I know for a fact that at least two Eden police officers are criminally involved with the conspiracy.

\* The humming noise: I wouldn't call this a weapon really, more of a harassment device. I described it in a previous section.

\* The disorientation weapon: this was used against me only in 2013 once on the 4th of June. It caused my vision to become out of focus or lose depth perception or something and I felt drunk but without the spinning, like the floor was shifting beneath my feet. It wasn't overwhelming, but definitely caused a considerable impairment.

\* The trance-inducing weapon: both in 2012 and on the 4th of June 2013 they assaulted us with a weapon that caused my parents to fall into some sort of hypnotic trance. I became very tired and could feel myself slipping into unconsciousness like a powerful wave coming over me, except my eyes were still open and my brain was still accepting visual input even though my mind was shutting down. I found I could "snap" myself out of it, I could mentally fight it and I had to keep "snapping" myself every few seconds to maintain a normal state of consciousness. Both in 2012 and 2013 they got my parents with this weapon because my parents didn't fight it. My parents were "frozen" as still as statues in odd postures (once when they used it on us my father became frozen with his finger on his wrist as if to check his pulse) and they were staring blankly with a distant look in their eyes. This lasted for 30-60 seconds before my parents finally snapped out of it and the weapon was turned off.

\* The hallucination weapon: a mind-altering weapon that induced strange smells and tastes, my father experienced it in 2012 and I experienced it on the 4th of June 2013.

\* The dream manipulation weapon: they have developed an incredible weapon that can alter your dreams in very specific ways, possibly by employing extremely low-frequency electromagnetic radiation. They can literally make you have any dream they want, and they used this weapon to insert messages into my dreams on several occasions in 2012 and 2013. This is the most extraordinary weapon I've witnessed and is probably the hardest for you to believe, but there is no doubt in my mind that this really happened. I have written an entire section about this weapon and the dreams they made me have using it.

Here is an excerpt from Wikipedia on the page about extremely low-frequency radiation: "External ELF magnetic fields induce electric fields and currents in the body which, at very high field strengths, cause nerve and muscle stimulation and changes in nerve cell excitability in the central nervous system." That's why I believe the mind-altering weapons employ ELF. In 2013 (I think), mainstream news sources (news.com.au) reported that Russia is developing "electromagnetic weapons" that have "mind-altering capabilities". If you want to see the news article then search news.com.au for "Russia" and "electromagnetic weapons". Cue the idiots and their "tin foil hat" jokes, but this shit is real. I know it's real because I witnessed it first-hand. It is clear to me that the cult's gang-stalkers have already developed, are in possession of, and are deploying such electronic weapons on unsuspecting civilians. At the time of writing it's been over 2 years since they last used electronic weapons on me, but I am left with the haunting fear of them. It was awful like you wouldn't believe, it was torture.

# ***THE DREAM MANIPULATION WEAPON***

My dreams were being modified in 2012 and 2013 by some sort of weapon on several occasions. It started in early 2012 when on two occasions I fell asleep only to have immediate nightmares about all my five senses being violated in every manner possible, and both times I woke up screaming at the top of my lungs.

Sometime during 2012 I had a very bizzare series of dreams that I later would conclude were caused by this weapon.

\* On the first night I had a dream about setting off homemade explosives in public to kill people for sadistic pleasure. The devices were pipe bombs made from crimped copper pipe and they made mushroom clouds that were tinted brown as if they contained nitrogen oxides. This was the cult using their weapon to warn me "We know you used to make bombs", but I only came to this conclusion much later.

\* The second night I had a dream about building Sten submachine guns, I remember walking around with three of the weapons slung over my shoulder in the dream. This was just like the Sten submachine gun I imported in parts and assembled in 2009/2010. This was them warning me "We know you built a Sten gun".

\* On the third night I had a dream about cooking methamphetamine. I remember in the dream anhydrous ammonia appeared and it was represented by a green blob, and I think I was cooking it on a children's playground. This was the cult using their weapon to warn me "We know you're cooking methamphetamine, we know about everything you've done." They've been hacking my MSN Messenger conversations since I was a teenager, that's how they could have known about all the bad things I've done.

\* On the fourth night I had a frightening dream about a large group of people telling me to "Give us the speed!" in that crude lower-class criminal accent. I remember the faces of all the people were people I knew from high school mainly, but I don't think the cult intended this. I think they just used their weapon to make me dream about a large group of people and my brain used the faces of people I had met because my brain couldn't invent new faces. Obviously, I don't need to explain what this dream meant except that "speed" is slang for methamphetamine and it happened while I was in the drug lab.

Note: The first three dreams may have been in a different order, but the "Give us the speed!" dream was definitely on the fourth consecutive night.

Usually I forget my dreams immediately after waking up, but these dreams were very vivid and I can still vaguely recall scenes from them because I went over them in my head and the memories have become reinforced. I thought immediately that the series of dreams were bizzare, but I put it down to a natural psychological process rather than an electronic weapon. I don't believe at this time I realised I was being targeted. The dream manipulation weapon was so incredible that it took me some time before I realised it was a weapon. I remember trying to dismiss what I had seen as caused by a natural psychological phenomenon like dissociative identity disorder (I had been reading a lot about

psychiatry on the Internet) and that my life was being "replayed" or something because I was "regressing to childhood". Pretty ridiculous, but that was my initial theory, but now I'm certain the series of dreams were caused by a mind-altering weapon employed by the cult to warn me that they knew about all the bad things I've done because they've been watching my MSN Messenger conversations.

They were literally implanting the words "Give us the speed!" into my dreams and I had related dreams for four consecutive nights. They were using some sort of classified weapon to insert messages into my dreams and manipulate the thematic content of them, a weapon that probably remains unknown to mainstream science and possibly employs modulated extremely low-frequency (ELF) electromagnetic radiation. It was incredible but I know it's true. Nobody's ever going to believe me, not in a million years, but this is what really happened and I know I'm not mistaken. What possible motive could I have if I was making all this up? Like I said before, if I was making this up I would make up something believable. My dreams were also manipulated a number of times later in 2013.

In early 2013 I had a dream identical to the "Give us the speed!" dream, except this time the group of people were angrily saying to me in the same accent, "Do you have something to tell us?" This happened while I was researching Satanic ritual abuse and gang-stalking on the Internet every day on my laptop at home. I believe this dream was caused by the weapon.

As I've mentioned before, sometime during 2013 I constructed a simple homemade slam-fire shotgun in 12-gauge. I test-fired it in the forest and posted a few videos of the test-firing on YouTube. I used an online anonymity network called Tor to upload the video, but now I understand a little about how they were hacking my computer and using Tor would have been futile against preventing the hackers from seeing the test-fire videos. Soon after I posted those videos, I had a dream about a trail of shotgun pellets leading up to the front door of my parents' house. I don't know for certain if this was caused by the weapon, but if it was it was obviously the cult's way of warning me "We know there's a shotgun in your parents' house". I didn't mention this dream or the shotgun in an earlier version of my manuscript because I didn't want anybody else to know that I had the weapon, which has since been confiscated by Tuggeranong police.

Recall now everything about how "notdemocracy" hacked my eBay account. The hacker must have gone through my eBay messages and discovered that I had recently made enquiries about a white Toyota Townace van because the night after he hacked my eBay account I had a nightmare about a white van filled with flesh, gore and entrails (in the nightmare I was collecting the chunks of gore). On the following night I had a nightmare about suffering from diarrhea in the back of a white van. This happened on the 30th and the 31st of May 2013. I had been reading a lot on the Internet about "van dwelling" and I wanted to live in a van to escape the gang-stalkers and because I didn't want to go to jail for the drug lab. The cult used their dream manipulation weapon to make me have nightmares of a white van filled with blood, guts and diarrhea for two consecutive nights to punish me for trying to escape in a van. They knew I was trying to escape because I had been reading a lot about living in a van on the Internet and the Townace I made enquiries about on eBay had a bed and a table built into the back. They must have been watching my computer.

A dream manipulation weapon is not that far-fetched. Most people would have experienced external stimuli manipulating their dreams. For example, many people have experienced this when their alarm clock goes off and the sound of the alarm clock gets incorporated into their dreams. E.g. You dream you are in a school and the bell goes off, then you wake up and realise that the "bell" was the sound of your alarm clock. Another example many people have experienced when falling asleep with the television volume turned up is that aspects of the TV show get incorporated into your dreams. The cult has developed a weapon that can manipulate dreams in a similar manner artificially, possibly using low-frequency electromagnetic waves. In my example, the dream manipulation (alarm clock) always happens soon before you wake up, and the same was true when they used the weapon on me. I wonder also, could the dream manipulation weapon work similarly to how lucid dreamers can control their dreams?

