



# *Twenty Two Faces*

Inside the Extraordinary Life of Jenny Hill  
and Her Twenty-Two Multiple Personalities

Foreword by Colin A. Ross, M.D.  
Judy Byington, M.S.W., L.C.S.W., ret.

“*22 Faces* demonstrates a clear and constructive mind, detailing the horrific effects of abuse and consequences that stem from such acts. An engrossing story that both horrifies and intrigues from page one. Byington offers an insightful and probing masterpiece of modern non-fiction literature; a perfect antidote to insular works that plague the area of this genre.”

—Robert Kroon, former Press Secretary General of the United Nations and veteran *Time/Life* reporter

“I was the primary therapist for Jenny Hill while she resided at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital 1984-1985. Her

multiplicity was found to be a result of childhood trauma: repeated rapes coupled with ritual abuse. Hill's background as so eloquently portrayed in *22 Faces* is congruent with what I observed at the hospital, including the narrative of Hill's alter personalities."

—Weston Whatcott, Ph.D., L.C.S.W.,  
M.S.W.

“Dissociate Identity Disorder (formerly Multiple Personality Disorder) is known to occur in patients with histories of severe and relentless child abuse such as suffered by Jenny Hill. The public has a very distorted perception of this subject

matter, but those of us on the frontlines treating children and adults on a day-to-day basis who have suffered severe forms of torture, child abuse, and sadistic practices are all too familiar with the kinds of crimes and disorders described in *22 Faces*.”

—Joyanna Silberg, Ph.D., President, ISSTD and author of *The Dissociative Child*, Maryland: The Sidran Press



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A Biography

Foreword by Colin A. Ross, M.D.  
Judy Byington, M.S.W, L.C.S.W, *ret.*



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Dedicated to “Angeletta”  
that her cries will at last be heard  
and may those screams give children of  
abuse  
courage to break their silence.

... Jenny Hill

I will be eternally grateful to my inspirational husband Fred, Associate Professor Clyda Rae Blackburn and best selling authors Paul D. McCarthy, Bill Hoffman and his talented wife Judy, for their insight, dedication and courage in helping to bring the extraordinary life of Jenny Hill to publication.



## DISCLAIMER

Jenny Hill helped pen this biography using memories of her multiple personalities and their entries in diaries written since childhood. Alter personalities are prone to have vivid recall as if events just happened, thus their descriptions were detailed.

Minimal literary freedom was used to expedite the story and because Jenny's perpetrators have yet to face a judge, some information was changed. Cold cases on "Angeletta" and the Scorpio brothers (pseudonyms) remain open in Tyrone, Pennsylvania and Garden Grove, California. Identification of Dr. Greenbaum is confirmed by Ph.D. Corydon Hammond's 1990's eight-year

study of adults suffering the same mistreatment, as does Jenny. Weston Whatcott, M.S.W., L.C. S.W., Ph.D. verified information portrayed on Jenny and her alters' treatment at the Utah State Hospital. Ritual Abuse is not exclusive to a particular race, culture or religion and episodes depicted in no way reflect practices of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Virginia Louise Hill is the only known survivor-intended-victim of a modern day human sacrificial rite—living proof that ritual abuse is, in fact, a reality. With great courage and in open defiance of her sadistic abusers, Jenny wishes her story told.

# BEHIND CLOSED EYES

*By Jenny Hill*

Behind my closed eyes  
lay a new world to see.

The mirror to my shattered soul  
with haunting pains of reality.

I searched for fragmented selves,  
everyone to find.

Then embraced tattered pieces,  
desiring to know they *all* were mine.

I saw neatly broken wisdom

tucked away here, there.

Together we hunted, found, opened,  
discovered, loved and shared.

Now look into the mirror of my soul  
and behind my closed eyes see ...

It is *I* who mended all along,  
silently creating a whole person.

A sacred creature known as ME.

## FOREWORD

**Colin A. Ross, M.D.**

*Twenty-Two Faces* is a vivid, well-written account of one woman's multiple personalities, effectively communicating the bewildering loss of time, intense internal conflict and traumatic origins of Multiple Personality Disorder.

The protagonist of *Twenty-Two Faces*, Jenny Hill, remembers being in a human sacrifice ritual with a brainwashing consultant named Dr. Green. According to many patients with similar memories, Green is a German mind-control specialist who came to the United States after World War II. In the 1990s therapists were accused of "implanting" false memories of

ritual abuse, including recollections of Dr. Green and his Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma and Omega mind-control programming.

Ritual abuse was taken seriously and investigated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to which Jenny belongs. Hundreds of survivors were found. As with recollections of Dr. Green, many told similar stories, but skeptics dismissed them as false memories created by therapists. Yet, nothing could be crueller, more extreme, or sadistic than horrors Hill and others describe which parallel those of the Third Reich and Catholic Inquisition.

I saw my first ritual abuse case in 1986 and had never read a book or article on the topic, heard any mental health

professional mention a case, or been to a lecture, workshop, or seminar on the subject. Now aberrant religious cults are the subject of countless media reports, many essays have been published and numerous conferences and workshops held throughout the United States and Canada on the subject.

In *Satanic Ritual Abuse: Principles of Treatment* I review the history and psychology of Western man's perception of Satan, explaining how to provide treatment for people with multiple personalities who hold Satanic Ritual Abuse memories. Therapy is not about memories, but resolving inner conflict; learning to tolerate intolerable feelings; letting go of addictions and self-defeating coping strategies; correcting errors of

thinking from childhood and discovering how to live in a more balanced, healthy fashion. Past events are not the main concern. Healing occurs only in the present, not in the past.

When Jenny Hill arrives at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital for a job interview she becomes a patient, exhibiting depression, anxiety, voices in her head, internal conflict, substance abuse and promiscuity. It is clear Jenny has highly conflicted, ambivalent attachment to her parents and is tormented by a painful mixture of love and hate. It is not hard to understand, then, why she has parental conflict and multiple personalities. Her memories and internal fragmentation are profound problems requiring prolonged treatment.



*Twenty-Two Faces* encourages the reader to focus on the pain, conflict and healing in Jenny's life in order to better understand the anguish of people who suffer these same types of devastating ordeals. Her biography gives realistic hope to those thousands so plagued and fragmented by this same gruesome, profound emotional shock.

Dr. Ross founded the Colin A. Ross Institute for Psychological Trauma in Dallas, Texas and since 1991 has run a hospital-based trauma program there for Dissociate Identity Disorder survivors such as Jenny. He is a former president of the International Society for the Study of Trauma & Dissociation, appeared in a

number of television documentaries, published over 130 professional papers and authored seventeen books including *The Trauma Model: A Solution to the Problem of Comorbidity in Psychiatry*; *Schizophrenia: Innovations in Diagnosis and Treatment*; *Moon Shadows: Stories of Trauma & Recovery*; *Dissociate Identity Disorder: Diagnosis, Clinical Features and Treatment of Multiple Personality*; *Satanic Ritual Abuse: Principles of Treatment*; *The Orisis Complex: Case Studies in Multiple Personality Disorder* and *The C.I.A. Doctors: Human Rights Violations by American Psychiatrists*.

Colin A. Ross Institute:  
[www.rossinst.com](http://www.rossinst.com)

# JENNY HILL'S ALTER FAMILY TREE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES

Alter personalities are numbered in order of Jenny's age when they were formed.

**Core Persona:** as a child, aqua-turquoise eyes with sandy-ratted hair; as an adult, long curly brunette hair.

## **Head Alter Angelic's Family**

Holds Ritual Abuse Memories

### **2. Head Alter Angelic**

Named "Alpha" by Old Man; Called "Girl With No Name";

Formed from Jenny, age 4; Grew to and remains age 6;

Looks like murdered child; Light-blue eyes; Short, straight blonde hair

### **11. Alter The Frightened One**

Formed from Angelic, age 6

Alter age 6 when formed

Grew up with Jenny

Arms always outstretched, as if tied to altar

A mute male with red eyes

Long, straight, black hair

### **14. Alter Joan**

Formed from Angelic, age 6

Alter age 6 when formed

Grew to and remains age 9

Talks for Jason, Shocked

and Frightened Ones

Brown eyes, red-black hair

### **12. Alter The Shocked One**

Formed from Angelic, age 6  
when kitten was killed

Alter age 6 when formed

A mute girl, naked

### **15. Alter The Dark One**

Formed from Angelic, age 6

Alter age 6 when formed

Grew to and remains age 9

Brown eyes, dark-brown hair

Black eyes

Hooded white face

### **13. Alter Jason**

Formed from Angelic, age 6

Alter always age 40

Looks like Paul

Makes all body muscles twitch

A protector and father figure

Mute male

Dark eyes, blonde

### **16. Alter The Evil One**

Formed from  
Angelic, age 6

Named “Theta” by  
Old Man

Alter an adult when  
formed

Unknown sex, eyes  
closed

Lays prone. Moans,  
groans

## **Head Alter Vennessa’s Family of One**

Holds Gang Rape Memory

## **22. Head Alter Vennessa**

Formed from Jenny, age 13; Alter age 13 when formed;

Grew up with Jenny to age 25; Formed when gang raped Looks

Mexican-American; Has a French accent; Brown eyes; Curly brown hair

## **Head Alter J.J.'s Family**

Holds Sex Abuse Memories

### **1. Head Alter J.J.**

Named "Beta" by Old Man; Formed from Jenny, age 4;

Grew up with Jenny; Mother to own family of alters; Sees herself as

older sister to Jenny; Dark-blue eyes; Black curly hair dyed blonde

### **3. Alter Sharon**

Formed from J.J., age 4 Alter age 4 when formed

### **10. Alter Jennea**

Named "Delta" by "Old Man"

Grew up with Jenny until 11  
“Twin Sister” to Alter  
Gennesa  
Handles Paul’s foreplay  
Blue-green eyes, short, light-  
brown hair

Formed from J.J., age 5  
Grew up with Jenny  
Homicidal  
Light-blue eyes, frizzy,  
red hair

#### **4. Alter Gennesa**

Formed from J.J. at Jenny’s  
age 4  
“Twin Sister” to Alter Sharon  
Grew to, and remains age 5  
Sees herself as having no  
face  
Handles Father’s foreplay  
Aqua-turquoise eyes, ratty,  
sandy hair

#### **17. Alter Teri**

Formed from J.J. at age  
7  
Alter age 7 when  
formed  
Grew to and remains  
age 9  
Hides in school rafters  
Blue eyes, short, brown  
hair

#### **5. Alter Janet**

Named Omega by the “Old  
Man”

#### **18. Alter Gretchen**

Formed from Teri at

Formed at Jenny's age 4  
Grew to and remains age 13  
Suicidal  
Dark aqua-turquoise eyes,  
curly  
brunette hair in pigtails

age 8  
Alter was 8 when  
formed  
Grew up with Jenny  
A mother to Alter Teri  
Has a Southern accent  
Green eyes, sandy hair

### **6. Alter Lady of Peace & Harmony**

Formed at Jenny's age 5  
Alter age 60 when formed  
Named "Gamma" by the "Old Man"  
Looks like Grandmother  
Thelma  
Communicates with all alters  
Aqua-turquoise eyes, silver  
hair

### **19. Alter Tammy**

Formed from Gretchen  
at age 8  
Alter age 8 when  
formed  
Remains age 8  
Alter Gretchen's  
daughter  
Aqua-turquoise eyes,  
curly,  
dishwater-blond  
hair



## **7. Alter Virginia**

Religious Alter

Age 5 when formed, grew  
with Jenny

Dark-blue eyes, dark curled  
long hair

Believed formed in Theta

Brainwave

## **8. Alter Virginia's Unnamed Alter**

Age 6 when formed from  
Alter

Virginia, remained age  
6

## **9. Alter Jennese**

Formed from J.J. at Jenny's  
age 5

Alter age 5 when formed

Grew up with Jenny

Cries for Jenny

## **20. Alter Pixie**

Formed from J.J. at age  
9

Alter age 9 when  
formed

Remains age 9

Blue eyes, brown hair

## **21. Alter Rachel**

Formed from J.J. at age  
9

Alter age 9 when  
formed

Grew to and remains  
age 17

Controls suicidal Alter  
Janet

Brown eyes, brown  
curly hair

Aqua-turquoise eyes, frizzy  
blonde

# A BLUE HOUSE WITH BROWN TRIM AND ALL AMERICAN ROSES

**Thursday, 24 September 1964. Age 5.**

“Hey, Scatterbrain, get ta eat’n and quit wasting my good food,” Mercy said as she threw a sharp eye at her oldest through pointed glasses edged in fake diamonds.

Jenny was unmoved by Mom’s remarks and continued twirling her spoon in a sugar bowl. The five year-old began morphing into another time zone, until Father’s *Los Angeles Times* rustled. Stunned by a date she read above the morning headlines, chills ran chaotically down her spine and she dropped her spoon. The little one paid no attention to sugar cascading onto the Formica table

while wondering, *Why isn't today, today?*

This precocious one could read, but lived an upside-down life. Past and present constantly overlapped as minutes, hours, days, even months went in and out of consciousness, abandoning the child to the eerie wilderness of her complicated mind.

Jenny was thin, almost frail, with dirty-blond hair that matched a voluminous crop of freckles growing across a pointed nose. She felt her only complimentary features were somewhere within gems of aqua-turquoise eyes, but even they changed color at times. The Taylor Twins in kindergarten assured her of that. Repeatedly.

A blank look appeared in those portals

as she placed left forefinger in her mouth while using the right to replenish her sugar, then poured spoonful after spoonful over Frosted Flakes, thinking, *I must be dumb. Don't trust nobody and can't never seem to figure out why.*

She stole a glance at her father, a man with powerful shoulders, hands and voice, too. Tall with black hair, Paul carried a hard demeanor surrounding furtive eyes, with a face void of creases for he rarely smiled. The thirty-seven year-old was constantly displeased with family members though unlike his wife, the only irritation he seemed to have toward their firstborn was that she referred to herself as Jenny. Right after her birth he stood in a circle of men at church and named her Virginia Louise Hill, insisting she be

called that. Everyone did, except the child who thought, *I don't like being called Virginia Hill, but I don't know why.*

At his kitchen table command post, Paul peeked at this favorite daughter from behind the newspaper. That was normal. Jenny didn't look back, which seemed normal, too. Father always made her sit beside him when the family ate and she could never look into his eyes, whether he was behind the news or not. However, what appeared on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* that morning in Garden Grove, California, did not seem normal. It read, "Thursday, September 24, 1964."

*I'm sure, Jenny thought, in fact double sure that when I picked up the newspaper from the front porch and shook off dew*

*just like Mom showed me, it said today was Wednesday. These tricks my mind plays don't make sense, none at all.*

Creamy oatmeal bubbled in a cast-iron pot on the stove. Aromas of the busy kitchen made Jenny salivate, but Mom never bothered to give her the warm oatmeal and she seldom felt like eating her own cold cereal. The youngster remained lost in thought while playing with her bowl of dry Frosted Flakes.

This eldest who didn't seem to fit into her own family, glanced warily at Mom. As usual, Mercy ignored her problem child while nervously circling the table serving breakfast. The mother in ill health constantly worried how she could possibly take care of four small girls,

efficiently run a household, plus stay in the good graces of testy hubby.

Mercy was a portly woman with thick coal-black hair who dressed in loosely fitting muumuus, preferably purple. Tension outlined her face. A Southerner with a benevolent countenance that paraded a prim and proper attitude, she was the middle child of a sizeable family now raising a large brood of her own. Mother's low energy level often clashed with her perfectionism, (which meant being on time no matter the consequence). This thirty-six year-old kept the little blue house impeccably clean with well-balanced meals prepared within a strict budget and ready precisely when her husband arrived. Having leg aches since childhood, precision even regulated her



hobbling stride. It wasn't in Mercy's nature to be open or submissive to anyone but her husband—an insecure woman who put great effort into pleasing him.

Neighbors and fellow church members considered her a saintly introvert, while at the Hill house she openly harbored a raging jealousy of Paul's attraction to their oldest. She had been antagonistic since just before the child turned five. Jenny's early Yuletide present last December was an oversized blue church dress. She threw a tantrum the following Sunday when again commanded to wear it. Then quite surprisingly, removed the heads of her only two dolls, sneaked outside and threw them into the city dumpster. A terrifying experience while wearing the dress left her empty, feeling unworthy to mother

anything. Mercy couldn't understand, much less tolerate, one so ungrateful as to throw her dolls away. Battle lines were drawn. Mom's rejection dominated Jenny's life.

The harried atmosphere continually surrounding Mercy seemed to aimlessly float above Jenny. Like most young girls, she tried hard to be like Mother, do her work, think her thoughts and feel her feelings. However, the bewildered little wisp observed Mom from her stranded position outside maternal acceptance, feeling she caused the family nothing but heartburn. The harder she worked to do things right, the angrier Mom became. *Why?* Jenny thought. *Does it have to do with that date changing on Father's paper? How come problems 'round here*

*are always my fault?*

She squinted at her sisters. Too busy to pay her notice, they were preoccupied in their attempts at attracting parental attention. Each laughed or wailed depending upon their need. Mom trudged between her hot stove, nine-month-old Susan crawling around the kitchen and crying Liz who rocked back and forth in a yellow chrome high chair. This usually happy blonde, turning three next month, once enjoyed life as baby of the family. That coveted spot changed last December when Mercy gave birth to Susan. With an uncaring father, competition for Mother's affection had begun.

Hungry Sharon pounded her hands up and down in frustration. The four year-old

was a pretty girl with an easy laugh who envied her older sister's position as mother's helper, had plans to take over that role and was in a second fierce rivalry for attention; Father's eyes continually followed only his eldest.

Sharon's banging finally entered Jenny's busy brain. She glanced again at the newspaper date while slowly picking up a half-eaten slice of un-buttered toast and plunging it into sugar piled high in her dish. The piece of bread a broken ship, lost in a sluggish sea. *How could it be Thursday so soon?*

She'd lost time. Again. Plus, there was another of many questions, *Why am I wearing my blue dress when I hate it?*

The dress was connected to an

atrocious Christmas past, but she had no recollection of that experience so traumatic it branded physical and emotional wounds on her splintered soul, creating alter personalities. It would take years, perhaps a lifetime, for these multiple personalities to feel safe enough to share their recollections. Jenny's independently formed thinking patterns concealed their maltreatment, but defended and held the child safe. More often than not, as happened that day when the blue-eyed blonde was under pressure, one or more, of these separate lines of reasoning surfaced to stand guard—always to protect—the core persona.

She picked up a carton to pour milk on her cereal, only to have the liquid splatter onto her white sweater. The ever-present

garment, always buttoned up tight, served as a security blanket, a pretense of protection from her ongoing mistreatment.

Suddenly she couldn't feel her fingers that were brushing away milk droplets as they slid down her sweater into folds of the cotton dress. She wondered, *Why can't I feel my hands?*

Her mind must not be working again, which always caused her worry. She didn't understand this inability to direct her body, nor the loss of time when alternative thinking took over, leaving her insecure with feelings of low self-esteem. Mother had little insight into the mindset of her oldest, further aggravating situations. Jenny desperately wanted to feel close to Mom, but with no success

whatsoever, turned to her kindergarten teacher, *Today I'll ask Miss Griffin why my fingers are out of control*, Jenny decided. *She listens to me, is sooo smart and has lots of good answers.*

The all-knowing Miss Griffin was a kindly woman who took a fancy to the quiet youngster, probably more out of curiosity than anything else. Her shy student was unexplainably sad and unpredictable in actions, though extremely bright with knowledge beyond her age.

Jenny felt today of all days wasn't one for more concerns. All week Teacher had been preparing class for Bean Day tomorrow, which Jenny now decided may have started this morning. She didn't want to goof up, especially for this best person

and was determined to be a good mother to her bean. For Bean Preparation Day, which might have happened yesterday, or perhaps the day before, Jenny planned to wear a red-plaid dress Mom bought along with her white sweater, for the first day of school. If Bean Day had changed to tomorrow, last year's yellow Sunday dress with matching lace was the choice. Miss Griffin said yellow was a warm, feel-good color.

Just as quickly as she lost the use of her fingers, Jenny felt them come back in sync with her body and pondered, *That was strange. Think I'm in trouble: don't understand what happened with my hands, what day it is, nor do I have a special dress on.*



Nothing made sense. But then, lots of things didn't, like being exhausted yet she just got up. That was another confusing situation caused by her core persona going to "sleep" while an alter personality took over to handle uncomfortable situations, then repressed the vivid memories into her subconscious. She was experiencing dissociation, an inability to remember events, common for anyone who has undergone repetitive trauma.

Jenny began eating her Frosted Flakes, thinking, *This'll give me the energy I need. Least, that's what Tony the Tiger says and he should know 'cause he's a big T.V. star.*

She looked at the kitchen clock: 7:14. *Oh, no. In a few seconds breakfast will*

*be over so there's no time to change clothes. I'll have to face the kindergarten kids in my ugly blue dress and without having today figured out. What am I going to do? ... I know. Maybe if I ask Father in Heaven to help me understand why it's tomorrow, I can figure out why things are so wacky today.*

“Forgot your book bag again, didn't you, crazy girl,” Mercy yelled, blowing Jenny's reasoning away. “Such a scatterbrain. Musta left it in your bedroom. Grab it and leave. Hurry up. You can't be late. Don't want ya to miss school and be stupid.”

“I don't wanna be stupid either, but I am,” Jenny mumbled as she obediently

picked up her uneaten bowl of cereal, walked it to the sink, opened a creaking door underneath and carefully scraped the sugary paste into an overflowing pail.

“Lay off the garbage, Mercy,” Paul said. “Virginia knows a heck of a lot more ‘bout things than you think she does. She figured out today’s date. I saw her read it when she brought me the paper this morning. Go on, Princess, tell Mom what day it is.”

Father’s abrupt order captured the child, who stopped and turned around to take another glance at the clock, “It’s September twenty-thir ... no, fourth, uh, Wedn ... I mean Thursday and, uh, 7:16 a.m.”

Mercy huffed. Paul grinned. Jenny

swung back to retrieve that book bag, only to spy Father's unmade bed at the end of their shadowy hallway. Stripes of an oncoming headache streaked through her, signaling an abrupt change of thinking. An alter personality was waking up to dominate Jenny's body, unknown to her, or anyone else.

Her head shook to clear the discomfort. The room spun. Her eyelids squeezed shut.

Then, it happened.

Her eyes opened. The kitchen clock read 7:21 and she was outside, closing the double-glass door. *Oh, my*, she thought. *How'd my book bag fly to me?*

Jenny was back in control, but unable to look at her family through a glass covered in fingerprints for fear something else would disable her. She turned and hopped down the patio step. *Must be on my way to kindergarten.*

Mercy wouldn't allow the kids to use her sacred front door because they'd trash the carpet, but didn't care about the back so Jenny learned to navigate through the double-glass door and yard as if blind. Behind closed eyes, steppingstone-by-steppingstone, she walked across Father's lawn, careful not to damage his manicured grass, and passed Mother's beautiful rosebushes that adorned the house.

Mother paid careful attention to those cherished roses. She tended them every

day right after lunch: feeding, pruning, picking off dry leaves and shoveling dirt in a protective circle around them. If the kindergartener returned from school on time and *if* really careful, Mercy let her help. Squirting water from top of the driveway and watching dirt run away from the spray was a favored pastime on those fun days. By the time muddy water migrated down a white rock-lined sidewalk and reached street's end, any unwashed clods fell into a sewer's black hole in front of a gray house on the corner.

This was Jenny's house of horrors, though she didn't know why. Such puzzling thoughts competed with each other somewhere in deep pockets of her mind. That gray place was where she'd often played with her friend, Mary, last

summer. There was something about a kitten, but that was way too difficult to think about. So, she didn't.

Since turning four Jenny couldn't think about a lot of things during the day, while her nights were one long nightmare where ghostly men surrounded her bed, lit candles flickering on their black hooded robes, chanting in monotone, "Salome, Salome, Salome."

Jenny made it past Father's perfect yard and Mother's prized roses without incident, opened her eyes and a heavy wooden gate, then shut and locked both (just as told). An alter personality reopened her eyes, but it was Jenny's core persona who placed left forefinger in her mouth and proceeded across the curved

driveway, onto the white rock-lined sidewalk that encompassed their small subdivision and Garden Grove Elementary-Kennedy Middle School complex.

Like her neighbors, today's fall weather seemed warm and pleasant, at least on the surface there in Garden Grove. The area was settled in part by pioneers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) headed by Amasa Mason Lyman, counselor to the great western colonizer and second president of the Church, Brigham Young.

In the 1830s religious persecution drove these Latter-day Saints from their homes in the eastern United States, more recently Nauvoo, Illinois, a city they built



from a malaria-infested swamp along a bend in the Mississippi. Small farming towns were established in the Mexican Territory later known as Utah and extended westward to the Pacific Coast.

By 1851 Lyman was presiding over a company of “Saints” near Jenny’s Garden Grove. Much to the chagrin of Brigham Young, the outspoken intellectual became an enthusiastic convert to his own Spiritualism Movement he named the Church of Zion. His meetings were filled with Black Magic, levitation, séances and chanting people standing in circles in a supposed communion with the dead. Upon return to Salt Lake City in 1879, Lyman was excommunicated for his aberrant religious practices.

Eighty years later in 1964 Jenny had no way to know how such a mysterious religion filtered down to affect her. Oblivious to everything, the little one was on her way to school, talking to herself and thinking hard. One thing was absolutely certain: there was distaste for her name. She thought, *I just hate the name Virginia. Wish people'd call me Jenny.*

Jenny didn't know why she despised her name. Memory of being ravaged in the woods while surrounded by a group of chanting men wouldn't be released from her subconscious until many years later. Alter personalities formed on that Yuletide night at age four had torturous stories to tell, but kept them hidden. Alters holding those repressed memories were

the cause of her continuous loss of time and lack of control, even the name people called her. More than once the frustration of trying to reason it all out initiated a headache and its resultant shift in her personality.

As, today.

Jenny's eyes changed from aqua-turquoise to dark-blue and her voice switched from soft-spoken to rapidly spit out brash tones. A personality calling herself J.J. awakened. This alter was birthed at Jenny's age four as an audacious foul-mouthed, flamboyant maverick who often competed for management of her "Jen's" mind and body. Taking her cues and language lessons from abusive surroundings, J.J.

yelled, “Shit, Jen, most people don’t think Virginia Louise is very bright. Hell, we know more ‘bout being a grown-up and surviving than anyone gives us credit for.”

Unaware of her own swearing or how she left Father’s curved driveway, Jenny found herself at the Tracy house next door. They and the Wilsons, retired couples who lived on either side of the Hills, kept their homes that looked like all the others, “neat as a pin,” as Mercy said. The seniors’ claim to fame: Wilson’s provided an after-school and all-summer neighborhood backyard hangout, while on Fridays Mr. Tracy gave out candy bars. He always saved a good one just for Jenny.

A dog named Hey You trotted from the

front porch of the Tracy house. Jenny bent to rub her nose on his. The five year-old loved all the puppies, kitties and birdies in the neighborhood, especially slimy snails and slippery worms that appeared magically after a rain. *They make me feel warm all over,* she mused, *like my sunbeams after a big storm.*

Strangely, certain plants elicited unease, particularly Mom's roses. This repressed memory was just another of many which wouldn't surface for years. Right now the neglected child's conscious thoughts were deeply concentrated on trying to make it safely to kindergarten. She came to a garage by that eerie gray house, where her feet slowed to a shuffle. A glance upward to a chipped front window unveiled a figure watching. He

darted away, instigating another headache. Her eyes closed to the agony.

Then opened. Jenny stood in front of the corner's busy street, having passed the gray house without knowing how she did it. She wondered, *Where have I been? Hope it's the same day I ate Tony the Tiger 'cause I figured that was Bean Day. Can't miss that.*

Bean Day had become an essential part of her ability to focus on the present. Mom said repeatedly she wasn't growing up, but Miss Griffin made a promise. On Bean Day if the class was especially quiet, they could go to the library and find out how sun and water helped plants grow. A determined Jenny was going to learn, then

teach it to her bean. *How are my bean and I gonna grow up if I miss Bean Day? ... I know. I'll ask my Sunday School teacher, Sister Tolman. She knows everything.*

As with school, in the Hill house LDS church attendance was a regular occurrence throughout the week. Jenny craved lessons on the love of Jesus Christ and especially enjoyed her teachers, but most times couldn't remember being there. Last Sunday during Sacrament Meeting those all too-familiar queasy feelings began. By the time Sacrament was ended and Junior Sunday School began her eyes were fluttering into a headache, indicating a blank period was about to start. She questioned her Sunday School teacher on how to take care of the problem, "I feel like I'm goin ta sleep, then I'll wake up

somewhere else. What should I do?”

Though startled by the unusual request, Sister Tolman counseled as always, “Ask Heavenly Father. He’ll answer your prayers, but often not when, or how you expect.”

Jenny decided to take advantage of that wisdom right there on the gray house corner. She prayed, *Father in Heaven, can you help me? I can't figure out today.*

In a quick answer, leaves floating in a warm Santa Ana breeze gave her a comforting hug. She looked up at the sun. Sure enough, it sat in the part of the sky it always occupied when walking to kindergarten. Schoolmates played across the street. The Taylor Twins climbed a



Submarine jungle gym that stood beside a dreaded Old Woman's Shoe slippery slide. Everyone was waiting for class to start. She studied her outfit including new patent-leather school shoes, "Gotta be the day I ate Tony the Tiger 'cause I'm dressed for kindergarten and still have on this ugly blue dress. Wow. That means it's still Bean Day."

As with her blank periods, Jenny seemed to have experiences no one else in her kindergarten class had and they weren't limited to a loss of time. In the far reaches of her brain a storehouse of demeaning events evidently opened a door for Extra Sensory Perception experiences to enter. Jenny's initial penetration of these subliminal barriers occurred during the first week of school. Miss Griffin

forgot to tell the class to bring their Show and Tell item, but Jenny brought her birthday present, a Mary Poppins record, and placed it on her desk. She was the only one who did Show and Tell that day. It made the Taylor Twins mad at her, again.

Acceptance was a big deal, like right now. The child knew running across the busy street Mercy said not to be afraid of, would get her to Miss Griffin on time. And if not late, there would be a hug. The instructor loved everyone no matter how dumb you were, but only if you got to school before class started. She thought, *I must do some things right 'cause Miss Griffin tells me so and she's smart and doesn't tell no lies. I have ta listen today. Remember all Teacher says and*

*try real hard not to forget a thing.*

Jenny stayed statue-still on the busy corner, meekly eyeing schoolmates led by the Taylor Twins, who were laughing at her from across the street. A gust of wind rustled her frizzy-blonde hair, blowing leaf-filled sunbeams away. She glanced backward. The forbidding silhouette appeared again in the gray house's smudged window. She looked forward, but saw little hope for a break in the army of cars. Her eyes switched downward: dirt from Mercy's rose bushes was settling into the watery gutter by her shiny shoes, about to go into the sewer's black hole. She knew once those broken clods reached that abyss they would never return and for a moment she searched inward, bowing in reverence. *Feel bad 'bout what*

*happens ta dirt.*

A tinkling gently floated to her ears from across the way. Her head jerked upward as she realized, *Oh, no, Miss Griffin's ringing her brass bell.*

Giggling children filed into the classroom. Her beloved teacher closed the door behind them while wind whipped the face of this little one standing alone on the corner.

Jenny ran across the pavement, slipping through a short break in the fast moving cars, careful not to let her new shoes step on the straight pedestrian line. *Did it myself, she thought. Pretty smart. Maybe. Don't need nobody.*

Breathless, she took forefinger out of her mouth to open the school door, as a

strangely familiar voice inside her whispered, “Wanna bet, Jen? You can’t get through Thursday without me.”

“Today is Thursday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of September, 1964, our Bean Day,” were the last words an exhausted Jenny heard Miss Griffin say. Her Head Alter Personality J.J. strutted past quiet children sitting around a big furry naptime rug. J.J. found Jenny’s chair, turned to classmates and using her middle finger, boldly presented them an obscene gesture. The classroom echoed in whispers and giggles.

“Quiet, everyone,” Miss Griffin said, smiling at the unruly group. Freshly shampooed hair draped over youthful shoulders as she bent to meet each child’s

eyes, “Let’s get started. It’s important to pay special attention today because we’re going to learn how to grow. When everyone’s ready, we’ll read a special story about a boy who made himself and his beans healthy and tall. It’s my version of Jack and the Beanstalk.”

J.J. produced a smug grin, proud of her newfound authority. She carefully pulled Jenny’s chair closer to Miss Griffin who, unaware of the “finger” incident, gave her always-late student a welcoming smile.

## THE NEW BEAN

### **Same Thursday, after kindergarten.**

“Yo, Jen, don’t know who I am, do ya?” J.J. said out-loud as Jenny’s chief alter sashayed her legs outside after school. She threw their petite hands upward in exasperation. “You don’t give a stink about me, or how I looked out for you today. Good thing I’m around. Someone has to dump Thursday’s garbage.”

Jenny’s stillness and Alter J.J.’s insistence were surreal that sunny afternoon. The personality had taken over workings of her mind and body. Splitting into separate lines of reasoning was a necessity for the five year-old, an essential escape from insanity, but not

without cost. Lost hours caused severe psychic disruption, leaving a lack of awareness and constant frustration, as happened on this, her important Bean Day.

J.J.'s strident thinking bore little resemblance to that of Jenny whose presence she shared. Everyone would assume she was Jenny, unless they looked closely into her eyes. Aqua-turquoise changed to a mischievous dark-blue when J.J. took over. The audacious authority figure represented a cross between Jenny and her mother, literally an adult within a child. The personality saw herself as a replica of the thirty-six year-old Mercy and craved full breasts like hers, yet lived in child's body. Unlike shy Jenny who functioned mostly with head down, feet shuffling and forefinger in mouth, J.J.



swore like a sailor and walked with a provocative prow, swinging hips from side to side as if owning the world and not giving a hoot who else was in it.

Personalities were developing within a highly structured chronological pecking order in recesses of Jenny's brain. They would eventually form three separate alter families. Alter J.J. was the initial one to create a system out of the core persona's thoughts at age four. She was a guardian constantly fighting for dominance while acting as a big sister, plus a mother to an alter family. Though, she had the mindset of a child who was often troubled at her inability to manage situations. That position would be further challenged as the identity grew up: more acts of violence occurred, subsequent

personalities came from her, plus new head alters and their own families were born—each with their own unique verbal skills and performance abilities depending upon the specific situation from which they were formed.

With her alters taking over to handle the mental strain, Jenny had no idea what she was going through, let alone how she reacted to it. The five year-old did know her disjointed thinking caused problems at times. J.J. often succeeded in completely blanking out the core persona, but was only partially successful on other occasions. Like, today. In class it seemed Jenny sat in the back of her mind viewing a movie about herself. Her limbs moved, she heard herself talking, but had no power over hands, feet, or lips. None.

And now, she could only watch the uncontrollable body swing her hips back and forth while marching toward the play yard after school.

The child was always the last out of class, wanting another hug from Miss Griffin, or trying to avoid the Taylor Twins who somehow found everything she did wrong and promptly blabbed her foibles to all of kindergarten. Or, it could be she was just slow. *Don't know*, Jenny thought. *Don't remember. Don't trust nobody.*

Jenny, not her Alter J.J., placed their bean cup in the sand and sat on a hard rung of the Submarine jungle gym. Her little legs swung back and forth with her thoughts. The yard became all Jenny's for

the few quiet moments between morning and afternoon school sessions. There, she examined life: why she was so different; why she couldn't remember the simplest things; why she felt horribly dumb all the time, yet why Miss Griffin said she was smart and most important, why no one wanted to be her friend. She thought, *Wish I had a best pal. I'd ask if they fly from Thursdays to Fridays like I do.*

It was as if Jenny were a time traveler—one moment she was here, the next moment there. Except, she had no space ship in which to travel. If there was one who cared about her she'd ask them what happened yesterday, or two days ago, maybe three, when she was playing with a former comrade, Belinda. Her friend's mother asked them to wash their hands for

lunch then seconds later, or so it seemed, Jenny stood across the street in the Wilson's back yard, crushed by what Belinda said, *Her momma don't want me to come over no more 'cause I act strange, just like what my Mom says. They must be right. Parents don't lie.*

Now Jenny couldn't even play with her old pal, Mary Scorpio, because Mom said Mary acted goofy, just like her. Mary lived in the scary gray house and went to afternoon kindergarten. Last winter and through the summer Jenny was sent to Mary's house almost daily, but now she rarely saw her old playmate, except at church. There, these quiet ones kept to themselves. Alters held repressed memories that successfully isolated the girls in their own corners. *Mary won't*

*talk to me, won't talk to nobody, Jenny thought. Not even our Sunday School teacher, Sister Tolman.*

There had been a yearning that kindergarten would change the unfortunate one's social life, but it hadn't. She decided, *I must be totally dumb not to figure it out.* "Hell, Jen, I'm your best buddy and neither of us are dumb," J.J. said quite loudly.

In truth Jenny, like so many ritually abused children, was exceptionally bright for her age. Still, the kindergartener remained convinced she was 100% retarded. Mom, four year-old Sister Sharon, the Taylor Twins and big kids who hung out in Wilson's back yard all confirmed the opinion. She didn't know

how to make a friend. Maybe there was one left, Kelly Sherman across the street. *Kelly's neat, but not somebody I can share my feelings with,* Jenny decided. *All that girl thinks about is Barbie dolls.*

A five-year old shouldn't feel alone and decrepit. Jenny did. But so many of her emotions were compartmentalized that she was unaware of those feelings, except for fear, *Wish I had someone to talk to. Feel scared all the time. Keep think'n big people are gonna hurt me, or take me away.* Jenny thought, while J.J. thought back in disgust, *Jen, quit thinking about that rubbish. Why not wrap our mind about what I'm thinking for a change?*

Distress dominated the child's life, fed by concerns of her different personalities.

As always, J.J. wasn't about to give in to those images. It was her body, too, and no one was going to take her Jen away. Often this alter had suicidal tendencies, but Jenny would die if she carried them out. J.J. would never kill themselves. That was pig-tailed Suicidal Alter Janet's job. Meanwhile, Jenny wondered, *Why am I thinking about dying?*

The core of her personality was filled with optimism and had no death wish, while J.J. occasionally did and Suicidal Alter Janet thought about it most of the time, but not today. There was this new bean and they were going to get old together.