I would go to sleep with my earphones blasting music at full volume in an attempt to block the dream manipulation weapon. I thought the weapon functioned via ultrasound, but perhaps it was actually electromagnetic. While I was in jail I heard on the radio that scientists had recently discovered that passing electricity from electrodes across the brain while a person is in REM sleep will cause the person to have extremely vivid dreams. Electromagnetic fields induce electric currents--a basic physics principle--and can achieve the same effect as passing electricity from electrodes. The dreams caused by the weapon are very vivid, too. I recall a Mythbusters experiment where they exposed a person to electromagnetic radiation of 0.5Hz and measured the person's brainwaves, and it was found that the extremely low-frequency field manipulated the subject's brainwaves, although they just used a spinning bar magnet and didn't try to modulate any messages into the electromagnetic wave. It's obvious to me that this kind of thing is possible, because that's what really happened.

I have found a few websites exposing gang-stalking that report dream manipulation as a tactic being currently used, which means it's happening to other people too. What I witnessed is not influenced by what I've since read online about it, all this happened to me before I even knew gang-stalking had a name or that it was happening to others. I saw one website where gang-stalking victims could post their stories and it seems to have vanished, I can't find it with Google. I distinctly remember a person writing on this website something very similar to, "They move the mirror in my car, they insert messages into my web browser when I search Google, and my dreams are being modified." All three of these stalking techniques have used on me too! If I am delusional, why are other people reporting the exact same things?

The dream manipulation weapon can go through the walls and get you while you're asleep in your own bed. There's no escaping it. When I would wake up and realise what just happened, I felt so horrified, helpless and violated and was in shock for the rest of the day. For subsequent nights I would lie in bed fearing that they would modify my dreams again once I fell asleep. The dream manipulation weapon is definitely the most horrific tool in the gang-stalkers' arsenal, it's like being mentally raped.

# TARGETED INDIVIDUALS IN THE HEADLINES

US mass shooters Aaron Alexis and Myron May both explicitly stated that they were targeted individuals of gang-stalking before going on shooting rampages and being shot dead, and yet there is a media black-out regarding this. I can relate to their desperation to do something drastic as a cry for help. While I was being gang-stalked I was thinking about planting a fake bomb outside police headquarters (to protest the two cops who tried to drug me with chloroform) or launching fireworks from the roof of my car outside Parliament House to draw attention to my plight. Gang-stalking clearly drove the two mass shooters to it. Why isn't gang-stalking being investigated when two high-profile mass murderers make such explicit claims about it? No media outlet will touch this except to use quote mining to portray the shooter as "mentally ill", "paranoid" and a "lone nut", just as the gang-stalkers knew they would.

Read this:

<https://gangstalkingismurder.wordpress.com/hallmarks-of-the-program/>

The other articles on this website are extremely useful. There are mainstream media reports that Aaron Alexis is also alleged to have heard the same humming noise I have been describing. He even carved "My ELF Weapon" (extremely low-frequency weapon) into the receiver of the shotgun he used during the massacre. I have observed these ELF weapons used against me too. The other shooter at Florida State University wrote a lucid letter explaining that his actions were to get the word out about gang-stalking and named several other victims of gang-stalking before he was shot dead. You can read the letter here:

<https://gangstalkingismurder.wordpress.com/fsu-shooters-gang-stalking-letter/>

Before the shooting, Myron May mailed several copies of his manifesto. Authorities kept tight-lipped about the contents of Myron May's letter and USB drive, but an owner of a website exposing gang-stalking was one of the people who received the letter sent by May soon before the shooting. Some of the letters were seized by the FBI and postal service before they could arrive at their destination, but a copy mailed by May managed to reach the owner of a gang-stalking conspiracy website, who published it.

The gunman behind the Florida State University mass shooting, Myron May, was a victim of being "cooked" by the same electromagnetic radiation weapon that I witnessed being used against me. Here's what he said in an email hours before the shooting: *"I am currently being cooked in my chair ... I've been getting hit with the direct energy weapon in my chest all evening. It hurts really bad right now."*

He was also quoted as writing: *"Viruses and malware were downloaded on to my Toshiba laptop. I would literally be working on something on my computer, and all of a sudden my [cursor] would start moving and be clicking on things—totally out of my control. I'm not touching the mouse or anything ... It was a very weird experience. Of course, again, it's designed to cause fear, apprehension, and paranoia."*

The other mass shooter, Aaron Alexis, who killed 12 people in the Navy yard shooting complained that people were moving into neighbouring properties and harassing him with noise and taunts, and when he tried to move to a new house people would again move in next-door to harass him noisily there too. Unprovoked harassment and mobbing from multiple neighbours parallels my own experiences as a targeted individual. Alexis was also assaulted with electronic weapons.

*"Ultra low frequency attack is what I've been subject to for the last 3 months. And to be perfectly honest, that is what has driven me to this." --Aaron Alexis.*

Gang-stalking is a form of community-based mobbing and it drives people to kill themselves or others, with no evidence left behind to incriminate the perpetrators. That's how unstable, tortured and helpless gang-stalking is designed to make you feel. I can understand why Alexis and May went on shooting rampages during the heat of it. Why is there a media blackout and no investigation when two mass murderers make such explicit claims about gang-stalking?

# GROWING UP

I don't remember much from my primary school days, I remember socialising with other kids at school but not a single incident of socialising outside of it. I always just used the computer when I was at home, I've been using computers several hours or more daily all my life. I have some memories of wandering around the playground at school alone and it felt terrible, and not much has changed though I am largely immune to feelings of loneliness these days and very much prefer solitude. I haven't felt boredom since I was a child, either. Some time during primary school I remember drawing a picture of me on one side of a wall and a group of happy kids on the other side of the wall, and a key that opened a door in the wall that was inaccessible to me. The inaccessible key depicted how I could never be like them. I made a paper plane out of the drawing and when I flew it eastward in the backyard, a gust of wind picked it up and carried it over the truck shed (which was a boat shed back then) next door. It was so spectacular and sounds so much like something out of a sappy movie that some people might think that I'm making this up, but this really did happen. I was scared that someone would find the plane and see my drawing. I've felt different, isolated and painfully inhibited socially all my life.

In kindergarten I remember getting a sticker for giving grass a texture instead of just colouring it green like all the other children. In Year 2 my drawing of a battleship was voted the best in the class. I've always had an innate artistic ability. I remember wanting to become a military pilot and reading a lot about all the different types of military aircraft, but that is irrelevant to my interests today. My parents bought some used books and I loved reading science books and a set of encyclopedias from the 1930s, especially the sections about guns and military aircraft. The encyclopedias contained plans for a model plane that I became obsessed with but never managed to build despite attempts using cardboard that was too thick. I did activities out of a science experiment book like building a sail-powered model car, making pH indicator out of red cabbage, constructing electromagnets and making a compass. I've been inclined towards science all my life.

When I was in primary school I would carve toy boats from polystyrene foam, paint them and put electric motors in them (salvaged from broken second-hand toys) with propellers made from milk bottle plastic, and the boats worked. My mother once freaked out because I had transformer wires leading into the bathtub. I would carve foam planes with aerofoil-shaped wings and try to make rubber-band motors for them with mild success. I would also try and make electric game systems similar to the dated toys I had, but I never really knew much about electronics. When I was 6 I fantasised about building mechanical arms holding cap guns and was paranoid that "snipers" were behind the tinted windows of cars. I think I've always been preoccupied with guns. In school (and my teachers can probably corroborate this) I would often ignore my classwork and draw guns all over my books.

In primary school (and much of high school) I couldn't eat in front of the other kids for some reason (I believe I had undiagnosed social anxiety all my life), and once a teacher went off at me, pulled my lunch box out of my bag, dumped a stale sandwich from it on the table and yelled at me to eat it. I think social anxiety stemmed from how my parents I guess were unengaging and uninvolved during my upbringing. My parents never interacted with me much and I didn't want them to. I was diagnosed

with social anxiety disorder by the school counsellor, who must have had psychiatric credentials, when I was 14 and was placed on SSRI medication fluvoxamine (Luvox) but there was never any real follow-up.

In my early teens I was also into computer programming and primarily used the languages Visual Basic 6, Blitz 3D, mIRC script and 3DRAD, and later on some PHP and Visual C++. My knowledge of programming has faded because I haven't done it in a long time. I was a decent amateur 3D modeller and used the freeware software Anim8or for my 3D graphics.

I remember when I was 13-14 I was prone to crying spells and depression and would look up "anti-school" websites and suicide methods on the Internet, and about 14 is when I first self-harmed by cutting. I vaguely recall telling my mother that another kid at school attacked me with scissors.

When I was 14 (Year 8) I fermented grass clippings until they smelled strongly like sewerage and then dumped the mixture on the carpeted hallways at school, but it was cleaned up rapidly to my dismay. I also would shoot popcorn kernels at substitute teachers. I wonder if my misbehaviour and multiple suspensions during Year 8 could have been due to the psychiatric drug fluvoxamine (Luvox) I was placed on for social anxiety disorder to lower my social inhibitions. The school counsellor put me on it I believe, I don't think I saw any other doctor and apparently he had the qualifications to prescribe medication. Or maybe I saw a doctor, I don't remember. Some people blame fluvoxamine for causing the Columbine shootings when it was revealed that one of the gunmen was taking it and that "homicidal ideation" is listed as a possible side effect. I recall in Year 8 I was suspended twice for sexually harassing a teacher, once for drawing lewd pictures of a teacher which other kids passed around the class and the second time for yelling "Jerk my turkey!" at a female teacher, which was strange because in every year except Year 8 (when I was drugged) I was too shy to speak at all in class and was well-behaved, except in Year 12 when I "hacked" (phished) the school's computers. According to Wikipedia, significant numbers of socially phobic patients develop hypomania (of which reckless behaviour is a symptom) when treated with SSRIs like Luvox, maybe that's what it was.

I remember when I was 14 or so I smoked peanut skins thinking I would get high in accordance with the nonsense that was the Jolly Roger's Anarchist's Cookbook. The Cookbook also recommended smoking blackened banana peels, which I never tried but I found hilarious when one of my cellmates tried it when I was in prison in 2014. I tried to tell him it was a myth, but he didn't believe me because he got a placebo effect ("No, man, it really works, I feel all mellowed out!"). I smoked a banana cone with him just to humour him. When I was 14 a couple of kids at school gave me a free sample of cannabis which I tried to smoke under my parents' house from a crude pipe made using hot glue and a bottle cap, but I didn't know how to inhale. I also smoked my first cigarette around this time, but I didn't inhale. I currently plan to quit smoking once I finish writing this book.

In Year 8 I think it was, or maybe Year 9 while I was on Luvox I made some "napalm" and brought it to school. My homemade "napalm" was a highly flammable substance with the consistency of chewing gum that I made by dissolving polystyrene foam in turpentine. I placed a blob of it on a toilet seat and lit it with a lighter, then fled. I returned to the scene and saw the seat had melted completely, with molten plastic dripping over the rim of the toilet bowl. I was intoxicated with excitement. When

I got to English class another kid was talking about it and I was so thrilled. I could have been expelled, but I doubt I appreciated the gravity of it all back then. I made some more "napalm" and this time brought a couple of classmates, I think it was Andrew Sa. and Matthew D. as spectators to the carnage. I put the napalm on a soap dispenser in the boy's bathroom and ignited it. Mr. Kiddle's face was red with fury after he pulled us out of music class and screamed accusations at us along with the grilling the principal and deputy principal gave us, because a janitor said we were the last people he saw leave the toilets before the fire. There was so much smoke. We were in the principal's office all day being interrogated, but were eventually let go after they couldn't prove it was us and we wouldn't admit it.

After Year 9 when my delinquent school friends dropped out of school, I had no one so sat alone at lunch and I settled down and focused on academia and found that I did well. The school immediately moved me from the lowest, least intelligent class to the highest, most intelligent class. By Year 9 I spoke in monotone because my whole body was too stiff and anxious to produce normal vocal inflection due to the extreme self-consciousness about how my voice would come out, which in turn would make it sound quiet, weak and robotic and I'd become even more self-conscious. It was a self-perpetuating cycle. The same was when I ate. I'd become so self-conscious of people watching me eat that I would become tense and anxious which made it hard to swallow and the stiffness would cause me to bring the food to my mouth very awkwardly and drop it all over myself, making me even more self-conscious. I went all through high school never eating recess or lunch and going hungry because of it. In Year 9 or 10 I was unable to function socially at all, and I was put in a special English class for people with learning disorders even though the other students would point out that I was "too smart" for this class. I was so tense in the mere presence of another person that I was practically mute and at one point would only speak in inaudible one-word answers. The teacher told the class that I had "selective mutism". I almost failed Year 10 because I never participated in PE class. Exercising in front of others was one of my many social phobias, just like I couldn't eat in front of people or get my hair cut (I let it reach half way down my back). I practically couldn't do anything. I preferred writing "I will remember my PE uniform" over and over for an hour in detention. Social anxiety disorder is a nightmarish cycle. Social anxiety/avoidant personality/selective mutism/whatever-it-was destroyed my childhood and teenage years and still affects me into adulthood. I feel very estranged from other people and the wider society. My parents are pretty similar to me in some respects, including being very socially isolated homebodies and participating little in society. I guess they raised me the same way they were raised.

In Year 10 I think it was, I met a girl named Tori B. She started often coming to sit next to me when I was sitting alone outside the library on a garden rock. It took Tori a year or two of coming to say hi and sit next to me until I became comfortable and felt able to talk freely with her. No other girl has ever done that since. I found I could talk easier online with her on MSN Messenger, and she gave me my first mobile phone (her old one) so I could text her. I remember telling Tori all the time about how happy I was because she was the only person who reached out to me and visited me while I was sitting alone on my garden rock outside the library every lunch time at school. Early on before it all fell apart Tori said to me referring to my future girlfriend or wife, "That chick is going to have the best guy in the world" and it really meant a lot to me, but I doubt she still believes this. She said it online over MSN Messenger and was so nervous when she said it that she immediately pulled out the power plug of her computer afterwards. Never did I have friends over growing up. My parents were

isolated too and I was too ashamed to let people see how we lived (poverty). Until Tori never had I visited friends outside of school. I had been extremely socially isolated all my life and I didn't know anything else.

I remember Tori once commented that I "never make stuff up", so you could talk to her for an idea of what other people think about my credibility when I make claims. Not many people other than Tori have ever gotten to know me, so there's not many people you could ask. She also commented that I have a "really good" memory, but that might just be because I don't have many people in my life to keep track of. Tori was the first person I had ever hugged (I had no recollection of ever hugging family members) and after a couple years of knowing and becoming comfortable with her we eventually dated very briefly towards the end of Year 11 before it all came apart. Tori was and is, to date, the only time I ever felt love or affection in my life.

When Tori left me I was hysterical and stayed up all night writing a nonsensical 7,000 word letter to the school captain, that's how frenzied I was. Tori had been coming to talk to me for two years at school when I was sitting alone at lunch and she was the first person to get me to open up. We only dated one month and I was too inhibited to ever kiss her, but she hugged me everyday and said that she loved me. That's how hypersensitive I am, the slightest hint of affection sends me over the moon because I grew up entirely deprived of it. If you were to compare it to a drug, I guess you could say I have an unbelievably low tolerance. She was more addictive and euphoric than any drug I've experienced: heroin, ice, coke, MDMA, anything. I am not exaggerating or trying to be melodramatic. The levels of "happy" neurotransmitters like dopamine, serotonin and oxytocin that must have been surging through my brain as a result of that "relationship" was beyond anything I've ever managed to artificially induce with the world's most powerful substances, but at least drugs will always be there and are infinitely easier for me to obtain. She was the best and then the worst thing I have ever experienced. I doubt I'll ever have a healthy relationship in my life, and I can't foresee anything beyond maintaining my lifelong pattern of complete social isolation. It's the only time I feel at peace and equilibrium. I can relate to what I've read on the Wikipedia article about "limerence" (obsessively intense love) and I never tried for another relationship after that, though I think I have matured significantly since.

When Tori left me, for at least several months I was in some sort of crazed, psychotically depressed stupor. I've never felt so out of control in my life. I would sit in empty classrooms at lunch and cry most days for weeks or months. I would wander around the forest yelling her name into valleys to hear the echo and self-harm at school quite badly. I regularly slashed up my left arm with pocket knives or scissors in the school bathrooms, sometimes badly enough to need stitches but I never sought medical attention. I'll always have the scars to remind me of this terrible point in my life. I also punched a brick wall at school until my hands were bloody on at least two occasions, once fracturing my knuckles. The pain of my broken hand made it hard to get to sleep for a few nights following that, and I never sought medical attention for it either. My pinky finger healed a bit crooked and now has limited mobility. Once I made a self-inflicted incision in the school bathroom that split almost 1cm wide and other students in class noticed the blood seeping my shirt. I was so depressed that stabbed myself with a pencil until the pencil shattered in my fist and the graphite left a tattoo mark, which I still have. I was in a state of complete psychological trauma for months, my gang-stalking ordeal and witnessing Tom's murder doesn't even compare.

I was driving around unlicensed, scouting out Tori's new boyfriend's house. I would have never hurt Tori, but I saw the boyfriend as fair game at the time. I guess that would have hurt her by extension, but it didn't occur to me at the time. I was looking for his house because I knew his father had firearms and I wanted to take an angle grinder to their gun safe and steal the weapons as revenge and because I liked guns and wanted one. I was cruising on Millingandi Road where I believed they lived after it had been raining and I was speeding on the wet dirt road, causing my car to go into a terrifying fishtail and I hit the ditch on the side of the road with a big crunch. The only damage was destruction of the fibreglass bumper extension, but I abandoned my mission. Later when Tori and I were on better terms, she told me his father said he would have shot me if I ever turned up there because I threatened to blow him up and the cops got called. Yeah, I was a psycho but like I said, I like to think that I've learned and matured a lot as a person since then.