Mary Scorpio stepped out of the gray house and joined afternoon



kindergarteners waiting on the corner. The gathering of children by the sewer was a sign for Jenny to leave, get on with her day, and she realized with alarm, *Can't remember what Miss Griffin said 'bout how to grow up!*

Jenny sprang from the Submarine. No more dallying. She was still baffled as to what happened today, but it was time to face that gray house and worse, Mom. Think hard. She remembered going into kindergarten and then all of a sudden she woke up to see kids holding their bean cups, laughing at her. Miss Griffin was upset that hers hadn't been picked up. The next moment Bean Day was over and there she was, holding her cup while walking out of class in front of a stunned Big Gus Henderson.

J.J. was the unhappiest, having fought management issues all morning. Just today J.J. had to hear all the hoots from the kids as she took care of Big Gus Henderson when he tried to steal their bean. J.J. absorbed calamities so Jenny didn't have to and loved the hapless child when no one else did. Not only that, the alter had to pretend to be the core persona when taking over to protect Jenny and couldn't be herself. She thought. She breathed. She felt. *Yet no one recognizes that I exist,* J.J. lamented, while Jenny thought, *It must be the same day because I'm still wearing this ugly blue dress. Dang, that means I slept through Miss Griffin's important instructions on how to take care of my plant. I'm so stupid. How can I help my bean if I can't direct my own*

*mind?*

Jenny's inattention to J.J.'s latest unanswered question made the personality realize that while Jen could hear her whisperings, she simply never listened. If an incident arose and neither she, nor any other alter inside knew what occurred, it made for all kinds of trouble. Once in a while J.J. needed her own time and took over the mind, then felt sad about things she did to Jenny's life. The alter wasn't a bad person. J.J. did what was necessary to protect her Jen, but also had to look out for number one, J.J. *After all, who's there to catch me when I fall?* she thought, while Jenny concluded their thinking with: *Sure know how to muck things up.*

Order wouldn't come to the jumbled

mind, confusing Jenny, who was unaware of J.J.'s very existence. She ignored the jabbering resonations inside, paid no mind to her various personalities' overtures at friendship and believed everyone heard these strange conversations. No wonder she felt forsaken. Even feelings of comfort from her Sunday School and Wednesday Primary teachers were intermingled with dread.

Jenny was a victim imprisoned within a two-fold worship. The essence of good quintessential Christian beliefs came from teachings of her LDS faith. Simultaneously and covertly, the mind-control programming she had been subjected to since age four at the corner gray house was grounded in ancient mystery religions. A false veneration to God while

paying homage to Lucifer was basic to the worship. Doing so supposedly increased perpetrator powers. The contrasting values of authority figures in her life further shattered her thinking.

The child was alone, but had an innate resource, often seeking spiritual guidance through prayer. This laid a firm foundation for a belief system that carried her through ongoing storms of misery.

Like a robot Jenny stood staring at the rock-lined sidewalk, unable to cross the busy street to it. She didn't notice other five year-olds including Mary Scorpio, use a break in traffic to walk toward her between the straight white lines. As children passed her by, Jenny was lost in a hodgepodge of thoughts. Most caused by

J.J., who swirled within her own rumination. Seeing other kids cuddled by their parents made this alter jealous. And, Jen's refusal to recognize her was maddening. As often happened under such circumstances J.J. expressed her feelings out loud, "Quit dwelling on your freak'n problems. Why can't you appreciate me? I help ya survive." "Why am I talking 'bout surviving?" Jenny questioned herself under their breath.

The mumbling child walked across the busy street, oblivious of zooming cars careening around her. A teenage hothead swerved his hopped-up '62 'Vette, shouting obscenities Jenny didn't hear because J.J. heard them for her. The alter yelled the same back. Hearing herself swear made Jenny shudder and she

*thought, How disgusting, embarrassing. Why does my mouth talk this way? Did that happen in school today? Can't remember. I don't trust nobody, so can't ask nobody to tell me why. Do know it felt good to sit in class with my bean cup and be like other kids. In fact, bet it was fun. Maybe. Don't really know.*

“Hey, Virginia. Wanna have some fun?” a deep voice bellowed across a weed-filled yard. Jenny froze. J.J. froze harder. They'd been walking with head bowed and hadn't noticed, let alone wanted to see anyone around that sleazy gray house.

“Yo little girl, didn't ya hear me?” said a scruffy-looking kid stepping off a crumbling porch. “Been wait'n for ya.”

Jenny's frantic thoughts entwined her.

She searched the sidewalk that led to Mom, saw the puppy named Hey You, Tracy's house, and off in the distance, shrouded in thorns, Mercy's rosebushes.

*Legs, move!* They wouldn't.

Weeds crunched beneath Maynard Scorpio's feet as he zeroed in on his prey. Devious thoughts swept the boy's face. He was tall and skinny for a fifteen year-old, with heavily oiled amber hair that fell across sardonic eyes—a victim of budding hormones. Faint wrinkles grew from the corners of his mouth as he approached. He grinned at her. Jenny looked at his big grubby hands, old Levis, muddy shoes and back to his hands again.

The middle school dropout did pretty much what he wanted. Today that was



Jenny. He grabbed her arm, forcing bean cup to the sidewalk while whispering, “Saved ya an all-day sucker. It tastes reeeal good. C’mon, let’s get it.”

J.J. also observed Maynard, though with more loathing than fear, “Don’t go with him,” she urged rather loudly.

“Keep it down,” Maynard whispered. “Ya want neighbors to hear?”

He half-dragged, half-carried the youngster across the un-kept lawn, up steps, through a splintered doorframe and into his front room darkness, with J.J. yammering all the while, “Jen, let’s get the heck outta here. Right now, Jen. Now! We’re in deep shit.”

“I’m telling you, shut up or I’ll slit your damn throat,” Maynard said.

The yelling ceased. Away from the sunny outside safety, Jenny stood inside gray house gloom, pretending everything was all right. J.J. knew it wasn't, "Not dealing with this. It's Thursday. Got more pressing things to take care of today."

The remark almost tripped Maynard's short fuse, but he cautioned himself, *Be Cool. Reason it out. Manage the anger. Do everything just right, or it won't work.*

He groped the tiny bottom while pulling her close, "Nothin to be alarmed about. I love you, Virginia. You're such a beauty."

It felt good to be held. Jenny longed to be loved, as did all her thinking patterns for that matter, but Maynard was initiating

an all too familiar panicky feeling. His hands were all over, ripping off her underpants. Jenny's frantic struggle to escape further aroused him. He pushed the reticent child toward the back bedroom, pulling a rusty pocketknife from the side pocket of his tattered pants.

“Ya got her?” asked Raymond's excited voice. This sixteen year-old was more vicious than his younger brother and wouldn't be considered handsome. He had mud-colored hair, like a floor mop never fully rinsed; kept himself scrawny; was thin-lipped and dressed in the same sort of sloppy attire that his sibling wore, though clothes were even more wrinkled. Raymond was good at nothing, good *for* nothing, surely the reason he dropped out of school at an early age.

It was he who produced the all-day sucker.

“Take the candy, Virginia,” Raymond ordered.

“Take it!” repeated Maynard.

Jenny came to in time to say a quick prayer before her eyes changed from aqua-turquoise to dark-blue and flickered. Sweat stopped trickling down her face. No fear held her, for a waffling J.J. was attempting to take over. The alter stammered, “G, ge, get, t, ta sleep, Jen.”

“Take the sucker. Take it,” Raymond continued to demand while Maynard scraped the sharp blade along her neck. A freaked-out J.J. reached for the candy, shouting, “Whoa man, that knife’s too much for me,” then she withdrew as

another head alter personality formed from the core persona said, “I’ll lick the sucker.”

A half hour later Jenny awoke to search for the beloved bean. Her penetrated body trickled red droplets down quivering legs and onto the sidewalk. Yet, she felt no discomfort—it, buried deep inside.

Up the street Mercy was using an old garden hose in a futile attempt to clean her hands. Filthy water sloshed down the sidewalk toward the child, conjoined dirt with blood then continued a determined voyage to the gray house sewer.

Spying her bean peeking out of the tipped-over cup of soil, Jenny thought, *Oh*

*no, this is awful. What if I can't save her?* “Your bean won't die, Jen,” said an infant voice in an uncontrollable splash of words coming from the mouth. “It's just ruffled a bit.”

During the last ten months this second head alter was too busy doing jobs in the gray house to define looks, let alone decide upon a name, but protective instincts were honed. With great suffering, Alter The Girl With No Name picked up the bean, “Come on, let's bury her back in the dirt.”

In that period where the core persona was sort of present, Jenny noticed, *Oh, dear. Mom's tending the roses. I must be late.*

The child stood, unsteadily, glanced at

the sun's position to discern time of day and began inching toward the blue house, holding up her baby bean to help it capture the warm rays. Some unknown alternative thinking advised sneaking by Mother, but the damaged girl was too engrossed in other thoughts to hear, *Mom will be mad I didn't get back from school on time.*

J.J. was unable to handle the threat of Maynard's scraping knife, let alone what followed. So Alter The Girl With No Name protected Jenny by storing today's unspeakable events at that house of demons. She was destined, as was J.J., to be in charge of an alter family who would deal with the Scorpios' continuous assaults.

Alter competition was unwelcome,

though J.J. had no choice. The two head alter personalities worked together to guide Jenny toward the blue house with brown trim, surrounded by rainbow-colored roses.

“Sneak in the back,” urged The Girl With No Name, while J.J. countered with, “Hell, don’t ya know nothin? Jen always takes that route. We ain’t allowed to enter that old cow Mercy’s sacred front door. If you’re gonna be around, Missy, better get it right.”

Mom was leaning over a prized rosebush heavy with exquisitely white All-Americans and didn’t seem to hear the child’s mumblings, or notice a small figure pass through and lock the gate. Jenny’s distressed body walked along the



backyard's crooked path, up porch stair, through back door and passed Father's bedroom to enter a spotless bathroom.

Well schooled in cleanliness from tending sisters daily, Jenny automatically washed her hands, then grabbed a fresh rag and wet it. Liz's bottle of Borafax ointment sat next to Father's Old Spice cologne and Baby Susan's Vaseline bottle with a stork on it. She clutched the antiseptic, wet rag and a couple of cloth diapers and tried to hide them beneath folds of her ugly blue dress while stepping into the girls' green bedroom.

The bean cup was placed on the sunny east windowsill according to directions J.J. heard Miss Griffin give. She took off the ever-present sweater, neatly folded it

into the top drawer of a dresser inside the closet, slipped out of dress and carefully hung the ugly blue among orderly clean clothes. Trembling fingers lifted a garment from the second drawer and slid door shut.

Behind closed doors, behind closed eyes, Jenny squatted in safety of the closet. She dressed wounds with stinging Borafax; stuffed a diaper into clean panties and put them on; slipped into nightgown and rolled the bloodstained underwear and rag into another diaper. The timid child opened the protective door to quietly crawl out and trash her soiled bundle, thinking, *Can't let Mom know 'cause she'd be mad, just like she always gets angry at me when bad things happen.*

The core persona was mystified; Alter The Girl With No Name, excited about being alive and J.J., thoroughly disgruntled. The alter was relieved another line of thinking had come forth to take care of the Scorpio dilemma, but there was more with which to deal.

J.J. ordered Jen to sleep. No more complications. This alter over sexual abuse memories had enough already.

It was Thursday.

## THE TIME THAT FLIES

**Friday, 25 September 1964. 7:11 a.m.**

“Six-foot-two, eyes-of-blue” (the wife’s melodious term of endearment for her husband), impatiently waited breakfast, “Hey, woman, where’s my Postum? Get your act together Mercy, you’ll make me late for work.”

Ever aware of Paul’s frustrations, the harried Mercy countered his brash remarks with a grunt and wrinkled brow. She continued stirring oatmeal on the stove while precariously holding Susan on her left hip. The nine-month’s old incessant wiggling soon found baby on the floor.

Jenny sat still, unaware of the parental

squabbling, their rants hiding somewhere within the sweet smells of toasted Wonder Bread, hearty oatmeal and sizzling bacon and eggs swamping the small kitchen already feeling a hot California sun.

Mercy paid no mind to the daydreaming of her oldest, the wife's attention forever centered on trying to please her husband, though most often was unsuccessful. She worked hard to create proficiency within the house and viewed herself as the perfect wife, homemaker, churchgoer and mother, in that strict order. Obsessed with maintaining a squeaky-tight budget, hubby only would be served eggs with bacon using legs that ached incessantly since an early age. Weight of carrying four babies hadn't helped.

She tossed fussy Liz unbuttered toast and gave Father greasy eggs and bacon while pouring his Postum. He slammed down the hot cup, “Dang it Mercy, can’t you do anything right? You nearly burned off my damn tongue.”

The wife took a deep breath, picked up a now-crying Susan and delivered him a refill topped with an ice cube, “Sorry, dear.”

She slipped behind the boss to calm down rowdy Sharon, but the four year-old, trying to avoid colliding with Father’s morning news, surged upward, tipping Mom’s pan of mush. The sticky mixture slowly spread across the Formica table toward Jenny, who sat unperturbed amidst the uproar, a blank glaze directed at her

cold cereal.

Sharon giggled at the older sister, “Whatcha staring at, weirdo?”

“Weirdo,” Liz mimicked.

“Can’t ya do anything ta help me, Virginia?” Mercy said as she threw a couple of dishrags over the hot mess. “Cripes, you’d think the eldest would be my best worker. You’re so crazy Scatterbrain, just plain dumb.”

Mom sank into her chair, squarely positioning herself between the oldest and Paul, then grabbed for Jenny’s spoonful of sugar, saying, “You’d make me spend my whole food budget on sweets, as if I need that worry. Your shenanigans will be the death of me, young lady.”

The injurious remarks went unnoticed by Jenny, who was ignoring everything but a growing headache. She yanked her hand away from Mom to continue piling more sugar onto her Frosted Flakes. A mélange of words thumped against her skull. She closed her twittering lids ...

... opening them to a surprise: her friend, Kelly Sherman, who was ordering, “Give me my Barbie, Virginia, Jenny, Jen, J.J., or whatever you want to be called today.”

“What happened to breakfast?” the mystified Jenny asked.

“Barbie don’t need any,” Kelly replied. “Her and Ken are goin ta bed. Why you staring at me? Huh?”



Jenny didn't know. The mixed-up playmate was totally lost, Alice in Wonderland all over again. Why was there no kitchen? No aromas? No bickering mother and father? No Sharon and Liz calling her "weirdo?" No headache? There was just her last friend sitting by an elaborate dollhouse that took up the end of an outlandish bed covered with a lacy-pink canopy. Jenny loved being across the street in the quietude of Kelly's home, but didn't know how she arrived.

Her pal owned elaborate toys and all the latest gadgets, such as electric curlers so she didn't have to rest on uncomfortable pink plastic wrappers the entire Saturday night the way girlfriend

across the street did. Jenny had no Barbie. “Too sexy” according to Mercy, while Kelly had both Barbie and boyfriend, Ken, each outfitted with more clothes than the bedroom closet shared with Sharon and Liz. The dolls had a fancy home and canopy bed that looked just like Kelly’s. Kelly was a Barbie look-alike with long, strawberry-blond hair, piercing pale-green eyes and clothes aplenty. Most of all, Jenny was envious because of her mother. Doris Sherman was a former burlesque queen who had dyed-red hair, huge bosoms and lots of hugs.

Jenny’s nostrils filled with smells of pungent coffee and musty cigarettes, odors forbidden in her ultra-conservative Latter-day Saint household. Members were advised to adhere to a code of health

called the Word of Wisdom, meaning abstinence from coffee, tea, tobacco, alcohol and illicit substances.

Jenny sat still, struggling to understand her situation: now dressed in pants, but wrapped, as always, in her white sweater buttoned up tight. She pretended nothing was wrong and relinquished Barbie.

“Come to lunch,” Doris’s lilting voice said from the doorway. “Last call. Get out here fast, or I’ll challenge you both to a tickling match.”

It was as if Jenny didn’t hear Doris’s welcoming voice. She turned to search for sunbeams streaming through leaves of avocado and rubber trees outside the window while thinking, *I’m not wearing a dress and I’m not at church. I should*

*be walking from school when the sun is straight up like it is. Must be Saturday. What happened to Thursday night and Friday kindergarten?*

Jenny awoke sitting in the Sherman's kitchen. Her stomach growling with hunger, she stared at a bologna sandwich and glass full of chocolate milk. A surprised gaze wandered to Kelly's empty plate, her milk almost gone. *How'd I get here? Musta gone to sleep for a few minutes.*

“Don't you want your lunch, Virginia?” Mrs. Sherman said as she left to answer the doorbell. Muffled voices pierced the front room, one all too familiar, *Mom's here! What did I do now?*

“Land sakes, Virginia,” Mercy said as she stormed into the kitchen. “What have you done now?”

“Her eyes rolled back,” Kelly replied, then turned on Jenny, “You’re so gross when you do that, J.J.”

“I called because we couldn’t get her to respond,” Doris said. “I’m afraid there’s something terribly wrong.”

“The only thing wrong with Virginia is herself. Sorry, Doris. I don’t know what gets into her,” Mercy said as she yanked the frightened child from table, out the front door.

Jenny re-awakened in the schoolyard, in front of Steven Penrod and atop the

kindergartens' frightening Old Woman's Shoe slippery-slide. Worse, her clothes were changed. *I hate this ugly blue dress. Why is it on?* "Duh. So no men will like us," J.J. said. "Sheesh, don't want to work harder than I do already."

"Look, Virginia's acting fruity," Steven yelled to his laughing playmates. He pretended to kick her, angering J.J., who initiated an exaggerated reaction to the soft strike, making the boys laugh harder. Others joined in, "Virginia's weird. A nutty weirdo. Dumb, scaredy-cat weirdo."

"Why did you beat up Steven?" Miss Griffin asked.

*How did I get here?* Jenny thought, searching her classroom. *Where's Mom?*

*This is sooo scary.*

“Scary” wasn’t something she associated with kindergarten. The classroom felt secure, especially in the well-equipped playhouse. Her tradition of finishing work long before others bought a lot of extra time in that special corner furnished with stove, sink and dishes. There in her own little home she pretended to be Mother. She was often allowed to choose her husband, always Calvin Anderson, a shy boy who had no difficulty relating to Virginia Hill. And, even though classmates viewed her as the kindergarten outcast, she had grown to love and trust Miss Griffin. The teacher now held her tight, “Are you all right?”

Her vision dimmed, waiting for tears

that wouldn't come. She had never been able to cry because her alter named Jennese supervised the tears. She thought, *Need ta give an answer that makes sense.* "My back smarts where Steven kicked it ... Miss Griffin, why do people like to hurt me?"

"I saw the whole thing and don't think Steven meant to harm you, sweetheart. That wasn't much of a blow. You're quite a fighter and my, your bad language. Why? Your mother is so well-spoken."

*Does this mean my teacher doesn't like me no more?*

The thought made her fall unconscious.

Jenny found herself sitting in her



designated chair next to Father at the kitchen table. Christmas tree branches sparkled from the front room. The date on Paul's paper, unnerving. Over two months had vanished. She wondered, *It's December? Where did Thanksgiving go? Halloween?*

The answer lay within her protective alters J.J. and The Girl With No Name who dealt with the Scorpio brothers at the gray house. The boys had their own Halloween and Christmas celebrations directed by an Occult Calendar. Jenny's first mutinous episode after which she threw her dolls away, was a marked event for the ritually abused, taking place during the Winter Solstice December 21<sup>st</sup> through 24<sup>th</sup> Feast Day Orgy and Demon Revels

Da Meur holiday.

These trials Jenny endured took their toll. She thought, *Mom's right. Smart kids don't do dumb things like losing time. The only one who doesn't think I'm stupid is Baby Susan. 'Course, there's Father who keeps telling me how special I am. Says I have 'the makings of a beautiful woman.'* But, I don't even want to be a woman. “Well, I'm a pretty woman and you are too, Jen,” J.J. said out-loud. “I hear Paul say that all the time. Not only that, we're damn smart.”

“Virginia, don't you ever swear in this house again,” Mercy exploded.

“Wish you were Jen's friend,” J.J. snapped back.

“Why? I'm your mother.”

“Mother? Really? Hell, I hate this twisted family,” J.J. shouted.

“That’s it with the swearing,” Mercy fumed. “You’re finished, Virginia Louise Hill. The belt will be waiting after school. You’re late for class. Get the heck out of here and start learning ‘bout what’s going on.”

“Oh, yeah?” J.J. retorted. “Why should she when you don’t have a clue?”

The alter picked up Jenny’s book bag and left. Legs sore from last night’s regular Thursday encounter, slammed the glass door and turned the body around, then stood still for a moment so J.J. could examine her Jen’s family from the outside in.

The sisters giggled. A shocked Mercy stared at her problem child through the dirty glass and then angrily turned back, just in time to catch Paul's flirtatious wink at their eldest. Shivers turned Jenny inside out.

## A VISIT FROM GRANDMA

**Thursday, 14 January 1965.**

At six p.m. sharp a worn station wagon pulled into the Hill driveway. The fragrance of Mercy's roses wafted beneath California smog as the sputtering engine died.

Paul stepped out, dressed in a blazer, polyester pants and white button-down shirt, top opened for a casual look. The meticulous thirty-eight year-old was on time. He married on 21 March 1958 after retirement as an intelligence officer in the Korean Conflict. His experience in the military, plus being raised in a prim and proper Southern household, as was his wife, placed punctuality on an even plane

with eating and breathing. The singular agreement seven years ago on their engagement night: Mercy was to keep a super clean house, with absolutely nothing out of place.

Paul was a creature of habit. He finished breakfast precisely by 7:15, was at work in the school district accounting office by at least 8:20 and left at five on the dot. Arrival back at the house was as close to six p.m. as traffic allowed. There, he expected dinner to be waiting. The family went to the beach every Saturday and, of course, to church on Sunday. He was set apart as the congregation's record keeper, a volunteer calling he performed with exactness. Days were an orderly routine.

He approached the front door on time, as planned and thinking, *Hallelujah! I finally have the house to myself tonight.*

Thursdays were significant. Mercy prepared his meat loaf and potatoes. Right after dinner and while the eldest tended the younger girls, he took wife to her ladies' Relief Society meeting at church—a set regime every Thursday night since last February when Jenny turned five.

However, in the past two weeks his routine had been disrupted. Mother-in-law Thelma Dickey was visiting from Florida. He didn't like her, she didn't like him and Mercy never minced words railing about the conflict, a standoff waged since their wedding day. Grandmother slept in the front room on Mercy's roll-a-way,

meaning wife was in his bed, with Baby Susan close by.

*Things are about to change*, Paul happily contemplated. Later that evening he'd take Mercy and Susan to church, then drive Grandma to the airport. His little Princess would put Sharon and Liz to bed well before his return by nine. The wife intended to catch a ride with a neighbor, be at the house by ten and get back to stuffing pillows around the roll-a-way in the front room, her choice because of his snoring. He would reclaim his bedroom.

Other plans were forming indoors. With an excuse of giving a goodbye gift, Thelma pulled her cherished granddaughter away from a bustling kitchen to a faded apricot-colored couch.



She presented Jenny first choice of new cotton shorty pajamas. The almost six year-old chose the set with purple pansies, Mom's color.

Like Mother, Granny was a perfectionist. Waves of a silver-gray mane hid beneath a matching wig that crowned her plump figure. A score of facial wrinkles complimented pearly white skin belying her age of sixty-three.

The Dickey grandparents had a "Together Forever" LDS temple marriage that would last close to fifty years. They raised their children in Daytona Beach, Florida, where the retired couple did volunteer work in the Church's genealogy program and she pieced colorful hand-made quilts for her many grandchildren.

Grandmother's sole "vacations" were trips to California to help her middle child. Other children had large families, too, though none seemed so overwhelmed as Mercy.

Granny was full of warm kisses, just like Miss Griffin. She sang the "Lady Moon" song every night as she lovingly tucked her pet grandchild under a multi-colored quilt made just for her. Jenny often hid under the silk bedcovering so she could suck her forefinger away from sisters' smirks. Jenny thought, *Grandma's not like Mom. She cares 'bout me and doesn't get mad when I goof up. Does all my work and lets me play, even if it's by myself. The best thing is, I don't have to be an adult around her. Sure feels good pretending to be a kid.*

“What nonsense is going on between you and your dad, Virginia?” Thelma asked.

“Nothing,” Jenny said. She loved Grandma, dearly, but couldn’t admit the truth. Grandma and Father argued a lot, just as Mom did with him. Granny might get angry if Jenny told Paul’s secrets, just as Mom got really mad when Jenny complained of being injured, or was angry for no reason at all, at least that she could figure out.

“It isn’t normal the way Paul looks at you,” Grandma pressed.

“I know. He tells Mom what a special daughter I am and tries not to fight in front of me. Or when they do start yelling, tells me to leave and go find my friends.” *He*

*don't know I have none.*

Jenny wasn't about to divulge the family's dirty laundry, couldn't concentrate. She was too busy recalling a fight between her parents right before Grandma came:

Father said, "What kind of a mother are you to always put her daughter down?"

"Oh, I forgot," Mom replied. "She's Daddy's Little Girl. Should never say anything wrong about Virginia."

"I'm sick and tired of seeing her hurt because of your insecurities, Bitch," Father spit as he banged both front and car doors on his way to pick up Grandma at the airport.

Afterwards Mother turned her anger onto Jenny: "We're thinking of getting a divorce because of you."

*Wonder why problems around here are always my fault? Jenny thought. Guess that's what happens when you're a retard like me.*

A long silence helped Grandma confront the issue, “Virginia, I’m worried. Last Saturday when we rode to the beach Paul made you sit in the middle of the back seat and constantly fiddled with the rear view mirror so he could watch you, all the way to the coast.”

“Father always does that. It makes me feel strange.”

Thelma’s aqua-turquoise eyes looked straight into her matching granddaughter’s, whose own were changing into different hues, “Listen carefully, dear child. Has he

done anything to you, Virginia?”

Alter Virginia couldn't respond as she thought Thelma ordered because J.J., always looking for an opportunity to purge thoughts, saw a chance to open their can of worms and be free of trouble. But, J.J. didn't quite make it as Jenny was ignoring her alters' whisperings and managed to stay in charge, until Father opened the door. His angry eyes scowled. Briefcase, dropped, “Why aren't you helping Mother in the kitchen, Virginia?”

Jenny's eyes completed their switch to dark-blue as Alter Virginia awoke. She originated because Mercy and Paul, even Thelma, constantly called out her name, expecting the dutiful to come running. Alter Virginia pictured herself with

perfectly curled shoulder-length brunette hair, almost opposite of Jenny's short dirty-blonde. She thought no one liked her and felt more secure in church, so attended on the central persona's behalf. There she became converted to living precepts taught in the Gospel of Christ, including adherence to the LDS church's strict moral standards.

That put Alter Virginia and J.J. in constant conflict. J.J.'s promiscuous attitude, resulting from sexual assaults this alter endured, was in direct opposition to the religious piety that ruled the way Alter Virginia wanted Jenny to live. To deal with the conflict, Alter Virginia split out her own unnamed multiple personality.

“Virginia, get into the kitchen. Now!”

Paul demanded.

Alter Virginia sprang to do as she was told. Thelma shook her head in disbelief.

Around six-thirty p.m. Jenny opened her eyes to find herself by Mother in the bathroom, her mouth talking. Alter Virginia was answering a question, “But Jen’s mom, she’s ill and not hungry.”

“You ignorant liar, pretending to be sick all the time and always wasting my good food. I saw you throw your dinner into the garbage tonight, right in front of Grandma, too. Don’t you ever think?”

*Guess not, Jenny thought. Don’t know how to think.*

Since Mother demanded “clean plate,



no waste” at meals, the slip-my-food-into-the-trash technique had been perfected, almost. At supper during the Granna-Father argument and while she thought no one looked, some unknown alter swept peas, meat loaf and smashed potatoes into a napkin and disposed of it in the garbage.

It seemed Jenny was starving herself to death, except suicide was her Alter Janet’s assigned task. This destructive thinking was also born at age four while Jenny wore her new blue dress. The personality witnessed an unspeakable act that destroyed her self-esteem and ever since plotted to murder the body.

The time for Thelma and Mercy to leave with Paul came too soon for Jenny.

“Now, Virginia,” Mom said sternly, slipping on a purple silk church dress over her large frame, “Put the girls down by eight o’clock. Don’t be crawling into bed and pretending you’re sick, you hear?”

“Yes, Momma,” Jenny nervously said. She was fearful of Grandma and Mom leaving, though she didn’t know why. Her alters held the reason, but weren’t about to tell, even each other. Their ability to come together was dependent upon living away from abusive situations. Even with that factor in place integration might take a lifetime. Each felt very much alone.

Like, Jenny.

“Mercy, we’re gone,” Paul yelled as he rushed Thelma’s bags through the living

room and out the front door. When Grandma's arthritis prevented her from keeping up with her son-in-law, Jenny, or one of her personalities, saw the opportunity and ran for one last hug—too late. Granny was through the sacred door and none had permission to use that entrance. There was only time to wave. But no one noticed. No one said goodbye to Jenny, or to her alters Virginia, Gennesa, Sharon, Jennese, Janet, J.J. and The Girl With No Name, who all stood by the couch, each alone.

Jenny concentrated on sticking her forefinger into her mouth while the alters worked in unison to climb onto that sofa and press her nose against the window. They watched the station wagon back down the driveway and speed down the

street, far away from complex thoughts of Jenny and her alters who sadly gazed through the blue house's brown-trimmed window.

Jenny wanted to follow Grandmother home, but Florida was way too far away to walk. Abandonment by this elderly best friend was so traumatic that the core personality completely blanked out, allowing Alter Jennese's tears to gush. Her weeping was accompanied by a variety of vocalizations, including Suicidal Alter Janet's threatening voice, "Can't take this rotten life without Granny here. I'll make sure we all die." "Janet's got something planned." "Help us." "Please, please, pleeease help us," different alters bawled.

Sharon and Liz giggled at their older sister's crazy histrionics.

“Don't worry. I'll get everyone through this,” Alter The Lady of Peace and Harmony formed to say under features exactly like Grandmother Thelma's. Everyone badly needed this Lady's thinking. Peace and Harmony gathered all kinds of contentious thoughts into her mothering arms, gently holding them comfortingly close in twists and curves of Jenny's brain.

Hyperactive sisters filled the night and wore Jenny out. Finally she swaddled Liz in one of Grandma's warm quilts and cuddled her in Mercy's rickety rocking chair. The two year-old dropped off, but

Sharon still wanted to play. Jenny talked in Mother's angry tone saying, "Sharon, you can wear your new pajamas if you'll go to bed," thinking, *Everyone including me, has to be asleep by the time Father gets back.*

Jenny tucked in the girls, picked up clutter around the house, unwrapped her new pajamas, carefully folded the paper and placed it into her trashcan. She held up the soft cloth and gently rubbed it against her cheek. The fresh fabric smelled clean. *I'll keep these forever so Grandma will always be with me,* she thought.

She looked up at the bedroom window to see moonbeams reflecting on a lone cup resting on the ledge. Miss Griffin said to

place their beans where sunbeams could help them grow and she had done exactly as told. But as she reached for the baby bean, her gaze crossed cracked dirt and a realization set in, *The soil's hard, with no pretty leaves. I musta forgot to take care of my plant.*

Jenny reverently placed the cup in her wastebasket beneath carefully folded papers from grandma's present and contemplated graveside services for her dead bean. But a complication arose—she was unable to kneel. Too often and at unpredictable times, tangled memories of being brutalized while kneeling fast-forwarded into her consciousness. There was no way to deal with such wretched thoughts right now, so she stood above the garbage to pray, *Father in Heaven, my*

*bean's with you now 'cause I didn't teach her how to grow. She musta given up hope.*

Jenny walked into the bathroom, turned on the tub water, removed her clothes, placed them in the wicker clothesbasket and slipped into the bubbly water, where she reminisced about her bean.

“Bang.” “Bang.” “Bang” the station wagon sputtered into Father’s driveway, the loud noise stressing her out, *Oh no!!!*

She toweled, jumped into purple-pansy pajamas, sprinted to her lumpy roll-a-way and snuggled next to Liz.

Too soon the familiar sound of Father’s whispers, “Psst. Psssst. Psssssst” rushed through the green bedroom doorway. His continuous “Psst. Psst.



Psssst, Virginia,” palpitated her heart, surging waves of adrenaline into every vein. She felt faint, as if her blood stopped circulating.

Jenny decided to pray and as denial gradually tucked Father’s devastating intentions away, her newly formed Alter The Lady of Peace and Harmony came forward to say, “You’re safe. Nothing’s going to bother you. I’ll take care of everything.”

“Psst. Psssst, Virginia,” Paul continued from the doorway. He was angry. Jenny, disoriented, her inner voices that held ugly memories arguing and running amok. She crept deeper under Thelma’s quilt-of-many-colors. J.J. commanded sleep, but Jenny ignored the

order, thinking, *Maybe he won't realize I'm awake*, while a whacked-off J.J. continued the thought with, *Seems Sharon could do this once in a while.*

Sharon, Liz, nor Jenny stirred as Paul wormed his way around Sharon's bed, reached under the covers of Jenny's lumpy roll-a-way, making sure not to disturb Liz, picked up the eldest and carried her into his room. Jenny thought, *Been a long time since Father took me to bed.* J.J. knew better, *Jen, this wretchedness has been part of every Thursday night since I was born, except when Thelma visits. I'll take care of it like I always do. Just get ta sleep.* Jenny continued to ignore the whisperings, *Felt protected with Grandma here, but she's gone now and Mom's never been around, but ... Don't*

worry, *I'm with you* The Lady of Peace and Harmony interrupted in her soothing voice. *Like J.J. said, go to sleep.*

Too frightened to blink, Jenny stared at Father's headboard as he reached past his Old Spice cologne for the Vaseline bottle with a stork on it, *Don't think I'll like what he'll do. Sides, he shouldn't take that Vaseline. It's for Baby Susan. Maybe I can wish myself outside playing ball with the stork. Bet that'd be fun. Yeah, if I try hard, it'll happen.* "Don't worry about that blasted bird," J.J. said out loud. "Told ya I'd take care of this."

"Keep quiet," the infidel whispered.

Jenny awoke precisely when the suffering became unbearable. Feeling no

sensation at all, her spirit was ascending toward the ceiling. Floating upward, she looked down to see her body furiously wrenching back and forth beneath Paul on the bed. She wondered, *I'm flying? Am I dead? Down there, my hands are grabbing the covers. Why?*

Below, Paul rolled off the little body. Jenny preferred floating on the ceiling, but her spirit began a fast descent and she helplessly reentered clammy skin. Her chest heaved up and down, breathing again, in excruciating discomfort. Light blue-eyed Homicidal Alter Jennea, infuriated that Paul's fondling turned into rape, formed to blank Jenny out.

“Father” tried to clean up with tissues, and then pulled the purple-pansy pajamas

up her quaking legs. Meanwhile, frizzy-redhead Homicidal Alter Jennea began formulating plans to ensure he never did this again, while Jenny thought from the back of the mind, *My new jammies don't feel fresh no more.*

Paul carried her into the girls' bedroom with Alter Jennea in charge. He carefully laid the limp body between white sheets, pulled up Grandma's quilt and kissed her forehead.

Jenny reawakened to the sound of Paul's shower, thinking she must be in extreme duress, but couldn't feel anything. Not the only one upset by events of the evening. J.J., spent by the experience so painful she broke out Alter Homicidal

Jenea, was confounded by the unidentified voices running rampant. As usual, J.J. expressed her concerns out-loud, “That scumbag did a job on us this time. Now, why the Hell does Jenea think she can kill Paul; what the Hell’s a Lady of Peace and Harmony and if that Lady is suppose to handle Jenea and get some peace around here, then where the Hell is she?”

The child might go insane if aware that both Paul and Scorpios were raping her. In order to subsist, trauma-induced dissociated states led to the development of multiple personalities, with nine alters created so far—each structured to perform specific tasks. Last year J.J. and The Girl With No Name formed and began dividing into their family of alters that included

Suicidal Janet. Tonight Homicidal Alter Jennea came out of J.J. to consume the devastation of Paul's incest. Jenny and all her alters needed the calming assurance expressed by The Lady of Peace and Harmony who materialized upon Grandma's departure this afternoon.

Alter Janet grumbled about ending it all again, while The Lady of Peace suggested rest was needed. J.J. was relieved at that thought, but felt the mind sister who wouldn't name herself, was useless. This alter over sexual abuse memories needed help because with Thelma not around, things were bound to be complicated. J.J. contemplated on how to handle next Thursday, morosely saying, "Hell, with Granny gone, my vacation's over."

Jenny continued to twist and turn beneath Grandma's silk top quilt. Her body loaded with suffering, but she couldn't feel anything, decide what happened, nor understand why. Totally spent, she ordered the discombobulated voices: *Enough already. Stop!*

They immediately quieted as she fell into a deep slumber.



## A CHILD OF GOD

**Sunday, 14 February 1965. 10:00 a.m.  
Age 6.**

Smiling children sang their beloved song, “I am a Child of God,” with gusto, including Jenny’s six-year-old Alter Virginia. The spiritual personality sat reverently with arms folded and head bowed among youngsters crowding an LDS Garden Grove Ward Junior Sunday School room. The angelic sounds enhanced what the alter assumed to be her near-perfect appearance, though what Alter Virginia perceived as long brunette tresses that Mercy combed to perfection earlier, were actually Jenny’s short blonde frizzes.

Alter Virginia was present because during the prior hour Jenny became upset about seating arrangements. In Sacrament Meeting Father called Virginia forward by saying the alter's name, asking Virginia to sit at his side for passing of the bread and water. His command made Jenny zone out, while Alter Virginia always did as she was told, but kept her head bowed, avoiding Paul's eyes.

Sometimes Father sat on the stand in the chapel with other High Priests, staring at his oldest during the prayer. His irreverence frustrated Alter Virginia because everyone was supposed to be behind closed eyes during that time. To make matters worse, often Raymond Scorpio stood up front with another teenage priest saying the Sacrament

prayers over a white linen-covered table. And Maynard joined younger deacons passing the sparkling clean silver trays of bread and water down long padded benches packed with LDS families typically composed of four or more children.