Anyway, despite all that I completed my HSC and graduated Year 12. I placed first in Chemistry, first in Engineering and second in Physics. I wasn't as strong at Mathematics as I was at Engineering and science, but I placed ninth in the advanced class. I didn't do that well at English and my placing in the year was mediocre. I was good at spelling and grammar and throughout school the teachers would compliment my creative writing, but I didn't at all care for analysing motifs in Shakespeare etc., which made up most the curriculum. I couldn't handle public speaking due to debilitating social anxiety, either. I would have done better if it wasn't for all the drama with what happened with Tori, I had never been so distraught in my life.

After finishing Year 12 I was still into making explosives and I at around 2am in the morning one night I broke into the school to steal chemistry supplies. I picked the science storage room lock with some picks, rakes and torsion wrenches I crafted from ground-down hacksaw blades and it successfully opened. However, a motion detector triggered an alarm and I fled. This happened in 2007, I believe, or maybe 2008. I told my classmate Andrew G. about everything that happened that night over MySpace because despite my failure I was incredibly excited. Also soon after finishing Year 12 my cat (which I got as a kitten when I was 6) started wheezing and choking and then died in agony in front of us and that was the first time I had ever hugged my mother. This was when I was 18. I was screaming at her to get a vet.



My picks, rakes and torsion wrenches.

I went to university to study Information Technology next. I still struggled with social anxiety disorder into my early 20's. I would get as tense as though I was about to be punched when in the physical presence of other people and it would make my movements stiff and awkward, and I would play with my hair a lot. Whenever somebody was walking behind me, I felt their eyes on me and became so

tense and self-conscious that I would lose my balance. I couldn't eat or use the phone in front of other people, and barely spoke. In my uni days I challenged myself to say "hi" to cashiers and "thanks" to bus drivers and I was so tense that half the time my voice came out like a pathetic squeak causing me to become so embarrassed that it would make it hard to try again the next time. I have described how I was during uni, but I remember I was the same way all throughout high school, where at one point I was selectively mute. At the time of writing (25 years of age) I have never been to the movies with friends, been kissed, had a job, or been to a party or a pub and until 2015 (when I met up with someone I knew from jail) I had gone 8 years without so much as stepping into another person's house to visit. It was so much more than just being "shy", you wouldn't understand unless you were the same way. I was tortured every day by my own mind. I don't even know if I want any of that these days. The friend from jail recently brought me to an RSL club and the large amount of people and noise just overwhelmed my senses. I couldn't wait to get home to my room. Even just casually hanging out at their house for a few hours is overstimulating. I am so accustomed to solitude. I never formed much in the way of a social network or life--and I still haven't. I'm extremely introverted and so used to isolation that I don't even know if I want people in my life anymore. It just causes a whole host of negative emotions.

The worst thing a tutor (uni) or teacher (school) could ever say was to find a partner/group. I was always left alone, the odd one out. It was so embarrassing. At uni I took an elective psychology course and during the tutorials we were sitting in a circle and one by one introducing ourselves. When it got to my dreaded turn, I started to talk and suddenly my mind went blank with fear and I couldn't do anything except say "Sorry" as my mind shut down in a frenzy. I went mute and my face started becoming very hot and I could feel the burning stares of everyone in the class. It was so traumatic and humiliating that I never wanted to return to that class and eventually dropped it (I was mute during groupwork too and just looked at the floor), I just wanted to fall into a hole and die. When I told my landlord I had anxiety he was shocked and said he just viewed me as "independent". I always thought people could tell that I was anxious and judged me negatively for it. People are less perceptive than I thought. I guess I am independent, I had to be. Still, I couldn't rationalise the feelings away because anxiety is irrational by nature.

Completely avoiding the presence of other people by staying in my room and becoming a virtual shut-in was the only way to find relief. I was on edge the moment I stepped out of my room. I would self-medicate with MDMA, GHB, amphetamines and benzodiazepines just to go to the supermarket but they didn't solve my core psychosocial problems. I dropped out of uni and opted for a life of crime when I lost interest in computers and came to realise that I was too socially inept to ever function in this world. I saw cooking methamphetamine as my salvation, it was a job I could handle because it was done in complete isolation and I could sell it through the mail (Silk Road), no socialising involved. I felt like I was suffocating when around other people, it was such a relief to get back to my room.

The cult coming into my life diminished my social anxiety somewhat because I had to come out of my shell to warn the world about what I witnessed. A year in maximum security prison around rough men all day also helped it. Privacy didn't exist in jail. You had cellmates, strip searches and had to shower (in Goulburn) and go to the toilet in front of other men.



# RITUAL ABUSE, OCCULTISM AND MIND-CONTROL

As I've been getting towards with my frequent mentions of a "cult" I believe that gang-stalking is linked to another crime called Satanic ritual abuse, which in-turn is linked to mind-control. I believe the occult is responsible for everything I have described thus far and in the following section I attempt to join the dots.

The previous sections on gang-stalking have been purely stated fact but the following section is largely composed of theories. I am absolutely certain about the murder of Tom Buckland and the police officers trying to drug me unconscious and I believe that I have documented the very real gang-stalking incidents quite well, but the following section is mostly speculation. I won't go into detail about what Satanic ritual abuse (SRA) is because there is plenty of literature in the form of books, psychology journals and websites already that can teach you that and I recommend researching these thoroughly before reading the following section. I will only give my own insights and experiences on the matter.

I will give the example of the case at Mornington Peninsula pre-school because it happened here in Victoria, Australia, although there have been similar cases all throughout the Western world. I'm astonished that there is so little information about the Mornington Peninsula case despite the nature of the allegations. I could only find two or so websites with detailed information, and those sites may have since been deleted but I have saved a copy. It's a very unknown case and certainly didn't reach the attention of the wider public.

24 children from Mornington Peninsula pre-school were interviewed and gave statements from which the allegations arose that they were forced to play sexual games by the owners of the school and urinated and defecated on by adults dressed as police officers or in bizarre costumes. 30 parents believed their children had been abused and 15 gave statements to police. Doctors gave evidence that children who attended the school showed symptoms of sexual penetration.

Parents noticed immediately when the children came home exhibiting highly sexualised and violent behaviours, urinating on each other and saying bizarre things like "Santa Claus is bad. He shoots people." A couple who made accusations said that their house had been broken into twice and death threats had been written on the mirror. At a party when one boy recognised the children who had attended the pre-school he began screaming uncontrollably and had to be removed. A video of police officers, or people dressed as them, sexually assaulting kids at the pre-school mysteriously vanished from the police evidence locker.

Whatever it was that happened to the children at Mornington Peninsula pre-school is what Satanic ritual abuse is.

The McMartin pre-school case in the US was the country's most expensive trial costing \$15 million and was very similar to Mornington Peninsula. Beyond the claims at Mornington Peninsula, at McMartin hundreds of interviewed children claimed things like that bunny rabbits and turtles were killed in front of them and they were taken into secret tunnels where abuse occurred. McMartin has

been closely linked to Satanism. You can read about the McMartin allegations if you want all the sordid details about what happens in these Satanist-run pre-schools. I won't describe all this in my book for reasons I've already given: the information I found during my research is already out there for you to read.

The McMartin case, however fell apart. The cover-up has since been exposed by psychologists working with victims of these crimes such as Dr. Lacter (<http://endritualabuse.org>) and the S.M.A.R.T team (<http://ritualabuse.us>). The cult was almost exposed in the 1980s.

If you're going to read my book, then Dr. Lacter's website (<http://endritualabuse.org>) and the 2006 report titled Ritual Abuse and Torture in Australia by the Australian organisation Advocates for Survivors of Child Abuse (ASCA) are essential reading and background knowledge.

Here is a link to the ASCA report:

<http://delphicentre.com.au/uploads/Salter-M-2006-Ritual-Abuse-and-Tortute-in-Australia.pdf>

I have come to notice some pretty strange things about my life looking back on how I used to be when I was a kid, and I will detail them now:

Around age 5 I really wanted a toy gun from Woolworths that shot suction-cup darts, I would break the suction-cup ends off (so that it was just a shaft) put tomato sauce on the ends and shoot it at the pet rabbit. When I was in Year 3 I remember we were writing horoscopes in class and for Cancer I wrote, "You are going to get cancer and die." I remember in Year 4 I would tell the other kids to "worship death". E.g. A boy asked me for a favour and I remember telling him, "Only if you worship death!" I didn't say it to simply be outrageous or anything, I just had a very dark mind even at this age. I would break into classrooms to tie string around the teacher Ms. Reid's plush toy frog's neck and perform a "funeral" for it by placing it in a casket I made out of a plastic tray with an egg-carton headstone because I thought it would be amusing when the teacher saw it (she just yelled at me).

Throughout the whole of high school starting in Year 7 I drew countless pictures of guns and people being killed with knives or guns, and I don't know why. For a while I also loved drawing skulls. My teachers can probably attest to the fact that often I would ignore my school work in class and draw guns and people being killed all over my school books. Virtually all my drawings were of guns or people being murdered or committing suicide. I'd say I was fairly well-known for doing this at school, the teachers were pretty worried. Many sources describe such themes in drawings and other creative works as a symptom of ritual abuse.

I felt a compulsion to look at violent death/gore photos on the Internet throughout my teenage years. I remember searching everywhere on the net hoping to find videos of animals in blenders and whatnot. These were websites like Rotten.com and Ogrish.com. I also vaguely remember sharing Japanese "guro" (animated cartoon pornography involving themes of gore and mutilation) with someone on the Internet. I loved a computer game called Soldier of Fortune II for its realistic depiction of gore. I was preoccupied with shooting people to see their intestines hang out, limbs blow off or parts of their brains exposed etc. and I would study the computer-generated wounds closely. I was also drawn to

mass/serial murder films, slasher films and splatter films like *Dead Alive/Braindead* (1992), *Black Christmas* (1974) and *Rampage* (2009). I don't know if any of this had anything to do with my family's involvement with the cult, maybe I was just a weird kid.

My creative writing for English class starting at around age 15 had little other substance except for very detailed descriptions of people violently being killed. I remember I wrote a story for English class about a terrorist who brings a bomb on the plane and blows a hole in it, and all the people fell through the hole in the floor and got messily shredded by the moving runway. I wrote far worse than that too but I have no surviving examples, unless they're still on my old computer. I would regularly write extremely gruesome depictions of dead babies and I wrote a poem/song that resembled *Cannibal Corpse* lyrics when I was 16. I suppose this poem may have just been inspired by the violent death metal I liked, but I don't know why I was attracted to that sort of music in the first place. I've just always had a dark mind.

In Year 11 and 12 I would read extensively on Crime Library about serial killers and mass murderers. Tori was also interested in serial killers and, without asking, loaned me one of her books she had finished reading, titled *Sadistic Killers*. Once when Tori was 15 or so she told me that her mother was holding "My first sex party" at her house and Tori was "excited" about it. She later told me that there were "whips" there. That was strange. I think maybe she meant a sex party with adults.

I showed Tori some death metal songs I liked and she printed out the lyrics to "Morgue Whore" by Lord Gore and "Baby Killer" by Devourment and brought them to school. Tori loved the necrophilic Lord Gore song and she would recite the lyrics on the bus. Tori's friend Jess B. was quite upset when Tori and I showed her the Devourment song, and on another occasion I recall proudly showing Jess that I closely fit the FBI's psychological profile of a school shooter.

I remember Tori told me she had a "spell book" and I think her mother gave it to her. Tori was obsessed with pentagrams and she wore a pentagram necklace. I also seem to recall that her previous boyfriend, a boy who called himself "Kazel" or "Kazelrod" was also obsessed with pentagrams, but I'm not sure. I remember when I contacted the boy who called himself "Kazel" over social media much later, his girlfriend was screening his incoming messages because she said he "had been abused." Maybe she was trying to protect him from the cult, or perhaps he had just been bullied or something.

Anyway, Tori also had a strange attraction to blood and she wanted to do Year 10 work experience as a mortician. Tori said that she wanted to "handle dead bodies". She was completely serious and made efforts to do so, she called funeral homes and everything. Similarly, around the same time I scoured online classifieds for an old hearse because I wanted to buy an old hearse and drive it around as my car. Neither of us were goths or influenced by any other subculture, I don't know why we were like that.

Since I was about 11-years-old I would call myself "Dark\_Reaper" on the Internet. I'm not sure why I picked such a dark name or if this meant anything. Tori's MSN Messenger name was "blood\_red\_river" and her new boyfriend's name was "somasochist\_01".

In Year 12 mainly, but I think earlier years as well I would fantasise elaborately about committing school shootings. I would idolise mass murderers and serial killers, fantasise about placing hydrogen cyanide generators on top of the lights in the school hall, daydreaming about the optimal placement of bombs at school and all the gruesome details. I fantasised regularly about shooting everyone at school and only sparing Tori.

I was banned from YouTube for uploading a slide show made from the notorious (and authentic) necrophilic series of images known as "Guro Chan" with the song "Morgue Whore" by Lord Gore in the background. I also made a video using video game graphics (Postal 2) about a mass murderer who goes around a town shooting and blowing up people, chopping up pets with machetes etc. to the song "Die, Motherfucker, Die" by Dope. I posted videos like this alongside a video of a homemade gun I built that used Ramset cartridges and I remember somebody on YouTube commented something like, "You're probably going to shoot up a school, you psycho!"

I remember I wrote a long and graphic story about a sadistic murderer who tortures and kills someone and sent it to my classmate Andrew G. I remember it detailed extreme violence. Andrew G. must have been spooked because he never replied to it. It was written in first-person from the perspective of the killer who I think dissolved people alive by throwing them in pits and covering them with sodium hydroxide. Around the same time I drew Tori a picture of a gun and a teacher confiscated it, thinking it was a death threat. Tori loved my drawings of guns.

My online friend B. is the man who I discussed making explosives with extensively on the Internet and by the time we lost contact he had gotten into chemical weapons. He was developing clandestine synthesis pathways to manufacture them at home while he was a chemical engineering student at Newcastle University. B. was obsessed with a TV show called Dexter whose protagonist is a serial killer and when I showed him a film called Rampage (2009) he loved it too and we both really identified it. Rampage was filmed from the perspective of a mass murderer. I also loved movies about school shootings like Zero Day and Elephant and would watch them obsessively. B. told me he fantasised about destroying humanity with chemical weapons and his social media picture was an image of an annihilated city. He also purchased gas-masks. I believe B. could be a victim of the cult because when he was found with explosives it seemed like the police covered it up in a very similar manner to how they tried to cover up my drug lab (the five-minute paddywagon ritual). I have described this previously.

All this is part of the evidence I've seen that supports the existence of a Satanic cult. These thoughts seemed to cease when I moved away from Eden to Canberra to attend university, and then drugs took my primary interest.

Everything I mentioned is true but maybe here I exaggerated my whole interest in "death" by only focusing on it and not the other interests I had concurrently. Or maybe I didn't. My theory is that the cult hypnotises kids to make them obsessed with death and killing people, but I guess I'm trying to fit the evidence to the theory instead of the other way around. I have some suspicion that they're hypnotising kids to try and groom them into serial killers and mass murderers and I suspect that's what might have happened to me. It sounds crazy, I know, and I'm not entirely sure about it. I can't offer any explanation as to why they might want to do this, except that they're evil because they had the same

brainwashing done to them as children. I just want to report the facts I've observed and don't want my book to become too much like the ravings of a "conspiracy theorist".

An occultist, a self-described male "witch" named Robert Angus Fletcher, was convicted in an Australian Supreme Court of Satanic ritual abuse. According to the news article, Fletcher was convicted of "using hypnosis and mind-altering techniques" to lure two teenage girls into prostitution, sadomasochism and "black magic". He also sexually assaulted them as part of their initiation into a group he called the "dark coven". Fletcher was prosecuted as if he was acting alone, but they never caught the wider group he was part of who he referred to as the "dark coven". According to a sex offender registry website I've seen, one of the victims has since committed suicide.

You can read an article about it here:

[http://blogs.theaustralian.news.com.au/garyhughes/index.php/theaustralian/comments/court\\_told\\_of\\_ri](http://blogs.theaustralian.news.com.au/garyhughes/index.php/theaustralian/comments/court_told_of_ri)

Here are a couple of interesting comments on the news article about Fletcher:

*squirt says:*

*Tue 30 May 06 (10:09am)*

*Its time the police and legal system took notice of allegations of satanic cults operating in melbourne. Sure it is bizzare and many of those who are ritualistic abuse may not be believable at times but to do nothing , not even investigate claims made by youth and children who claim to have been taken to rituals and been abuse is wrong. Speaking as a young person who has suffered ritual abuse and witnessed what no mind can comprehend of the mind control and torture methods used by those who engage in this behaviour i send out a challenge to any honest law enforcement officer, judge, legal proffessional or those who have interest in the mental/physical and emotional welfare of children and youth to at least investigate allegations. To do nothig when a young person reaches out for help even at the risk of further abuse by perpetrators is a breach of basic human rights, the right to protection and a life.*

*Curious says:*

*Tue 30 May 06 (10:12am)*

*Fletcher told the girls that their abuse was part of their initiation into a group called the "dark coven". Have the police investigated his intimation that there is a a larger group of perpetrators? Where did Fletcher learn his hypnotic techniques?*

*Ritually abusive perpetrators rarely work alone. Maybe Fletcher is flying solo, but he learnt his ritual abuse techniques somewhere. Can we have faith that the Melbourne police have bothered to look any further? Or that they are capable of finding something of substance if they did?*

I don't get why people think my theories are so unrealistic when there has been a CONVICTION in an Australian Supreme Court of a Satanist using mind-control techniques on young victims in the form of Satanic ritual abuse. Before I went to jail, I was also watching a video about Satanic ritual abuse on YouTube and in the comments section was a post by someone claiming to have inside knowledge about the crime. The informant claimed that the purpose of ritual abuse was to groom children to "become the next generations of perpetrators". I believe this informant is credible because they made another claim that parallels what I've witnessed for myself. The informant also claimed that witnesses

to the crime are all ending up in car crashes, just like Tom Buckland. Recall also that the police officers who tried to drug me unconscious with chloroform removed notes from my wallet that said "Help! I am a victim of Satanic ritual abuse!" before returning my wallet to me. This is further evidence that I was touching on the truth.