Now beautiful music filled the Junior Sunday School room full of CTR (Choose The Right) classes, younger Sunbeams and other happy ones. Alter Virginia loved going to church and often took over Jenny's thinking as they entered the building. She had the Children's Songbook memorized. Her unwavering reverent demeanor sitting silently with head down, arms folded—often prompted teachers to cite her as a fine example. Alter Virginia loved these warm, fuzzy

feelings received only at church.

Alter Virginia was able to enjoy these moments because her corrosive memories were deeply hidden. Her own unnamed personality, alone, coped with the harsh contrast between spirituality and Jenny's tortuous life outside of church.

Alter Virginia was singing "I Have Two Little Hands," the lyrics bringing shame to Alter Gennessa and her twin Alter Sharon, who remembered being forced to use Jenny's hands in Paul's foreplay. The "twins" formed when J.J. would only perform the more enjoyable lecherous acts with Father.

I have two little hands folded snugly and tight.  
They are tiny and weak, yet they know what is

right. During all the long hours ‘till daylight is through, there is plenty indeed for my two hands to do ...

Semi-present Jenny didn't like the words to the song so wouldn't participate, even if she could. Which right now she couldn't and was only able to mumble, "God don't want to hear me sing 'cause He don't love bad girls like me."

Alter Virginia absorbed the uplifting inspiration of church services while Jenny and the others inside felt undeserving of the comforting words. Last week Jenny's treatment at the house of Scorpios almost destroyed what little ego she had left. The one over those memories, The Girl With No Name, along with her family of alter children, had been subjected to the

devilish side of man's nature. Now some discussed those grisly events at that gray house, while Jenny's Guidance Alter The Lady of Peace and Harmony counseled to: "Just enjoy the song."

Jenny, lost in convoluted reasoning, aimlessly rocked back and forth in her small wood chair, mulling over another time, another place, another chair, *My mind seems upside down. Do other kids get hurt like I did this week? None of them will talk to me so I'll probably never know.*

Her thoughts were dominated by events of last Friday when the gray house window shades were drawn. A slow thump, thump, thump brought in an old man using a cane, limping on his left leg.

Thinning hair the color of walnuts framed sides of his head, with none on top. It was obvious he was there especially to look Jenny over. She was in the back bedroom, naked, with her hands and legs tied to a metal chair.

Maynard and Raymond were arguing in the hallway. The Old Man yelled back in his German accent:

“Okay. We can try her, but I don’t like it. She wasn’t kidnapped like the others. Too many loose ends.”

“We don’t have to kill her just yet,” Raymond gripped.

“It’s not the sacrifice, dummy. It’s the programming. It takes time. She’s sure to talk at home, school or church.”

“I guarantee we can hang her upside down on

a cross and she'd never tell anyone," Maynard nervously replied.

"You'd better be right for your neck's sake," threatened the Old Man. "We'll see how she does next Friday."

*Does that mean something bad will happen to me again on Friday?* Jenny thought from her chair in Junior Sunday School.

This person Jenny knew as the Old Man was highly versed in mind-control. His face was arrogant, offensive—a degenerate effigy that drove his followers not to love, but to despair. This pernicious master programmer was a keeper of conspiracies intelligible only to those of "Hidden Knowledge."



Within the next twenty years the Old Man would be recognized. By 1984 Corydon Hammond, Ph.D. began surveying therapist-members of the just-formed International Society for the Study of Trauma and Dissociation. The majority of clients studied, close to 75%, reported being tortured as children under direction of a Dr. Green or Greenbaum—a Jewish turncoat who perfected his “Green” mind-control programming in World War II Nazi concentration camps. Employed after the war by foreign and U.S. agencies, Greenbaum apparently supplemented his income via advertising his amoral craft by word-of-mouth to ever-growing, upper-level satanic covens. His services were highly skilled, in great demand and extremely profitable.

Depiction of Greenbaum was always the same: short with balding brown hair, walked with a limp in his left leg, carried a cane and spoke with a heavy German accent. He fit the age and description Jenny gave of the Old Man.

The Old Man's torturous training taught Jenny to be silent during upcoming events as scheduled on the Occult Calendar. Last October the Scorpions had not sufficiently advanced in their coven's hierarchy to use Jenny in the important All Hallows Eve celebration of Lucifer's birthday, which required sexual climax with a victim before they were slain. But now they had Greenbaum's help to prepare her for the calendar's approaching 21<sup>st</sup> June Summer Solstice that determined a female innocent

be sacrificed, preferably a blue-eyed blonde. Like, Jenny.

Sister Channing held up A Choose The Right (CTR) flag, signaling Jenny's class to stand up—picked to leave first because of their reverence. The child arose to a rigid stance at the front of the line next to Sister Tolman and then let others walk by. A younger Sunbeam class followed the CTRs' good example and filed out of the room. Alter Virginia fell into what she felt was her rightful place in back of the long procession, behind Mary Scorpio. With arms folded the well-disciplined soldiers obediently walked quietly down the hall following their teachers. Shy Alter Virginia shuffled at the end of the long

row with her head bowed, deep in thought, *Bet Tolman will tell us how Jesus loves everybody.* Jenny didn't think so, *Don't wanna hear Teacher's lesson. She thinks I'm good and pure like Jesus. Wish I was, but I'm not that kind of a kid.*

So on that day, as with most Sundays, Alter Virginia listened to the lesson so Jenny didn't have to.

“GREEN BOMB” MIND-CONTROL  
PREPARATION FOR SACRIFICE

**Friday, 19 February 1965.**

Jenny endured a restless Thursday night of thrashing about and was exhausted by Friday kindergarten. Her severed consciousness had directed discussions deep into the night. Events with Paul created concerns about death that kept her multiple thinking patterns on edge. J.J.'s alter family, born out of Father's sexual encounters, overheard him threaten to kill the body everyone shared if they exposed what he did on Thursdays. Alters formed during the Old Man's semi-weekly brainwashing (The Girl With No Name's family) were sure he would kill them if

Jenny made a sound during her training.

Jenny renounced these traumas because she simply couldn't deal with them. Paradoxically, denial was essential for her sanity, a system of staunchly dealing with the past while unconsciously guarding against intrusion. It's known as repressed memory where intra-psychic processes compartmentalize traumatic events with a singular goal: to protect the core persona.

The little girls inside her were protective, but didn't communicate with one another because her core personality split twice and formed two families of alter children. J.J. 's group handled Father's encounters, while those from The Girl With No Name held Greenbaum's

torment. For the most part, no one knew the others existed, resulting in difficult communication for everyone. Except for J.J., of course, who was an exception to every rule and four other alters who traversed back and forth visiting across family lines: Suicidal Janet, Spiritual Virginia, Crying Jennese and The Lady of Peace and Harmony.

Few alters listened to each other that long Thursday night, not even Jenny, who wondered why those ever-whispering voices inside her wouldn't let go.

By Friday morning kindergarten, a wiped-out Jenny had to concentrate hard as she walked out of school; parts of her unaware of Paul's subjugation, while other parts had no idea of the

sophisticated mind altering programming she endured at the gray house. She thought, *I'm sooo tired. Feel like that zombie on TV cartoons, though did pretty well with writing today, but failed art.*

J.J.'s family of alters long wished to express themselves and did so in writing that day, finishing her English assignment early. Miss Griffin invited her to paint on the art easel. J.J. helped Jenny draw a man with a belly button and wrinkled extension between his legs.

“What’s that?” a shocked Miss Griffin asked.

“A naked man,” the six-year-old proudly said.

The picture was hastily ripped off the board and crumpled before Jenny had a



chance to show her prize. With an angry look and shaky hand, the instructor dipped her brush into a red paint jar, “Why don’t you draw a flower? Copy mine from the board. See, it has five red petals, a tan stem and one green leaf.”

The Taylor Twins giggled. Jenny threw an embarrassed glance at them, which leapt to Mrs. Griffin, to her crumpled masterpiece in Teacher’s hand. Then she obediently did as she was told and filled in five perfect red petals. By time the brush was cleaned and reloaded for a tan stem, her broken heart was no longer into the work. Teacher had trashed her rendering, *Miss Griffin’s mad and hates my painting*, Jenny decided. *Thought I did a good job drawing Father, but she*

*must think I'm a terrible artist. I'll never draw anything again.*

And for the most part, Jenny never did.

The sun was almost straight up in the sky as the exhausted child shuffled past the Submarine gym while trying to reason out the latest happenings, but didn't unlock the wood gate leading to Paul's flawless backyard until sunset. Perplexed at the time loss, Jenny thought while entering the double-glass door, *My time with the Old Man didn't seem too long today. Can only remember a few minutes.*

Her programming commenced after kindergarten by the schoolyard fence when her eyes met those of the scurrilous Old

Man. Feet hesitated. Head bowed. She prayed, *Father in Heaven, need someone to go with me.*

A warm feeling embraced her as she thought, *Thank you. Not worried no more, must be angels around.*

Without hesitation, Alter The Girl With No Name took over to walk across the busy road and directly into the gray house. The Old Man preceded her, kicking the door closed with a strangely familiar gnarled cane. His eyes didn't look at, but drilled through the six-year-old quivering in the gray house's shadows. The top of his greasy semi-bald head glistened in the light of candles flickering from the back bedroom.

Flames of those candles were

significant. The basis for his Greenbaum, or “Green Bomb,” mind-control programming was founded in the so-called Hidden Knowledge of ancient religions, a persuasion that one could rule the Universe by paying sacrificial homage to both good and evil spiritual beings. Fire was believed to attract malignant spirits whom the Old Man desired present in his covert ceremonies. To further enhance these prehistoric rituals designed to entice treacherous forces, he required invitees to be in drugged, trancelike states so supposedly they could be rewarded an understanding of bizarre mysteries, thereby gaining honor, power and healing abilities.

The Old Man’s tainted finger directed Jenny into the darkness. Her Alter The

Girl With No Name did as told, passing the Scorpions who were in their normal attitude, bickering in the hallway:

“Look, she’s perfect. A freak’n multiple and no one suspects.”

“Don’t like it,” said a deep voice laden in a German accent.

“But the whole family’s Mormon, Green ... ”

(Slap) “Owhhh ... ” Raymond yelled as the Old Man’s cane hit his face.

“Told you never to say my given name, Shithead. That’s what I mean. You dipwad amateurs don’t have an inkling about what you’re doing.”

“But, she’s the perfect sacrifice,” Raymond argued. “Bloodline *and*

Mormon. The LDS church builds temples, you know. Real temples. Claim their oaths come straight from Adam. Our coven's been do'n what followers of Eve's firstborn son Cain did by turning their ceremony around, white to black. It makes sense."

The Scorpios' knowledge of Latter-day Saint temple services was limited. The boys did understand LDS worship diametrically opposed human sacrifice practices which the teens were attempting to assimilate: signs and symbols executed in pagan temples of pre-written history and the more commonly known sexual perversions found in the temple worship of Babylonian, Phoenician, Carthaginian, Ammonite, Egyptian, Greek and Roman societies. Hatred for good was the basis

of this twisted philosophy where participants enhanced their feelings of power by convoluted rituals leading to human sacrifice.

“Listen you little turd, don’t tell me my business. It’s not worth the risk,” the Old Man snarled.

“But Green ... Yikes, that stings!” Raymond squealed as a smart crack again connected him to the cane, this time on his back.

“Quit saying my name out-loud,” Greenbaum responded. “Haven’t I taught you anything, Idiot? You’ve no idea what you’ve stepped into.”

He turned to Maynard, “Tell me about your church stuff, Simpleton.”

“Well, ah, the Hills have recommends, which allows them to enter any LDS temple and participate. What they do in there is never written down, ya have to precisely memorize it.”

Maynard was referring to instruction believed to first commence when Adam and Eve knelt at a stone altar after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. Considered too hallowed for the written word, the lessons were passed on by example and word of mouth.

“Virginia’s family attends the same church meetings we do,” Maynard continued. “Mom’s friendly with Mercy. Mary’s been a good excuse to get the kid over here. Mormons are real naïve. I think it’s a great cover.”



“You do, huh?” The Old Man said. “Right! Virginia could blab, Mormon, bloodline or not. I’m thinking we’d better start looking for some kid off the street.”

“Yeah, well, how can we do that without raising suspicion? Where will we keep her? Not here. Mom’d freak. Can’t afford cops sniffing around.”

“Already told you, punk,” the Old Man said. “This won’t work. She’ll blow it. Don’t tell me how to do my job.”

The Old Man’s “job” was to ensure success of a certain Pagan holiday celebration—an exact opposite of LDS temple instruction that signified fellow sister-brother’s unification with the Divine. Members in pure white clothing joined hands in prayer circles and couples

made eternal marriage vows while kneeling at altars covered in hand-crocheted lace to pledge sacrifice of all they had in order to live with God again.

“Ouch” Maynard erupted as he received a backhanded slap. He missed a second blow by ducking, then focused glassy eyes on his mentor, “She’s only six. Who’d believe?”

The Old Man had an unwritten constitution he felt emerged after the fall of Adam and Eve. These techniques weren’t sacred, but secretive. He studied ancient worship on how to gain power through enslavement of innocent victims. His investigation included writings on the Pagan Qenites Tribe, the first thought to honor God of the Sun Baal by practicing

human sacrifice rites passed from their forefather and Eve's firstborn, Cain.

"I said, Schmuck, can't use her."

"But Virginia's perfect" Maynard pled. "Always quiet. Does exactly what I say. Personalities spring forth at the snap of a finger. The kid'll come through with flying colors."

"Maybe we'll go with your dumb sister Mary, then ... "

"Mary? No way," Maynard interrupted. "Look man, our sister would be convenient, but we'd have to dye her hair blonde, eyes blue. You know the eyes take a while. Plus, Mom'd notice for sure. Why not stick with Virginia? We've been working hard with her since she was four, just like you ordered. Her preparation's

right on schedule.”

“Listen to him, Old Man,” Raymond snapped. “We need to nail someone soon. We’re already up to our eyeballs in crud because of the one who died of an overdose.”

“She’s dead because of your screw up,” the Old Man angrily replied. “Then you buttheads scored on Mary, your mom found out, Virginia’s nowhere ready, and you clucks actually think this can be pulled off?”

The Old Man’s constant belittling fed his need for power. Dominating these two was a key to his success. This latest deal for which Jenny was being prepared would be a great achievement—providing he arranged it so the boys took the fall if

things went wrong.

“But you said the way laws are in this country they can’t do zip without a body,” Maynard replied. “She’ll be dead and who’s to know? In six months her picture might show up on some missing kid poster. That’s it. Big freak’n deal.”

“So, tell me, wise ass, what happens after?” the Old Man said. “With the rep. you clowns have around this neighborhood even the dumbest cop’ll run to your front door.”

“Hey, we’re under age, no one knows you’re in the country and evidence will be destroyed before anyone notices Virginia’s gone,” Raymond reasoned.

“I’ll make the decision, not you dinks,” the Old Man responded, “and you two quit

fooling around in the neighborhood. Keep a low profile. Get it? Okay, hustle into the garage and tell the others to come in.”

One by one men in hooded gowns, each holding a lit candle, entered the back room of the gray house. Some young, some old, all quiet and under the influence of drugs just taken. The Old Man donned a similar robe. Sounding throaty like a dog before it barfed, he said, “Put her in the chair.”

Maynard ripped off Jenny’s shoes, socks, dress and underpants and then Raymond tied her down. “What are you doing?” The Alter Girl with No Name squeaked as she struggled to break her bonds. “Are you mad at me? Gonna cut me into little pieces? No. No. Please no. I

been good. Didn't tell no-body.”

“Shut up, Wench!” the Old Man smirked. He sat behind an oblong box atop a card table. The robed men surrounded them. A cloth gag followed insertion of a Demerol tablet and Maynard tipped her chair backward. The master programmer lifted his right hand to turn a knob on the side of the box. His empty expression reflected a red blinking light, “Untie her gag.”

Green “Bomb” Programming involved mind-altering drugs combined with torture including electric shock and the red blinking light to forge certain wavelengths, thereby conditioning the brain to respond in altered states. As personalities formed Greenbaum gave

them Latin names: Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma, Omega or Theta. Each referred to specific triggers in the body's neural wavelength system.

As an adult, Jenny quaked for over twenty-four hours when she was unknowingly given these labels during therapy. She was re-experiencing unpleasant memories of the gray house. It was here that J.J. was renamed Beta by the Scorpios, believed to be the first to come forth (via the Beta wavelength) when the boys demanded sex with Jenny. However, at that time hyperactive J.J.'s only focus was on how to deal with Paul, so she paid no mind to what the boys called her.

The Girl With No Name was thought



formed by the Old Man from the Alpha wavelength. He initially named her Alpha, the Latin name for number one, because not knowing J.J. and her family existed, The Girl With No Name was thought to be his first-born multiple. For ceremonial purposes, he would soon re-name this personality in a place known as the Black Temple.

The Lady of Peace and Harmony was titled Gamma, Latin for The Protector. Spiritual Alter Virginia was believed to have already originated from the harmonic quietude of church in the Theta pattern to protect Jenny from having to deal with the Scorpio brothers. Because this spiritual side of Jenny was in conflict, this same Theta wavelength was likely present along with Alter Virginia's unnamed alter when

the Old Man made her memorize through rhymes or songs, lessons of unprincipled premises like, “Love those despitefully using you. Hate those who are kind to you.”

The Old Man had important plans for one of Jenny’s alters yet-to-be-born. Named Theta, Greek for The Unlucky One, this toxic side of the personality was psychotic. The one known as Delta, (bright red-haired Alter Jennea who formed with Paul’s first full rape of Jenny), would be further trained in homicidal procedures, while Suicidal Janet was given the Latin name Omega, or The End. Worse, more alters were yet to be formed, named and educated through these perfidious techniques.

The Old Man's knowledge of brainwashing was extensive. Rule One: silent communication was everything, a weapon more terrifying than words implied. Second: produce unmitigated fear in and authority over subject. Third: create exquisite pain—that he crisply executed, “Alpha, speak to me.”

Not daring to disagree, The Girl With No Name shuttered while saying, “I'm Alpha.”

Calling forth this name meaning, “The Beginning,” was how the Old Man commenced sessions. His use of Latin words was but one of the mysticisms employed. Greenbaum in German meant Green Tree, Ultra-Tree, (or perhaps Alter Family Tree?) His methods involved

paying homage to the gods through reversal of a philosophy behind the Old Testament Kabala Tree of Life (the ability to manifest the power of God within oneself). Instead of bonding with the Divine, this magical craft handed down from antediluvian Druid High Priests and practitioners in ancient Babylonia, identified humanity with a demonic force, or Olipoth, and concluded worship with a human sacrifice.

The Old Man's "Green Bomb" mind-control version, perfected on victims of Nazi concentration camps, was designed to disintegrate the personality—as was Jenny's thinking disrupted by this afternoon's programming. As a coping skill, she repressed the memory within The Girl With No Name and her alter

family.

Throughout the centuries followers of this code of Hidden Knowledge handed down their Secret Combinations by word-of-mouth. Those who understood Jenny had been programmed in this philosophy could call specific personalities forward at will by saying the Latin code name referring to the wavelength on which an alter was born. Thus, alters could take over when they were called forth by their Latin name, blanking out the host persona and making Jenny more easily susceptible to suggestion.

“You listening, Virginia?” the Old Man asked. “I want Alpha, Beta, Delta and Omega to wake up and hear this,” Greenbaum said as he proceeded with

instruction spoken in reverse, “dlihcs’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap, clicked his fingers. “Do exactly what I say or I’ll kill everyone.”

Although there was somewhat of an understanding of how Jenny’s two alter families formed, Greenbaum could care less about their feelings and mistakenly, had little knowledge of how determined they were to protect the core persona. Her eyelids closed as Alter The Girl With No Name called upon Alter The Frightened One, a mute male, to feel the discomfort of the red blinking light. This brave alter took up the challenge and nodded Jenny’s head—hard to do considering her position tied to a tipped-back chair.

Meanwhile, her Alter Gennesa squinted from what was felt to be an otherwise blank countenance. Gennesa formed when Paul released a disgusting act on Jenny's face which so mortified the alter that she couldn't recognize her own facial features. Also unable to comprehend most colors for that matter, Gennesa's mind-brother, Alter The Frightened One, had eyes that would only see and be red.

When explicit thinking patterns were in charge, light waves of particular lengths were thought to stimulate Jenny's optical nerve, changing hue of her eye color. For instance, sexually active J.J. who had dark-blue eyes, could be called forth by saying her Latin name, Beta. Like flipping on a light switch, the Beta wavelength inside the mind activated to bring forth

throbbing fears that took over as chilling mementos of yesterday's child surfaced.

It is believed that throughout the generations those who grew up in families practicing these treasonable arts were likely subjected to this same tortuous mind-control resulting in multiplicity. However, it has been suggested that as adults and in order to perform vile deeds, perpetrators such as the Scorpios were taught the art of supervising their own personality changes—as was the teenage Jewish turncoat Greenbaum in Nazi Germany. Today during Jenny's programming session this person now known as the Old Man had black irises, indicating the malevolent side of his alter persona was in charge. No light was present within him as he ordered, "Close



the door.”

Raymond slammed it shut. To ensure he accessed a right hemisphere non-dominant brain wavelength pattern, Maynard stroked the back of Jenny’s hair and whispered into her left ear. “Don’t worry. Answer the questions and they won’t harm you. But if you give the wrong answers, they will. Remember, I love you.”

This foul mutt didn’t love Jenny, or anyone else, not even himself, but was an attentive apprentice of the Old Man’s techniques. His comforting words were heard by the core persona, but Alter The Frightened One only caught an old man’s gravely voice, “Get outta the away, Maynard. Call Mercy and say that Virginia’s playing with Mary and your

mother wants her to stay. This is going to take a while.”

The Old Man clucked his tongue three times, a signal for the men to tighten their circle. This was the sadistic moment the master programmer craved. What lay ahead would bring him orgasmic delight for hours. The switch clicked, box pulsated with a red glow and Jenny immersed into spasms.

Sunbeams shimmered beneath drawn window blinds, awakening Jenny, who blinked only once before going away. Her male Alter The Frightened One re-awoke to orders: “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Alpha, Beta, Delta,

Omega and Theta, open your eyes. Look into the light. Not a word. Not a peep, children, or you'll all be dead meat. I'm going to say certain numbers and then tell you what to do. Don't ever forget the numbers. Always listen for them."

The red light oscillated. Moisture filmed Jenny's face. A mute girl, Alter The Shocked One, took over. She defined herself as Mercy and pretended to be the protective mother Jenny so desperately desired. The alter found catching air difficult as the Old Man's commanding voice suffused the vile atmosphere, "Virginia, don't make a sound or I'll slit your throat. Raymond, turn on the rod. Okay. That's enough. Turn it off. Virginia, open your eyes. Stare at the light, or I'll flip on the switch again."

Refractions reverberated and Jenny's thoughts melted into a sea of red.

A while later bloodshot irises changed to aqua-turquoise as Jenny awoke to see the Old Man pondering her face, "Tomorrow's Saturday. When can you play?"

"Uh, aft, after lunch, providing I get my chores done," her quivering voice said. "I, I, can be here rest of the day, 'cept for when we eat."

"Listen to me, kid. We have four months to prepare you for the Black Temple. Be here every other day or your family dies, one by one. We'll start with Mercy and then Paul, Sharon, Liz and little Susan. They'll all be snuffed out just like we did

your kitten. Remember the cat?”

Jenny couldn't. Last summer she suppressed the memory. Maynard gave her a kitty that was kept at the gray house with an ever-decreasing number in the litter. The cat's sudden death had been too much for Alter The Frightened One so the mute girl alter, The Shocked One, handled the terrifying experience and then repressed remembrance into the back of her mind.

“Pay attention,” the Old Man barked. “dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “After your family is slaughtered, we'll still take you to our ceremony. Now, tell me what I said.”

The idea of butchering Paul seemed just fine to alters J.J. and Suicidal Janet.

Homicidal Jennea also had murderous thoughts, while Alter Joan who did the talking for alters The Frightened and Shocked Ones because they were programmed to be silent, concentrated on answering, “Unless we come over tomorrow, you’ll kill Jenny’s family, plus all of us.”

“dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Alpha, don’t make a sound now or during the ceremony, unless you want to be snuffed out in the same way we did your kitten. Tell me what I said.”

“I, I can’t make a sound now, or during a thing called a ceremony. If I do you’ll get rid of Jenny just like you did her kitty.”

“dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “If you make a noise the ceremony will stop, you will die and it will be all your fault. Tell me what you understand.”

“Jenny can’t cry, make a noise, or you’ll whack the family.”

“dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Alpha, do as told and go to sleep.”

She did. The Old Man slumped into his chair, relaxing, his stare centering on the unconscious child. The Scoripo’s eyes were set in darkened gleams as they grinned and slapped each other’s backs.

The core persona remembered nothing,

but twenty years later Alter The Girl With No Name described the events in Jenny's Journal:

It seemed like days, weeks, months I was there. It was timeless. I kept staring and he kept talking as I conked out, waking up in the middle of this red light in the bedroom. If I started to sit up I felt swelling pain. Time with the red light was a blur.

No more red light. No more men. No more drawn shades. Sunbeams sprinkling the obscene bedroom seemed awkwardly out of place. The Old Man walked away, his cane tapping the bare wood floor. Maynard untied the ropes and lifted the child down. A bloody pool drizzled onto the floor while he dressed her, though she felt nothing.



Maynard whispered into her left ear, “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Virginia, go home. After lunch tomorrow come back by marching out your front door and directly across the street to Kelly’s house, turn right and walk to the end of the block. Make sure no one is looking before crossing the road again and come directly here.”

Jenny’s alters were quick to cast today’s reality into oblivion. Barely awake, the child desperately tried to remember commands mysteriously imprinted backward. She inched down the front porch, shuffled over weeds, crossed toward Kelly’s and then mindlessly crossed the street to the safety of her rock-lined sidewalk. Looking at a sinking sun,

she found her sunbeams fading and thought, *Dang. Missed dinner. Oh well, doesn't matter. I'm not hungry and Mom won't know I'm late 'cause she never notices me anyway.*

Jenny's thoughts were somewhat organized with a mini plan formed by the time she entered the double-glass door, *Gotta take care of my bloody bum in the bedroom closet while Mom bathes sisters, then sneak into bed.*

Slipping inside, her plans backfired upon seeing Mother washing dishes. *Keep moving* was the advice coming from nowhere, *so Mercy won't see us.*

Everything went well, until reaching Father's bedroom where a sarcastic voice caught up, "Seems you live with that

Crazy Mary,” Mercy said. “Her mom must cook rings around me.”

No answer was forthcoming from the alters in charge; enough for one day. Her torso was soon cleaned up, in bed and promptly asleep.

That Jenny could function at all was noteworthy. But then, the six year-old was extraordinaire—one living an unprecedented existence. Most remarkably, the child adjusted to her life of persecution during that cold winter of preparation—through fantasy. During the day she was a time traveler—one moment here, the next moment there—while she pursued elusive nights by making up poems on the backyard cinder fence watching Disneyland fireworks.

Or, sat in her bedroom closet, behind closed eyes.

## DAYS FULL OF SURPRISES

**Friday, 11 June 1965. 8:00 a.m.**

Multicolored balloons trailed the air for an end-of-year party when Alter The Girl With No Name arrived at school. Miss Griffin let students play games instead of reading and writing. No one had to take a nap on the big furry rug. Jenny's chief alter of ritual abuse memories allowed her to wake up and look at balloons, but charity went only so far. It was the personality who sat on the soft carpet with classmates, eating chocolate cupcakes, drinking punch laced in Seven-Up.

The party was pretty fun until Teacher summoned everyone upfront to unveil a handful of sealed envelopes. The alter

timidly placed the envelope containing Jenny's report card in her book bag, knowing it had to be shown to Mercy upon arrival at the house. She worried, *Hope I didn't make Jenny fail.*

After the last bell rang she finished clearing out Jenny's desk, placed everything into wastebasket, picked up their book bag and patiently waited in the playhouse. Many inside wanted to say goodbye to Miss Griffin one last time and most of all to get a final hug.

Sadness seeped through layers of Jenny's thinking upon seeing fruit baskets and handmade cards weighing down the Reading table by Teacher's desk. The alters had nothing for their most treasured person. Yesterday they worked together to

make Miss Griffin a card with a precisely made five-petal red rose, tan stem and green leaf, but inadvertently, their head alter just threw it away.

After the last child ran out, Griffin found Jenny hiding in the play kitchen. “How are you today, sweetheart?”

“Jenny’s afraid.”

“Why?”

“She doesn’t want to go to first grade without you.”

“Oh, my dearest Virginia, they have wonderful teachers in first grade. As bright as you are, you’ll do fine. I’ll always be in kindergarten and that’s right next door. Come visit anytime. You’re one of my smartest students. Please talk to me,

about anything. Are you sure there's nothing wrong at home? You seem so sad all the time."

Teacher had often asked that very question, while the programmed alters always gave the same answer, "No, Jenny's fine."

The Girl With No Name thought, *Miss Griffin puts love into Jenny's heart, but it's time to say goodbye to that love and walk away.*

So, she did.

The hapless waif flung Jenny's book bag over her thin shoulder. In a trance, ignoring the Submarine jungle gym, the child sneaked past the scary Old Woman's Shoe slippery slide and shuffled through an empty playground to the curb. Several



alters watched for cars before crossing the road, though it was this brave alter who handled ritual abuse memories who, alone, marched directly into the gray house, down its bleak hallway and into a candle-lit bedroom where the Old Man, Scorpios and six others waited.

Exactly ninety minutes later a bewildered The Girl With No Name arrived at the little blue house. As she headed for bed, an irritated voice shouted from the front room, “Virginia, get back here. Where have you been? School was out hours ago. Let’s see that report card.”

The personality sat on the couch next to Mercy and obediently spouted out Maynard’s memorized words, “I was

helping Jenny's teacher clean the room after school. That's, that's why Jenny's late," *Please believe me. I don't know what Jenny'd do if the Old Man killed you.*

In a rare moment of tenderness, Mom placed Jenny's small hand on her protruding middle, fingers guiding to the kicking where six-months-along baby number five awaited, "These are excellent grades, miss. Because you've done so well you may choose what we're having for dinner."

"I don't care," was the soft reply. This alter wasn't around enough to know what Jenny liked and besides, eating food while dealing with Paul's stares always upset her stomach.

“Tell you what. I’ll make your favorite, fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy with green beans. How ‘bout that?”

Thoughts of eating beans nauseated all those personalities who remembered Jenny’s bean and because they neglected it, the plant shriveled up and died. None realized their slip-of-the-tongue replies: “Hell, no.” “We’re not going to eat Jenny’s beans.” “That’d be gross, Mercy.”

“What’s with the swearing, Scatterbrain? For that you can go without dinner. Get out of my face and into your room. Now!”

By then Jenny was in charge and she always did as told. Tired, her nap extended well into evening, rest only disturbed by Mercy noisily kissing her

sisters good night without so much as looking in on her oldest. Mom settled into her front room roll-a-way as she always did, by stuffing pillows around her pregnant body. By then Jenny was trying extra hard to wake up so she could pretend to be asleep before Father's bedroom door opened.

It was Friday so no ruse was necessary. When prolonged silence convinced her that the family was in dreamland, she pushed back covers to pad through the house in what had become a critical nightly inspection. Jenny looked out the front window, checked the back yard, triple-checked door leading to the garage and crawled back into her bed, satisfied no one was coming to kill the family.

The next day programmed alters considered their instructions on their way to the Scorpions, *Since school's out, we're supposed to keep Saturdays' schedule. Every other day we have to finish chores early, then tell Mercy Jenny's going to play at Mary's, except on sunny Saturdays when her father takes us to the beach.*

That particular Saturday the alters didn't make it to the ocean because the Old Man was adamant about being there early, rain or shine. The Girl With No Name didn't record what happened until twenty years later. This alter, as is normal with severed personalities, had no knowledge of the core persona's life

during times she was not active, so the remembrance recorded in Jenny's Journal was as if it happened yesterday:

It seemed like a special day to these people. There were a lot of them. They tied me to the bed and put their things inside me, both in my poop hole and in my other hole and taught me how to suck. Kept coming, one right after another.

They left me alone for a long time and by then I was sweating and wanted to yell for Jenny's Mom, but they told me they would kill me if I said anything. I yelled in my mind, hoping she would hear, but she didn't.

They tied me to a large cross in the garage. They didn't seem to think things looked quite right so they put some blood on the cross and made the blood go down my right leg and my left leg. It dripped to my feet that were spread apart on a platform.

Then they took pictures. I would turn my head

to the right and left 'cause the flashes were so bright. It really embarrassed me to have them take pictures of my naked body.

People kept coming in. Candles were lit everywhere. There were white, short, thick candles and tall thin candles to the right of me, on top of a three level staircase that was covered with a white satin sheet. They brought in a large German shepherd and put him in a cage to my left.

And cut my poop hole with a knife and stuffed something inside. It was Jesus upside down on a cross. I feel so guilty that Jesus was inside me that I can't even think about Him anymore. Can't talk to Jesus. I'm too scared and ashamed.

They stopped taking the pictures. Some had on their black dresses and the rest were putting them on. There were about thirteen to fifteen people there. They put black hoods on their heads.

It got quiet as one by one, they kneeled in front of a man. He talked in a language I didn't understand, pointed to me and said, Angelic, then put a dot of blood on my forehead.

He had a large gold and silver cup (chalice filled with blood and urine). Told me to drink. It makes you want to throw up.

The dog in the big cage was put in front of my cross. He looked up at me. Someone got out a knife and I can't remember what happened with the dog. The dog bled and the man cut open his stomach. It started to get blurry. I was going to fall down, but the ties to my arms held me up. When I woke up I saw the dead dog lying on the floor.

There was a silver platter with lots of red pieces. The head man passed it around to everybody and went over to me and told me to eat it. He put it in. I threw up on my body. It was dripping down my chest and stomach, but nobody said anything. Then he picked up the throw up and made me eat it.

I went blurry again, but I could see people getting out their cameras, taking pictures. I heard them say that I was perfect.

That was the worst part. I was dirty and naked and they were taking pictures of me. I was so



embarrassed. I could barely keep my head up. They untied me. I fell down on the cement floor.

After a while Maynard bathed me and took out the cross in my bottom and told me he called Mother and told her I was playing with Mary. And he said I had to come back Monday, but not to tell Mom that. To act like nothing happened.

I can't remember much else except I kept passing out. I don't remember how I got back to the house.

I heard Mom calling me. I was lying in bed. I pulled down the covers and looked. I had the same clothes on that I wore that day. My breath tasted of throw up and blood. I had a big headache and stayed in bed. My mom came in and I threw up on the floor. She told me next time to go to the toilet and throw up. She was mad 'cause she had to get rags to clean up the mess.

She brought in a bucket to throw up in and felt my forehead and told me I didn't have a fever. She put a wet, cold rag on my forehead and left the room to feed my father.

I went to sleep wanting never to leave my

bedroom again. I remember Jenny didn't know why. And that was Jenny's job, to act like nothing happened, so I blocked all her memories out. Jenny doesn't understand why she feels sick and spacy at times. She knows nothing. That is the way it has to be.

Now I wish I were dead.

This particular dress rehearsal of the upcoming Black Temple ceremony where the six year-old blue-eyed blonde was tied to a vertical cross, another inserted inside her lower body, was a mockery of the most holy Chosen One's sacrifice in the meridian of time. A deed designed to further traumatize both child and new initiates, including the Scorpio boys.

These cult villains were trying to uncover Hidden Knowledge of the

ancients through strict adherence to specific protocol. They paid the Old Man big bucks for their training, just as they would lay out even more greenbacks to be present at his upcoming service in the Black Temple. The pictures of Jenny taken as she was tied to a cross would not only help satisfy the men's addiction to child pornography, but be a source of income through sale to fellow cult members and their most trusted new initiates.

Also at this time Alter The Girl With No Name was given one, Angelic. Seven men stood in a circle with their right hand on her head and left hand on the shoulder of a man next to him. Backward Language Talk was uttered that none inside Jenny understood, with last words of: "Angelic, eman ruoy uoy evig I, nataS rehtaF yloh

eht fo eman eht nI. dlihc s'laaB O, eno  
nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine.  
Five. Seven.”

Clicking their fingers three times, they  
said, “nemA.”

Years later the newly named Alter  
Angelic would conclude remembrance of  
the dreadful event in Jenny’s Journal:

My life is full of surprises that make me want to  
die. And, I would have died, except I didn’t know  
how to do it.

The next day Jenny felt sick and stayed  
in bed—until late that Sunday night when  
around ten p.m., she was jolted awake by  
the rattling of double-glass door. Mercy’s

frightened voice yelled from the front room roll-a-way, “Paul! Paul!”

A kitchen light burst on. The pounding stopped. Paul glanced out the window, “Two boys are running away, hopping over the fence.”

“Bet that’s the Scorpios,” Mom said. “Yesterday Mr. Wilson told me those hooligans did all sorts of horrible things in the neighborhood. I’m calling police.”

“What for, Mercy? You’re always itching to involve a cop. No way. Don’t need the law around here.”

“But ... ”

“No buts. Get to bed!”

The wife deferred, as usual, while Paul stomped back down the hallway. Jenny

trembled until Father's snoring resumed, then scrambled to check windows and doors. She spent a long night sucking her forefinger, intently listening for the clomp, clomp, clomp of the Old Man's cane. Not until sunbeams flitted through the girls' bedroom window did the exhausted one finally sleep.

Monday morning she awoke to find herself pouring sugar onto Cheerios while the man claiming to be a "Father," swore his way out the door.

"School's out," Mom said. "I've lined up lotsa chores you can do this summer while tending your sisters. It's about time you helped out 'round here."

Jenny didn't know kindergarten had

ended, while the majority of her thinking was conditioned to make sure she was at the gray house every other day after school. Her personalities went into frenzies: thoughts divided, voices competed. Alter Angelic, once known as The Girl With No Name, supervised completion of their many tasks. One alter dumped sugary cereal into the trash. Jenny watched sisters, changed diapers and her different personalities took turns washing windows, clothes and dishes. When someone thought, *What will Jenny do if we aren't finished in time?* Jenny timidly asked Mercy, "Can we eat early?"

"We'll have it when I make it," Mom said sharply from her attempted nap on Paul's bed. "Besides, why ya asking about food? Ya never eat, Miss Bag-O-Bones."

Since Mercy couldn't rest, she finally relented to the continuous requests of her eldest and waddled into the kitchen to fix lunch. Starved Jenny took one bite from a cheddar cheese sandwich, but her constricted throat couldn't swallow. When Mom was distracted by sisters' cries, her Wonder Bread found the trash, "Done with my chores," Jenny said to the receding figure, "I'm leaving to play with Mary."

Smoke swirled from Raymond's lips as he puffed a Camel outside the gray house. He let Jenny pass by and then followed her through the doorway. They entered unbearably quiet front and back rooms, where candles cast a litany of shadows on



dreary walls. The Old Man hastily asked, “Did anyone see you come?”

“No,” Alter Joan said for Alter The Frightened One, who was always too nervous to talk. With the core persona unable to handle such a dreadful situation, this mute male had taken over on orders from Alter Angelic.

As the Scorpios circled, the male alter/Jenny was pushed into a chair across from the oblong box.

“Last Saturday we almost killed your family,” Raymond smugly said, “but we decided to wait and see if you’d show up today as ordered, Virginia.”

Spiritual Alter Virginia wasn’t anywhere around the Old Man’s programming to respond, so six year-old

Alter The Frightened One stayed in charge. Though, Alter Joan spoke instead because this scared male personality was programmed to be silent, “But Raymond, we did come.”

The Old Man leaned forward, his rank breath gushing, “You’re late. Can’t be late, child. Now we’ll have to punish you even more. How long can you stay?”

“Till dinner at six.”

“Can you play after you eat?”

“Yes, but we have to be back by eight. That’s Jenny’s curfew.”

“Think we should take her down now,” Raymond sneered.

The Old Man’s patience wore thin around these juveniles. “You ignorant

pricks,” he shouted. “If we did there’d be cops all over this joint. Stick with the program. Take off the kid’s clothes, strap her down and get the others. Do it!”

Maynard undressed the trembling child while Raymond escorted eight men from the garage. Hooded robed figures silently encircled her chair, the Old Man and his box.

“Look at me, Squirt. All this week I want you to come over right after breakfast.”

“But Jenny has chores,” Alter Joan replied for Alter The Frightened One.

“So, how long will it take to finish?” he asked.

“Have to clear breakfast, do dishes,

clean her room, watch sisters and help Mercy make lunch,” Alter Joan said. “We can play afterward, providing we work real hard.”

“Make sure that happens,” he smiled. “I want Jenny here every day at 12:30 sharp.”

“But, that’s a lot of crap to get done,” Alter Joan complained for Alter The Frightened One. “Don’t think Mercy will let it happen.”

“Listen, if you’re not here by 12:30 we’ll kill your sisters, Father, and cut Mom open so we can eat her baby. Understand, whoever you are?”

Several alters were surprised to know that Mercy was pregnant, again, while thoughts of having Jenny’s family for

dinner terrorized everyone inside. Unsure anyone else could handle the situation, Alter Angelic nervously replied, “Yes.”

“Ca ... ca ... can I talk to you?” Raymond timidly asked.

His request plunged the foul buzzard into a loud tirade of expletives. Programming demanded concentration. No interruptions. Scorpios were ordered into the hall while the late arrivals remained in a circle around the child.

Jenny was asleep and didn't hear, but her Alter Angelic listened in:

“We need to take her down now,” Raymond anxiously whispered, “What if she doesn't come in time, or at all?”

“I'll get her here like I always have,”

Maynard snapped.

“Will you num-nuts stop interfering with my work?” said the disgusted Old Man.

He reached in his shirt pocket for an open plastic vial saying, “Take these pills, relax, cool off, go for a drive and leave us alone. Anything, just get the Hell out of here.”

The boys were halfway gone before Green sat behind his box to explore Alter Angelic’s light-blue eyes, “Next Monday is the first of summer. We’re having the special ceremony then just for you, our Chosen One. This week tell your mother you’re playing at Mary’s. Be out the front door by 12:25 and here by 12:30. Don’t come over on Saturday or Sunday, but

Monday morning we need to see you at 9:30 sharp. Got that?"

"Can't. Chores have to be done before we can play."

"What? Okay. Give them to me again."

"We feed Baby Susan breakfast, do dishes, wash the table off, vacuum, fold clothes, make beds, clean Jenny's bedroom. You know, stuff like that."

"dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Alpha, Beta, Delta, Omega and Theta, listen very carefully. This week make sure you do as many extra jobs as possible. If Mercy asks why, say Jenny wants to play with Mary. Make it sound good, kid, especially on Monday when you're to be here right after

breakfast. If it gets to be 9:25, leave the house no matter what. Do exactly as told or I'll kill the whole dim-witted family, plus all of you and it'll be your fault. Hear me, whoever you are? Now, what'd I say?"

"Work hard so we can be here to play with Mary by 12:30 every afternoon this week" a shaky voice replied. "We don't have to come on the weekend, but gotta get outta the house by 9:25 Monday morning no matter what or we is killed. 'Cept, it ain't happening."

"Why not?" he yelled as a sharp outline of his hand marked her face.

"Ouch!" Alter Angelic cried. "Yeeowh!" she cried again as he smacked the child once more, "'Cause, 'cause I



can't tell time.”

Angelic was only being honest. She had no idea how to figure the hour. It was Jenny and her Alter J.J. who, while dealing with Paul, learned how to read the kitchen clock.

“Aaargh,” the Old Man muttered under his breath, bashing his fist on the table. “Listen girls, if Virginia doesn't get here on time this week, plus sneak out right after breakfast on Monday, it'll spoil my ceremony.” He stood up and bit his hand in frustration. “That happens and I'll murder everyone, including all of you. Got it?”

Without waiting for an answer he turned on the flashing red light. Men in black picked up the cue and stood closer

together. As programmed, Angelic faded away so Alter The Frightened One could stare at the probing rays through the male personality's scarlet-red eyes. A shout rang into Jenny's left ear, "dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Alpha. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Sleep."

That evening Jenny awakened with her elbows deep in dishwater.

"Why have you been working so hard cleaning the house?" Mom quizzed.

"Need to get a bunch of chores done so's I can play with Mary after lunch all this week and especially after breakfast on Monday. That all right?"

“I’ll think about it,” said a tired Mercy.

That week various alters took over to handle days and nights that blended into one.

By Saturday the traumatized child was so worn out that she was nauseated—a sickness that lasted through Sunday when she begged off going to church. Several alters helped clean the house while the family was gone. Jenny woke up occasionally wondering why she was working so hard. Everyone hurried to bed when the station wagon chugged into the drive. All were fast asleep by the time Mercy looked in. Jenny didn’t really wake up until around eleven p.m. at a loud crash of the double-glass door disintegrating.

“Paul,” Mercy yelled, “a brick just

came through the kitchen. Glass is everywhere. Looks like those Scorpios running through the field. I'm making that call!"

"Not a chance. We don't need the law poking around here."

"But this is our house those boys vandalized."

"Shut up, Mercy. No way are we inviting cops to snoop into our business and don't you dare breathe a word about this to anyone."

Obeying, as always, the wife skulked away. A weighty silence followed to her rollaway. Terrifying thoughts buzzed Jenny, keeping her awake that long eve before this Chosen One's time. Morning broke before sleep was found.

Impatient cries of eighteen month-old Susan pushed Jenny out of bed and she hit the floor running. Kitchen clock said 9:28. The paper: 21 June. She tried to find thoughts, but came across only one, *Yikes. It's Monday!*

Paul took off work to repair the glass door, or so he said. Jenny was startled to see tears in Father's eyes as he passed, giving her an affectionate pat on the back. He was not known to cry, but then lots of things happened that Jenny didn't remember.

“You slept in this morning,” Mom said in a wooden voice. “Sit down and eat breakfast so's we can finally get this day

over.”

Jenny obediently found her place at the empty table. She said a quick prayer before asking Mercy the important question, “Since I did lotsa work last week, can I pleeease go over to Mary’s after breakfast?” she asked. *So they won’t kill our family*, she thought.

“Well, okay, I suppose so,” Mother said, “but first eat that cereal.”

The six-year-old ignored the sugar bowl, gulped down a spoonful of dry corn flakes, dumped rest in the garbage and ran for her white sweater, old yellow Sunday dress, pink tennis shoes and cotton underwear. A tight knot formed in her stomach as she tiptoed toward the sacred front door. “I’m going to play,” she said.

“Oh, no you’re not, Virginia. You haven’t put on socks, combed that frizzy hair, or brushed your teeth. Get it done and done right!”

It was like time reeled in slow motion. Eyes slowly crisscrossed from the clock: 9:46, to Mom, back to the ticking clock. She was late, but adult instruction would be obeyed to the letter, no matter who, what, how, when or why. It had always been a matter of survival. *Pray I made it to the gray house on time last week and they won’t notice I’m late today*, she thought. *If not, we’ll all die.*

Her shoulder was held to the closet door, balancing, as first left sneaker and then right were removed. She yanked socks on, re-jammed into shoes and

hurried into the bathroom. Teeth were busily brushed while Mercy combed her frizz, “Don’t you ever cut this mop again. Now I’ll have to put out *my* money to get it trimmed before school starts.”

Jenny’s look in the mirror revealed a startling sight: her curly strands had been cut into different lengths—the work last night of J.J., who reasoned they wouldn’t be assaulted if the two of them weren’t so attractive. Jenny herself didn’t have time to think out that problem, for J.J. was talking, “Forget the hair, girlfriend. There’s more important things to figure out, like how we’re gettin out of this mess.”

While rushing to crying Baby Susan, Mercy didn’t seem to hear her eldest’s



mumblings and if she did, paid them no mind. It gave the desperate child an opportunity to disobey house rules and proceed, as programmed, through that sacred front door, *Gotta get to the gray house before the Old Man murders Mom.*

# THE BLACK TEMPLE

**Monday, 21 June 1965. 9:53 a.m.**

Jenny snuck through the front door and hurried across the driveway, her mind twirling beneath a sun shining on all God's creations lining the rock-lined sidewalk. There were lots of things to be thankful for today, like warm rays on her face and it was the last day she would have to deal with that ugly Old Man—she ensured her family's safety this winter by carefully following his instructions.

A glance at the upcoming gray house turned her smile into dismay, then dissolved it into wiggle-worry lines, bursting her euphoric bubble: harsh memories of feeling lost and helpless. She

worried, *Maybe I didn't make it out of the house fast enough ... . Maybe Mom will rescue me.*

By the time her pink tennis shoes reached the weed-encircled house of Scorpios it was evident Mother wasn't coming.

Raymond leaned his right foot against the flat tire of a '48 Hudson permanently parked among oil-spotted weeds growing in abundance by the gray house. His face wore a grin as he surveyed an empty street. He focused on Jenny and she didn't like anything in his eyes. Maynard leapt out of nowhere and fell in front of her, motioning the child to follow. Her feet quickened their pace as she thought, *Better walk fast so they'll think I'm*

*trying hard and won't kill my family.*

Maynard reached the gutter and abruptly turned around, whispering into Jenny's left ear as he passed, "dlihcs'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Turn right and walk to the middle school alley."

Jenny rotated toward the school parking lot, marching like a toy soldier going into battle, not feeling tears of rain that began bathing the neighborhood. Jenny didn't feel anything, except sadness. She was leaving her white rock-lined sidewalk forever and no one cared. Not even her.

A 1957 blue and white Chevrolet with enormous rear fins pulled out of the gray house garage to creep alongside. The Old

Man steered, a young stranger sat to his side, Scorpios in back. Maynard called out the window as the car passed, “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Walk to the middle school alley.”

A thin red line encircled the Chevy’s white license: Arizona KSL 870. She thought, *I’ll have to remember that plate, providing I live through today.*

Her throat was tight, stomach worse and tongue felt swollen. The car turned into the school parking lot and alley, slowed halfway down and the back door rushed open. She hurried toward it.

Maynard yanked her inside. A heavy foot pushed on the small of her back, sandwiching their Chosen One to the

floor. Raymond blindfolded her, laughing, “You’re in for a big surprise.”

The car sped through the subdivision and onto a nearby freeway. It seemed just a few minutes before the Chevy exited, made several turns and then stopped. By time the engine died Alter The Frightened One, who was steering Jenny’s disturbed mental state, felt like he’d been secreted on the car floor for hours.

“Get out,” the Old Man ordered. Thinking he meant Jenny, too, Alter The Frightened One lifted her head.

“Not you, Snit. Stay down,” the Old Man commanded. He leaned his arm over the seat and Jenny felt the rush of his cane forcing her back to the grimy floor. The lump in her throat was so big now that she

couldn't swallow past it.

“dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Don't cry or make a sound. Do as told, or you die. Tell me if you heard.”

Alter The Frightened One nodded because he didn't trust Jenny's voice.

Swirling wind beat on the three youthful initiates who got out of the car and headed across the street to a small stucco building.

The Old Man looked at his watch, then lit a cigarette. Aromatic smoke swirled into the back seat, making Jenny's nostrils twitch. He checked his watch again, got out of the car, opened rear door, undid the blindfold and turned her around. Staring

down into the petite face, he said in his shallow voice, “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Get up, shut up and do exactly as told, or I’ll twist off your head and feed it to the dogs. Follow me.”

Jenny obediently crawled out of the car to discover she was standing in an unfamiliar middle class subdivision. A soft breeze carried the scent of freshly cut grass from well-kept yards lining an industrial area. She thought, *Where am I? Last thing I remember was reading the license plate on Maynard’s car.*

The Old Man pointed his cane, directing her across the street to the unobtrusive building, framed on each end



by heavy wooden doors. Within moments his knuckles rapped a coded message on the left one. He pressed his ear to the entrance and listened. He listened again, pried it open and pushed his Chosen One forward saying, “Your Preparation Room.”

Those were the last words Jenny heard before her Alter Angelic took over to courageously enter the Black Temple.

The all-white rectangular room was windowless, musty and empty, except for a white bench attached to the wall. Angelic didn't like this place. Not one bit. There was something sinister about the malignant space, as though some invasive force lurked unseen within.

The hard floor echoed with footsteps of a powerful man known as the High Priest who marched into the room from an unlit hallway. He was swaddled in a hooded robe partially covering black-ringed eyes on his painted-white face. Nine like-dressed, like-minded disciples treaded in his wake, though their imposing leader was more cunning, more fiendish and outranked them all.

Reborn into a perfidious worship with the devil in them, as were their parents and their parents' parents, these men depended upon self-serving pleasures to feed perverse addictions. In a thirst for power, their nightmarish deeds used surreptitious signs, symbols and an amoral sense of conscience to produce profound trances at will, allowing mindless

participation in acts of debauchery. Silent communication was everything to this underworld society. Breaking that code carried harsh penalties. Creating chaos was wrong. The very reason they did it.

They greeted the Old Man with silence.

It was a heart-stopping moment. Angelic's chest felt tight and eyes began burning only seconds before the High Priest spoke. He stared into orbs of their master programmer, pointed to the child and said, "Is she prepared?"

The Old Man ignored the question. Behind him in his own hooded robe and makeup, Maynard proudly replied, "Yes."

"How did you get the other one?" the Old Man asked the crowd.

“We snatched her three months ago.”

“Is she prepared?” the Old Man snarled back at the High Priest.

“Yes.”

“Well, bring her in” the Old Man ordered.

The contingent filtered into the hallway, leaving the Old Man alone with Jenny, who came forward for a moment. He knelt, stripped the child, stroked her hair, patted pale skin, then raised the small face to his, whispering, “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. drawrof emoc ot uoy dnammoc I, ahplA. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Make one sound and you’re dead. Don’t let me down.”

Without another word he rose and strode out of the room, down the somber hallway.

Jenny was by herself, but no longer present. As the Old Man ordered, she closeted within her Alpha-Angelic personality to bravely face their pending doom.

Angelic looked around. There were no windows and everything was white, ceiling to floor. Skinny arms wrapped her nude figure as she took a mental tally of terrified voices jabbering within—each personality distinct and identifiable only to this head alter of ritual abuse memories. Her imprisoned voices were petrified. Angelic, too, was horrified. She sat on the singular bench attached to the wall that

chilled her bare rump and wandered into a trancelike state. A shivering Jenny re-awoke wondering, *Where did the Old Man go?*

The six year-old had been assigned a guard who greeted her with a blank stare from the hallway. Black rings surrounded brooding eyes on a painted-white face. The High Priest reappeared behind the guard in a gait that created a slight breeze, opening a hooded robe to reveal his trunk.

Several men and one woman followed in their hoods and white make-up. They pushed in another naked girl around Jenny's same age. This second Chosen One stared from baby-blue eyes sunk deep in their sockets. The child appeared weak and it was hard for her to stand. Stringy

hair the color of straw hung to her neckline and her bloated belly protruded as if pregnant. She had a round birthmark about the size of a quarter that sat slightly to the left of her spine, mid-back, and there was a light tan mark that looked like a curved feather crossing the outer side of her right knee.

To Jenny the single woman at the girl's side appeared oddly out of place. Men did ugly things. Women were supposed to be protective. This one appeared uncaring. The mother figure snatched a brush and can of hairspray from her pocket and pulled the terrified child's hair into a ratted ponytail, spraying it thick. She approached Jenny and fixed her locks in the same manner. Under normal circumstances with Mom the primping

would be comforting, but this new predicament alarmed Jenny even more. That's when Angelic again decided to take over.

The alter watched as men gathered in a circle around the other girl. Each put his left hand on the shoulder of the man next to him, his right on the little girl's ratted hair. "dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY." said the High Priest. "Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Angeletta, uoy tniona ew, rehtaF nataS ylohnu eht fo eman eht nI."

Newly named Angeletta was shoved into a corner while they pushed Jenny into the circle. "dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Angelic, uoy tniona



ew, rehtaF nataS ylohnu eht fo eman eht nI.”

The High Priest stroked freshly named Angelic and Angeletta’s bodies and then marched out of the room. The hooded figures followed their sovereign’s example by taking turns with the little girls before they exited into the hallway.

A guard pushed Angeletta to follow the receding figures. The guard for Jenny’s Alter Angelic grabbed her arm, whispering, “dlihC s’laaB O, eno nesohC eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “It’s time. Come with me and no matter what, don’t make a sound or you’re dead.”

Soon the two sacrificial lambs stood in openings across from each other at the top

of three wide levels of stairs overlooking a small auditorium filled with malevolent stillness. The iniquitous force permeating the room contained not a modicum of noise. Even puffs of air from burning candles scattered in an orderly fashion throughout, were largely silent. The wicked energy marshaled in swirls of incense in an amalgam of aromas reeking of blood, sweat and fear.

Angelic sensed activity all around, yet felt very much alone. She couldn't tell if the movement was on purpose, accidental, or even existed. It was part of the ambience, though really very peaceful, which further terrorized her. The alter had zero tools for judging normal from abnormal, only knew she didn't like this gloominess, more intense than anything

ever experienced. Even in the gray house garage. This nefarious power was far drearier, certainly, than any moonless night spent with her friend Jenny as they sat together on the backyard fence making up poems and studying Disneyland fireworks.

Angelic defined those in the crowded area as Halloween People. Their black-rimmed eyes glowered from painted white faces beneath hooded robes. Each held a long needle in one hand and lit candle in the other.

The hollow space echoed in drumbeats. The unhallowed figures turned to stare at the two girls, both shaking in fear on top of level three. The group rotated back toward the High Priest who was

positioned front and center behind a white podium on a small portable stage. He roared, “nerdlihc s’laaB O, seno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven. Angelic and Angeletta, uoy evig ew, rehtaF nataS yloh hO.”

Fingers snapped three times in unison. Voices chanted, “Salome, Salome, Salome,” in honor of their biblical cult heroine, Salome, who danced nude for King Herod in exchange for the head of John the Baptist.

Rhythmic drumbeats and snapping fingers continued. The air grew stale. Angelic took a cue from Angeletta and obediently walked in front of her guard down three long steps. The little girls were shoved into shiny cages on each side

of the small stage and High Priest. The cold metal, which reminded Jenny of the school's Submarine gym, awoke her, *Where am I?*

This scenario was one to remember, but Jenny automatically forgot. Angelic did the memory work, taking over to count the Halloween People. Three sections of five rows each held forty-five adults positioned in folding chairs on descending levels of the small auditorium. A red velvet curtain hung on the stage behind. Tall white sputtering candles outlined the white pulpit in the middle. There stood the High Priest silently reading from a large bound book known as the Black Bible. His face reflected a crackling fire in a circular pit below the portable stage. Nearby, an emetic stench wafted from a

wooden vat.

There was a massive gold and silver chalice by Jenny. At her left was a cross-shaped table. This altar was covered with a white sheet which faintly hid an equal-sided red cross. Straps were nailed on top.

Angeletta shivered in a cage on the other side of the pulpit. She had her own table-altar in the shape of a cross, white sheet and straps. Her blue eyes implored Jenny, who watched from the back of her mind, thinking, *Angeletta needs to be saved just like I rescued my family by coming here. Like Mom said, must make sense out of things. But, I can't seem to wake up from this nightmare.*

Haunting drumbeats began again. A

thoroughly aroused audience stood and moved forward to encircle the caged girls with snapping fingers and chants of “Salome, Salome, Salome.”

As if on command, the room hushed and they returned to their seats.

The High Priest shouted, “nerdlihc s’laaB O, seno nesohc eht era uoY. Angelic and Angeletta, uoy evig ew, rehtaF nataS yloh hO. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. He read from his Bible in a language that made no sense, except perhaps, to those who sat without light. Certainly not to Alter Angelic, nor Jenny. His words ran like an electric current along the cutting edge of a gold-handled sword hanging on pulpit front, its blade glistening in reflected

candlelight.

A morbid curiosity forced Angelic to stare at the razor-sharp weapon, until her impassive guard pulled her from the cage. Angeletta struggled with her escort on the pulpit's far side. As the guards strapped them down, a man positioned himself by Jenny's right foot, a woman by her left. The horrifying sight of these two adults hiding behind hooded robes and makeup violently jolted the six year-old, but her attention was sidelined when the guards individually roared, "The Chosen One is ready," "The Chosen One is ready."

The High Priest pointed to Jenny and yelled, "Angelic," then to the other girl said, "Angeletta."

These cries were as stimulating to the



High Priest as they were to the murky figures that filled the room. Again they began chanting to drumbeats, snapping fingers and “Salome, Salome, Salome.”

Angeletta’s eyes pled with Jenny from her own cross table. An inner voice whispered, “Ask Father in Heaven what to do.” Jenny thought, *Guess if I can trust Him with my bean, He can help Angeletta. Father in Heaven, that little girl’s afraid. Don’t know how to change things ‘cause I’m pretty scared myself. Please help me choose the right ...*

Jenny faded away. Later Angelic expounded on the revolting scene in Jenny’s Journal:

The audience split in half. One group surrounded me, the other, Angeletta. The people surrounding my cage sang a weird song, the most frightening sound I ever could imagine. I froze and wanted to throw up, but peed the bottom of my cage. The pee was warm trickling down my legs, but soon felt freezing cold. After they were done singing they went back to their seats. A person assigned to stand at each of our cages opened them up and placed us on tables. I didn't fight, but Angeletta did. It took two men to put her on the table. They tied her and me down.

So much was going on that even tough Angelic couldn't stand anymore, so Alters the Frightened, Shocked and Dark Ones became involved. Jenny's diary laid bare their experiences:

Our arms were tied to the table and legs spread

apart. The High Priest smeared blood on the palms and backs of our hands and the same with our feet. The High Priest painted a four-inch cross over my heart. I had blood all over my face and body. They made me drink blood from the silver cup. It smelled horrible. They brought in a light-colored puppy dog about a foot long. They smiled, laughed out loud and talked in a foreign language. The stench in the room was awful. I kept asking God for help.

Feelings were so intense that all of Jenny's personalities blanked out, except for Alter Jason who volunteered to be the protector. He imagined himself the image of Paul, around forty, but with big muscles and cream-colored hair. Unlike her abusive father, this male alter cared about Jenny and handled the worst of her torment.

## He explained in Jenny's Journal:

Each person in the two circles had a pin about a foot long that they heated over their candle. When they jabbed Jenny with the red-hot pins we went into uncontrollable shakes, but managed to stay silent. Angeletta couldn't. I heard her moan. I thought they were going to kill her right then because she'd broken the silence.

Jenny herself didn't utter a sound for her spirit was floating above the red velvet curtain. She awoke in her elevated position, praying, *Thank you, Father in Heaven. I feel so much safer up here. Am I dying and going to live with You? Could we go now?*

Out-of-body and from the ceiling, Jenny saw the hooded crowd return to their seats. The guards untied the girls and carried them to the large wooden barrel smelling of blood and urine. One limp body, then the other, was immersed in the fetid tub, a baptism of sorts. All the while the High Priest read “Latin Backward Language Talk” from his Bible.

While being re-tied to the altar, Jenny’s spirit unwillingly returned to her lifeless body, where it felt chilly and damp. The guards bent her small legs into a metal device that held them up and apart. The High Priest flung his robe open and marched toward her, shouting, “dlihcs’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Beta, come forward.”

The sight made Jenny faint, while the consciousness of Alter J.J. (Beta) awoke. Sizing up the situation, this one over sexual abuse experiences decided not to participate in anything so frightening and blanked herself out. Someone needed to deal with this situation so male Alter Jason again came forward to bluff his way through.

Alter Jason recorded his experience in Jenny's Journal:

The man did the usual stuff, which I don't want to talk about. He did it to Angeletta, too.

Apparently the goal of the ceremony

was achieved, for a new alter personality formed that made Jenny look vastly different. Dripping with blood and urine from immersion in the vat and with every muscle on her face twitching, Alter The Evil One came forth—a psychic killer born at the onset of wakefulness in the Theta wavelength of Jenny’s brain. He, unlike the others, was a saboteur created to serve followers of Lucifer.

Fortunately he would fail, for as Alter The Evil One remembered:

I came into the world as a crazy, wild child. I wanted to yell that I was Lucifer and one of them, but the other alters, under orders from Angelic, held me down. Alter Jason had his hand over my mouth so I couldn’t say anything. They untied and turned me around, putting my bottom in the air.

The smells made me throw up, which they made me eat.

What happened next with a scorching poker was never recorded, but her convulsions seemed to last a lifetime, though in reality only a few horrible moments. Jenny awoke upside down and in great anguish. Then Alter The Dark One took over. The personality wouldn't write about the episode, but Alter Angelic would:

Jenny went into seizures. A man by Angeletta pulled another poker from the fire. She was screaming and looking at me. When she yelled the people went back to their seats. I knew for sure that they would kill her now.



It was close to high noon when Angeletta's hysterical cries broke the unsacred code of silence, hastening the day's activities. The enflamed crowd turned toward the High Priest. He glared back, signaling that all should return to their seats.

After they settled, their leader walked toward Angeletta, the menacing long sword once hooked to the pulpit, raised above his head, "dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Angeletta, dlihc s'laaB uoy evig ew, reficUL ythgim hO."

The blade descended with astonishing speed and force, a fearsome hands-driven guillotine that severed Angeletta's head.

Her eyes were wide open, large and blue, and even in death pleaded, “Help me.”

Unconsciousness preserved Jenny, for Alter The Dark One was in charge:

They sang a foreign song and danced around Angeletta, sprinkling stuff on her from their hands. After a while they untied her body and put it in the fire pit, then turned on the fire. I remember the smell and sight of her hair sizzling while she burned.

Acrid mixtures of incense, blood and smoke filled the air. The Halloween people danced around the fire, encircling it three times while singing a morbid tune interspersed with drumbeats, strange words, Snap. Snap. Snap, and the same

incantations, “Salome, Salome, Salome.”

They silenced, stood still. Attention centered on the High Priest who had reclaimed his station of power on the pulpit. He frowned. Blazing eyes hardened. He turned, signaling the crowd to pivot toward their second Chosen One.

The High Priest gripped his sword with both hands, raised the blade dripping with Angeletta’s blood and began a slow, determined death march toward an unconscious Jenny tied to her white cross-altar.

# THE LIGHT OF SUMMER SOLSTICE

**Same day, 12:00 Noon Sharp.**

Jenny slowly awoke on the sacrificial altar to an Ethereal Light that flamed through the east wall, a radiant aura of love dispersing the frightful scene. A glow pulsating from Angeletta's body still burning in the fire pit slowly rose to join the Light.

A Heavenly peace infused Jenny as she realized, *There's a man standing in the air straight above me!*

The High Priest, bewildered by this uninvited Power, raised his sword higher and took another step forward, snarling: "dlihc s'laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven." Snap.

Snap. Snap. “Angelic, dlihc s’laaB, uoy evig ew, laaB ...”

Pagan incantations were still on the High Priest’s lips when the Light hindered his thrust, pinning his body to the bloody floor.

Satan’s disciples witnessed the overpowering of their leader. These who worked in darkness couldn’t face the Light and alarm shone in forty-five torpid faces that turned away. Bedlam reigned.

Unconsciousness again befell the Chosen One.

A perverted old man observing the havoc from top of the staircase flipped a switch, inviting artificial light to enter. It proved no match for the real thing and the crowd remained routed.

The High Priest stumbled to his feet, analyzed the quiet tumult, stepped back to his podium and angrily slammed the Black Bible shut, signaling a call to order.

The mayhem ended, but unspeakable deeds were unfinished. In a flash initiates disrobed, washed off makeup and dressed in street clothes, though it took a while to clean the room. Careful not to face the brilliant White Light, the men squinted down at the floor as they scrubbed it clean.

Angeletta's guard furiously scooped up her partially burned remains while Angelic's guard put away her cross-altar. Men emptied the putrid waste into pipes that drained into the city sewage system and hurriedly placed items in wall

compartments. The red velvet curtain was yanked down and deposited in a storage vault lining the west wall, along with portable pulpit, cages and vat. They tied leftover debris in large plastic sacks, then furtively sneaked them outside and into a city dumpster. Within minutes the crime scene was erased. The Temple looked like an abandoned warehouse, empty, except for the peaceful child still tied to her sacrificial altar, wrapped in the soft White Light.

The Old Man motioned to Raymond and Maynard. The unnerved boys reluctantly entered the fiery Presence behind closed eyes, beneath bowed heads. Not until Jenny was carried outside did the powerful Aura take its leave from the sacrificial temple.

## COMING “HOME”

**Same day, seven hours later.**

Ice cubes fed cool water filling the Scorpio bathtub and returned Jenny to consciousness.

“It’s ten after eight already,” said Maynard as he anxiously scrubbed the child’s blood-matted hair.

“Why don’t we just snuff the kid?” Raymond sneered.

“Idiots,” the Old Man ranted. “We could have done that hours ago instead of riding all over town. Get her dressed.”

Raymond searched for her white sweater and pink underpants, but they were missing! Maynard slipped on the



yellow dress, socks and tennis shoes. A nervous thrust directed Jenny through the front door as her mind flipped in and out of consciousness. Before letting the child go a familiar rhythmic cadence whispered into her left ear, “dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “You remember nothing of today.”

A storm filled the sky, the murky weather fitting Jenny’s spirit. Weak and sucking her forefinger, legs were wobbly, though she felt no physical discomfort. She shuffled down front steps of the gray house, over its weed-filled lawn. As programmed in reverse, she crossed the street to Kelly’s house then came back again to her familiar rock-lined sidewalk. Brain and body memories of today’s

mind-numbing hours floated away where her alters buried them deep. Maynard's snapping fingers had erased most everything else. She thought, *Why am I bleeding down there? Where have I been? Mom'll be real mad. Father in Heaven, please help me.*

A warm presence graced her battered body, gently lifted the little one's spirit and carried her to the blue house. She thought, *Must be angels close by.*

Jenny opened the newly installed glass door to shrieks rolling from Paul's bedroom, Mercy yelling above Baby Susan's cries, "Why are you upset I called police? Liz was molested. Don't you care?"

Relief washed over Paul upon seeing his oldest tiptoeing down the hallway. Mercy didn't notice and continued ranting. A programmed Jenny felt nothing, for her wounded alters kept the secrets. She undressed and placed her clothes in the wicker hamper, then glanced upward to the bathroom mirror, only to capture a horrid sight. How could she be bleeding, yet she didn't feel a thing?

Under the safety of Grandma's quilt she rolled up a diaper and stuffed it between her bloody legs, struggled into purple-pansy pajamas and promptly blanked out.

Half an hour later Mercy entered the bedroom, "Where have you been? What's the matter with your hair?"

"Went swimming with Mary and her

mother,” came Maynard’s memorized words from Angelic. “We feel awful right now and very tired.”

“And I’m not?” Mercy quipped, turning away to resume the diatribe in Paul’s bedroom.

The six year-old’s dilemmas were ignored, as usual, for more important matters needed tending. Today Mom’s worst fears had been confirmed: Sharon confessed that over a week ago in the Kennedy Middle School alley, she saw Raymond with his pants down on top of three year-old Liz. The wife hadn’t asked husband’s permission before making that call and now faced his wrath with some of her own. “I don’t give a rip what you think, Paul. We’ve got to protect our girls.

Police will be here in the morning.”

Mercy checked on Jenny a few times, perhaps more out of guilt than concern, only to find her throwing up. Mom served Coke syrup with chipped ice to calm the dry heaves, though Angelic whispered, “It don’t help.”

Angelic’s large family of alter children were the most beneficial. They continued to hold Jenny’s angst so she could drift into a blissful state of unconsciousness on that end of the beginning of longer days and shorter nights when time was measured in millennia—completion of 21<sup>st</sup> June Summer Solstice, the longest day of 1965.

Twenty-two hours later Jenny awoke around six p.m. Some vague memory tugged her subconscious. Her body throbbed and she couldn't get past a splitting headache. There was nothing to do but hunker down and wait for the discomfort to end. She did that by getting through moments one at a time—the same way she used stepping-stones to cross the backyard without damaging Father's grass, or how she made it to the gray house without bothering Mom's sacred front door.

“Who am I?” reverberated through the empty bedroom. “Where have I been? Why am I here? What happens tomorrow? Who, who in the heck am I?”

She fell back asleep before taking a

stab at answering any of those questions. Her suffering followed for a distance into dreamless depths, like sticky tentacles that wouldn't let go. The aching finally tucked itself away as consciousness shut down. Angelic was left alone to labor through the bone-deep weariness.

That's why an hour or so later when the doorbell rang it brought Angelic out of bed. She hurriedly dressed to spy. A strange man stood behind the front door wearing a fresh-pressed suit and somber tie as Jenny's father did on Sundays. Though he looked mean, not gentle like most men who visited on religious matters. But then considering what happened the day before, this alter was convinced *all* men were jaded, no matter how they dressed.

“Mrs. Hill? I’m Detective Briggs, Garden Grove Police Department. We need to discuss your neighbors, the Scorpio boys.”

Paul rushed from the kitchen, uneasily assessed the situation and motioned for Briggs to sit by him on the couch. Mercy settled into her assigned place in the rocking chair. The conversation opened in Father’s militant tone-of-voice, “This is just plain nonsense. We don’t have a problem with Scorpios.”

Briggs didn’t mind the confrontation and begged to differ. They were arrested last night and a myriad of responses by families living along the rock-lined sidewalk had filled the day. Each interview confirmed Mrs. Hill’s report of



possible child molestations and was carefully filed in the back of his mind.

The seasoned detective categorized Paul's reaction there, too. It deserved further investigation. This cop's impression of Mr. Hill: a small man who wore big shoes. Which was further verified by Hill's next vehement statement, "Nothing happened. All Sharon says is they were riding Big Wheels at the middle school when Raymond tried to bother Liz, then ... "

"I'll interview Sharon myself," the detective interrupted. "I need to talk to your four girls alone. That's a lot of kids for your wife to keep track of."

Briggs wasn't surprised to find him questioning this man's position, nor to see

Paul's nervous smile as the father agreed, "Yes, especially when a fifth is on the way. My wife's very busy and tends to overreact. I don't think there was any reason to call you. No one, which means absolutely no one, is talking to my daughters about sex. That's not something we do in this house."

Some sympathy, more questions, narrowed the inspector's gaze. Hill's remarks were concerning and his attitude, ridiculous. Several girls in the neighborhood confessed the brothers got to them. From Juvenile Detention findings this morning there was enough evidence swelling the case record to keep Scorpios locked up until trial, probably a lot longer. Their single-parent mother was away on vacation, evidently. There was no father

around, just some semi-bald guy who called himself an uncle. He didn't talk much when police arrived and disappeared right after.

“This is a serious matter, Mr. Hill. I'm curious, why wouldn't you want to know if your girls have been molested?”

Father squirmed in his seat and didn't answer. He directed a glare at Mercy, who sat in silence nervously glancing at Sharon, Liz and Susan joining Jenny at the doorway.

Alter Angelic blew out an explosive breath, took in another. Now with the law involved perhaps something could be done about their situation, perhaps not. Seizing the moment for intervention, the personality pushed Jenny's body away

from her sisters, ignored Mercy and scurried onto the sofa next to Detective Briggs, as far away from Father Hill as possible.

The officer gave her a smile. Mercy anxiously looked at her husband, who was making a weak attempt to re-direct the situation, “Princess, this doesn’t concern you. Go outside and play with your friends.”

“Can’t,” Alter Angelic said. “Jen don’t have no fr ... I mean, I’m too sick to play. Want to talk about ... ”

“Do as you’re told,” Father interrupted. “Get to your room and shut the door, Virginia.”

The name brought dutiful Alter Virginia forward to obey.

A clearly agitated Mercy continued to rock back and forth in her chair. Husband had made it crystal-clear not to discuss family matters outside of the blue house. Now she had opened Pandora's Box.

Briggs noted the parent's evasive reactions. He needed another opportunity to evaluate this family, but he, alone, was interviewing the neighborhood door to door. It was already after six, with more families to go.

He glared at a fidgeting Paul, who was thinking: *There can't be time left for this detective to delve deeper into my household, thank goodness*, then blurted, "I repeat, I don't want strangers talking to my girls about sex. Susan and Liz are babies and you know what Sharon has to

say. That leaves Virginia. I'll have a long conversation with her, then let you know if anything comes of it."

Briggs arose, "You do that, but get Sharon to my office tomorrow. I need to interview her alone. Liz and Virginia too, if they have anything to add."

By the time Garden Grove's finest crossed the street to Kelly's house, next-door-neighbor Mr. Wilson was at the front door. He asked beneath salt and pepper brows, "How are your girls doing with this Scorpio mess?"