Novelist Stephen King is said to have witnessed a friend get killed by a train when he was very young, yet is said to have no conscious memory of this event. It is said that his horror-themed novels are unconsciously influenced by this repressed memory. This is an example of how repressed traumatic memories can influence an adult's personality and behaviour. I think it's possible that the cult abuses this psychological process to brainwash their children to become dark-minded and preoccupied with death. This could very well be the purpose of childhood ritual abuse. I believe the purpose of the ritual abuse is to employ trauma to induce dissociative identity disorder, a structured version of a psychiatric condition which forms the basis of the mind-control techniques linked to the CIA's Project MK-ULTRA and its successor Project Monarch. Dr. Lacter's website has a lot of information linking Satanic cults to mind-control, I highly recommend reading it.

Marc Dutroux was a Belgian pedophile who kept children in a dungeon, murdered two of them and allowed another two to starve to death. Upon his arrest he was quoted as saying, "People want to believe that I am at the centre of everything. They are mistaken. I did things of which I was not the driving force. I was used as an instrument by others, who were themselves used as instruments by others." I believe he was describing the dynamics of the cult.

Dutroux claimed that he was part of a ring that included high-ranking police and government officials. Read the "Allegations of a cover-up" on the Marc Dutroux Wikipedia page. Police investigations were bungled, sloppy and stalled, there was seemingly a secret opposition within the police force to any form of inquiry. A handcuff key was smuggled to him in jail inside of a salt packet and the judge in the case broke down crying when he described the "bullet-proof vehicles and armed guards needed to protect him against the shadowy figures determined to stop the full truth from coming out". 300,000 people marched in the streets to protest the protection Dutroux was seemingly receiving from people in the government.

This seems to be a common theme surrounding ritual abuse cases: police stalling and bungling investigations, "losing" evidence etc. The same thing happened during the Mornington Peninsula case here in Australia and the Ombudsman launched an inquiry, which a Young Australian of the Year and psychologist described as riddled by corruption. Former head of the FBI in Los Angeles Ted Gunderson believed (he's deceased) that federal security and law enforcement agencies are being infiltrated by the Illuminati, which he described as a "Satanic criminal cult". I have witnessed for a fact that some police are involved with the cult.

The ASCA report cites the Dutroux affair as an instance of Satanic ritual abuse. The ASCA report alleges a conspiracy that illegally taps investigators' phones and runs cars off roads and also finds that occult groups (that "neither fit into the category of 'cult' or 'pedophile ring'") control the organised child exploitation trade in Australia as well as many other countries. The report also finds that these organisations are involved in prostitution and the illicit drug trade. It cites a large number of credible sources, including psychology journals in which psychologists have documented victims of these

crimes. Other cases of cult crimes may include The Franklin Scandal, Haut de la Garenne and Australian murderer Tracey Wigginton.

Here is a news article about Tracey Wigginton:

<http://www.dailytelegraph.com.au/news/nsw/crime-week-dark-secrets-of-australias-lesbian-vampire-murderer/story-fni0cx12-1226907812139>

Tracey Wigginton murdered a man and claimed it was so that she could "drink his blood". She was widely dubbed by the media as the "Lesbian Vampire Killer". I believe she was a victim of Satanic ritual abuse and mind-control. Tracey Wigginton reportedly drank animal blood, wore all black and believed she had "Satanic powers". She claimed that her grandparents were heavily involved in the occult and she had been diagnosed by two psychiatrists as having dissociative identity disorder--a hallmark of the trauma-based mind-control techniques employed by organised Satanists. The ritual abuse link to dissociative identity disorder is widely observed by psychologists who have investigated the cult's crimes, including Dr. Lacter. Read her website for more information. According to Wikipedia, patients with dissociative identity disorder have the highest susceptibility to hypnosis of any clinical group, and the condition is caused by immense psychological trauma (usually severe sexual abuse or Satanic ritual abuse) before the age of five.

Back to the subject of mind-control now: I have seen further evidence that I have been subjected to sophisticated mind-altering techniques. I don't have much understanding of the cult's mind-control techniques but from what I can gather, they are centred around intentionally inducing a structured form of dissociative identity disorder (multiple personality disorder), a psychiatric condition which is associated with susceptibility to hypnosis and repressed memories from early life.

It started when I came home from university during the holidays. I was sitting at the dining table when my mother came up to me and said, "I'm sick, I'm sick. Look, Andrew. I'm sick. Your mum is sick." She had one of those electrode pads on her shoulder, like the ones doctors stick on you when they attach you to a heart monitor (ECG). As she was saying all this she was pointing at the electrode pad on her shoulder and telling me to look at it. When I heard the words "I'm sick, I'm sick", I suddenly went into some sort of trance. I don't know what happened but I vaguely recall I became stunned and stared off into the table, but my memory of what happened after she said "I'm sick" is very vague as if it occurred in a long-forgotten dream, but I'm 100-percent sure that this happened. I went into some sort of trance and it made my memory of what happened next very vague--it caused amnesia. "I'm sick" was some sort of phrase designed to trigger my mind-control programming and when I got home from uni my mother wanted to test if the mind-control still worked. I know this sounds crazy, but read on.

Something must have happened to me when I was very young, something involving the words "I'm sick" and my mother in a hospital. I believe the mind-control techniques are rooted in forgotten or repressed memories from early childhood. The electrode pad was a hypnosis prop my mother was using to subconsciously remind me of a hospital and the words "I'm sick, I'm sick. Look Andrew, I'm sick" were intended to hypnotically remind me of the event that must have happened to me when I was a young child. All my life I've been terrified of doctors, hospitals and especially illness. A phobia, practically. I'm a hypochondriac. Could this have something to do with what must have happened to

me as a kid involving my mother in hospital and the words "I'm sick"? I know I sound ridiculous at this point, but bear with me.

While I was in the drug lab during 2012, on several occasions I was lying in bed at night with the lights off when I heard my mother saying "I'm sick, I'm sick" outside my door, once accompanied by weeping noises. I think she was weeping because the mind-control techniques weren't working on me anymore (because I was awake in bed and not sleeping?). Once when she tried saying "I'm sick, I'm sick" outside my door at night, I started to get out of bed. When she heard me through the door getting out of bed, I heard her say "Come on". I opened the door, and there she was standing outside my door. I asked her "What are you doing?" and she completely freaked out. She panicked and blurted out, "Nothing! I'm not checking under your door!"

She blurted it out without me even accusing her of anything, like somebody with a guilty conscience would do. She inadvertently admitted that she was checking under my door to see if my lights were on, then when she thought I was sleeping she would say "I'm sick, I'm sick" outside my door! Then she would say "Come on" when she heard me get out of bed. "I'm sick" being said outside my door causes me to awaken into some sort of sleepwalking state, get up and exit my room and follow my mother down the hallway. This happens to me and I am totally amnesic of it, it happens outside my conscious awareness! I've probably been sleepwalking on command since early childhood.

On maybe two occasions during 2012 late at night when she thought I was sleeping I also heard my mother make a rustling noise with Pringles/chips outside my door, similar to the "I'm sick" thing. Now I remember, when I was a kid and my mother wanted to get me to do something she would make a rustling noise with Pringles/chips (rewarding me with junk food). The cult's mind-control techniques are based on the victim's forgotten memories from early childhood!

Also during 2012 while I was in the drug lab, the gang-stalkers were terrorising me and I was posting frantically on my Facebook Wall. I was posting threats towards the cult, things I knew about the cult as well as "I've told the Australian Federal Police everything, and if anything happens to me they're going to know why!" The school captain when I was in Year 12, Hannah B., saw me posting all this desperately and she was alarmed. During all this I received a Facebook message supposedly from Tori that said "What's crackin'?"

"What's crackin'" is not in Tori's vocabulary, it was a hacker on her account. A schoolmate named Andrew Sa. who I knew in Year 8 had found me again and posted "What's crackin'?" (What's going on?) on my Facebook Wall and I replied, "Nothing's crackin'" (Nothing's going on). The message the hacker sent me from Tori's account was identical to the post on my Facebook Wall made by Andrew Sa. quite some time ago. It was a hacker on Tori's account. This could be easily verified: I'm sure that Tori will say that she never sent me the "What's crackin'" message over Facebook and that the slang word "crackin'" is not in her vocabulary, which will prove that it was a hacker.

They were looking for a mind-control trigger phrase that would make me say and think that "Nothing's going on", just like how I replied "Nothing's going on" when my schoolmate Andrew Sa. posted "What's crackin'" on my Facebook Wall years ago. The cult was analysing my posts on my Facebook Wall to find mind-control trigger phrases that might work on me, including one that would make me

say and think that "Nothing's going on". It's like classical conditioning, or something. When I was freaking out on Facebook the cult tried to shut me up with a trigger phrase sent by a hacker on Tori's Facebook account. Tori has since deleted her account.