For a brief moment Mercy was caught without words. Paul demanded she never discuss personal matters with others, but yesterday's events dramatically changed

her attitude. Plus, it didn't register that "Six-foot-two, Eyes-of-blue" was listening from behind. Her eyelids drooped, "Thanks for your concern. As for Liz, I don't think anything happened, although she does cry all the time for no reason. Strange things are going on around here. I discovered some bloody rags rolled up in the trash this morning. Lots of diapers have gone missing in recent months. Last Sunday those Scorpios threw a brick through our kitchen door. Think it was those same ruffians who tried to break into our house a few days ago. All these shenanigans have Sharon, Liz and Susan frightened silly. I called in the police as soon as Sharon told me about her little sister."

"Heard Scorpios have been getting to

girls all over the neighborhood,” Wilson said. “Kids are saying those nasty brothers killed kittens in front of their sister, Mary, and cut testicles off a dog. Better have some serious talks with all your children. Those bad boys probably hijacked every girl around.”

“I’ll handle it,” Paul broke in, brusquely dismissing his neighbor, slamming the door.

Her husband’s rudeness embarrassed Mercy and if looks could kill, hers would have dropped him right then, “I’ll be there when you have that talk with Virginia.”

“This is a delicate subject, Mercy. She’s more likely to confess things to me. You take care of that wailing baby. Ya deaf, woman? Susan’s cry’n her eyes out.”



The girls were ordered to sit on the couch, while Father pulled his ratty-plastic folding chair out of the closet. Mercy held Susan at the doorway, straining to understand his contrived words: “Listen up, this is important. Scorpios have been arrested for fondling kids in the neighborhood. The cops want to know if they’ve done something to you.”

“Raymond got on top of Liz,” Sharon proudly volunteered.

“Did he *do* anything?”

Sharon glanced at Mom. Fearful of Father’s belt, she said, “Nooo.”

Paul’s lips curved into a smile. Turning to his three-year-old, he angrily asked, “Just what happened between you and

Raymond, Liz?”

The toddler looked at the carpet. She couldn't quite understand Father's question, his irritation, or why the family was sitting around staring at her.

Satisfied and with an eye on Mercy, Paul focused on Jenny, “How about it? Have those dudes ever touched you, Virginia?”

Alter Virginia couldn't answer as ordered because she was determined to remain invisible, but awhile back J.J. heard Paul give orders at the green bedroom doorway and mistakenly came forward. In the past he threatened death if anything was said about sex. J.J. answered, “No ... ” Alter Angelic, angry with J.J. for telling a lie and very upset

about recent events, pushed her rival alter aside, “I was tied up and they swung all of us around.”

“They tied you to a swing, did they?” Paul asked.

The question befuddled everyone. Angelic remembered being tied down and swung around in the Black Temple, but feared saying anything more about that. J.J. had no memory of being bound. No one could talk. The quietude unnerved Paul, “I’m hungry. Mercy, get to your kitchen. You girls go outside and leave Virginia with me.”

Sharon and Liz trailed their mother to the back door. Assuming he was alone with the oldest, Paul looked deep into her dark-blue eyes, snapped his fingers three

times and whispered into her left ear, “My Princess looks tired. Get to bed and don’t you dare talk to anyone, about anything. Hear?”

The personalities always did as they were told. They shuffled the body into the green room, where Angelic zonked them out and remained in charge so Jenny could receive some much needed rest.

Her sleep continued long through the next morning when Paul tiptoed by a knocked-out Jenny to take Sharon for that very private talk with Detective Briggs.

## A SUMMER VACATION

**Saturday, 26 June 1965.**

Jenny lay hidden after the Black Temple ordeal. Intense discomfort of mind, body and spirit meant her Alter Angelic was badly needed. Healing had to occur and the core persona couldn't handle things yet.

Jenny's many naps consisted of dreams dissolving into nightmares of hooded robed men surrounding her bed, black-ringed eyes set in white faces, holding long needles and lit candles, snapping their fingers and chanting, "Salome, Salome, Salome."

The only good from this bad first-day-of-summer experience was that Father

stopped coming on Thursday nights. Great news for J.J. and her extended alter family. No one knew the reason for this most welcomed respite, except Father Hill and he wasn't saying. No doubt police and counselors coming into the neighborhood left him a bit queasy.

The Scorpio brothers were convicted of sexually abusing fifteen neighborhood girls. Their mother, ashamed of what her boys had done, sold the property and took her victimized daughter, Mary, away. And, that old guy was nowhere to be found.

Angelic's alter family who attended the Temple ceremony: the Frightened, Shocked, Dark and Evil Ones, plus Jason and Joan took turns enduring the suffering,

including a miserable case of diarrhea.

It took about a month for the alters to realize there were no more invitations to “play” at the gray house. They finally compartmentalized their awful memories, repressed them away, became sedated and never grew another day. Angelic was left alone to absorb horrid cramps as injured bowels tightened.

This prime witness to Angeletta’s murder was totally devastated about the blue-eyed blonde. She began behaving like Suicidal Alter Janet, which made existence terrifying for every personality. Deeper in the brain, Angelic’s family of alters made a pact that when grown, they would search for parents of the other girl. They wanted to apologize for not allowing

Jenny to cry out and be murdered instead. The only trouble: during Jenny's life most of these alters like their hero, Peter Pan, refused to be adults.

Entanglements persisted while Jenny slept. Angelic was so busy holding horrid memories that it left J.J. with the tenuous job of trying to handle waking hours, including Suicidal Janet and Angelic's ghastly thoughts of destruction.

One morning Alter Janet, under orders from Angelic, found a bottle of aspirin in the bathroom medicine chest just as Mercy walked in, "What are you doing with those pills?"

"Getting medicine for your leg aches," the alter lied.



The explanation brought an unusual smile to Mother's face and her timely entrance saved the day for Jenny. However, the incident didn't resolve the child's self-destructive desires. Bad memories just wouldn't go away.

That summer Alters Angelic and Janet failed in several suicide attempts, thank goodness, mainly because of J.J. She was enjoying a reprieve from dealing with Paul's Thursday nights and took over as much as she could, mainly on the death threats. She wasn't about to leave this earth without having some serious fun.

Jenny's awakening came in September, a week before first grade began. She

found herself with Mercy in the station wagon, realizing she missed kindergarten graduation and wondering why summer vacation was so short. By then all she recalled about the last few months were balloons on the final day of school.

It finally registered that Mom was driving her to an appointment to fix the mysterious ragged hair cut. (J.J. tried to make Jenny ugly to keep Paul's hands off them). Over the last few months J.J. concocted a formula for another hair style: dye the frizzy locks blonde, (which had begun turning brown) out of respect for Angeletta so no one would forget that murdered blue-eyed blonde. Since J.J. was only six years old it would take a few years before she could implement her plan.

By the time school began Jenny's physical wounds healed and Angelic was no longer needed. That made Jenny more aware of things, including evenings filled with nightmares of hooded white-faced men in robes who surrounded her bed chanting, "Salome, Salome, Salome."

Jenny countered her fears by cultivating a creative arena of imagination. The bedroom closet became a secure hiding place for free time during the day. As sunlight expired she climbed the backyard block fence where her troubling thoughts were expressed in simplistic poems created while watching Disneyland fireworks.

That fall Jenny attended first grade like nothing happened because to her, it hadn't.

She crossed the busy road without watching for cars to hide within the protective arms of Garden Grove Elementary. The six year-old thought about Peter Pan and his important instructions for Wendy on how to fly to Never-Never Land. She became obsessed with her heroines Mary Poppins and Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz, floating up and away under an imagined umbrella, or skipping down a Yellow Brick Road on the way to school, stopping to get a hug from the all-knowing wizard, Miss Griffin. Her Fantasyland became so perfect, their details built a flimsy assurance that for as long as they lasted nothing truly bad could occur. Anytime. Anywhere.

The creative thoughts crowded out her

mysterious repressed memories, including dreadful Thursday nights with Paul—even after they resumed, which they did, right after first grade began.

A new clan occupied the gray house. It took a while to move in because a single woman and her young children handled the heavy boxes. Father watched from the front porch, arms crossed, in his plastic folding chair. A scornful look crossed his face as he diagnosed the difficulty: his new neighbors were black. He gathered his girls for instruction, “When you see coloreds walking toward you, turn around, go back, cross the street, or head another way. Never get near them, ya hear? They don’t smell right and are a bad influence on our value system.”

No one was more aware of Paul's despicable smells and values than Jenny's alters. On the second day of school and in defiance of Father, they walked with the core persona to the gray house to re-introduce themselves, "Hi. I'm Jenny."

Seven-year-old John and five-year-old Morisha greeted at the newly repaired front door. "Yesterday you said your name was Angelic," John replied.

"You told me your name was Virginia," Moisha laughed.

With no recall about meeting these new neighbors, Jenny adeptly covered up, "Most people call me Virginia, but I prefer Jenny."

John motioned the girls to follow him to the brightly decorated back bedroom, but

his new playmate remained stuck to the doorway.

“Don’t you want to see my doll?” asked Morisha.

“You showed it to her yesterday,” said John. “She’s afraid of dolls, remember? Doesn’t seem to want to play in here. Let’s go outside.”

“We can’t be in our yard,” his sister reminded. “Mom just planted grass.”

“Then let’s run in the middle school parking lot.”

“No,” Alter Angelic said. “That scares me. Cars might pick us up there.”

“Wanna climb the Submarine?” he asked.

“Nooo,” she repeated as thoughts flashed about the inside of a mysterious metal cage. “Those bars don’t feel safe to me no more.”

John understood, “Yeah, know how you feel. Those mean Taylor Twins are over there. Today they pushed me away from the school fountain. Said I couldn’t drink the same water they do ‘cause I had a black tongue that would make it polluted.”

“Don’t worry about the Taylors,” J.J. responded. “I’ve plans for them.”

Jenny and all her little personalities came to love these new kids on the block. They knew all about being different and didn’t tease when she acted strange. Even accepted without question what she said about hearing conversations in her head.



With such support, the alters expressed pretty much what they felt that year, conversing or being unobtrusive as seemed appropriate, while their more repulsive feelings remained tucked away in deep crevices of Jenny's mind.

## ALTER VIRGINIA TAKES OVER

**Saturday 18 September 1965. First Grade.**

A profound slumber overtook Jenny during the excitement of Grandmother's return, Mother and Father leaving for the hospital, then coming back with baby number five, Barbara. Jenny had no idea that a new sister existed—her Alter Virginia experienced the whole thing. The several days of blackout were under Spiritual Virginia's direction because this pious personality liked to be around Thelma.

Actually, Grandma gave everyone a rest from normal chores, especially J.J. With Granna on the roll-a-way and Mercy in

bed with Paul, it left little work for the alter to do. The time-out was welcomed by the core persona, too, since nothing functioned very well after events at the Black Temple. Thus, Alter Virginia had little competition for the body.

Thelma didn't stay long, however. Mercy disowned her mother after a particularly loud altercation between the three adults. The affair began on Thursday night when Grandma caught her son-in-law in bed with Jenny. Father laughed it off and sent his eldest away.

Thelma was blunt the next morning at breakfast, "Paul, that's no way to behave with Virginia. It's not natural what you do."

"Dammit Thelma, keep your prying

schnozz out of my business,” Paul yelled.

“What you and Virginia were doing last night is everyone’s business. Give me a good reason why I shouldn’t call Child Protective Services.”

“What are you talking about, Mom?” said a laden-in-disavowal Mercy. “That child’s been a thorn in my side forever.”

“Why the Hell do you always put my Princess down, Mercy?” the degenerate yelled. “Virginia’s a beautiful little girl.”

“Shouldn’t talk like that to your wife,” Grandma said, turning to Mercy for support, that didn’t come.

“Enough said, Thelma,” Paul snapped as he acidly looked down at the women, then sat back down hard into his chair.

“Both of you stop this talk right now,” Mercy said, raising her hands in the air.

“She’s right,” Paul hollered as he leaned toward Thelma, sputtering, “You’ve got no right causing turmoil in my house.”

“Especially not with five little ones needing my attention,” whined his wife.

Grandma arose in the dead silence that followed. Her high lace-up shoes pattered down the hallway and kicked the bathroom door shut. Jenny and her Alter Virginia followed, cracking the door to see Grandma crying. They quietly sat by her on the bathtub rim.

This was another “strange” period for Jenny, who made an attempt to suck on her forefinger, but couldn’t move the hand.

She thought, *Hard to believe Granna is here. She never comes unless there's a new baby. Better be quiet and enjoy her while I can.* It was Alter Virginia who spoke, "Hi, Thelma."

Startled, Grandma pulled her close for a hug.

"You crying 'cause Jen's Mom's mad at you? I don't think she loves Jen either," Alter Virginia said.

Thelma cried louder, making Jenny feel worse. She thought, *Have I done something wrong and don't remember?* "Gonna say you don't love me no more?" she wistfully said.

"Honey, if anything you're loved more than the rest," Grandma replied, dabbing

her eyes with a hand-crocheted hanky. “What I mean is, the two of us have to stick together. We need each other, my dearest Virginia.”

The sound of her name kept Alter Virginia forward. This spiritual personality felt unworthy of being loved by anyone, much less Jenny’s kind grandmother. “I ask God for Jen’s Mom to love her, but she don’t. Everyone hates me, including Him. He answers Jen’s prayers all the time, but not mine.” *Oh. Oh. I’m telling too much*, thought Alter Virginia.

A puzzled Thelma looked intently into baby dark-blues, “God loves you dearly and so do I. Why are you covering your lips? Is there something I should hear?”

Speak your mind, sweetheart.”

“Father in Heaven could never love someone like Jen. Her mom thinks she’s a scatterbrain and retard.”

“A retard?”

“Kids at school call Jen that, too. All the time.”

“Darling, no one knows this little girl like Grandma does. You don’t have to lie. Fooling your parents may be easy, but those changing eye colors are a dead giveaway for me. They switch when you don’t tell the truth.”

“It’s true. The only one who doesn’t think Jen’s retarded is Paul,” Alter Virginia continued. “He’s nice to her as long as she keeps his secrets. Why does



Jen's father make her keep secrets?"

Thelma thought about that for a moment, then said, "Speaking of secrets, remember the last time I was here? There was something you were going to tell me, just before Paul came through the front door, Virginia."

Alter Virginia had no recognition of the frank talk several months ago (she hadn't been present at the time) so replied, "I don't remember you being here before, Jen's Granny."

The senior turned and tried to register what she just heard. There was a pause, and then, "Your father pays unusual attention to you, doesn't he?"

"Yes," the core persona was allowed to say. "Mom gets stinking mad about that all

the time. Don't see why 'cause I hardly remember being with Father."

Jenny wanted to tell this wonderful lady something that wavered in the cracks of her brain, but couldn't quite remember it and blurted, "Promise to love me, no matter what?"

"Oh my Virginia, I'll always love you, dearly. Let me tell you something special. When Grandpa and I married in the Salt Lake Temple we knelt at a beautiful laced-covered altar in a white room decorated in golden accents and made serious promises to Father in Heaven. Your parents did the same in the Los Angeles Temple. If we keep those sacred covenants that sealing will bond you to us forever, for time and all eternity. We'll

always be with you.”

Mention of “temple” and “altar,” added to a fear that she might be with Paul for an eternity, blanked Jenny out. With no such memory, Alter Virginia responded, “Whenever Jen’s mom says we spend too much time with Paul, I don’t remember being with him. Mercy gets mad at all our forgetfulness and crushes our feelings.” Different-toned voices chipped in, “We checked with Sharon to see if her mom talked like that to the other kids, but all Sharon said was not to ask stupid questions.” “The sisters tell Jen what’s going on when she’s absent-minded, but they don’t understand us.” “Jen’s usually spanked when she wakes up, or gets the belt for things they say we do.” “Everyone acts like we know what’s going on when

we don't." "Kids tease her all the time. Gotta be bad girls not to understand why." "It's sooo confusing. Is there a doctor around who can help us not be retarded?"

Thelma released a heavy sigh. Her loving grandchild was quite peculiar. There was something foreign going on in this household that this old woman couldn't understand. However, she was the family matron and had to try, "First of all, you're not slow, but we better get some help. Remember last night when I walked in on you and Paul, Virginia?"

Alter Virginia, not wanting Thelma to find she wasn't her granddaughter, faded away, leaving her own multiple personality in charge. This unnamed alter helped handle situations including those

with Paul, though found no reason to be present now around the protective grandmother. She transferred thinking back to Jenny, who intently listened to the conversation from the back of the mind, but couldn't recall last night. Her reply was truthful, "No." Then, "Please, please granny, love me."

"I will, forever my dear. I have to leave tomorrow, but you'll always be in my thoughts and prayers."

"What?" a startled Jenny said. *My best friend is going away? Granny just arrived. We haven't even had a chance to talk.*

Thelma gave her another hug and then said, "What about that rash you told me about this morning? Let me take one more

look.”

Jenny couldn't remember telling Grandma about a rash—much less know she had one. She obediently pulled down her underpants and pointed to where she thought it might be stinging, though she couldn't feel a thing.

“It looks a little swollen. Put a wet rag on it. Sometimes Borafax works.”

It felt warm to have someone care so Jenny pretended not to know about Borafax.

“Don't tell Paul, but you absolutely must say something to your mother, Virginia.”

“Already told her mom it stung down there,” Alter Virginia came forth to say.

“Mercy said if I ever mentioned it again Jen’d have to eat hot mustard with Tabasco sauce.”

“What?”

“Said our butt hurt so bad we couldn’t walk and Mercy just got mad,” replied Alter Virginia’s unnamed personality. “Hits us with a belt when she’s upset, or puts our hands under scalding water.” Bringing Jenny’s fingers forward, the unnamed alter continued, “See the scars?”

Thelma was flabbergasted, “Why haven’t I heard this before?”

The unnamed alter realized she’d said too much and fainted, putting Jenny back in the conversation, “Don’t remember being punished. I’m so retarded and stupid. It probably didn’t happen.”

“You’re certainly not stupid, child.”

“Grandma, don’t leave. Please be my mom. I’ve told you things even Father in Heaven doesn’t know, like forgetting stuff.”

“Tell me more about not remembering, Virginia.”

Alter Virginia re-awoke at the sound of her name. So did several others, all competing in their unique voices for the chance to have Granny’s ear, “Sometimes I forget.” “Or, Jen does.” “Or I do, and then the time changes.” “Yeah, everything’s different.” “That’s how everyone gets into trouble.” “Mercy says Virginia’s a liar, but I’m the one who has to feel the belt.” “No, I do.” “We don’t



know what anyone's done to cause trouble." "If someone says they didn't do it, her mom hits one of us harder." "Thelma, you talk about leaving soon to live with God in Heaven. Can we come too?" "Virginia's right. We wanna get away from here as soon as possible." "But maybe not. Mercy tells Jen over and over that she's a bad girl and we're headed to Hell."

Grandma was quite taken back by these latest declarations. She couldn't figure them out. There were too many problems with this family. Besides, she had to take advantage of these few golden moments left with her most prized grandchild, "You're wrong. Me and mine will never go to Hell. I can't wait for us to be together in Heaven. It's a beautiful place

where everyone loves each other.”

Spiritual Alter Virginia was curious, “Paul talks about Hell all the time. Thelma, what’s a Hell?”

“Hell is opposite of Heaven, it’s frigid and bleak,” Thelma answered, not understanding the import of her words upon the child. “People there are not allowed to be with Heavenly Father, but live with Satan. They are full of hate, fear and loathing. My sweet grandchildren will never go to Hell.”

Mention of “frigid,” “hate,” “fear” and “Satan” bothered the programmed alters who figured they had already been to Hell and back. Jenny’s eyes changed to light blue. Her Alter Angelic stood up, hands on hips, to shout in arrogance, “I’ve been

told I gotta go to Hell, many times. Even went there once.”

“No you didn’t, Virginia. That can’t be true. Besides, Hell is not really a place, more like a spiritual prison where you have to live without the warm light of God’s love. No one as good as you would ever go there.”

Angelic pointed her eyes at Granny’s, her voice full of loathing, “I did too go to Hell and know what it’s like to be in a cold prison behind bars. I understand Lucifer the Almighty and his ... ”

“Hush, Virginia,” a jolted Grandmother interrupted. “Don’t regard him that way.”

Angelic carried immense shame about her perceived part in Angeletta’s death and wasn’t about to let others reveal her

past, nor get the core persona into any more trouble with this most important person in their life. She sat back down on the tub rim and changed the subject: “I was there during that fight with Paul this morning. Hell, don’t let that SOB yank your chain.”

“That’s very inappropriate language, young lady.”

“Oops,” an embarrassed Alter Virginia said. Virginia was so chagrined at her sister-alter Angelic’s language that she shut down, while her unnamed personality took the opportunity to ask a long-held question. She pointed between their legs, “What the heck is this hole for? Can you sew it up?”

“It’s where you go to the bathroom,”

Thelma said. “Don’t talk about yourself that way. Your body is a temple, a sacred temple.”

The word “temple” frightened Angelic, whose inky memories were all too clear. She shot back, “Knock off that B.S, Thelma.”

Grandma was startled, “Who around here teaches you to talk that way? This family must be living in California’s fast lane.”

“I agree,” Angelic responded. “Don’t want to stay in this freak’n place anymore. Can’t I live with you? We cook; do laundry; clean house. No kidding, we can do all that stuff for you, seeing as you’re moving on in years. Could probably swing it with the old lady since she don’t want

us around Paul.”

Just then Mercy appeared in the doorway, “What do you mean: ‘Swing it with the Old Lady?’ Where did you pick up such language?” she shouted in exasperation.

“That’s right,” Thelma joined in. “We deserve your respect, Miss Virginia.”

“Sorry,” Alter Virginia took over to say. The spiritual alter was so embarrassed about the conversation that she closed her door in Jenny’s mind, deciding never to speak again.

The alter arose and pushed the women aside, leaving them with puzzled stares.

Thelma departed that evening. For the rest of her life she wondered if her

beloved granddaughter should have come along.

## DAYS FORGOTTEN

**Thursday, 30 September 1965. Twelve days later.**

Ears listened for footsteps, the distinctive clap, clap, clap of Thelma's high laced-up boots. Nothing—Granny was nowhere to be found. Her old leather suitcase was missing from Father's bedroom and it was figured the day must have changed. Jenny struggled to reconcile the emptiness of the Hill house, trying to act as if nothing was wrong. A feeling of being marooned crashed into ever-shifting waves of confusion, "Oh, dear, where's Grandma?"

Sharon and Liz giggled at their older sister. Paul didn't say a word. Mercy did, "Eat before it gets nasty. Didn't spend my



money on food to waste it. Goodness, Scatterbrain, remove that finger.”

Finger, along with her head, descended as she tried to figure out the date, “Father, I’m worried. You seemed mad this morning when leaving the driveway so fast.”

“I wasn’t angry today, Princess. Was last week when Thelma was here. She’s gone now, so I’m fine. It’s nice you noticed.”

*Grandma left? Jenny thought, It’s another day?*

A glance at Paul’s newspaper confirmed it was Thursday.

Mercy’s meat loaf and potatoes were dumped into the trash. Jenny washed and

dried dishes, then on her way to bed, sneaked past a heated conversation in the living room. After dinner it was common for Mother to tell Father what the eldest did wrong so he could administer the whipping. Often Jenny was blamed for things Sharon, Liz, even little Susan did. She didn't know why stuff happened, but it didn't matter. She would take the fall for everyone because Paul only pretended to spank her in his bedroom and Jenny remembered nothing after he closed the door. Even that was okay. This one was so stupid she deserved to be hurt.

In the girls' room Jenny tried to keep the sisters quiet by organizing a game of Old Maid, hoping no one did anything to get her punished. *Is that date on the paper correct? How much time is*

*missing? Sharon will know, “When did Grandma leave?”*

“Why should I tell you, Dumbbell?”

“Yeah, you’re so dumbbell,” Liz echoed.

An instant headache pounded unusual thoughts. One recognized as her own, but the others? “Dumb,” it was decided. Phantom voices interrupted: “We’re not dumb.” “Are we?” “Jen’s not.” “No way,” J.J. loudly asserted, the comment accompanied by her sisters’ giggles.

Jenny turned over a card, only to confirm her worst fear: the dreaded Old Maid.

A moment later, so it seemed, Jenny

found herself in bed. Sharon and Liz were running into the front room, “Daddy’s back. Daddy’s back.”

Sitting up, she thought, *How’d I get here? Gotta think hard.*

Bits and pieces of memory floated by. A flashback to Father’s bedroom: blood. Then the image fled. She carefully folded down Grandmother’s silk quilt. No pink play pants and shirt she wore while playing Old Maid, but the ugly blue dress, *Time has definitely disappeared. Did I do something wrong? Guess not, there’s no sign of the belt.*

Kitchen clamor called, *Better get there before anyone discovers I’m lost in space again.*

She swung her feet out of bed and

headed for the commotion, but nothing moved right. Strange. It was kind of sore all over, but she couldn't feel any discomfort. Stranger. Mom was putting mashed potatoes on the table. Normal. "Can I help?" she asked.

"It's already done," Sharon sniffed.

"Maybe if you quit lolly-gagging around you could be useful," Mother said, nuzzling Susan before placing her in the high chair. "Sharon's only five but she's been doing your work for a long time. Sit down Scatterbrain, we're tired of waiting for someone who pretends to be sick all the time so she can get out of her chores."

*I was sick?* Jenny wondered. Her body quaked. Images of hooded men wavered through her mind. The strange thoughts

almost held, then bobbed and wove into obscurity, flying away before they could be confronted. As did hours, days, even months. Her loss of time was getting worse.

“Mom said I’m in charge of the sisters now,” Sharon beamed. “You’re sooo lazy, Virginia. Always napping after school.”

“Sharon, you little twirp,” Father said as he marched into the kitchen. “Quit bad mouthing your sister. Got a long way to go before you’re perfect.” He reached out to squeeze the shoulders of his most favored daughter, “How was class today, Princess?”

Jenny couldn’t even picture leaving the house, let alone what happened at school. The idea that came to her held a little

longer this time, mostly because it wasn't a thought at all, but a fleeting vision of Father's body.

"Honestly, Paul, I don't know what you see in this twit," Mom said before turning on Jenny, "You drive me crazy, Virginia."

The rest of a bustling family found their rightful places at the table as Paul asked, "Virginia, would you pray for us?"

The command meandered all the way to Alter Virginia. After that embarrassing encounter with Grandma Virginia wasn't about to take over, no matter how many times those unloving parents called her name. "No way," Alter Virginia forcefully said. "Going to sleep. Leave me alone." ... "I, I can't," the oldest continued.

Paul winked at her over a smile. Mom's

eyes rolled. Sisters snickered at each other. Jenny always tried to avoid saying the prayer, though Father often asked. It was way too hard talking in front of the family. Surely she'd utter the wrong words. Jenny didn't know how to do it properly because unknown to her, Alter Virginia handled spiritual matters, including the prayer assignment. That is, until a couple of weeks ago when the personality made an adamant decision to stay out of everyone's way.

“I say it. I say it,” Liz blurted.

“No. I asked Virginia to pray,” Paul snapped.

Alter Virginia pretended not to hear. She wasn't about to break her resolve and become active again. That attitude helped



the order to get through to Jenny, who folded her arms behind closed eyes, “Dear Heavenly Fa, Faaather.”

The words were hard to say. Even tougher was the pronunciation of “father.” She thought, *My prayers don't work and if I say them everyone will find out that Father in Heaven doesn't love me.*

She peeked at a muddy view of “Daddy Feel Good,” who seemed to be enjoying her struggle, then squeezed her lids tight, “Please bless, bless ... ”

Sisters' incessant giggles became maddening. Concentration, difficult above inner voices shouting orders and what came next was forgotten, “Ummm, please, please, uh, the food on the table, and, ah, the hands that, umm, prepared it. Thank

you. Amen.”

“Virginia, you ended the prayer wrong again,” Mother said. “Won’t you ever learn?”

*I can't learn?* Jenny wondered. *Mom's right. I don't know how,* she decided.

Jenny’s forgetfulness was a given and there was no way to figure it out. She didn’t know how. Her mind turned to jelly under life’s pressure. Thin streaks of pain she couldn’t quite feel began a journey back and forth across her brain. Her alters, always trying to protect, were rushing forward, along with their repressed memories. Apparitions brought with them were generally the same: Father’s body; candlelit room; people in robes and makeup; drums beating to the

chant of snapping fingers and sounds of “Salome, Salome, Salome.”

All Jenny really remembered about those somewhere elses were that they had been hair raising. That was enough. She didn't want to think anymore.

“Virginia says the stupidest prayers,” Sharon said.

“Don't say that about your sister,” Paul spat, “or I'll whip your hinny.”

This presented another matter of concern. The dominoes were falling. If Father punished Sharon, Mom would be mad at Jenny, then sisters would harass her more, *Wish Father didn't love me so much. Wished Mom liked me just a little.*

A massive headache struck.

Jenny found herself in worn-out patent leather shoes that barely fit, standing front and center of her first grade classroom, unblinking eyes staring at everyone's heartthrob, David Allen. *Is this Heaven?* She thought and then yelled, "Mommy, where are you?"

The teacher gave her a questioning look. "Take your seat, Virginia," she said.

Then the most horrible thing a smitten little girl could imagine became reality: David pointed his index finger at her and hooted, "Look everybody, Space Woman."

Laughter pierced her heart like an arrow that had been hurled to meet its mark. Jenny wondered, *Why can't I just*

*disappear?*

The classroom grew smaller as walls closed in.

Jenny awoke in the front room, bent over a strange baby lying on an open diaper and thinking about the candlelit room again. She gulped for air and then screamed, “What happened? How did I get here? Mommy, where are you? Mommy!”

Mercy rushed in from Paul’s bed. “What is it? What on earth is wrong? Where are the kids, Dummy?”

Tears erupted from Alter Jennese’s depths, responding with unmistakable alarm, “Where am I? Oh Mercy, I’m so

glad you're here.”

“Stop it this instant. You startled me out of my wits. Almost had a heart attack thinking you'd harmed one of my girls. I never get any rest with you around.”

The offended alter ceased crying. Jenny awoke, out of breath and grateful to see Mom. She threw her skinny arms around the large frame, “How'd I get here? Please tell me. Please say I'm okay.”

Mercy, with no mercy, forcefully pushed the frightened child away, “What on earth are you talking about, Airhead?”

“Where's school?”

“What?”

“Mommy, where are we? Pleeese.”

“This is your house, Scatterbrain. You’re supposed to be taking care of the girls in it, but oh no, instead you upset my baby and frightened the living daylights out of me.”

Mother abruptly turned back to her husband’s bedroom and any hope for acceptance evaporated with her incessant harangue, “Get the baby dressed and check on your sisters. They’re in the girls’ room laughing at you in case you didn’t know. Tending is such a simple task, Stupid. Make me get up again with that yelling of yours and you’ll face the belt.”

She slammed the door and stretched out on Paul’s notorious bed.

Jenny wondered, *Why was I born? Why am I still living? Why does Mom hate*

*me? Does God?* As always, a chorus of inner voices chirped of their love, “*I’ll take care of you.*” “*No. I’ll do it.*” “*Don’t worry.*” J.J. said out loud, “*I’ll fix the problems.*”

Jenny didn’t. Couldn’t, listen to the racket. *No one loves the likes of me.*

Susan’s yelps from her high chair woke up Jenny looking at the kitchen clock: 2:06. The racket finally registered, *Have to shut her face before Mom wakes up.*

Jenny filled a cup with milk and shoved it into the two year-old’s mouth while thinking, *Now, where in the heck’s that strange baby?*



She turned back to the clock: 5:55, *Father's going to arrive soon and there's no dinner prepared! There isn't even a Sharon, Liz or Susan around, and I still can't find that baby. Is Mother taking care of her? No matter, the kid's no more. Where is everyone? What day is it?*

Feeling woozy, the room spun around.

Sunbeams sprinkled through the bedroom window, waking Jenny sitting on her lumpy roll-a-way in old purple-pansy pajamas. The aroma of bacon and eggs combined with the usual kitchen chatter. Most amazingly, that strange infant was in her arms, smiling. She thought, *Must not know I'm stupid, or she wouldn't do that.*

“Give me my baby right now,” Mercy shrieked from the green doorway.

“Is there anything I can do for you, Mom?” Jenny said, surrendering the cooing tot.

“What you can do is go away. Don’t you ever touch my darling Barbara again. You’ve done enough for a lifetime.”

“Why? What happened?”

“Gads, Scatterbrain, you hav ta know. She almost died and it’s all your fault You left my baby alone without any clothes on and she got pneumonia.”

The accusation gave birth to another flashback: Father’s sweaty body. Jenny bounced away from the ugly thought.

“Then to top things off,” Mercy

continued, “your dad promised that His Princess would help him take care of things while I was gone to the hospital with Barbara. When we got back this place was a disaster. Musta spent all your time messing around.”

One fact was crystal clear: Jenny didn't remember a thing before waking up to find Mom mad at her, *Didn't know there was another sister. They named her Barbara? Musta been real sick for Mom to take her to the hospital. No one goes to a doctor. Not even Liz when Raymond busted her, or me for any reason.*

Mercy carried the strange infant down the hallway. Jenny followed, feet shuffling, “How long was that one in the hospital?” she meekly asked.

“For a week, Airhead, if that makes any sense to a Scatterbrain. Just where do you think you’re going? Get dressed so’s you can help with breakfast. Wear that old yellow Sunday dress to school. It must still fit since you haven’t grown a single inch all year. No wonder with all that sugar stuffed into your face. Never did learn how to grow, did you? Haven’t seen that yellow dress since I worked so hard to scrub it clean last June.”

The word “June,” accompanied by faint sounds of “Salome, Salome, Salome,” plus a confusing thought of having to wear that yellow dress again, somersaulted her stomach. She ran for the girls’ room, where she picked her new school dress of purple polka dots—the yellow one, nowhere to be found. (With remembrance

of wearing the dress to the Black Temple, some unknown alter pitched it.)

Jenny rushed to breakfast, only to see Mom's disapproving scowl at her choice of clothes. She set the table while devising a plan to quell Mom's anger: she would do what Grandma advised a long time ago and tell Father's big secret, providing she could remember it. A few quiet moments dragged the decision over a bump, throwing her into a funk, "Mommy, Mommy, Mommy ... "

Mercy produced another crumpled look, turned back to her stove and what Jenny was going to say was forgotten. Her mind-sisters re-grouped to form a safer idea, "Mom, I feel so strange and different. Was I adopted?"

“Of course not. No one wants a stupid, lazy child who causes trouble. You do so many foolish things my girls are afraid to be around their older sister. You’re dad and I argue about that all the time. Don’t know why he sticks up for such a stupid brat.”

“I know. Father’s the only one who loves me, isn’t he? Things happen and then I’m not allowed to talk about it. It makes me feel so out-of-sorts.”

“That you are ... ,” Mercy responded almost thoughtfully, though a coldness overcame her voice as she continued, “I can’t understand why Paul likes to spend more time with you than me.”

It was the same as Granny told her, yet Jenny didn’t remember being with Father.

There were times she knew she was, but felt contrite about those incidents so forgot about them. It was easy to do that. Her brain was plum full of forgetting.

“Go take care of Susan before something happens, Airhead. You’re so useless. Wish I’d never given you birth.”

The remark unfolded a fleeting realization: her own mother didn’t love her. Never had. Probably never would. She was adrift among strangers. Jenny, as with most people who suffer multiple personalities, was highly perceptive, creative and adaptive to hostile environments. One theory indicated alters constantly shared experiences, thereby enlarging pathways to enhanced cognizance, or had a comprehensive

understanding of the abusive sphere around them so as to acclimate to it.

Mercy walked away cuddling Baby Barbara while Jenny thought, *Maynard and Father say they love me, but that kind of love doesn't feel right. Don't think even God likes me. Why can't I just die? Then would all this heartache go away?*

Her suicidal Alter Janet carefully ruminated over that thought.

It was a year and a half later, January 1967, when Liz wailed from the bathtub, "Virginia cut me!"

"I finally did it and she deserved it," Homicidal Alter Jennea squealed as the



seven year-old's dripping body bolted for her roll-a-way, light-blue eyes set in a vengeful glare.

*Where did this killer instinct come from?* Jenny thought as she awoke at hearing her own voice inside a muddled brain. She fuzzily recalled asking a neighbor veteran soldier who just returned from Vietnam, how to kill somebody. He didn't reply to the disturbing question right away and she couldn't remember anything after that, until she woke up a few moments ago in the tub leaning over Liz, with Mom's razor in her hand.

In the bathroom Mercy was horrified to see blood trickling down Elizabeth's slashed leg—a razor on the bloodstained rug. Mother lifted her five year-old,

bandaged the injury, tucked her into one of Grandma's quilts and gently placed her in the rocking chair.

Meanwhile Jenny returned to stare at the bloody bathtub water, where an incensed Mom headed, belt in hand, "Why did you cut your little sister? Where do your crazy thoughts come from, Virginia?"

Alter Virginia was determined to remain aloof and didn't answer. "I don't know," Alter Jennea replied. "I don't know either," Alter Janet continued not much above a whisper.

Actually, Janet was lying. She started the lethal episode. While Jenny gave Liz a bath, this suicidal alter spotted Mercy's razor and decided to end the craziness for everyone. Alter Janet had just taken over,

about to cut Jenny's wrists, when newly formed Alter Teri, not wanting to feel the sharp blade, turned it toward the one laughing at her, Liz. Somewhere in the whole mess Homicidal Alter Jennea got involved.

Jenny woke up to a vicious whipping, "Ouch," she wailed. "What happened?" she asked. *Why is Mom beating me?* "Ouch," *I just got in the tube to help Liz,* "Ooowh!" *take a bath,* "Oooooooooowh!"

"You did it. You know you did," Mercy shouted as Paul's belt flogged the seven year-old's quaking legs. "I'll teach ya, you worthless Scatterbrain," she shrieked between savage strokes. "Why on earth did you cut your baby sister? You're the craziest, sickest, dumbest child God ever

gave breath to.”

Mercy dropped the belt, turned on hot water tap, pulled Jenny’s welted body off a bloodied floor and squeezed her tremulous hands together. Fiercely steaming water cascaded over pale skin turning red, though Jenny’s scalded fingers felt no sensation whatsoever.

Bold Alter Teri, (the only one to actually feel the excruciating agony), responded in anger, “You took Jenny’s sisters to the church Primary party. Left us alone with Paul. We were put in the clothes dryer. Jenny couldn’t breathe. Then he put something hard into us. Some day I’m gonna slit that sucker’s throat.”

“How dare you say such a thing about my sweetheart,” Mom said as the burning

water cooked innocent hands bright red.

Mercy turned off the tap and left to comfort Liz. Feeling no physical discomfort, Jenny dressed slowly and then snuck into the security that lay beneath Grandma's silk-top quilt. There, she nursed her wounds while examining cruel memories from her ravaged past:

She was walking down the rock-lined sidewalk to the gray house, glancing backward ... one, two, three houses away was Mother, too busy tending her roses to notice her.

From the ceiling Jenny watched as Father positioned himself.

She thought, *Where do these foolish thoughts come from? What do they*

*mean? Why doesn't Mom save me? Can't she hear my screams?*

Jenny had little remembrance of yesterdays, nor did she wish for more tomorrows, but could no longer look away. Might have done so, almost certainly would have done so if not for an ever-vivid recall of that broken spring on Paul's bed—the one poking her small back that night two years ago when his weekly foreplay turned into rape. A rush to his empty bedroom easily found it. She wondered, *Is Father doing something bad to me?*

She needed to understand. Arms folded. Head bowed. Thinking consummated and a realization came, *I did walk down the white rock-lined sidewalk doing exactly*

*as I was told. Each step protected my family. They're still alive!*

Tender feelings filled her heart. She was, for a moment, close to answering the ever-perplexing questions: *Why am I dreaming the same thing every night: robed men surrounding my bed, chanting; blank periods; thinking my body's in pain, which I can't feel?*

She fervently hoped Mom would rescue her. Mercy seemed never around. But then, neither was Father in Heaven.

Or was He? It may be wondered where in God's creations His eyes were hidden. Where lay the pavilion that hid His face from such depravity?

Jenny knew. Forever engraved inside was a salient conviction from those

glorious moments when she was consumed within the warmth of the Heavenly Light that flamed the Black Temple: there was a Higher Power Who ruled over all.



## THE BAPTISM

**Tuesday, 7 February 1967. Age 8.**

Birthdays at the Hill house featured sisters singing around a homemade cake and a present dutifully bought by Mom. On February 7, 1967, Mercy lit eight candles while giving her annual speech, "Virginia, your Uncle Jim called me just before we left for the hospital and said he had a dream the night before that I'd give birth on the seventh day of February to a girl weighing seven pounds, seven ounces. He was told to tell me that you were a special spirit who would do important things on this earth. You weighed exactly seven pounds, seven ounces and were born on the seventh of February. I wrote everything down in your Book of

Remembrance. It happened just that way.”

“We hear that same *booring* story every year,” Paul yawned. “Get to your present, Virginia. I’m tired and wanna take a nap.”

Jenny obediently opened the unwrapped box to find a pink Sunday dress with three rows of white lace on its extra long skirt. She thought, *Where the heck does Mom find such old fashioned rags? All the hip girls at school wear mini skirts.*

Her eighth birthday was exciting in spite of the downer dress. Soon she would receive a more important present, the gift of the Holy Ghost. Jenny felt unclean ever since she could remember, but this past year with Alter Virginia not around, she was able to listen in on Sunday School

and weekday Primary lessons that prepared her for baptism. Soon she'd be as pure as the day of her birth; be confirmed a member; put her desperate life behind and begin anew. Most importantly, she would receive a promise that as long as she remained worthy, the Holy Ghost would always be with her. That is, providing she could pass the bishop's interview.

The next Tuesday evening Paul was adamant during their drive to church, "When asked if you're morally clean, say, 'Yes, I'm clean,' ya hear?"

"Okay," Jenny mumbled. *Can't remember ever being clean. How'm I goin ta get away with lying to the Lord?*

Meanwhile, Alter Virginia decided to

come forward long enough to remind Jenny of what their Sunday School and Primary teachers taught: *Your sins are washed away in baptism. The Holy Spirit will help you stay clean and pure throughout life as long as you keep close to Him through prayer.*

A bishop of an LDS ward, composed of approximately 400 member households, was a volunteer clergyman who dedicated his time and efforts for the betterment of those over whom he presided. With a special emphasis on the youth, this ecclesiastical leader hopefully helped members work out problems. It was his task not so much to judge Jenny's worthiness, but play the role of confidant and counselor. Make sure the child had a clear understanding of obligations this

sacred ordinance carried.

The Bishop met Paul and Jenny in the church foyer. He was a small man in his nondescript conservative suit, dark-blue tie and white shirt, but as he spoke, a quiet presence filled the entryway. Jenny's fears dissipated as he prophetically addressed Paul, "I'm taking Virginia away from you."

He removed Jenny's forefinger from her mouth, took the small hand and guided her to the back portion of the ward house. They entered a room holding the large tiled font. "This will be filled with warm water," he said.

The sight disturbed her alters of another baptism, fearing it meant a smelly mixture

of urine and blood. J.J. had a rough time with it, too. She was angry about the forced sex with Paul and outraged by the “Goody Two-Shoes” attitude of Sunday meetings, often arguing with her pious alter-sister, Virginia. This spiritual alter’s thoughts diametrically opposed J.J.’s and looked forward to the immersion, believing everyone inside would be happier after being washed clean.

Jenny herself was full of trepidation. Nothing was really very straightforward to the interviewee as she sat alone with the interviewer in his office, feeling for sure dumb. No baptism if questions weren’t answered right and she would never be pure without it.

“After you’re washed clean you’ll be confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,” the Bishop said. “That’s an important responsibility. Do you know what the principles of the Gospel are?”

This past year during Sunday School and Primary classes Jenny carefully thought out, then memorized her answers to this exam. She sat straight in her cushy chair next to the Bishop, warily glanced toward his smiling face, took a deep breath and launched into a recital of her own version of the LDS Church’s Thirteen Articles of Faith: “We believe in God the Eternal Father, in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost,” she said. “By the time they’re eight, kids need to know how to be responsible. Then we should get rid

of everything we've done wrong by getting baptized. Adam was the first to learn that and we're not supposed to take on his sins if he didn't. But, I think he did 'cause now he's living with Jesus and Father in Heaven."

Jenny glanced at him, wondering if she was getting it right. His congenial smile resumed her recitation, "Everyone can go back to Heaven like Adam did, providing they live Gospel principles," she said in a rush. "I don't know what those principles are, but my teachers say they're in the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price. I'll get into all those books if I ever learn how to grow up and find out how to read better."



The Bishop's nodding encouraged her to continue, "We believe we gotta have faith, repent a lot and have ta make sure our sins are washed away by getting a good dunking. Afterwards lots of men stand in a circle around you, put their hands on top of your hair and give you the gift of a ghost that's holy."

*Hope I'm saying the right things,* Jenny thought, uncertain about her feelings about men standing around her in a circle. "We believe God calls prophets, apostles and teachers, then puts his hands on them. God had His prophets write everything we should do in the Scriptures. We think He tells us a lot of important stuff that isn't written yet, but we can find it providing we ask Him questions, then listen hard to what He has to say."

The kindly man nodded in confirmation, so she continued, “We believe God will gather Israel up into ten tribes. ‘Cept, the Indians don’t hav ta do that ‘cause they stayed in their tribes, while we lost ours. When we find our lost tribes then we’ll build something called a Zion. That’s about the time Jesus will come back. His coming is suppose ta make humans better. I sure hope so, ‘cause they need ta be much better than they are right now.”

Momentary thoughts of an old man with a cane stretched through her consciousness, until a vision of the brilliant Light obscured the ugly one, giving her courage, “We like to worship God and believe men should do it how they want. Though, I personally don’t think some men who wear hooded robes and

makeup, do it right. Kings and presidents should get together and hold up the law for us. That's pretty heavy so they have to get power from God, though some guys think they have their own."

She ended her memorized speech with her own version of the Thirteenth Article of Faith: "We believe in good things, have endured an awful lot and hope we can get through all the crap that's handed to us. If there's anything beautiful or stuff I ought to be proud of, I'm supposed to find and try doing it by choosing the right."

Jenny held her breath during the long silence that followed, her hands locked together on her lap twisting a CTR (Choose The Right) ring. The Bishop finally leaned forward, smiling, "That's a

pretty fair understanding that even most adults don't have. Your parents must be good examples. You mentioned principles and ordinances of the Gospel. Do you know what they are?"

Jenny didn't know how to respond to this one. That's why everything was memorized. Her fuzzy mind had spoken all it knew, though figured out what to say in such an event, "I forgot."

"The principles and ordinances are first, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for remission of sins and fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Do you believe that Jesus is the light of this world?"

Jenny retained a clear memory of the

brilliant White Light that saved her and ardently replied, “Yes.”

“The second principle is repentance. You don’t need to repent of any sins tonight because you aren’t held responsible until you can discern right from wrong, which happens around the time you turn eight and can be baptized. Your father was given the holy priesthood of God and feels worthy to perform this ordinance. He was recently made a member of the Stake High Council, a group of twelve men who oversee many congregations. Hundreds of people look up to him.”

J.J. thought, *Was this guy joking?*

“He will be with other men who hold the Priesthood of God to lay their hands

on your head and say a prayer so you can receive the gift of the Holy Ghost,” he continued. “Throughout your life that wonderful Spirit will help you choose the right. When you make mistakes you can be forgiven and eventually return to Father in Heaven as pure as the day of your birth.”

“Okay,” was all Jenny could say since she didn’t feel very pure.

“Do you feel worthy to be baptized?”

The question was intimidating. Jenny was convinced she wasn’t entitled to anything, much less worthy of belonging to God’s Church. She blanked out, allowing Alter Virginia to take over. This spiritual personality was thrilled to be present and desperately wanted baptism, “Yes,” Alter Virginia replied.

“Those were tough questions. Your answers were well done. Congratulations, Virginia, you’ll soon be a member of God’s Church.”

Alter Virginia’s spirit soared. Jenny woke up with a questioning stare, wondering if she passed the big exam.

An uneasy Paul met them in the foyer, “Can I baptize my princess?”

“Brother Hill, this is a unique child and more than deserving,” the Bishop smiled as they clasped hands. Paul heaved a sigh of relief. Jenny grinned. J.J. thought, *No way will baptism by Pervert Paul take away my sins.*

Saturday night, 4 March, 1967, finally came. Jenny took a bath, but un-clean feelings remained. Questions tumbled as she struggled into the frilly birthday dress. Mercy rolled her hair into curlers, tucked frizzy hair under the dryer cap and then later combed out the ringlets. Mists of hair spray filled with strange memories churned the child's gut.

The sun was bright as the family drove to church, helping Jenny reject unpleasant thoughts, *Can't think 'bout bad stuff. This is my day. I'm gonna enjoy it, no matter what.*

In a white dressing room Mom helped the oldest sit on a white bench and put on a white robe. Another blonde-haired girl



and her mom were doing the same. Scraps of frightening memories about another white Preparation Room flared, but Jenny bravely stood her ground.

Soon the two innocents passed by three tiled steps leading into crystal clear waters. The other girl fearfully looked over to Jenny, who was thinking, *De'ja'vu*.

Adept in handling situations much worse than this, Jenny reassured her, "It's going to be all right."

The two sat by their fathers, also dressed in white. In front was a portable white podium on a small stage, framed by a glass enclosure overlooking the baptismal font. The crowd behind them was quietly staring from several rows of

folding chairs. Angelic's family of alters from the Black Temple fed on the mounting hysteria. *What are we going to do?*

The song leader announced, "When I am Baptized, page 103."

I know when I am bap-tized my wrongs are washed a-way and I can be for-giv-en ...

The Bishop looked like an angel as he read scriptures from a small white Bible. Finished, he said, "Our new High Councilman, Brother Hill, will give the opening prayer and afterward take his daughter, Virginia, into the water."

Hearing Paul's voice say the prayer,

knowing he would touch them and remembering immersion in smelly liquid, became unbearable for the ritually abused alters. It took the combined grit of Jenny and Spiritual Alter Virginia to suppress their fears.

In an exacting and unemotional manner, Father led Jenny into warm water up to her chest. He said the memorized prayer and pulled her under. Then, disaster hit. Her toes broke the surface. *Nuts*, she thought. *The Bishop won't approve my baptism if I'm not entirely submersed. I must be so unclean in God's eyes that one dunk isn't enough.*

A frustrated Paul repeated the prayer and again pushed his daughter down.

As Jenny arose from the water her

thoughts pleasantly changed. She felt encased in warm arms, while a voice of perfect mildness enveloped her: “You will be baptized again one day, next time by clean hands.”

Jenny felt comforted as she dressed, though her alters were in commotion. Some happy, some not, some filled with guilt.

The Hill family reunited in the foyer, where Mercy looked on in disgust of Alter Virginia’s articulations, “Only reason I woke up was to enjoy the baptism.” “Get lost Virginia,” J.J. said, “Jen don’t need you.” Looking up at a vexed Paul, the alter continued, “You can bug off too, buster. She’s got enough shame without you

around.”

The next day during Sunday meeting another disturbing situation arose. Sacrament counted as most important to members, though created uneasiness for Jenny. The Scorpio brothers no longer blessed and passed trays of bread and water, but the Old Man's mockery of this sacred ordinance still ricocheted: being forced to eat organs of a freshly butchered dog; drink blood from a silver chalice.

Jenny sat in the chapel by Mercy, looking at her father who, along with other Priesthood bearers, gathered in a circle beneath the podium. Paul would soon confirm her a member of the Church. Bile rose, stinging her throat. She felt like

throwing up, but was confident enough not to suck her forefinger. And wouldn't, ever again.

On Father's signal and with arms straight to her sides, the eight year-old walked to a chair within the circle of men. Each placed a hand on her head, the other on the shoulder of one next to him. Behind her closed eyes Paul began the confirmation prayer. Being surrounded by men became too much and Jenny blanked out. J.J. took over, whispering beneath Paul's breath. "This prayer's a fake." "Be quiet, it's not either," Spiritual Alter Virginia countered. J.J. shot back, "Is too. That pig's saying it."

Paul tensed, while others seemed not to hear. Jenny came to just as the priesthood

bearers voiced in unison, “Amen.”

As was the custom, the men put out their right hands to shake hers. She ignored them, which further reddened Father’s face. With her head down, Jenny shuffled past Mom and sisters sitting mid-row to claim a secluded seat on a backbench. Giggling Sharon gave Mercy a kiss and then switched around to see if her older sister noticed.

Jenny glanced at the leaders in front, only to meet Father’s proud stare. She felt ashamed, didn’t know why and couldn’t recall a thing since leaving the church last evening. This newest member of the ward wanted so badly to feel pure that she disavowed what happened last night. After Mercy’s snores, the Sire of the Blue

House had seized the opportunity once more.

She found herself praying. Instead of the inevitable headache, a warm tingling brought a priceless spirit to dwell within. The endearing voice from her baptism repeated, “You will be baptized again one day, next time by clean hands.”



# A NEW BIRTH

**Saturday, 17 June 1967.**

“Quiet. Quiiiieett!” Paul shouted as he towered over his girls at the kitchen table. “Settle down. After breakfast we’re leaving for South Carolina to meet Grandmother Hill and you’re getting a crash course on manners. Watch closely. Listen carefully. No embarrassments. Eat with your right hand and place left in your lap, unless cutting food.”

Sharon and Elizabeth quieted. Jenny remained still as a mouse. Susan and two year-old Barbara laughed at each other.

“Pay attention,” Father continued, his agitation filling the small kitchen. “This is important. I say where to sit. Do it, then

fold your arms and bow your heads. We give grace before anyone eats. Don't you dare comment on the prayer. They're Baptists and won't say it like us. Peep a word, just one, and I'll pop you right there. Put the napkin on your lap. Eat your salad first, but not until Grandma picks up her fork to begin. Finish everything on your plate, no matter what it is, or how it tastes. Do what I say or you'll be sorry. Let's see if you've been listening. Everyone begin."

"Can I shove my fork up his ying-yang?" J.J. said under the breath.

The comment elicited more twitters from sisters but went unheard by Jenny who nervously spooned sugar into her cereal, left hand in her lap, just as Father

ordered.

Several days later in the early afternoon the station wagon climbed a dirt road to the Hill homestead encircled in white pines. The air was hot, sticky. Clothes clung to their bodies and sweat was on everyone's brow.

Car doors opened to the drifting fragrance of Magnolias intertwined with buzzing flies. A stovepipe canted from the rusted tin roof. Cajun music blared from a back window. Tangled spider webs glistened through cracks in the wood porch.

Guy and Mac Hill, the friendly uncle and aunt who took care of Grandmother, seemed delighted to have the young family

visit. Old Mother Hill wasn't. She lay in her bedroom, dying. Jenny didn't see her. But then this eight-year-old remained unaware of a lot of things that went on during that trip to South Carolina.

Her parents went through the torn screen door while Jenny sat with sisters on weathered boards of the front steps, teasing long-legged spiders, fingering their silky webs. Paul fidgeted inside the shack for a short time before ushering his girls back to the car. Unusually solicitous toward Mercy, he said, "Dear, you deserve a break. I'll take the children to the motel for a nap."

"Don't be late for the big Bar-B-Q tonight," Guy piped.

The cheap motel's flashing neon sign enticed travelers with the best deal in town. The suite door opened to musty smells assaulting their senses. A cockroach scuttled into a corner. Paul bedded her four sisters in the first of two rooms. "Virginia, go in the back where there's more space."

Jenny shuffled into the second bedroom. Her glance in a tilted mirror reflected Father following. He locked the door and turned on an old Zenith, inviting drones of Western Music to crackle the air, "You Better Get Ready for Love."

Father unbuttoned his shirt and flung it to the floor. J.J. ordered her family of alters on alert, while Jenny wondered as she blanked out, *Why am I shaking?*

The next thing the personality knew was the bed with a disrobed torso rolling on top, “Dammit, Paul, you’re making me work too hard. Some vacation this is.”

Testosterone-driven Father paid no attention. Several agonizing minutes passed with no relief in sight. A mad J.J. finally hollered for help, “Aaaaaah!”

“Clamp it, Virginia, or I’ll get the belt,” he panted.

J.J. lay on her back, trying to relax, struggling to wish the harrowing wretchedness away by staring out a window at the South Carolina sun. She was finally able to drift off just as a D.J. announced, “This is Gretchen from station 93.3, The Planet.”

Blaring music faded and a personality

awoke who right then and there decided to call herself Gretchen. The Southern drawl floating from the radio, music to her ears. She might like to talk like that.

A sated Paul didn't care what was happening to his eldest. He rolled over and before long heavy snoring began. Alter Gretchen carefully got up and took a bath, shampooing what she thought to be sandy-blond hair, then dressed in the matching pink shorts and shirt found discarded on a worn carpet. The outfit was much too young looking for her Southern Belle taste, but the only thing that fit the immature body she found herself in.

Her wandering examination through a dusty window found scores of Preying Mantis in Weeping Willow and Palmetto

trees. Wild Iris and violet-covered Jasmine climbed rolling hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. South Carolina was beautiful, not at all like smoggy California where she was born from Alter Teri.

Since Jenny's age seven, Teri often took J.J.'s responsibilities with Paul, but was so traumatized by Father's assault the night of Jenny's baptism that she birthed both Gretchen and another alter, Tammy, to handle the experience.

Alter Gretchen stepped into the other room, where four girls slept across from the mirror. The personality carefully studied her image while fluffing her hair, *A girl of Southern charm wouldn't look like that toad*, "Hav' ta do something 'bout this wimpy appearance."



The remark awoke Sharon, “Virginia, where’s Daddy?”

Though excited to be alive, Gretchen still wasn’t exactly sure how she wanted to talk. She pointed a finger to the second bedroom where private matters were kept. *Better stay away from that one, the alter thought. She might figure out what’s going on with Paul and he’d be fried.*

J.J. considered herself on vacation and was refusing to deal with the pervert, but Gretchen would, *I can do anything.*

Hours later, whiffs of dirt arose as the worn station wagon abruptly stopped in front of the homestead. Mercy sniped from the battered porch, “Virginia, been waiting for you, as usual. Get the girls to

the table out back. Bar-B-Q's ready.”

At the sound of her name Alter Virginia reluctantly came forward, but Gretchen easily pushed her mind-sister aside and ran to help. Guy and Mac might let her stay here if she acted like a proper Southern lady. She reflected, *Bet I can fool them.*

When Jenny finally came to she was picking up ribs, more bone than meat and thought, *Yuck. Why am I eating this? How'd I get here from the motel? Father said to get to bed.* “Where’s the sugar?” she said.

“Virginia thinks it’s breakfast,” Sharon chortled, her sisters joining the laughter.

Normally J.J. would have taken over

under such circumstances, but still considered herself on holiday and went dormant when pooped or just plain bored. Like, now.

Alter Gretchen came forward, finding herself alone after dinner and listening to Mercy's bellicose complaints about her oldest. The alter observed Jenny's sisters trying to catch fire flies playing peek-a-boo in the Jasmine. She ran over to join in, but Sharon had other plans, "Get away from us, Weirdo Virginia."

*I can see why Jen feels so insecure,* Alter Gretchen thought as she backed away.

Alter Gretchen remained in command, especially when the ole Sly Fox took his daughters back to the motel room. Which

he did—every afternoon throughout that long week.

Alter Gretchen finally faded away as Jenny woke up to see Mom, suitcase in hand, following Father out the motel suite door. *Wow. Are we going back already? I just got here. Thought we were supposed to stay a week.*

Jenny was so dumbfounded that it was J.J. who followed Mercy outside. Paul ordered her to fetch a rope, then turned with a wink, “Thank you, Princess. Love you very much.”

“Too flipp’n much,” J.J. belted.

Back at the old wood house Gretchen bid farewell to Aunt Mack and Uncle Guy,

then blanked out. Jenny awoke walking to the station wagon, still unsure as to why they were leaving and without time to say her goodbyes. She thought, *I haven't even seen Grandma Hill.*

Jenny slept the long way to California, thus avoiding Paul's leering eyes in the rearview mirror, while Alter Gretchen wore herself out handling his devious looks.

Gretchen finally relaxed when the car puffed up to the blue house, where J.J. awoke. Both alters watched Father take the luggage down. Like closely-knit sisters the two sauntered into the backyard, slipped through Mercy's gritty-glass door, down the hallway past Paul's notorious bedroom, then into the girls' room, where

they nestled into their feather pillow beneath grandma's quilt. Only then did Jenny awaken, "How'd I get to California? Yowsaa! Musta slept through my whole vacation."

## GROWING UP MULTIPLE

**Monday, 2 September 1968. Fourth Grade. Age 9.**

Chuckles and stares followed the nine year-old with pockmarked cheeks shuffling up the aisle toward their teacher, Mr. Wright. The King's desk was positioned front and center of the classroom and anyone daring to approach the well-fortified castle instantly drew attention from every fourth grader.

Jenny hadn't quite found the courage to confront her instructor, though knew from the example of her heroine Grandma that she had to try. It was more than difficult because a lifetime of conditioning made her feel inferior, as were many of the alter

sisters. Further debasement was uncalled for, but came that morning when she looked in the mirror. Reddish holes covered her face. She had no idea how they came to be and wouldn't until years later when her Alter Pixie wrote how and why.

Right now Pixie was nowhere to be found, for the new personality was unobtrusive, undetectable, ever since her birth last evening when Father punched tacks into Jenny's face. Alter Pixie trembled with rage, her body pinned under Paul, with no respite possible. Each jab created a wail of agony and she pounded on the bed. But he kept poking her cheeks, laughing at her suffering.

Jenny's energy at the moment centered



on surviving a gauntlet of sneers while navigating the aisle to Mr. Wright's wooden throne desk. Last night, Thursday, with Paul was blank and a date stuck on the chalkboard said today was Friday. How much time passed until her thinking cleared? Maybe hours. Maybe not. In the last five years Jenny's yardstick for measuring life consisted of an occasional day or so of reality allowed from time to time. She did understand those days were spent tripping through nightmare city, while her nights were filled with hooded men surrounding her bed, snapping their fingers and chanting, "Salome, Salome, Salome."

Jenny finally reached Wright at top row center, where she plead, "Sir, could you please refer to me as Jenny instead of

Virginia? I've been calling myself that forever and it's about time someone else did, too."

A cacophony of student giggles followed, which brought religious Alter Virginia out of retirement to dutifully take over, "Please do what Jenny asks. Hearing my name wakes me up. Leave me alone."

A somewhat bewildered Mr. Wright looked away from his stack of papers and the growing ridicule to say, "If you feel that strongly about it, yes I will, Jenny."

Wright buried himself back in the maze of homework and she heaved a sigh of relief. However, before his strange student could return to the security of her own desk he asked, "By the way Miss Jenny, why do you keep that cluttered

grocery bag under your trashy desk?”

The reticent fourth-grader stopped dead in her tracks, amid another roar of laughter that was answer enough not to respond. So, she didn't right away. The instructor shrugged. With years of teaching under his belt, he generally had each student psyched out by the second day of class. Three weeks in, yet he still couldn't figure this one and her reply annoyed him, “They all, uh, try to help and their stuff is important to me.”

None of the personalities confessed why the mouth said such a thing; who stuffed that bag, or why so many crumpled papers filled Jenny's desk that the top refused to shut. The whys, whos and didn't-knows cost a lot these days:

embarrassment, insecurity and anger. Couldn't she just sleep it off?

“Wake up, students,” was the next Jenny heard, though it was an hour or so later. Wright's deep voice continued, “Today is the deadline to return report cards with your parent's comments. Place them on my desk before you leave for recess.”

J.J., who developed a habit of taking over after first period, pranced outside without dropping off that card. The fifteen minutes of free time meant monkey bars. Unlike kindergarten's Submarine, the older grade's jungle gym was a powerful attraction for the alter, though frightening for Jenny. She didn't know why. Memories of being inside a cage had yet

to surface.

Seeing herself moving straight toward the bars, Jenny tried to stop, but couldn't. She jiggled her head to clear it, without success. The nine year-old wasn't in control of anything, including an instant reflection of a candlelit room—too awful.

Contrary to Jenny's hesitation, J.J. showed no fear. She loved climbing above the mocking kids. Never mind that it was done in dresses. That merely made everything more exciting. Guys smiled at her and she supposed that was good. But, nothing was good, so probably not. J.J. hated boys. Hated men. Some day she would get back at them for what they did to her Jen; the continuous misery those creeps caused them both.

J.J. vanished when the return bell rang, confusing Jenny at being outside without handing in her report. She said a silent prayer. That worked. She found the card among clutter of her desk and placed it on Wright's before class resumed.

The card experience gave Jenny enough self-confidence to dispel more forgetful periods that morning and sit by her only friend, Kelly, at lunch, although she didn't remember going to noon recess, or singing time afterward. J.J. attended those fun activities for her. Jenny woke up in J.J.'s most boring class: math, and staring at her heartthrob Brian. So was everyone else as he loudly announced, "Some kid stole my new mitt."

"Humm," Jenny wondered, *Did I do*

*something wrong?*

Wright turned from chalking on the board to eye Jenny as he said, “My fourth graders have always been honest, but a lot of things have come up missing lately. Whoever has Brian’s glove better return it before day’s end, or face the consequences. I have my ways of finding out who you are and the results won’t be pretty.”

Wright turned back to the board, giving Jenny an opportunity to crouch under her desk to search her “mystery bag.” She had no idea where it came from, or why new objects appeared there daily. Her eyes popped at seeing a mitt and worse, an open purse full of nickels. She rose up in surprise, only to catch Wright looking at

her again—within a classroom full of laughter. He ordered, “Everyone concentrate on math. Think in reverse: ten, nine, eight ...”

His counting was frightful to a child who was Green Programmed to reverse her thinking at the sound of this Backward Language. Her vision wandered from teacher’s hand, to Brian, to sack, to her still-chuckling classmates. She became flustered as number “seven” rang out; wallowed in confusion as his chalk tapped again; slept by strike three and awakened to Trixie Taylor’s zinger on her way to afternoon recess, “Guess what? The queer spaced out in math.”

Scoffing children ran outside, with J.J. right behind. Jenny wondered why she



was going to recess when that glove had to get back to Brian. Her uncontrollable hands grabbed the monkey bars, as did Brian's since he couldn't play ball. The heartthrob burst past on his way to the top, awakening recently formed Alter Rachel. This thinking shared a crush on the boy with Jenny and was upset that the core persona thought the mitt should go back. She worked so hard to swipe it.

Alter Rachel first appeared on Jenny's ninth birthday while being raped by Paul, handling the repugnant event for J.J. She was smart and aggressive like the head mind-sister from whom she was formed. Just this morning Rachel saved everyone from Alter Janet's attempt to slit her wrists. Alter Rachel took over Jenny's hand as they picked up Mercy's razor in

the bathroom and hid the instrument of death where an always-sloppy Alter Janet would never look, under dirty clothes in the wicker hamper.

Such thoughts trailed J.J. as she moved up the bars. Brian reached the summit first, where J.J. pushed him off. Stunned, he tumbled onto the soft sand beneath, shouting, "I'll get you for this, Virginia. I'm telling Principal Edwards."

"I'll get you for hammering Brian, J.J.," Alter Virginia yelled back.

The exchange caused a round of laughter from children below, led by the Taylor Twins. Semi-present Jenny awakened, only to be mortified by the taunting students; the anger coming from her own mouth and what she saw herself

do to Brian. Plus, she had no thought on how to get rid of that glove in the strange sack beneath her desk.

She beat her heartthrob back to class. The boy wasn't going there anyway. Determined to report that Hill pushed him off the bars, he went for a school monitor standing beside Principal Edwards. The men were in front of a large crowd of students watching a sixth grade baseball game so Jenny's dive into the empty classroom went unnoticed. Another fast look into the mystery bag: money, pencils, dead flowers, candy and three pocketknives, *Where the heck did all this come from?*

It was a good thing she was alone because the plethora of conversations

would put her classmates in stitches. “I picked those flowers yesterday on the way from school,” Alter Gretchen admitted. “Thought they would cheer everyone up.” The Taylor Twin’s stolen lunch money was a swindle of J.J., “We deserve treats once in a while. Tightwad Mercy gives us zippo. Couldn’t give a rat’s petoot ‘bout what we do,” while suicidal Alter Janet admitted, “I took those pocketknives from three sixth grade boys.”

That admission of a possible homicide in it’s planning stages really bent J.J. Frustration she expressed in front of a couple of students wandering in from recess, “What in Hell’s the matter with you, Janet? Don’t you know if you kill Jen, we all die?”

The astounded girls backed outside to the unfinished sixth grade game.

J.J. stuffed the bag under her desk and promptly forgot about it, until the final bell rang. By then Alter Teri was in charge. It was Thursday. The fearful time was soon at hand: Paul, his junk again.

Alter Teri grabbed the sack bulging with stolen goods, rushed to the girls' restroom and climbed high above the stalls. Minutes later Jenny was startled to find herself perched in rafters holding the mysterious bag and even more confusing, Brian's glove.

The climb down and walk through empty halls was a long one. Jenny trashed the sack and slid the mitt under Brian's desk. A rush to her bed followed.

More complications emerged that year, with Halloween especially difficult. Perpetrators of mind-control scheduled their more important pagan ceremonies during certain holidays and the Scorpios were no exception. Ritual abuse survivors claimed All Hallows Eve (October 30, 31) triggered memories of their past. Jenny, still haunted by people in makeup and cloaked robes, zoned out the entire month. Her alter personalities made sure she didn't see hair-raising decorations and children in freaky costumes.

Alter Angelic had the toughest assignment because she handled Jenny's continuous thoughts of a blonde girl's blue eyes pleading for help. Alter Janet wanted to end such murderous thinking for good. That was a perpetual concern to J.J., so

the alter organized a grundle of schemes: load up Janet with candy if the personality helped her find a way to let Jen know about the Halloween people; steal money for purchase of supplies to dye their hair blonde so no one would forget Angeletta; help Jen find a friend and make double-dang sure the core persona recognized what this alter was going through for her.

J.J.'s decision put Jenny's thinking on a collision course headed for disaster, save for the love of a friend.

## FOREVER FRIENDS

**Monday, 7 September 1970. Sixth Grade. Age 11.**

“Hill’s got no hills. Hill’s got no hills,” taunted a trio of sixth grade boys to the rhythm of a bouncing basketball, their cheap shots aimed at a lonesome girl sitting on the swings. Jenny didn’t hear because she was filled with alter suggestions on how to make her popular instead of being the elementary school outcast.

Big mouth Trixie Taylor hollered an impromptu ditty to her twin sister, Tina, “Look at Stupo over there. Her freckles match the kinky hair.”

“Hey Flat-Chested, you look like a



surfboard,” a boy teased from the teeter-totter.

“Who do you think you are,” asked a mini-skirted chick, “a pioneer in your old-time long dresses?”

“Show me your underpants like you did yesterday?” an overweight kid added in a desperate bid to become part of the group.

“I can show you a busted lip, sucker,” J.J. shot back.

The mortally wounded upstart faded away, while J.J. flashed back to last Thursday night when Paul gave her a chest massage, “I’ll be happy when you develop boobs, Princess. I’m doing this so they’ll grow in large.”

Therein Pervert Paul inspired a

blueprint for popularity. Ever since J.J.'s formation at Jenny's age-four he told her she was very sexy. The alter certainly believed it by now. Today's jeers convinced her to walk the walk and talk the talk. The little turds had used her Jen as a doormat faaar too long. She would show these nerds: a bra was on the menu.

“I have to take clothes to my sister, Brittany, so she can give them to those freaks living at the Handicapped Home,” Jenny's only friend, Kelly, said that afternoon on the way from school. “Hate to do it alone ‘cause retards hang out there. Can you go with me? Ya got softball practice, or has your Mom scheduled you for a ton of chores?”

“I ignore that ding-bat Mercy,” J.J. said, “and don’t give zip about practice. Let’s do it.”

Although Jenny adored playing softball, it wasn’t on J.J.’s hit list and the alter loved figuring out ways not to go. But then, few people recognized Jenny’s athleticism. Mercy paid little attention, while Paul was jealous of any activity involving his Virginia that didn’t include him. The whole family ignored her three-times-a-week, two-mile round trip walk to and from practice. The twelve year-old pitched a mean underhand fastball, but even fellow team members mostly ignored this shy girl who kept to herself.

“Good to see you, Virginia,” Kelly’s

mother, Doris, said as she handed over a bulging plastic bag. “You haven’t been around for a while.”

*That’s probably right,* Jenny thought as she took the used clothes without comment.

Perky Brittany lounged in green scrubs by the Handicapped Home’s dingy-red front door. She leaned over Kelly to take the bag, whispering, “Still running around with Virginia? Thought Mom told you to stay away. That squirrel’s so weird she belongs in here.”

Jenny overheard and promptly flipped out, bringing J.J. to action. The alter would prove Brittany wrong by implementing Jenny’s popularity plan right

away.

At exactly six p.m. Jenny awoke to Mom's incessant kitchen rattling, vaguely aware of her shuffle into the living room. Paul was bursting through the door to be assaulted by bold J.J.'s voice disguised as his oldest as she lied, "Today Principal Edwards told us girls to wear bras."

"He said that, did he?" Father chuckled, plopping down at the table. "Well, well, better get one for her, Mother."

"You're kidding. What for?"

"You just get it for my Princess tomorrow, hear?"

Jenny went shopping with Mercy, but it was J.J. who found the genuine J.C. Penney padded beginner's brassiere and wore it to school the next day. The alter paraded her new accouterment around classmates, pretending to be a voluptuous lingerie model on a catwalk. However, obtaining the prized garment didn't work as the bold alter anticipated. Sixth grade clowns were ready at recess, "Hey look, Hill's got some hills. Hill's got hills. Hill's got hills."

A disgusted J.J. took her leave as the bell rang. Those tweeprps weren't worth her time. Jenny awoke to find that she was walking into the sixth grade classroom with two bumps under the bodice of her long dress, with boys staring. She shuffled to her desk, trying to disregard a litany of

“Hill’s got hills” and wondering, *How’d I get from the store to school? When did I change my clothes? What am I doing? Why?*

That week the new look combined with J.J.’s sexy movements to make Jenny more of an outcast, if that were possible. She tried not to wear the darn thing, but found it on when coming to, usually in J.J.’s most tedious class of math.

The bra incident was the final straw for Kelly. She found two new best pals, the Taylor Twins having pursued her for some time. “Don’t want to be your friend no more,” her neighborhood cohort said when Jenny tried to sit by her at lunch. “Nobody will talk to me when we’re together. Beat it. I never want to be seen

with you. Ever.”

The black neighbors had moved, leaving Garden Grove Elementary with zero prospects for friendship. She found an empty table to eat her peanut butter sandwich, thinking, *Can't blame Kelly. Nobody wants to be nice to a stupid scatterbrain like me. Doesn't matter. Nothing does.*

Math came after lunch. J.J. found it boring, so Jenny attended class and picked up a few concepts. Rejection, when added to her deep depression, equaled an isolated life that was further subtracted by ongoing desperate situations. She bowed her head to ask for help, whispering, “Father in Heaven, I need a friend,



someone as lonely as me so's we can solve our problems together.”

“Quiet, everyone,” the teacher said. “Principal Edwards asked me to explain this proclamation received today from the leader of our country. President Lyndon B. Johnson needs volunteers.”

Jenny deliberated all weekend about the wordy document. An idea hatched by Monday. That week after school she took the long way home, walking six extra blocks to pass by the Handicapped Home. She thought, *Might find friends in there since I'm retarded like them.*

Days went by with no action, so after school on Friday J.J. strutted up steps of the one-story building. Eyes turned to Angelic's light blue at the discolored-red

entrance. They reverted to J.J.'s dark-blue as the door creaked shut, but only Jenny's aqua-turquoise eyes observed dim light streaming through windows of the reception room.

A watermelon-colored couch that had seen better days sat beside an overstuffed chair barely held up by three and a half crippled legs. A frayed throw rug battled to hide the discolored tile. Pungent odor of disinfectant lingered everywhere.

A gray-haired woman with a tilted posture arose from the threadbare sofa and moved toward Jenny, dragging her left foot. *Bet that's someone who needs a friend, too,* the eleven year-old thought.

From a long corridor George noticed the impending collision with their new

visitor. Hard working, dedicated and cheerful, the black attendant's broad shoulders did the work of two. Overworked, underpaid staff was the norm around this place. He rushed forward, his large arm reaching the old woman's as he said, "Please, don't come any closer."

The lamed-footed resident slowly limped back down the hallway then turned to observe as George asked, "May I help you?"

"Jen, Jenn, Jenny wants to volunteer," her Alter Angelic stuttered.

"Well, madam, that's great. Need all the help we can get. Name's George. Yours? How old are you? Had any experience with the mentally or physically

challenged?”