Just like the "I'm sick", "What's crackin'" and rustling of Pringles/chips were references to my past memories, the cult showed me further references to my old memories and my life to trigger my mind-control programming.

On the 21st of October 2012, the day the lab was found, when I had been taken to Pambula hospital but was not admitted my father had arrived to take me home. Outside the hospital he pointed to a cigarette lighter lying on the footpath and told me to look at it (I was a child pyromaniac), then he pointed at a foot-shaped podiatry sign and again told me to look (I have a foot fetish). He was telling me to look at what I believe were references to my life, for some reason. He could have only known both these things about my life if he was reading my MySpace.com surveys.

On the way home he pointed out a building in Pambula and told me that this is the church he used to bring me to as a kid, and I don't remember this so it would have been when I was between 3 and 6 years old, and later I discovered that it was a community hall building, not a church, which he pointed out. Far more strange is what happened when we got back to Eden. As I've described before in this book, my father took me to a secluded location in Eden, where the cops who tried to drug me with chloroform were waiting. Here I was exposed to a much more explicit reference to my life: the "sorbitol" bottle. The cult cops and my father tried to make me drink water from a bottle that had been labelled as "sorbitol". Sorbitol was a substance I accidentally poisoned myself with as a teenager, and the only way the cult cops could have known this is if they had hackers watching my online MSN Messenger conversations. The "sorbitol" bottle was the most conspicuous reference to my life that the cult showed me.

The cops who tried to kidnap me with chloroform put me in the back of a paddywagon for five minutes and then let me out again, telling me "I've just arrested you". The exact same ritual was performed on my friend B. when he got caught with explosives at Somersby in 2009 or 2010, which is why I suspect that B. might be a victim of the cult too. It was exactly the same, B. told me that the cops put him in a paddgywagon for five minutes then let him out, saying to him "You've just been arrested". He never was charged for the explosives and he never heard from the police again. Bizzare. He was developing chemical weapons (nerve agents) when I last spoke to him, and I can prove this with a document authored by B. that I still have.

I was in my father's car seated next to my mother and the police were swarming our back gate after discovering the drug lab. At this point I suspected that I was a victim of mind-control but I wasn't sure how so I threw blind accusations at my mother like "You made me do it!" within earshot of the police. My mother shot back, "Shh, Andrew! Your mum could go to jail!" but I'm not sure if this meant anything.

The day after the lab was found I was so scared that I armed myself with a knife and because of this I was taken to the Bega mental ward by police. In the mental hospital my father visited me. He showed me my keys and a small tool which he had brought with him to the hospital. I recognised the tool as a

tool my father uses in his workshop to deflate tyres. The tool was used to let the air out of the valves on tyres and he told me to "look" at it and my keys. When I asked him what he was doing he replied, "I need to see if you still remember them" or "I need to see if you still remember it." I think the tyre-deflation tool was a reference to how when I was a teenager the car I bought with stolen money and parked on the side of the road to hide it from my parents I found with a deflated tyre one day, so I couldn't drive it anymore (I didn't know how to re-inflate it). I was disproportionately upset about my car's flat tyre and told somebody over social media (MySpace) how upset I was, and the cult's hackers might have read my MySpace messages. I typed thousands of words in a frenzy to someone at school complaining about what happened to the car among other things, that's how upset I was. Could the tyre-deflation tool have been some sort of trigger the cult was using as a reference to my upsetting memory of finding my car with a flat tyre? After he did this, I demanded to know "Why do you do this stuff to me? What happens if you don't?" My father ignored my first question, but to my second question he just replied grimly "Yeah... you know." I believe that he was implying that he would be harmed if he didn't participate. When I snatched my keys from him, he asked for them back and said, "I was just supposed to show them to you, I didn't expect you to take them."

The cult was showing me all these references to my life and past memories and telling me to stare at them for some terrible reason. I have been brainwashed in a manner somewhat resembling that depicted in the 1962 film *The Manchurian Candidate*, that's the only conclusion I can draw that explains what I've seen. Along with the dream manipulation weapon, the mind-control trigger phrases are probably the most sensational things about the cult, and I'm afraid absolutely nobody will ever believe me.

When I got out of the Bega mental hospital and returned home, I was reading about evil cults on the computer and my mother saw me. She scowled disapprovingly and growled as if she was angry with me.

A Satanic musician named Scott Peter Romano was convicted in Australia of stealing a girl's pet goat and sacrificing it in a church on Friday the 13th. Romano and his friends decapitated the goat and took its head home, where they photographed themselves performing lewd acts with the goat's head and they kept it in a freezer. Goat heads have special significance in Satanism. When I was in early primary school my father played a card game with me and my brother called "Sheep Head", also called "Sixty Six" or "Sheep Head Sixty Six". Sheep Head was a very simple game, my father obviously invented it himself. You would take turns laying down a card, then if your card was the highest you would win that trick. Whoever's sum of tricks reached 66 or more would win the game. With Google I have determined that sheep heads have the same significance as goat heads to Satanists. What else could "Sheep Head" mean? I also suspect that "Sixty Six" means 666, the Satanic numeral. You would win when you counted your cards and they added up to sixty-six or more. When I was in the Bega mental ward my father brought a deck of cards and asked me to play "Sheep Head Sixty Six" for the first time since I was a child and I chucked a fit. However, from what I can tell my father appears to be a Jehovah's Witness these days.



I found the score table from the card game "Sheep Head Sixty Six". On the back are swastikas I drew when I was 6 or 7.

When I was in primary school a man from Sydney sent me a parcel that contained the box a toy gun came in (and had a picture of a gun on it) and inside were worthless items including a couple of party-poppers (bombs?). I remember being very attracted to the picture of the gun and the party-poppers, even at this age. The man who sent me the parcel was referred to by my father as "Uncle Michael" and my mother called him "Michael the Painter". Michael was my father's friend and all I remember is being taken to visit him when I was very young and my father having a beer with him. When I was a bit older on two occasions I received parcels from Michael that each contained a cheap folding knife (those were the knives I would later self-harm with). I thought initially that the party-poppers meant bombs and the picture of the gun had significance (I spent my teen years obsessed with guns and explosives and I don't know why), but I now I guess these parcels meant nothing. Also, when I was in the Bega mental ward we were doing art therapy and were told to paint anything we wanted. I couldn't for the life of me think of anything to paint except for a rainbow swirl, so I painted one. Now I remember, Tori used to draw rainbow swirls too. She once made me a greeting card that read "Happy Swirl Day" and on it she drew a picture of a rainbow swirl. I don't know if this means anything, I thought for a while that spinning rainbow swirls might have been used on us to induce hypnosis when we were kids, but I also think it could have meant nothing.

In 2012 while I was in the lab, as I've described previously, a group of people were on our veranda moaning loudly in frustration, pounding violently on the doors and walls and screaming, "Where is Andrew?! We haven't heard from him in five [weeks or months]! Where is he?! What are you making him do?" My parents were frantically closing the curtains and telling me to hide in my room and our dog was barking his head off. They were clearly looking for me because of the drug lab, but what could they have meant when they were screaming, "What are you making him do?" Could it have meant mind-control?

When the ACT detectives were investigating my importation of chemistry glassware, they spoke to Tori and Tori called me to warn me about it. Tori figured I was going to make drugs because "I know you, Andy" and because my MSN Messenger name was "blinded\_by\_euphoria". Tori said to me, "Hey Andy, somebody is MAKING you do it. Hmmmm!" and she emphasised the word "making". She was exasperated when I didn't know what she meant. Could she have been trying to warn me that I was a victim of mind-control? After the detectives spoke to Tori they visited my house. I tried to tell them that I was going to use the chemistry equipment for "experiments" but I'm not a good liar and

they saw right through me. They knew I was making drugs. However, the detectives treated me very sensitively and said "We think somebody is making you do it, tell us who is making you do it. We want to catch the bad guys." I don't think they were trying to trick me into confessing or anything, I believe they really thought that somebody was "making" me do it, and they concluded this after speaking to Tori. Remember now how Marissa who I met in the Bega mental ward told me, "Yeah, the cops think we're terrorists!" This means that some police know about the cult. I have no idea if those Canberra detectives knew and I didn't even know myself.

In 2012 when I was in the lab I posted on Facebook a cryptic message referring to how I thought I was a victim of something that was "making me do bad things" and Tori "Liked" it. I messaged Tori to tell her that I wanted to study chemistry at university and she replied with, "Yay, Andy! Do what you WANT to do!" She capitalised the word "want" for emphasis, and I wonder if she was trying to imply mind-control and encouraging me to overcome the mind-control. When I looked for Tori's supportive message to read it again, it had vanished from my Facebook inbox. Now I believe that it was deleted by hackers.