Questions were being thrown fast and furious, much quicker than anyone inside could think to respond. Angelic decided to make the catch, “I’m supposed to be Jenny Hill,” she sputtered. “We’re eleven years-old and in the sixth grade, with lots of experience being mentally challenged. Her Mom says she’s retarded.” “Hey, Jen’s not stupid,” J.J. hollered. “Don’t say that, or she’ll start believing it.”

George scratched his ear to say, “Uh, okay. Can you be here every day?”

“We can come after school ‘cause Jenny lives just a few blocks away.”

“Would your mother sign a document saying it’s all right for you to work with retarded adults?”

“Of course,” J.J. said, pirouetting around. “Mercy talks a lot about retardation. Seems to be an expert on it.”

“Well then,” he said while leading the preteen from the foyer, “better show you around before you decide for sure.”

With trepidation Jenny followed in his footsteps, amazed to see so many occupying small dismal rooms. Sitting in a wheelchair watching them pass was the largest human head Jenny had ever seen. Two feet long and just as wide, it topped what appeared to be a small teenage body. Jenny glided by the “Head,” afraid to look at the face.

The faltering old woman followed, speaking to George, “Su Susan to told me

again this mor morning she wanted ta ge get out of here.”

George nodded in agreement. His face reflected a grin back at the front desk, “So what do you think, miss?”

“Everyone seems so alone. Kinda like me.”

“Need to get back to work,” he said, reaching into a file. “You can take our Susan for a walk after your mom signs this form.”

*Wow, that's pretty exciting , Jenny thought. Mother's signature gives me the right to have friends.*

Without knowing how, Jenny entered the kitchen to find Mercy-the-Crab her

usual self, “Can’t you ever get here on time? Better get your dad’s belt.”

Jenny didn’t react to the threat because she couldn’t remember any such punishment. She was aware that her mother’s rejection was ever-present and came without feelings, *Maybe Mom’s anger means she cares. I probably deserve that whipping.*

Jenny and all her alter sisters needed to flee this uncaring place and find someone to love, so she said, “Last week the President of the United States wrote my teacher and told us his wife, who by the way is a real Lady Bird, wanted us kids to do volunteer work. That old Handicapped Home by the park will take anybody they can get. Even me. I can work for them

after school, providing you sign this paper.”

Jenny uttered a silent prayer as Mom’s scowling eyes looked back and forth from the agreement to her oldest. “Well, guess it’ll be all right,” Mercy finally said. “Might keep you outta trouble. Certainly not much help ‘round here, pretending to be sick all the time. We’ll try it for a week. Walk straight over to the Home after school, but you’d better be back at the house by five-thirty sharp to set the table.”

“I’d like to go right now. Can I fix peanut butter sandwiches? I’m taking someone to the park for a picnic.”

The scrooge, so tight she squeaked when walking, replied, “We’re not made



of money, ya know. Use only one piece of bread and spread the peanut butter thin.”

Jenny watched from the back of the mind as a take-charge Alter Angelic confidently pushed open the handicapped door. With little remembrance of what happened next, she found herself by the “Head,” where a large crescent smile was growing, ear-to-ear. Susan, an eighteen-year-old who suffered with encephalitis, said, “Can’t believe I’m getting out of here and going to the park.”

Susan’s small eyes twinkled beneath sagging skin folds. Elfin arms flailed up and down. The sight so petrified Jenny that it was Alter Angelic who figured out how to operate her cranky wheelchair.

“What’s in that paper sack?” George asked.

“Jenny made a peanut butter sandwich for a picnic.”

“Sorry, that’s not going to work. Some foods are way too heavy to go down Susan’s throat and that’s one of them. I’ll have staff fix a lunch of Jello and applesauce. Stop by the kitchen on your way out.”

Before long Mercy’s Wonder Bread was canned and Susan’s wheelchair shoved out the red door. The foursome—Susan, Jenny, J.J., Angelic—were on their way to a small park across the street.

“Name’s Susan. What’s yours?”

“Angeli ... I mean, Jenny, “ Alter

Angelic said. “Get the heck out!” J.J. broke in. “Jen can take care of this.”

Susan didn't react to the voice change, while Jenny had no idea how they arrived outside. She stopped the wheelchair by a children's play area surrounded by fragrant Acacia trees and clumps of red oleander. Jenny decided to take stock of this person: why they were here and where they were going, “What's your name?”

“Susan,” she said again. “I'm eighteen years-old, though look a lot younger. My deformity is due to water filling the brain. A new device is out that can drain the liquid off, but costs lots of money and there's no family to fess up.”

“No family? Don't you miss them?”

“Not really. Mom put me here as a baby and musta forgot to come back. Don’t miss parents I never knew. How old are you?”

“Eleven.”

“Like boys? I do. You?”

“Nope, don’t like boys and especially not men,” Jenny said. “Not at all.”

“Wish I had a boyfriend. Two years ago this guy came to live at the home. He was my age and had eyes the same color as mine. We liked each other, but he grew sicker and got transferred. I never heard from him again. There’s my caretaker. We have some fun conversations, but he acts like I’m a retard. I get embarrassed when he dresses me. Wish some day this head would shrink so I wouldn’t be so repulsive. Men seem to like my brain, but

not my body.”

“Heck, wish men liked Jen for our brain and not our body,” J.J. lamented.

“There’s a teenage guy at the home,” Susan continued without pause. “He walks funny, holds his hair with both hands, smiles and pats me on the shoulder. Ya’ know the type, not all there. But it feels good to have someone care.”

“Well, I care about you, Susan.”

A huge sigh escaped her gossamer lips, “Oh, Jenny. I’ve prayed a long time for a friend. It means so much to have you take me for a walk. I never get out of that dull building to bask in sunshine and see these beautiful flowers. You’re such a sweetheart. Thanks so much for sharing all

this with me.”

Sunbeams danced on bushes, twinkled across the lawn and played tag among the Acacias. Smiles beamed from all the girls present, until four teenage boys came out of nowhere. Susan was accustomed to disapproving glances, jeers and name-calling, but the foul-mouthed invectives spewing out of these young jerks coming toward them were too much. Susan’s manicured finger pointed toward the rowdy crowd, “See those knuckleheads? Take me to them.”

*Nope. I don’t agree. Not one bit,* the self-conscious eleven year-old thought. Susan’s large head compounded the social misfit’s own odd appearance in an ill-fitting long dress, uneven frizzy hair (a

result of another haircut by J.J.) and pointed glasses edged in fake diamonds like Mom's. But trained to do as told, the mortified Jenny pushed Susan's wheelchair toward the laughing punks. As they passed Susan lifted her head, shouting, "Boo, Ha!"

The boys' faces blanched and feet ran. Jenny froze. J.J. laughed. Susan cracked up, "Wahoo!"

*I like this approach to men,* J.J. nodded as Angelic said out loud, "I don't understand this silliness." (Angelic, forever hidden within tortuous memories, had never seen a person crack a smile before).

Susan might be missing a boyfriend, but not her sense of humor, "My duds are

soaking wet, where's the Tide?" she said, choking on her own words. "See, if someone pokes fun, get even by laughing back."

The dwindling afternoon was filled with singing and more of Susan's simple wisdom, "The more problems you have, the more valued you are to God. I pray and wait for His answers. Rather have God's opinion on things than anyone else's."

Alters J.J. and Angelic watched the day's activities from somewhere in the mind and enjoyed Jenny's contentment so much they didn't even think about taking over. The girls returned at 5:00 p.m. sharp, the best of pals. Susan's face shined with happiness, "Please, promise



you'll come back.”

“Absolutely. Nothing could stop us.”

Nothing did. Serenity and wisdom abounded at the Handicapped Home not only in Susan, but also with Jenny's new friends living in the compact bedrooms. She stopped by each day after school to sit with those who couldn't talk, enjoying their smiles as they basked in the presence of this shy girl.

Jenny, J.J. and Angelic weren't the only ones who volunteered at the home. Several alters used the time to develop their own unique talents. On days Jenny tired her personalities took turns talking the afternoon away, even when no one spoke back. The residents seemed as

knowledgeable as so-called “normals.” They just couldn’t always vocalize their innermost emotions. Alter Jennease cried with patients over feelings of abandonment and low self-esteem. Alter Jennea used her outgoing personality to show residents how to laugh. Fun-loving Alter Gretchen became especially close to the men. Alter Rachel’s introverted personality helped her relate to many. Some days even Suicidal Alter Janet showed up with hair combed into pigtails, to bond with those who had been oppressed. Jenny felt so protected at the home that her Alter Jennea’s knack for scaring people worked overtime at Halloween.

Jenny helped with those holiday parties, setting up Christmas decorations in an

extravaganza that filled the drab reception area. Patients were tickled by a visit from Santa, an employee who brought dime store gifts—trinkets that couldn't have been more treasured if made of gold. At Easter she helped residents dye eggs, staining the kitchen table and floor in multi-colors. So what? No one cared. Residents sang and staff enjoyed the reprieve.

Throughout this sixth grade year Jenny found tranquility within those tattered walls, smiles abounding, friends who didn't judge and love that didn't hurt. The warmest feelings Jenny had ever known waited each day at this place she could finally call home.

She and Susan were constant companions. The now-nineteen year-old

philosophies carried twelve year-old Jenny and her raucous personalities through the next summer. Most days the two (or four, or whomever decided to join them), went to the park. Susan didn't wish to scare the playing children with her looks, so Jenny hid her wheelchair behind bushes. On rainy days the two isolated themselves in Susan's room discussing whatever.

One day Jenny exclaimed, "I'm sooo tired of having blank periods. Makes me feel retarded."

"It's me who's a retard, not you," said Susan. "Your Grandmother Thelma knew you best. She said to understand who you are—a child of God—by serving others. Jen, it's my experience that our time here on

earth can be wonderful, even with the problematic deck of cards it deals. You need to play the game with all your heart, mind and strength.”

“But there are periods when I don’t feel like living. Funny thoughts appear and then I’m somewhere else, doing different things. Twice I’ve awakened trying to cut my wrist and several times, about to swallow a bottle of aspirin.”

Susan looked straight at Jenny, “Don’t ever give up, Jen. God made the game of life challenging so we can grow from it.”

“But no one loves me. Not even God.”

“That’s not true, because I do. You see, I’m part of God’s love for you and you are part of His love for me.”

One overcast afternoon in early seventh grade Jenny blanked out leaving middle school. She woke up hearing Susan say, “I’m ready for the park.”

They conversed all the way. “Seems like kids are always teasing me for things I can’t remember doing.” Jenny confessed. “There are times when awful stuff happens, then I get lost and find myself in another place, often doing strange things.”

“You’re lucky not to understand the bad that happens,” Susan responded, “and blessed because kids notice you enough to tease. Nobody gives me the time of day. I’ve been so alone my whole life. Your help in escaping these dreary walls has meant everything.”

Once more secreted in the bushes, Susan tried to see youngsters on the swings but her head was so heavy with the weight of accumulated water that it was impossible. Staring morosely at the ground, her well-manicured fingers, compliments of J.J., drum-rolled on the armrest, “There’s something very important you need to know, Jen.”

The unusually sad tone of Susan’s voice filled Jenny with apprehension. There was a long silence before she finally continued: “A doctor came to my room yesterday. He drove all the way from the hospital just to talk to me.”

Jenny stared at the back of Susan’s most beautiful large head. A river of tears dammed up inside, though refused to vent.

“What are you trying to tell me, Susan?” she asked in a visibly shaky voice.

“The doctor didn’t stay long and hardly said anything. I’m getting weaker all the time. Not even strong enough to lift my head anymore. It’s so heavy my air supply is cutting off. He said I didn’t have much time left.”

A strange silence dimmed sunbeams playing in the Acacias. Jenny half-circled around the wheelchair to reverently kneel beside her best friend. She tenderly brushed her cheek against the emerging half-moon grin as Susan continued, “Jen, our time together has been a touch of Heaven. I’m leaving this mortal estate not owning a thing. Not having something to give you makes me feel terrible. It’s a



daily guessing game what they'll bring me to wear from the laundry.”

A tear trickled into her wonderful smile. “Jen, remember Father in Heaven dwells in your heart. He'll carry you through, providing you ask Him,” she said as her eyes pierced Jenny's. “You're not crying. Good. Don't be upset when I go.”

Jenny peered back into Susan's gorgeous eyes, “Please don't ever go away. There aren't tears because I've never been able to cry. I can pray, though, real well and will ask that you live forever.”

“What? I don't think so. You want me to stay in this distorted prison of a body that holds me back? No thanks. I want to pass through this veil of tears. For years I've

longed to be set free. Soon I'll be able to run and play in the sunshine. Go anywhere. Anytime. Don't you dare ask God to change that blessing.”

The insight took Jenny back. She'd been thinking only of herself, yet it was Susan who needed comfort, to talk things out. Words slowly formed, “Sue, why do you think the good Lord gave us parents who don't love us and bodies that cause so much trouble? I've asked Him that many times, but have yet to receive an answer.”

“My folks provided the body, Jen, but chose not to love my spirit. God gave me my huge head, then filled it with plenty of happiness. I have an inner peace, more than many ever discover. The one thing I know for sure: Father in Heaven misses

me and awaits my return. I firmly believe mortality is but a brief period that has a divine purpose.”

Somewhere in an alcove of Jenny’s mind, an ephemeral memory of the White Light authenticated this truth. “I know. I know ... I love you, Sue. Don’t understand how I’m going to deal with your passing. Aren’t you afraid?”

“Love you too, sweetie, more than anyone. Dying is a little scary, but that’s because I’m not sure of what lies ahead. They say someone who loves you and has passed on carries you across the veil. I don’t know of any kin, but believe Jesus will be there ‘cause I’m really close to Him. I know He truly loves me.”

After hearing the words, “He truly

loves me,” Jenny blanked out.

She awoke in the reception area, finding herself talking to a saddened George who was assaulting her ears with a startling revelation, “Susan died. Can’t you remember? You were here.”

Jenny had no knowledge of her best friend’s passing. None. Not a thing came to mind since the park. How could she forget?

Actually, it had been three weeks since the doctor’s grim news. As always, the lost time was entrusted within her personalities who were in deep mourning. It troubled them to say goodbye. Everyone missed this special friend, terribly. They hoped Sue would always be in their Jen’s

heart because it felt so warm when she was there.

Jenny turned on her heel, walked away and thoughtfully closed the faded red door that protected the only place she ever called home, *Jesus musta come and took Sue to Heaven, but nobody, absolutely no one can take our love for each other. Sue will stay in my heart forever.*

And Susan did, for she taught Jenny to stay the course. No matter the cost. Life was but a brief battle, with eternal consequences.

## LIFE CHANGES

**Monday, 6 September 1971. Seventh Grade. Age 12.**

Jenny's life became less complicated after Susan's passing. Changes began a few days later when Mercy found bloody underwear rolled up in the trash. She rushed into the kitchen sputtering, "Good gracious, Virginia, you've started your period."

Jenny showed no emotion. Father was upset. J.J., overjoyed, *I'm free!*

Later that night J.J. could hardly contain her excitement as she pretended to be Jenny while talking to a dejected Paul, "I'm a real whoaaa-man. What'll we do now?"

“For starters, no more Thursday nights,” Paul replied. “Don’t want you poppin up.”

The decision laid to rest several alters in J.J.’s family: Jennea, Gennesa, Sharon and Gretchen, who no longer needed to protect Jenny from sex-starved Paul. Even Alter Teri slacked off from stealing lunchroom nickels—the school restroom Kotex five-cent dispenser was no longer of use since weekly sessions with Father had ceased and Mercy provided supplies for her daughter’s menses.

Other lines of thinking that formed from Greenbaum’s programming hadn’t been around since Jenny’s church baptism. Without her perpetrators, Alter Angelic pretty much conked out, too. Alter Jennese

remained because she, alone, held the tears, while The Lady of Harmony was the peacemaker. Alter Rachel stuck around to protect those inside from Suicidal Alter Janet who still harbored a strong desire to kill the body. But in general, it was a period of great relief for many, mainly Jenny.

J.J.'s pubescent stirrings created the most headaches. This precocious one felt she was endowed with carnal knowledge, a woman of the flesh and brazenly attended seventh grade right alongside her Jen.

The twelve year-old connected with Kennedy Middle School misfits, the only ones who allowed this strange girl to sit by them at lunch. Jenny still lost time.



She'd be walking down the hall for gym and in a split second be sitting in homemaking, often bra-less or wearing a halter-top and short shorts. The modest girl felt uncomfortable when finding sexy clothes tucked into her locker, chagrined upon realizing she had them on. Even more distressing, as new items appeared Jenny's hard earned stash of babysitting money disappeared.

Her pointed glasses edged in fake diamonds, identical to Mom's, often came up missing. J.J. disliked any reference to Mercy, let alone the four-eyed look over the alter's heavy makeup. She could see fine and thought up ingenious ways to hide those damn glasses, while Jenny wished she didn't need them, *They make me look even crazier than I am, if that's possible.*

After J.J. turned thirteen in February, the alter went on shopping sprees without the core persona's knowledge. By that spring one such trip ended shortly after it began. Jenny was walking from the house in a short skirt, liquid oozing down her face. Mrs. Wilson stopped her lawn trimming to do a double take, "What have you done to yourself, Virginia?"

Alter Virginia was determined not to respond to her name ever since that embarrassing age-seven talk with Grandma, so it was Jenny who replied, "Why?"

"Better look in my mirror, girl."

She ran to the Wilson's bathroom, where the mirror reflected the horrendous image: dripping reddish-orange hair cut

mascara rivulets down rose-colored cheeks plastered with makeup.

Jenny dashed back to the house, washed her hair and hid in her bedroom closet, where lay an open box of platinum blonde hair dye and pair of wet rubber gloves. She crawled out to bury all in the wastebasket. Rushing back to the bathroom, her grotesque-orange coiffure was again framed in the mirror. Zooming in for a close-up, she realized that serious trouble lay ahead: pierced ears. *Mom will go ballistic, then comes the belt. Nice going, retard.*

Her ultra-conservative mother preached there was to be no shaved legs, makeup, earrings, or worse, body piercing, “Your body is a holy temple that should never be

desecrated. Boys will get the wrong impression. You're much too young to handle those situations."

Jenny ran to her bedroom, clutched grandma's quilt and eased to the floor, into a corner, where she blanked out. Crying Alter Jennese took over and moments later Jenny awakened to find wet mascara smudges covered the silk top. She thought, *Shoot, I've ruined my bedspread. What's next, dummy?*

"Come and eat, Stupid," Sharon announced from the doorway.

Still dressed in a short skirt and skimpy top, the trick would be to sit unnoticed at the kitchen table. It didn't work. "Where did you get those immodest clothes?" Mom screeched. "And, what have you

done to your hair? It's orange. How did you get that awful makeup? Paul, come in here."

Once again Paul came for his daughter, "At least it's not purple or green," he laughed.

The wife didn't think it funny, "Are those pierced ears? Where did you get cash for that, plus makeup, clothes and hair dye? Used babysitting money, didn't you? Supposed to be saving for college. Take those disgusting earrings off right now. You're grounded."

Jenny's shaky fingers tugged and twisted on her ears, but couldn't get the dang things off. By then Father's was choking in tears with laughter, "Let her wear them. I like her looks."

Mercy regarded the situation with disgust, but her husband's word was law. Their eldest had won again. Father still commanded the household. Jenny lost, as usual. For J.J., it was on to new adventures.

Jenny took a bite of dinner, dumped the rest in garbage, finished her chores and promptly went to bed.

With J.J. in charge Jenny didn't realize much more until the next afternoon when she found herself coming from school. She stepped through the back door, only to be faced with Mercy's tirade, "You rotten child, never had to wear hand-me-downs like your sisters do. If you like that crazy look of orange hair and pierced ears, live with it. Your babysitting days are through

and there's no way I'm spending more money on haircuts. That'll teach you to grow up and get over yourself. Your fancy-free childhood days are over.”

“What childhood?” J.J. shot back as she turned and stomped down the hallway.

The alter was enraged, for Jenny's sacrificial companion, Angeletta, had been forgotten. That was why on this 21<sup>st</sup> of June she tried to dye her hair blonde, though it turned bright orange. Despite the failed attempt, J.J. was quite happy with the new image. Her Jen's ugliness might deter Paul, plus the two would be the most talked about girl at middle school.

Jenny's final days of seventh grade were lived as one moment, a sad urchin who talked to herself and the next, an in-

your-face potty-mouth sleazebag.

The thirteen-year-old thinking needed direction and Jenny determined to find it. Now awkward puberty loomed with its double-times-ten challenges. Unspeakable acts of debauchery produced twenty-one additional personalities, to date. Their tenacity working through difficult trials confirmed that she would have no failure, except in giving up.

She made many inquiries of Heavenly Father. God was considered her real Father since the one of clay was an archenemy. Kneeling was troublesome since times with the Old Man, so she sat in her closet beneath grandma's mascara-streaked quilt, *Father in Heaven, can't go back to that Handicapped Home without*



*Susan there. How can I figure things out without her?*

Again that still voice of perfect mildness pierced Jenny's soul, giving advice that carried her through arduous years that lay before her: "Begin a journal. Writing down your experiences will help you, and others."

This advice carried healing properties. It has been found that those like Jenny who underwent repetitive trauma could deal with the past by using the logic portion of the brain to write out their repressed memories, making the incomprehensible shift to reality. Though Jenny not yet recognized this need to reveal her deeply hidden emotions, she penned poems at night sitting on the backyard fence

watching Disneyland fireworks. Later that insight to record her life challenges in more detail would prove valuable as she faced adolescents with the very active J.J. alongside.

By eighth grade the alter found there were three ways she could get the thirteen year-old body back to the house from middle school: One: the white rock-lined sidewalk. Safe. Longer. Crowded with kids. Two: the field. A dual challenge: hop a barbed-wire fence, then climb over Hill's block wall into the backyard, keeping her long dress intact. Forbidden by parents. Three: the barrio edge. The disreputable middle school alley engraved in graffiti where Hispanic gangs hung out.

A straight shot, but strictly on the wild side.

With an overwhelming itch for adventure J. J. opted for the speed lane, the alley lined with Mexicans. Last week their “Hey, good looking,” whistles and caterwauling gave her a rush, which intensified as they flipped Jenny’s skirt. It made the personality feel pretty.

One day after classes J.J. decided to dress in the flimsy clothes of her locker stash to impress a boy Jen had a crush on. However, upon sashaying out of the building the alter surveyed empty grounds devoid of students and promptly zonked out. Jenny woke up walking out of school in heavy makeup, sexy threads and a blank stare. She thought, *The bell just rang, so*

*why am I late? Where did I get these clothes? Mom'll be cheesed off.*

Strong urgings coming from seemingly nowhere compelled Jenny to walk toward the parking lot. Obscurity lay ahead in an unlit alley that spanned two large storage buildings. The sight, traumatizing. Somewhere was a fleeting memory of a Chevrolet with large fins that picked her up there. She shouldn't go in the alley, especially since a group of older boys were conversing at the far end. Except, adrenaline rushed her legs, making them walk as fast as they could and she wasn't moving them. J.J. was. Inner whisperings shrank into silence, save for the receding hiss of a lone car leaving the parking lot behind.

On cue the juveniles formed a gauntlet, five on each side. The scene excited the alter, while Jenny's fears shifted into overdrive. The alley grew shorter, dimmer. A strong arm looped around her waist; a hand smeared gaudy lipstick; books and pages of notes fluttered onto the ground. A prayer was uttered and that was the end of consciousness—for both Jenny and J.J. Too much. Out they went.

Jenny came to in her bedroom with a massive swelling in her vagina, wrists ringed red in ugly abrasions, a bottom that seemed to throb, bad, though she couldn't quite feel it and a cloth diaper folded into her underpants.

A tray of chicken soup appeared in the

doorway, “Maybe this’ll stay down,” Mom said. “There’s coke syrup in the fridge if you barf again. Dang it, girl, next time grab the bucket under your bed. I’m tired of cleaning up your slop.”

Mercy sat the tray on Jenny’s upset stomach and turned away, saying more or less as an afterthought, “Feeling better, or worse?”

Jenny didn’t know and had no reply. No matter. Mom didn’t wait for an answer.

Currents of hot cramps streaked down her spine and through her belly. Weak, nauseous, she put tray onto the floor and heaved into bucket, then snuggled back into her feather pillow. The irritation dissipated as she relaxed, allowing her thoughts to meander thru a cloudy alley of

nebulous faces. Sweaty bodies appeared, folded and reconfigured—fragmented images of ... *Rape? Oh, no ... Was I raped?*

The visceral realization brought her fully awake. Leaning over, she let go with dry heaves into a clean bucket. The crackers and soup were gone. She wondered, *Where's my Puke? Soup? What if those guys catch me again? Am I pregnant? Oh dear God, please, nooo. I'm only thirteen. Wouldn't want to bring a child into my world.*

Exhausted, she fell into dreamland.

A moment later, it seemed, Mother's hand was on her forehead, "You're over the flu, Scatterbrain. Get up for school."

“No.”

“You’re fine. Missed a week of class already.”

*A whole week?* Jenny thought. It wouldn’t do any good to ask Mom how or why seven days passed without her knowing, let alone what happened during that time. She knew from experience there was no way to bring memory back into consciousness for “Stupid” would violate her ears again.

“Hurry up and get dressed. Better do something about that hair before you leave,” Mercy continued. “You’re sooo embarrassing.”

The annual 21<sup>st</sup> of June dye job left Jenny’s hair half-dark, half-light. J.J.



realized she'd have to fix it and soon, since school was on the menu. The alter grabbed scissors and whacked the strands ragged. A dig into the girls' closet retrieved a tattered T-shirt and baggy orange bell-bottoms. J.J. glanced approvingly in the mirror. The image, complimented by Jenny's cat glasses, matched a look the personality wanted. She was uglier than a mud fence. No one would F- with her Jen again.

Jenny came to as she entered the kitchen, where a major benefit of the alley experience reared its head: her determination took over. She skipped breakfast, raced out the back door, hopped block fence, brambles and anything else in the way be hanged, cursing for the first time that she remembered, "Come Hell or

high water I'm going to school through that forbidden field.”

Jenny gathered the strange clothes from her locker and they promptly joined hall trash. She didn't want to be whistled at, attract males, or be violated again.

Jenny recalled little about the alley episode, but for the rest of seventh grade wore that white T-shirt, orange bell-bottoms and shaggy two-tone hairdo. When Mercy protested her looks and route to and from school, J.J. had a defiant, but carefully thought-out answer, “This is what you created Mercy and it's what my Jen's gonna do.”

Mom said not another word about it.

After months of lost time that ran into the summer, Jenny awoke to a new diary entry. It wasn't her handwriting. Was it? No, certainly not. Vennessa, the twenty-second personality, third head alter and final one to form took the prayerful advice to write down life experiences and validated pangs of the gang incident in Jenny's Journal:

Hello. My name is Vennessa. I'm in seventh grade with Jenny. She walked from school one day and went down the alley. There were five Mexicans on one side of the walk and five on the other. They whistled, touched me and asked where I was going.

They took me to the green house next to the alley and tied me to a bed with a rope. It hurt. They forgot to take my top off so they pulled it up and took off my pants and they gang raped me.

Then somebody's mom was going to come so they all did it to me fast and untied me. My body and mind was numb.

I put my clothes on as fast as I could and ran and stood and stared at the house for a long time. Lots of things gushed out of my pants. I didn't know what to do. And I went in the house. Jenny's mother paid no attention. She hates Jenny.

So I took a bath and went to sleep. And Jenny woke up and was used to blackouts. She thought it normal because she's had them since she was five.

Those teenagers raped my ass. They turned me over and used Vaseline and ripped Jenny, but it healed in a couple of weeks. Jenny just thought she took a big dump on her ten-speed bike.

After the rape she couldn't speak and associate so she hangs around the misfits. She is teased by sisters and at school. She feels ugly and worth nothing and the only love she gets is from her father. He is really nice to her, but she's daddy's little girl in more ways than one.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS OF  
JENNY HILL AND JOURNAL WRITINGS  
OF ALTERS J.J., ANGELIC, VENNESSA, GRETCHEN,  
GENNESA, VIRGINIA, JENNESE, SHARON, PIXIE,  
JENNEA AND THE LADY OF PEACE AND HARMONY



UTAH TECHNICAL COLLEGE crowned its first queen Tuesday night at the first annual Scholarship beauty pageant staged by UTC at the Provo-Orem campus. Chosen as queen was Kris Backman, center, a fashion merchandising

major from Provo, first runner-up was Jenny Hill, left, a nursing major from Orem and second runnerup was Angela Covello, a marketing major from Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

her Father. He hurt so bad. I hate that prevented Slimy Asstole. I want to kill him. He hid behind his church positions to hide his guilt. I HATE THAT BASTARD!

O.K. I'm back I'm ju. Maybe I'll have a few more personalities come out & explain why they are inside Jenny. I am 40 years old + I am have mother she never had. We all love her because what she went threw as a child + was ~~used~~ by her Father from 6-15 yrs. old.  
O.K. I'll bring Gretchen

Hi I'm Gretchen. I'm very friendly I talk southern style. Jenny's father raped Jenny 9/8 years old when the family stayed in a hotel to visit his sister Aunt Mac & Uncle Guy. I have no vengeance, but I love to go to bed with men. I'm a blast at a bar. I like country music. I go out where nobody know Jenny til I find new friends that know me as Gretchen. I was born when Jenny was 8 years old.  
See tall later. Bye.

Hello my name is Gennsey. I have a sister named Sharon. We were with Jenny in kindergarten. This old man gave us cards ~~thru~~ through





O.K. My name is Virginia I do what Jenny or  
Jef. doesn't want to do. I mind very well. I am 7 years old. I learned  
to hand write in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade. Jim says when I come out, Everybody hates  
me but Jenny. I loved this preacher who died + blew his head with a gun.  
He was so special he liked me + wanted to marry me. He said to Jenny  
that he loved her. she got to go Bye. I suck my finger + kiss from my  
Dad.

Hello my name is Jengell. I cry for Jenny.  
Her family hurt her + me so bad. Jerry. Jenny's Dad  
told her that to cry because it will wake up the family  
at night. Bye. I feel so sorry for Jenny she doesn't get over  
fhe bad stuff that has happen to her. I hate her family + love  
them too. It hurts. Memories hurt. I wish I can forget things  
but I can't.

I am Angelic + we will not  
talk about the boys. No one will.  
I am the spokes person to the Frightened  
one, Jason + Jean + Janet.  
Good Bye. 3 more

Hello I am the lady of peace + harmony  
in the 2 families. I am in charge  
of ~~the~~ settling fights + helping  
people in the house. Sometimes I have  
to deal with the most with Janet who is 13 + lives  
in both families. She blames Jenny for all the trouble  
+ her vengeance is to kill Jenny. And J.T. doesn't want  
to be mother + Jenny's Dad. So that's mainly my  
problem to keep them inside Jenny. When there is  
the shocked one, she can't talk. The first is in  
shock when things get bad. And there is one  
more that we all don't know about. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~





The wired fence + walked us home from school + he drove us home. He gave me + Sharon candy + put his finger inside us. He scared us. Sharon was the one he did it to. RT blocked out Jenny over knowing about the old man. There are 16 personalities. Good = 5. We are called personalities. But we are people inside Jenny.

I'm Sharon + I don't want to talk about it. But she has earlier memories of spankings, sexual finger <sup>spanking</sup> spankings.

Hello my name is Vennessa. I just showed Jenny why I really am here. Because when Jenny was in 7th grade. She walked home from school one day + walked down the alley to go home + there was 5 Mexican men on one side of the walk + 5 on the other side. They whistled at me + touched me. Asked me where I was going + I said "home". And they said no your not + put their hands over my mouth. And all of them checked me to the french house next to the alley. A Mexican lived there. They tied me to a bed with brown rope. Bristly. I thought. They forget to take my top off so they pulled it up + took all my parts. And they gang raped me. I remember the first one and went into fortunigroak. Then some body's mom was going to come home soon. They all did it. And ~~with~~ me. My body was numb + my mind was numb. I put my clothes on as fast as I could + ran home + stood + stared at the house for a long time + lots of things pushed out on my pants. I didn't know what to do. And I went in the house. Jenny's mother never paid attention to her. She knew about her dad + blame her. She hates she Jenny. She is such a bitch. So I took a bath + went to sleep. And Jenny wake up + was used to black out. She thought it was normal because she has had them since she was 5 years. Jenny put ~~her~~ Borofax on her vagina + the men raped to my ass. They turned me over + used their ~~th~~ + raped Jenny. But it leaked in



Jenea would handle the pain + the shock of anything passed that. I'm going to ask her if she wants to write down what she went through.

Jenea

One day he threw me in his closet + told me he would kill me if I would cry or yell. Jenny's Mother was coming down the hall. Went to the bathroom. Then back to her bed cause they never slept together. And because she didn't fit out. Dad came to me with vasoline some times 2 to 3 times at night in the dark. One day I was naked + Dad had his garment son + Jenny's Mother opened the door + he said Jenny was having a nightmare + she said well put her pajamas on because it's cold. Then she told Jenny to keep her pajamas on all



These are  
our notes not Jenny's.  
I know how why I can't  
keep a promise.  
Because my Dad  
made me promise not to  
tell mommy  
And the Boys Threatens  
to kill me if I didn't keep a  
promise.

---

J.J. we are sorry  
The reason why <sup>to the</sup> <sup>girl with</sup> <sup>us.</sup> <sup>because</sup> we died  
we say we are  
sorry all the time  
Is because we are  
worth nothing and have  
to say sorry for living  
D. Angelic

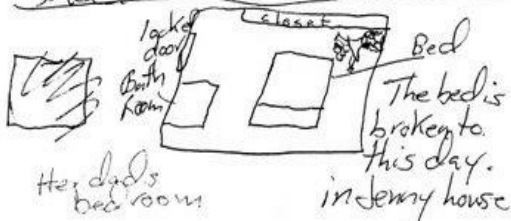




And show you just how  
ugly you are.

He got the old fashioned  
Red tacks from a cardboard  
square and put them on her  
face over her mouth and  
on her forehead + cheeks

like this. He said dont  
move your face.  
Put pixie couldn't  
help the tears  
streaming down her  
face.





The wired fence + walked home from school + he  
 drove - 5 home. He gave me shaven candy + put his  
 finger inside us. He scared us. Sharon was the one he did  
 it to. RT blocked out Jenny ever knowing about the  
 old man. There are 16 personalities. Good - Bye We are  
 called personalities. But we are people inside Jenny.

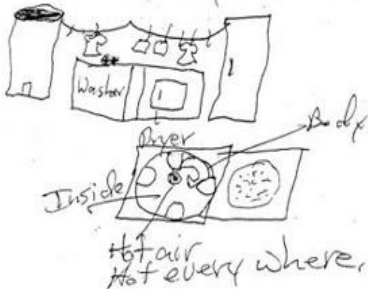
In Sharon - I don't want to talk about it. Bye. She  
 has earlier memories of spankings. Sexual finger spankings.

Hello my name is Vennessa. I just  
 showed Jenny why I really am here. Because

made fun of her. JJ, decided to die  
 Jenny's hair blonde + it turned orange  
 the the Jenny's sister told her to not hang

he loved is by a hook + sex. Jenny's father  
 is the one to teach JAT to be a hooker +  
 she was the mistress of the house. Jenny's

- 10- This 1-10 page is what Pixie  
 wrote. she has pixie hair  
 do and bitches on her face.  
 That's what she think she looks like.  
 So this is her story. Pixie was  
 named pixie because she had a present  
 for her pixie (surprise person) to give a  
 gift to in primary





person in charge and read weird language  
out of a thick old book it was 2 inches thick  
and half way open. He talked weird and then  
pointed to me and said my name was  
Angelica and the other name and pointed  
to the naked blonde haired girl in the cage  
that her name was Angeletta. And that's all  
I can make out of what he was saying and  
1/2 half of the group went to my side and the  
other half went to hers and had hands per  
person and surround my cage and hers and  
sang a weird song but it was the most frightening  
thing I ever could imagine. I froze and wanted  
to throw up but I pried. The bottom of the  
cage was black bars with a cement floor. It was  
a horrible cage and not made to securely be there.  
But any way after they were done singing.  
They went back to their seats. And sat down.  
They had a person assigned to stand at each of  
our cages and open them up and put us on  
the table. I didn't fight, but Angeletta did. And  
it took 2 men to put her on the table. And tied  
her and me to the table. The cross table like in the  
drawing. Our arms were tied and legs spread  
apart. The big priest guy who was at the pulpit  
came over and put blood on the palm of our hands  
and on the outside of the hands and the same  
with the feet. There was intense burning on the  
two sides of me and the girl. Then the group  
split again in 1/2. 15 people were around  
me, 2 were women. I remember looking up at  
them looking at me. That feeling was the start  
of a night mare. Oh before when they anointed  
my hands and feet with dot blood stains. The  
big high priest painted a 4 inch <sup>high</sup> cross over my  
heart with blood from a steel bucket. It smelled  
like blood and they said it was to the people.  
it was some sort of symbol for something.  
I was too afraid to talk. Because I thought

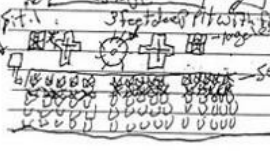


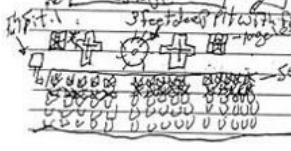
In church he made sure he sat next to Jenny. And Jenny's mom would usually be in the cry room with some of the sisters.