Now back to what the attempted home invaders were screaming about on our veranda during 2012. I have three theories as to what "We haven't heard from him in five [weeks or months]" meant.

1. Firstly, I stopped talking to my online friends via MSN Messenger so the cult may have thought I disappeared because of this. For a while I wondered if my online friends were fake and were actually cult members assigned to pretend to be my friends, but while I haven't ever met M. or B. in person I believe they are real people.
2. My second theory is how I remember at one point during 2012 I began keeping my phone off with the battery removed, but I don't recall whether this was around the same time the attempted home invaders were banging and screaming on our veranda. If it was, then they might have been tracing my phone's location to keep tabs on me and when I kept my phone off they thought I disappeared.
3. My final theory is that my mother takes me to meet people after hypnotically inducing me into some sort of sleepwalking state at night with the "I'm sick" thing. This is perhaps less likely. Maybe she hadn't done it in five [weeks or months] and that's why those people were looking for me.

People other than me and Tori may have been subjected to mind-control. I'm puzzled as to how they got Tori's best friend Laura K. and another of Tori's friends Tom Buckland to buy black Magnas. I'm 100-percent certain that it wasn't a coincidence. Maybe they used hypnosis to make them want to buy black Magnas and then placed the black Magna for sale on the side of the road near their homes. Or maybe the cult simply approached Laura K. and Tom and offered a very good price on the vehicles. Another possible mind-control victim was another one of Tori's friends (not a close friend, she didn't sit with her at lunch or anything), a girl named Tahlia B. After Tori dumped me and I was very upset, suddenly a girl named Tahlia B. became infatuated with me. She told Tori she really liked me because I had very long hair (half way down my back). Tori told me about how much Tahlia loved boys with very long hair. Tahlia would post pictures of men with long hair on her social media account and comment on how attractive she thought they were. She also had a picture of a pentagram on her social media, but this may have just been a reference to a band she liked called HIM. I was too shy to speak

to Tahlia, so nothing ever happened.

Tahlia B. had the same initials "T.B." as Tori B.! I did notice this at the time, but I dismissed it as a coincidence without much thought. Could the cult have felt sorry for me after Tori left me (they would have known how depressed I was because I know for a fact that they were hacking my online conversations at this point) so they used hypnosis to make a girl with the same initials "T.B." as Tori to become attracted to boys with very long hair (i.e. me)? I think it's very strange and may be more than a coincidence. In a bizzare twist, Tom Buckland also had the initials "T.B." and he was killed in a 1990's black Mitsubishi Magna sedan, exactly the same model and colour car that I posted on social media I wanted to buy. There is no doubt in my mind that Tom was murdered, "coincidence" doesn't explain why a hacker made "666" appear on my computer when I typed "bredbo car accident" into Google. I don't have any recollection of being sexually abused like many cult victims were as children, but as an adult Tom Buckland being murdered to terrorise me constitutes Satanic ritual abuse, so yes, as an adult I am a victim of Satanic ritual abuse.

# CONCLUSION

In conclusion, there exists a nebulous criminal organisation that has flown entirely under the radar of law enforcement and all but the most vigilant of the public. They murder innocents in staged car crashes with impunity. They infiltrate the police force to perpetrate cover-ups and stitch-ups. They stalk targeted individuals and have developed high-tech electronic weapons which they deploy on unsuspecting civilians and they have hypnotic mind-altering techniques at their disposal. Tom Buckland was murdered and two police officers tried to drug and abduct me while on duty! I'm never going to shut up about it. I know what I saw and my conviction will never waver. I am like Cassandra of Greek mythology: cursed to know the truth and to never be believed!

Lawyers, detectives, doctors and even a Supreme Court judge have dismissed what I have written as "mental illness" but I know they're all wrong about me. I guess the idea that I am mentally ill and imagined the whole thing is more palatable to the common person; the common person wouldn't be able to handle the truth. If the world could understand that gang-stalking and Satanic ritual abuse are real, there would be riots. The American mafia, a secret society, existed right under the noses of law-enforcement and the general public for years who saw it as nothing more than a myth (the head of the FBI even formally denied its existence for a long time) until an ex-mafioso named Joe Valachi came forward and exposed the entire operation in front of a Senate Commission. Today it's the same with the gang-stalkers and the occult group I have described in this book.

I think that it's important to express that I am not suicidal and never have been, and that you should be highly suspicious of any "suicide", "overdose" or especially any car "accident" that may befall me in retaliation for writing this book. I also fear my reputation being smeared for speaking out because around December 2010 they attempted to frame me as a pedophile and the hackers have shown that they are capable of accessing my hard drive, possibly through a backdoor that is programmed into Microsoft Windows and not a third-party trojan.

I am describing everything I witnessed as best I can and I am not making up or embellishing anything. I've put as much detail as I could into the events described in this book to provide falsifiability to my claims, and I know they will never be disproven because I am telling nothing but the truth. I am well aware that my claims sound "crazy" but I can't help that because I am simply describing what I witnessed. I am confident in the future it will be known that I was not crazy, I was just ahead of my time. My work will probably go unrecognised for decades.

This is my sworn statement. If I ever recant, retract or claim I "lied" about what I have written, I guarantee you that I am under coercion and that my life has probably been threatened because of my writing. A secret this huge can't stay hidden forever, more and more people are waking up to the truth every day. If anything happens to me, tell my story to the world.

# LINKS, RESOURCES & FURTHER READING

Gang-stalking:

<http://emsecured.wordpress.com>

[http://www.whale.to/c/predatory\\_gangstalking.html](http://www.whale.to/c/predatory_gangstalking.html)

<http://ezinearticles.com/?Gang-Stalking&id=7916009>

<http://www.organised-crime-of-covert-electronic-assault-nz.com/common-tacticsmind-games.html#sthash.dwnejmIQ.dpbs>

[http://www.theagencyinc.net/true\\_stories/gangstalking.pdf](http://www.theagencyinc.net/true_stories/gangstalking.pdf)

<http://www.stopgangstalking.org/>

<http://www.newswithviews.com/Stuter/stuter78.htm>

<https://gangstalking.wordpress.com/faq/>

<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/gangstalkingoverview15sep06.shtml>

<http://www.defeatgangstalking.org/#!what-is-gang-stalking/ci59>

<http://gangstalkingismurder.wordpress.com/>

<http://targeted11.blogspot.com.au/p/gang-stalking.html>

<http://www.targeted-individuals.com/#/gang-stalking/4567965106>

<https://targetedindividualslookingatthings.wordpress.com/2014/03/25/ted-gunderson-frank-labela-vs-fbi-gang-stalking-case/>

<http://www.empowher.com/mental-health/content/gang-stalking-psychological-targeting-group-setting>

<http://gangstalking-australia.blogspot.com.au/2010/01/microwave-weapons.html>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mobbing>

<http://www.news.com.au/technology/sci-tech/russia-working-on-electromagnetic-radiation-guns/story-fn5fsgyc-1226317396841>

<http://stopthatstalking.blogspot.com.au/2010/04/ritual-child-abuse-part-of-mind-control.html>

<https://onmc.wordpress.com/2010/09/17/454/>

[http://jbhfile.com/harm\\_gang.html](http://jbhfile.com/harm_gang.html)

<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=gang+stalking>

<http://www.whatisgangstalking.blogspot.com.au/>

<http://srofile.webs.com/>

<http://dropout50394.yuku.com/topic/1313/Gang-Stalking-the-State-39-s-secret-edge-in-the-collapse#.VQFEcKP9k2w>

<http://www.globalresearch.ca/electronic-harassment-stalking-and-surveillance-florida-state-university-shooter-myron-mays-last-words/5427785>

<http://pavlovianexperiment.blogspot.com.au/2011/12/problem-of-gangstalking-in-australia.html>

[http://www.avnewstalk.com/Gang\\_Stalking-2.html](http://www.avnewstalk.com/Gang_Stalking-2.html)

<http://pathikdeb.blogspot.com.au/2014/06/gang-stalking-hellish-crime.html>

<http://sharonpoet-ti.blogspot.ca/>

<https://gangstalkingsurfers.wordpress.com>

<http://gangstalking.wordpress.com/faq/>

<http://www.blogster.com/satancanthaveme/gangstalking-a-stealthy-form-of-bullying-080708020607>

<https://www.change.org/p/u-s-congress-outlaw-organized-gang-stalking-community-based-harassment-illegal-cointelpro-surveillance>

<http://dbdwatch.com/are-you-a-victim-of-gangstalking/>

<https://sites.google.com/site/mindcontrolslave/gang-stalking-2-1>  
<http://www.prophecydude.org/news/a-mysterious-sound-is-driving-people-insane-and-nobody-knows-whats-causing-it/>  
<http://covertmaliciousstalking.blogspot.com.au/>

Satanic ritual abuse in the Australian media:

[http://blogs.news.com.au/news/crime/index.php/news/comments/extraordinary\\_claims\\_true\\_catholic\\_](http://blogs.news.com.au/news/crime/index.php/news/comments/extraordinary_claims_true_catholic_)  
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