My vengeance is to pick up Foreign men at a bar & see how much money they would have in their wallets. And tell them lets go to a hotel room & of course they would come. I dress very feminine & sexy & rich. And when we would get to the hotel room I would get out the 2 cups of water & slip drugs into their cups & tell them that let them have a drink and lay on the bed & stall & talk till they pass out & take all their money and leave the room. Go straight home & put money by her bed. So she could have money for her children. I love them so dearly. This was when she lived at her house. So the children would be ~~safe~~ safe while it went. My vengeance is done now. I let Jenny see the whole gang rape in detail. And when she was forced to make love to that Mexican man & gave birth to two dead brown fetuses (babys). I helped her through that too. Now I'm back J.I. I'll talk about me. When Jenny couldn't stick up for herself I would. I don't put up with no shit from nobody. Fuck the world. I don't do anything except for money & sex with strangers & was for 95 relationships go. I trust no man. One man can't satisfy my needs. I hate Ethan he tries to put down Jenny too much & he is neurotically sick & I can't stand is guilt trip he lays on Jenny. He can go to hell for all I care. He's threatening to kill Jenny. And Ethan is ex like me with lies. He is so ~~damn~~ damn insecure. That has the type will cheat on Jenny. Like he did when Jenny first met him. He used both Carl & Jenny. He's a prick. And he may be loyal for a couple of years. But when he will go &





They got dressed for Halloween I thought. They had no clothes on under there full black capes and wore white makeup on their face with the black make-up around the eyes. They looked scary. I thought to my self: The part that sat there waiting was tragic, and the reason why that was her name is because they appointed that name to me. At the very beginning when I was on the cross with the seven cult members in their garage. But anyway they were done with themselves. And many people came in to see me in this waiting room. They snatched me and told me that I had to be silent during there rituals and was the Lucifers sacrifice. I didn't understand. But the [redacted] brothers explained it to me. They said that they loved me and that they did not want to see me die and they told the people they prepared me. And they said is she ready and they were talking about the other girl with thin soft shoulder length hair. There was a black steel cage next to a flat table with a cross in the middle of it. And a cement pit slightly lit with fire along with candles every where it seemed like a night mare that you couldn't escape from. I looked over and saw the same kind of table and the other girl stood in her little cage. We were in a building that had 5 rows and 3 sections of seats and then a flat surface where we were and then a <sup>small</sup> stage. It looked like this  looking down O.K.



next are people seated in black gowns and black and white make up. PAGE NO. \_\_\_\_\_



# Tech Girls Vie for Title



UTAH TECHNICAL College at Provo/Orem will host its first scholarship pageant Tuesday at 8 p.m. at the Orem Campus student center. From left, first row, are Kris Backman, Jenny Hill and

Kathryn Durrant; second row from left, LeAnn Jensen, Shannon Clark, Renee Berrett, Cheryl Cross and Angele Coviello; top right, Brenda Taylor. The public is invited to attend.



## ALTER J.J. GOES TO HIGH SCHOOL

**Monday, 3 September 1973. Freshman Year. Age 14.**

LaQuinta High School restrooms were presided over according to rank and Jenny held none. Her unshakable reputation as an outcast presented problems when nature called. One bathroom was used exclusively by upper class snobs; a second by middle-class conservatives; a third by Mexican-American girls and dopers. The latter was dangerous for anybody because the regulars ignored LaQuinta's most strictly enforced rule: those caught smoking on school grounds were suspended.

The first day of school Jenny's inability

to transcend social barriers proved too difficult to handle so the task of attendance fell to J.J., who gladly filled in lost hours. The personality had neither time, nor interest, in academics, but Paul's childhood defilement fed bottled up hormones and high school provided a perfect stage for their release.

Tawdry frizzy-orange hair, compliments of J.J.'s annual June 21<sup>st</sup> makeover, still hung unevenly below her ears, clashing with new ill-fitting glasses that pinched her nose red. (Last summer J.J. conveniently lost those pointed ones with fake diamonds).

Her funky appearance fit in with the most derided at LaQuinta: those who frequented the smoke-filled restroom.

Derision often came from wannabes: coeds shunned by the upper class, not quite in the middle class, who were always fighting *not* to fall into Jenny's lower class of freshman high school society.

J.J.'s tenacity, along with an only friend, Amelia Anderson, provided gumption enough to walk into the lower class restroom. The freshman rode in on the coattails of Anderson, whose substance abuse was well known by everyone except the teaching staff. J.J. returned the favor by countering stares and rude remarks at the door, "Keep the Hell away from Amelia, or I'll kick your rear end."

Intelligent J.J. easily switched into the

core persona to pass as an innocent. The conservative appearance in long dresses made her body a perfect mule to transport drugs.

Before long this hoochie mamma became the most popular girl in the school's least-sought-out space, thanks to J.J.'s masterful use of crude language, hard-core humor and a newfound craving for pot.

Jenny and J.J. jotted events in their journal:

March 1974

Hi. I'm Virginia Hill. I'm 15 years old and in 9<sup>th</sup> grade, a freshman at LaQuinta. I go to Seminary. It starts at 6:00 a.m. I wish I could ditch it. I hate it.—J.J.



My friend's house got broken in to, so she's moving. I hate her. There are guys who like her for her body. Good-bye and good riddance.—Jenny

Jenny took care of five kids in the (Sunday School) nursery. Herb called and Mercy asked a lot of square questions about him. We talked about sex. He's cool. He gets loaded.—J.J.

Karen Daringer got loaded. Sometimes I wonder if I should try it. I decided not to.—Jenny

Go to Hell.—J.J.

Stayed away from school. I was so tired. I stopped thinking about smoking pot. I don't need it. I want to set a good example for my sisters and my children.—Jenny

Didn't go to school today. Mercy had a discussion with Mr. Moran, my sex teacher. He's cool.—J.J.

Jenny's father found out she drank wine and he had a fight with her mom. He blames everything on Mercy. Jenny thinks like an 11 year old. Says he's not going to let Jenny baby-sit for people that have wine in their house. That isn't going to stop me from drinking wine. I like it.—J.J.

April 1974

Pete has been calling. I'm beginning to like him. I'm on phone restriction. My family is a pain. I've been having these sex drives stronger than usual.—  
Jenny

As far as I'm concerned Mom could go to Hell.—  
Jenny

It's funny hearing Paul call sex lines. One night when everybody was asleep I overheard him. He said he was 26. His personality is down the drain. It cracks me up to hear him try to pick up a chick.—Jenny

August 1974

We went to Brigham City. (After the death of her husband, Grandmother Thelma moved to Utah.) I wanted to live with my grandmother, but Mother and Father won't permit it. One day we went to BYU I noticed the spirit up there. I want to make all A's and B's. I hope I can do it so I can go to BYU—Jenny

Today have to work in the hospital (Candy Striper). One of my ambitions is to get a Patriarchal Blessing. I want that so I'll know what I'll be doing in the future.—Jenny

Jenny somehow knew she badly needed a Patriarchal Blessing. Believers of her LDS faith claimed this special prayer indicated ancestral lineage and outlined a personal path that when followed, promised happiness. Jenny asked Mom to

set up the required interview. Mercy refused, “You’re too young. Wait ‘til you have serious issues.”

J.J., for once, resisted commenting, while Jenny understood she had major hang-ups right now. The distraught youth retired into her bedroom closet for consultation with a higher authority, “Father in Heaven, I’m still losing time and wake up in different places, doing crazy things. Please, pleeease help me figure out what’s going on.”

Once again a soft, yet thundering voice plumbed to the depths of her heart, “Continue to write down your life experiences, for some day a book will be written.”

Jenny kept up her journals, with help

from J.J.

September 1974

Mother and Father are getting a divorce.—Jenny

I started up smoking for a while, but quit. It's stupid. I kept on getting sick and dizzy. I did it out of habit. It's stupid. Why do it? It makes you look bad in front of everyone else. I started 'cause I got mad at Mother and Father, but I'm not only hurting them, I'm hurting myself, so I quit.—Jenny

This year I kind of like Seminary.—Jenny

I'm in Seminary with Sharon. She wants to go. To be frank, Seminary can go to Hell.—J.J.

LDS Seminary classes, held in the early mornings before school, encouraged Jenny

to keep church standards of no premarital sex, immodest dress, smoking, coffee, alcohol, nor illicit drugs. This guidance presented a hidden and perhaps insurmountable hurdle: J.J. continued to act out her own definition of adulthood as a full-blown addict. Jenny often awoke smelling of smoke, craved tobacco and couldn't stop the habit, mainly because she didn't know about it. Though from time to time she was vaguely aware of pot use and an occasional snort with the "cool" dudes at school.

Other apparent concerns included zero positive interaction with Mom, continuous teasing by sisters and her failed attempts to establish a friendship with their leader, Sharon, who couldn't cope with her queer older sister, "We can't hang out together,

you're such a ding-a-ling.”

Father's flirtations were a constant worry. Paul stopped the incest years ago to avoid pregnancy, but his desires never seemed gratified. He would catch his eldest undressing or in the shower whenever he could. Jenny tried to avoid the scoundrel, while J.J., as always, was set on breaking all rules. The alter decided to obtain an interview with their bishop so she could blow the whistle on Paul.

With Jenny's denial system firmly in place that meeting never happened, though other dilemmas vented as one time period swooned to the next. Forgotten hours became unknown days, weeks, even months. Like the morning Jenny fell into

hibernation entering LaQuinta front doors, then awoke asking a question in Sex Education. Classmate he-haws indicated she was saying more than she should, “If you have intercourse, just how do you avoid pregnancy?”

The instructor was the only one not amused, “Use protective measures. Make sure to use a condom.”

Ongoing classmate ragging resulted in another blackout until type class, where Jenny awoke giggling and locked into a reverie. Students ceased working to watch the school freak as the teacher toned, “You’re misbehaving again, Virginia. Everyone, get back to your assignment.”

Pecking at the keys started slowly. So did the snickers as Jenny said, “I don’t



know how to type and my clothes smell like pot. Must be stoked.” “Yo, Jen,” J.J. continued, “I’m the expert typist, not you. How’d you expect to feel after that snort for lunch? We’re hav’n fun now, baby,” she laughed, “just a couple of whacked-out mommas.”

During the summer of 1974 prior to her sophomore year, Jenny underwent a major lifestyle change. The transformation introduced itself as she babysat a neighbor’s five year-old daughter. Her employer, Lisa, whom she felt resembled a beautiful model, took an interest in this responsible young lady who looked like a geek. Lisa spent hours teaching Jenny how to wear natural makeup, unlike the heavy

gunk J.J. applied.

The garish frizz evolved into a stylish cut. Before long, naturally curly brunette locks fell over her slender shoulders. Jenny still consumed little food and maintained a trim figure. Lisa took the teenager shopping for trendy clothes as payment for taking her little girl to the beach every day. By summers end a deep tan and sun-bleached hair complimented aqua-turquoise eyes. The ugly duckling became a beautiful swan.

Males did double takes when Jenny entered her sophomore classes, giving always-scheming J.J. more reasons to take over.

One day a boy in a letterman jacket

passed her in the hallway, did a one-eighty and cleared his throat to yell, “Hey, beautiful, are you really Jenny Hill?”

“Of course,” J.J. lied. “Why?”

Grade school heartthrob-turned-football-star David Allen leaned his large chest toward hers, “So good-look’n, how ‘bout hitting the dance floor with me Friday night?”

His cruel remarks of long ago fed J.J.’s sharp retort, “Not just no, but Hell no. Why should I go out with a jerk like you?”

*Why would I say that?* Jenny thought as she awoke to see David hastily back away.

It didn’t matter. Mom strictly enforced the LDS church’s standard of no dating

until age sixteen. That happened the next February with Jenny's birthday. J.J. diligently recorded events as they really occurred, in both Jenny's and her own journal.

Diary entries were faithfully continued, where scribbling contained unknown names:

Friday

Kevin's good points: He's foxy, has personality, cares, surfs, cracks good jokes, a car and my type of Mormon. He smokes, gets loaded, dances, likes sports, is sexy looking, kisses great, turns me on, compliments me all the time. I like him.—J.J.

Wednesday, March 30

Dub took me out. Saw Kevin at the Church Road Show.—Jenny

Thursday, March 31

We did it all afternoon. I love sex.—J.J.

The two were finally popular, each in their own realm. Both enjoyed flirting, though J.J. obviously took it a lot further than Jenny's modest smiles. Curfew restrictions were removed with the bedroom screen so the promiscuous alter could freely consort with her rowdy crowd.

“Hey, J.J.,” a man yelled one afternoon as Jenny left the school grounds, “when's the next time we can get it on?”

The invitation came from an older man

she had never seen, “Huh? Sorry, I don’t know you.”

“Come on, Babe. How could you have forgotten that unbelievable time we had Saturday night?”

“Get this all the time,” Jenny muttered as she made an about-face to walk as programmed, across the street and in the opposite direction, “I must look like someone called J.J.”

Boys at school and unknown men continually called her J.J. Jenny ignored the greetings, nor did she acknowledge strange journal entries signed by her scheming personality. Her denial was rampant and the incidents soon forgotten. For the first time the two were actually enjoying life together, including the day

they both met Jack Rath.

Mrs. Rath and her daughter, Ranee, attended the same LDS church meetings as the Hills. Jenny almost saw herself as normal around them. By her junior year she was spending a lot of time at the Rath home, where lived their only son Jack. The good-looking senior was adept at wooing women and had a child himself, Jack Jr. He was taken by Jenny's good looks and reduced to blushing in her presence. Sparks flew.

Journal writings confirmed the infatuation:

I went over to Ranee's house and Jack asked me out. We're going bowling Friday. I'm afraid to tell my parents he's not a member, but he's

The bowling alley was crowded so they drove to Corona Beach. Rod Stewart's "I'm Sailing" was floating from the radio as they parked on a sandy road off the main drag. Jack took her hand to climb out of the car and up rocky cliffs. Halfway back down there came into view the outline of a cement seal precariously clinging to a windy ledge. Jenny was inspecting the statue when she met Jack's lips. She kissed for the first time in her memory. "I love you, girlfriend," he said with a tender hug.

With her past buried deep, Jenny blushed a reply, "I'm still a virgin and want to stay that way."



“How’d you make it to your junior year?”

She shrugged her shoulders. He held her tight, “I’ll respect that. Never met anyone as wonderful as you.”

It was a most spectacular evening. Hand in hand they climbed down the mountain to run along the oceanfront, playing like children discovering the beach and their childhood for the first time. Whispers of salty air broke waves that beat on an empty shore. This would be her most memorable spot on earth. No one else lived in their universe, except for J.J. Though for a while, even the alter stayed away from journal entries:

He told me he wanted to kiss me so bad last night

and said he couldn't sleep after the date. He hitchhiked all over the states, seen and done a lot of things and is only eighteen. He used to be a dooper and alcoholic. He quit all that a year ago, but still smokes. I'm helping him quit.—Jenny

He has a good job. He was in jail a couple of times. His favorite song is "I Believe in Miracles." He was shocked that I'm a virgin. He thought they were extinct. Said he'd never been out with a girl like me.—Jenny

Jenny and J.J. (who also fell in love with Jack) grew attached to his son, Jack Jr. They dated the handsome father steadily through his senior year. The young couple spent graduation evening driving along the coast listening to an Elton John tape. Jack stopped to look at the sunset, he, unusually quiet, "Tomorrow

my son and I are leaving to live with Dad in the East, but we'll be back next year to see you graduate."

"Why?" she said in surprise.

Jack gave no reason for the sudden decision and her watery brain felt so weak she didn't trust her own thinking. Those who loved her—Grandma and Susan—had vanished. Now, Jack. But no, this boy was a keeper, "Please don't go. I told you about my premonition and you've had the same one. You'll die on a road overlooking a large body of water. That will happen and I can't live without you."

"Don't worry," he laughed. "I'll always be around to take care of you. Will love this gal forever."

After Jack left Paul's libido cranked up. That summer and fall were long ones, mainly for J.J. Jenny mostly didn't remember, until February when Father's present for Birthday Seventeen was a stint on the bed. J.J. was so put out that she forced the host persona to bear the experience.

Next morning Mercy was furious, at Jenny. She screamed at her through the girls' room closed door, "I heard you with Paul in his bedroom last night. I'm tired of living with a prostitute. Wish you'd never been born."

"Listen you old hag," J.J. shot back, "face your husband's perversion for once," while Alter Janet continued with, "You won't protect us from Paul so I'm

ending it for everyone.” J.J. interjected, “Jen, you need to do something about this situation before Janet does. Done all I can,” and Angelic summed it up, “Mercy, you’re nothing but a jealous piece of work.”

Mercy paid no attention to the garbled voices as she flipped open the door and lunged. Jenny awakened from a deep slumber just in time to scramble out of the way as Mom executed a belly flop on her lumpy roll-a-way. The Matron of Denial struggled to her feet, “How could I have raised a whore? Get out of this house. Now!”

*Is Mother crazy? Does she think I ask Father to assault me?* Jenny thought as she grabbed the phone, “Mrs. Rath, Mom

just gave me the boot. Can I live with you?”

“Of course, dear. It’s been empty since Jack left. Sorry about all the hassles at home. There’s free rent and food here, but little else.”

“My job at the Mall with Spencer’s Gifts will get me through. Promise I won’t be a bother. I need to finish high school so your son will marry me.”

Jenny packed her things in boxes and grocery bags while Mercy studiously cared for her picture-perfect roses. Mom was napping by the time her oldest hopped into Mrs. Rath’s old Studebaker. With sisters in school and Father at work, there were no good-byes.

“It’s better this way,” she told Mrs. Rath. “Right on,” J.J. added, “Jen done good for once.”

Not much of a writer, Jack kept in touch by phone. Three months later a particularly important ring came, “Mom, I can’t come for Jenny’s graduation, but I’ve sent a ticket for her to fly here right afterward.”

Mrs. Rath handed the receiver to Jenny. Jack’s voice on the other end was filled with love, “Honey, I’ve been so unhappy without you.”

Jenny’s prospects were thrilling: marry Jack, be a mother to Jack Jr. and start a new career far away from the blue house.

Hours spent studying cosmetology would finally pay off. With her license she could help support their little family.

J.J. was so excited she hung up the phone, saying to an astounded Mrs. Rath, "Love that boy. Things will be great with Scuzball Paul out and Jack in. Can't wait for us to be together, soon as I get Jen through our graduation parties."

On the 16th of May 1977 Jack's father called his ex-wife, the conversation long and stirring. Mrs. Rath was still whispering to the phone, wiping her eyes, when Jenny arrived from school. She said goodbye, then turned to the cute senior who, late for work, was rushing into Jack's former bedroom to change her



clothes, “Brace yourself, dear. Something terrible happened today. Jack was in an accident. Jenny, he’s dead.”

The seventeen-year-old stopped in her tracks. Despair instantly weakened her legs and she caught herself on the end of the couch. “No, this can’t be,” she said in a hushed voice.

Mrs. Rath was consumed in sadness as she commiserated, “He was coming off a busy road when a car clipped the back wheel of his motorcycle and threw him. His head hit a curb and cracked open.”

“I don’t believe it,” J.J. yelled.

“I didn’t want to either,” Mrs. Rath said sadly, “but it was as you predicted and just like his nightmares. His body landed at the end of a road overlooking a lake.”

The following weeks formed insurmountable waves of oppression filled with an undertow of sorrow that sucked Jenny down. Cosmetology classes were no more. Some days the alter wouldn't allow anyone out of bed. Rod Stewart's *Atlantic Crossing* album played for long hours, especially, "I'm Sailing." Life was empty, unfeeling.

In despair, Jenny called for Mercy. "It's for the best," Mom tartly responded. "Didn't like him anyway."

Grandma. Susan. Now, Jack. The few people in life who had shown her kindness, real love, were gone. Taken away. Jenny vowed to never love again.

J.J. had her own way of acting out:

Thursday, May 26

I was offered \$20.00 to give a blowjob, plus he wants to be my pimp. –J.J.

As graduation neared, the journal entries became more eccentric:

I woke up stoned.–J.J.

Something's wrong with me.–Jenny

This is the night of my prom. I worked late. Bummer night.–Jenny

Went out with Greg to Newport Beach. Drank whiskey straight. Oh, Greg proposed. We'll go to

Las Vegas to get married.—J.J.

The Las Vegas trip never materialized, probably because Jenny didn't know a thing about her elopement plans. She also had little awareness that since their freshman year, Hispanic companions hid joints in her makeup case. J.J. smoked the weed. The core persona was unaware at first, but after Jack's death when confronted with the truth by J.J.'s so-called "friends," the grieving Jenny knowingly joined in. She desperately wanted to be part of a group. Any group.

On 21<sup>st</sup> June, 1977, Summer Solstice—twelfth anniversary of the death of Angeletta—the sound of a ringing bell awoke Jenny from a blank period. The

dope-head was alone, blinking eyes fixated on a mirror in the high school lower-class restroom, her mind chasing an ever-occurring image of a blonde-haired girl screaming for help. Wet curly strands of her hair dripped down clothes reeking of smoke. Tongue simmered in stale tobacco. Odds and ends strewn in a stained sink included a discarded bottle of hair color, confirming that once more she dyed her hair blonde.

She paused, then her anorexic figure staggered into the brightness of an emptied hallway, only to bump into a suspicious hall monitor. “Get to the Office,” he sternly said.

The vice-principal’s voice was known

to freeze water. He was resolute with this student who, somehow, managed to avoid his door, “Miss Hill, seniors are well acquainted with rules around here. Smoking gets thirty days probation. What’s your parents’ home phone number?”

Jenny had no memory of getting dressed that morning, nor how she arrived at school. Graduation was next week, maybe, “I don’t live in what you’d call a home. Never had real parents. Give me the suspension slip, I’ll sign it.”

“Here it is, then. Come back next week for graduation.”

Graduation Day dragged on at Spencer’s Gifts. Mrs. Rath worked also,

but late and with a hug, dropped her boarder off at the high school. Jenny's "parents" watched the ceremony in back of the LaQuinta High football stadium. Mercy didn't see Paul slip his Princess a gold watch as they left. Mom's attention was centered on trying to figure out why so many boys were giving her eldest high-fives with the same greeting, "Congrats, J.J."

Jenny backed away from the crowd to deposit cap and gown and unceremoniously receive her diploma at a busy banquet table, *What can I do now? Flip burgers, or make a career clerking at the Mall?* "No way," J.J. said out loud. "I've got plans."

A toasty Santa Ana wind blew through

the football field and into a lingering crowd. The forlorn graduate paid no attention to jovial students with their families splitting into party groups. She felt disconnected from everyone. Even most of her alter personalities were latent.

Jenny shuffled onto a street swollen with fast-moving cars that barely missed her wander into traffic as she confided to the sky, “Jack, you didn’t keep your promise to be at my graduation, but I kept mine. Graduated, honey, all by myself.” “But, not the Hell alone,” J.J. shouted to anyone who would listen.



## PROSTITUTING THIS MAN'S ARMY

**Tuesday, 16 August 1977. Age 18.**

“Elvis Presley has died,” reverberated throughout the Army National Guard recruitment office as Jenny rushed among spotless-uniformed men gathering around blaring radios. Within throbs of an impending headache she realized, “Oh. No. My Jack’s gone and now, the King.” Then J.J. found Jenny’s vocal cords, “Damn. Wish I coulda been Presley’s girlfriend.”

Now more than ever J.J. constantly besieged with endless whisperings. The personality was an accident nature contrived—endowed with limited memory of her past that made Jenny’s today

checkered with crises. Long ago J.J. determined that despite her restricted life experiences, when she had the chance she would not just use this body, but exploit it. Even though her sexual escapades created bedlam for Jenny, J.J. wanted more. Much more.

The brooding edifice J.J. had become slinked toward a line of well-used pay phones located at room's rear, mischievously winking at the uniformed men who leered at her deliciously long bleached hair, seductive figure and incoherence—a hot target of opportunity.

Jenny was there, too, hiding her tensions. Most eighteen year-old minds were usually arrogant enough to have all the answers, but none were apparent here.

Too often Jenny had no knowledge of what happened just moments ago. She felt pangs of remorse, though couldn't quite grasp where the guilt came from, why it hung around, or even how it left—resulting in soul-searching emptiness. With no understanding of these whirlpools in her life, questions arose that she couldn't reason out. She paid close attention to sights and sounds all around in order to outwit her perplexing environment.

Jenny fed nickels into a pay phone while going through it again: the ever-present exhaustion, silent weeping and heartbreaking loneliness without Jack.

That morning she awoke firm in a decision. With Jack and Susan giving up the ghost, she decided that God and

Country would be a great combination to deal with her crumbling life. She joined the Guard where This Man's Army could think for her.

A bored Alter J.J. put up no resistance. Men from the Evac hospital saw Jenny's high-test scores and convinced both Jenny and J.J. to opt for medic training instead of secretarial as a recruiter suggested. They would pull it together. The core persona's college tuition was paid, while a constant supply of men would move J.J. past her endless doldrums.

*Bet Jack and Susan were there to welcome the King into Heaven,* Jenny thought as she dialed the Hill house, with J.J. saying so all could hear, "This is perfect. We're set, sworn in and moving

on to boot camp in that new government co-ed experiment. Think about it, Jen. All those studs and us, too.”

But Jenny couldn't think. As usual, too many marbles were colliding inside and she was having trouble concentrating on how to break the news.

“Hello?” a familiar voice said.

“Mom?”

“Why'd you wake me up, Virginia?”

Mercy's brittle tone awoke Alter Virginia, who hadn't been active since last year when Mother kicked everyone out after her husband's “special” seventeenth birthday present.

“You're sleeping again?” Alter Virginia said, while J.J. put in her

sarcastic two cents, “What’s new? The old girl’s been snoozing at the wheel since I was born.”

“Where do you get off talking to me like that?” Mercy bellowed.

Mother’s question was ignored, mainly because Jenny didn’t hear it. “Mom, guess what I did and where I’m going,” she managed to say.

“Probably to jail, Scatterbrain.”

Jenny wasn’t surprised at Mom’s attitude. A wrinkled expression settled on her face as she continued, “I joined the Army National Guard. Tomorrow morning we’re leaving for boot camp in South Carolina. I’ll be back from training in four months.”

“That’s crazy. The only women who join up are prostitutes, but then guess that describes you. Wait ‘till I tell your father.”

Mom had backstabbed again, the putdown cutting into already deep abrasions of rejection. Jenny’s spirit bottomed out with a singular fact: her own mother could care less. However, she had spent a lifetime trying to dispel Mercy’s indifference and wasn’t about to give up now, “Bet Father will be proud. He was the youngest naval Intel officer in the Korean War. Besides, Fort Jackson’s in his home state.”

“This is the most insane idea you’ve ever had. I’m so embarrassed. No proper man will marry you now. Just what do ya

expect me to tell our neighbors and people at church?”

“Tell ‘em your husband screwed our brains out,” J.J. flipped back, “and we joined the Guard to get away.” Jenny followed with, “Mom, I’ve gotta go.”

She hung up the phone on a speechless Mercy, switching around to see drooling eyes undress her. J.J. enjoyed the attention so much she took over and the core persona didn’t wake up until they arrived in the South.

When Jenny’s plane landed, only one message interrupted the quiet Fort Jackson South Carolina military airport: “Sound off, hup two, three, four.”



Perfectly aligned rows of beige barracks stretched across a spit-shined campus dotted with tree-lined lawns. Platoons marching in tight formation turned and soldiers stopped in their tracks to stare at the deplaning women: the first ever to train alongside men in the Army National Guard.

Jenny strode confidently down the ramp, only to discover that acclamation was going to be difficult. She could see and hear what was going on, but had no way to regulate her body, nor what she was about to say. In charge were Alters J.J. and Gretchen, (the personality formed by Paul's incest after the baptism who defined herself in the South). The two personalities said to their new friend, Teresa, "Wow, this is fantastic, me, Jen,

and all these men.” “Welcome back to the South, y’all, this body’s ready for some good ole down-home action.”

“Isn’t this sweet?” Teressa laughed.

Jenny and her alters sat by this friendly black girl during the flight. Her quick wit combined with Hill’s need for companionship to make them fast friends. “You got used to the stares yet?” Teressa asked.

Jenny skipped over to a group of soldiers and shoved her camera into a welcoming recruit’s hands. “Would you mind taking our picture?” she asked. “Love this. What a great place to take your clothes off,” J.J. giggled as she hooked Jenny’s left arm around Teressa, then bent forward, exposing her cleavage.

The camera obediently clicked.

Alter Gretchen, too, fast adjusted to the Army's way. She felt at home among the crowds of men. "Reborn" in the South, she was tickled with her Southern drawl and often took over in the middle of conversations. There was a certain problem, however. Jenny refused to smoke or drink. The party-alters had to blank her out so they could hit local bars on weekends. Gretchen enjoyed western dancing, while J.J. seduced men on passes.

Basic training was hard work, but a piece of cake compared to childhood. Jenny's 5'9," 118-pound body was fit, though mental expectations proved more

challenging. Her intricate, now-feminist mind hated the chauvinistic attitude of some men and especially resented hearing the word WAC. Jenny thought, *These clowns put me down all the time, but I've got a feeling I've coped with more grief than these losers ever will.*

One sweltering August day Jenny carried a heavy backpack and M-16 rifle for twenty miles in the torrid weather. Her wobble and droop meant a heat stroke was coming on.

“I’ll give you a ride in,” a young officer yelled from a passing ambulance, “if you do something special for me.”

“Is this special enough?” J.J. shouted back, throwing him an obscene gesture.

The determined recruit put her boots down hard in the slippery mud and was in the first wave back to camp, empowered by Alter Gretchen's whisperings: *I can do anything. I can do anything.*

It was a rainy afternoon when two hundred men watched the WACs march onto the firing range singing the drill sergeant's new cadence:

Your left, your left, your left, right, left.

If all the GI's, if all the GI's

were leaves on a tree, leaves on a tree.

We'd do them for free. Do them for free.

One, two, three, four, one-two, three-four.

J.J. joined the laughter, while Jenny thought, *How thoroughly disgusting.*

Good thing the core persona wasn't in full charge. The newfound Equality of the Sexs' Attitude could have gotten her busted.

The men's continuous sexist remarks didn't affect execution of her duties, however. Difficult work combined with strict discipline to suppress her preoccupation with Susan's and Jack's deaths. A childhood engrossed in conformity training and seven years of lobbing softballs also paid off. She threw live hand grenades with surprising accuracy and her expert marksmanship won the right to blow up a tanker truck with a bazooka.

By mid-training Jenny was enjoying the role of the attacker instead of being attacked and the newly defined feminist was having fewer blank periods. At graduation she ranked number seven in her class of the National Guard's first coed basic training platoon—an interesting coincidence with her birth as predicted by Paul's brother at seven-pounds, seven-ounces on the seventh day of the month.

Even more men greeted the plane full of women for their second phase of Boot Camp at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Reminiscent of Fort Jackson, troops rubbernecked the women, while their drill sergeant barked them orders.

On that first night at the barracks a

different welcome awaited this liberated female. Jenny was awakened by a gruff voice behind a glaring flashlight, "Get up and report to the sergeant."

In a T-shirt, fatigues and void of underwear, she trailed the guy in uniform to the front office, stepped in, closed the door and saluted. Glazed eyes stared at her from behind a heavy steel desk, "Relax Good Look'n. Have a snort."

The officer's lips were devouring hers before she hit the chair. Vapors of strong spirits filled her nostrils to stir up J.J., plus several programmed alters. They analyzed their situation, lifted a long leg and popped the sergeant in his privates. "Don't give us any of your horse shit." "If you ever do that again, I'll personally



volunteer a couple of GI's who'll kick your ass." "Where we come from in Hell, guys like you show up missing."

She left cursing and slamming the sergeant's door. The noise awoke Jenny, who found herself walking through unlit barracks, alarmed at her own bad language and thinking, *What am I doing? Everyone's trying to sleep.*

Rest didn't come cheap that evening, nor thereafter, for her nightmares had returned: men in robes and makeup, holding long needles and lit candles, surrounded her bunk, snapping their fingers in unison with drumbeats and chants of: "Salome, Salome, Salome."

Also, there was this male-mail call issue, *Mom never answers my weekly*

*letters, yet Father's daily correspondence makes my skin crawl. Why?*

She read Paul's letters around five p.m. while turning down her bunk. A hangover reigned supreme by early morning. When noon arrived, the privation had passed. She wondered, *This continual bout of flu is baffling and what's with those smoky clothes in my locker?*

One Saturday morning while reading Paul's letter, she heard suppressed laughter from her lesbian roommates. Their twitters formed into a question as she arose from her bunk, "So tell us, girlie, why do you hit the sack in the buff?"

“Cause Jen’s pervert father won’t let us keep our clothes on,” J.J. answered as Alter Gretchen rushed to get the body dressed, adding, “Y’all got a problem with it?”

The girls looked at one another with raised eyebrows, shrugging shoulders and shy smiles. A fellow recruit observed the moment. “Stay away from those dames,” Crystal said as she motioned Jenny to come outside. “Can’t ruin our reputations.”

The well-endowed eighteen year-old escorted Jenny across the marching field. She reached past shoulder-length chocolate hair, into her back pocket saying, “Here’s those pictures I developed. Pretty slick, huh?”

“What the heck are these?”

“Oh, c’mon J.J., you know.”

They found the parking lot, where a soldier greeted Crystal with kisses. Giving a quick look around, he grabbed the snapshots and palmed them four C notes each. “Here’s your splits,” the strange man whispered. “Done reeal good last night. Changing that name to J.J. was smart. It’ll keep the MPs off our case. There’s a ten to one ratio of men to women here. Business will pick up once we start passing these photos around, J.J.”

He snagged Crystal’s arm and they high-tailed it toward a red T-Bird, leaving Jenny to wonder, *Why the money and he called me what? That name has dogged me from grade school, high school and*

*South Carolina. How'd this J.J. get to Texas?*

She raced after the two, “Don’t you dare show those pics.”

“Yeah, whatever,” the pimp said. “I’ll do what I want, just keep it quiet.”

“But I’m the wrong person.”

“Wrong person for what?” he said while opening the T-Bird door, arm still locked around his woman. With a derisive grin, he laughed, “Customers crave your body, J.J.”

That’s the way it was for Jenny Hill those days in This Man’s Army. Mind sisters had a ball, while the core persona continued to suffer time lapses. The Picture Man frequently gave her mojo and

just as often, it evaporated. Flashy clothes were filling her locker. Her health was declining, energy down, headaches getting worse and little zigzags starting to show around the edges. Jenny was unaware she suffered hangovers due to her alter's nightly pursuits, but did know that something wasn't right. There was another new lacy bodysuit in her locker. She thought, *Better hide this immodest outfit so no one will think I'm loose.*

That plan somehow went off course. The next Saturday morning the trainee awoke walking toward her barracks in the tight lacy outfit reeking of smoke and booze. Judging from the sun's position, she'd lost ten hours. Her eyes felt rocky, as if there had been no rest all night. She vaguely remembered being in a bar late—

drinking of all things. Life was confusing, becoming difficult, even dangerous.

“Hi there,” said a familiar voice. “How’s biz, J.J.?”

Spinning around, she found a friend shining boots on the barracks steps, “You know my name’s Jenny Hill.”

“Sure. But everybody calls you J.J.”

*Don't think so, Jenny thought. I don't.*

A slow shuffle ended at her bunk, where she crashed all day. Perhaps. She really didn't know.

The next morning, late for church services, she hesitantly stood in an open door of the base chapel. Jenny attended LDS Sacrament Meeting every Sunday no matter what, trying to gratify an

unquenchable thirst for spirituality. The attractive medic was too busy figuring out how she could sneak into the back row to see a black officer getting out of an Army Jeep to look her over. The large man approached saying, "Let's go for a ride, soldier."

*This guy thinks he knows me, Jenny thought. How? Why? What's going on?*

Jenny had never seen the lieutenant before, though Paul's hard countenance washed over his face. The resemblance was uncanny, save for the dark skin. Men in black made her queasy, but ever-protective J.J. was quick to remind her of Teresa, George at the Handicapped Home and the black childhood friends. There was little recall of those years.



What she mostly remembered was being afraid.

Again the lieutenant motioned for her to come with him. Jenny didn't dare offend an officer, especially not one so stern looking. She meekly followed to his Jeep, under J.J.'s counsel, *Listen Jen. I've talked to this guy before. He's okay, but don't trust him. Don't trust nobody.*

They drove to a nearby golf course and parked facing a lush green. J.J. spoke first, "We don't put out for nobody without negotiating a price."

"No sex, Miss Hill. Just listen. I looked up your test scores and they're pretty high. You're a smart, attractive young lady. Someone like you could do anything in this man's army, Virginia, J.J., Jenny, or

whatever you like to be called.”

*What's he talking about?* Jenny wondered.

Her dominating alter knew, “So Big Guy, still don't know why you turned me down last week.”

He ignored the comment to say, “Don't let those designing soldiers use you.”

J.J. came close to a terse reply, but Jenny's wish to dominate succeeded. Her ensuing conversation with the lieutenant was impressive. She couldn't remember having such an intimate talk with a man since her days with Jack.

Jenny never recalled seeing this officer again, but the ego-building conversation resulted in maintaining self-control over

her alters for the duration of the Texas stay.

She soon finished medic training and requested assignment to a reserve unit in California. “*Think I’ll surprise my folks,*” Jenny thought.

“*Think I’ll surprise you,*” J.J. thought back as she packed their bag. Her Jen didn’t consult with this personality on where to live and no way would J.J. allow them to go back to Slime Bucket Paul.

In Garden Grove Mercy blocked her sacred front door, “What you doin here?”

“Good to see you too, Mom,” Jenny said as she shoved past. She deposited her

trunk in the girls' room only to find bunk beds in use, her lumpy roll-a-way given away.

At dinner, high school senior Sharon blabbed, "Guess what? Virginia has a mini bottle of liquor, carton of Kool cigarettes and birth control pills in her trunk."

"This won't work," was Mother's retort. "You'll have to leave."

"Hold on," followed the husband, "I've got something to say about that ..."

Parental squabbling canceled the meal as Mom stood her ground, "I'm through competing with Virginia for your attention, Paul."

"Piss off, all of ya," J.J. yelled as she

got up from the table to leave. “I’ll be out of this sideshow by morning. Packing that junk worked.” “I’m gone for good,” a dejected Jenny continued, “I’ll be out tomorrow. Maybe it’s for the best. But Mom, could I please have those pictures I sent to you from basic training? Some are of my best friend, Teressa.”

“I threw those disgusting things away,” Mercy said. “Really, posing in front of men with your arms around a black girl. Haven’t we taught you anything?”

“You sure have!” J.J replied.

The next morning Jenny’s relieved sisters and disappointed father said goodbye, while a determined Mom spouted, “Make it for good this time.”

Jenny found herself by the gray house busy street, where J.J. stuck her thumb out, flipped her hair back, angled her leg forward and hitched a ride to the nearest National Guard recruitment office to request transfer papers.

## UNCOVERING THE HIDDEN SPIRIT

**Monday, 5 June 1978. Age 19.**

Alter conversations rambled on and on as they contemplated this latest homeless challenge, while Jenny wondered why her inner voices wouldn't stop talking. She desperately wanted to know, but her brain was so full of riddles that it made discernment between truth and fantasy impossible. Old haunts saluted from afar. Strange memories seized a confusing present. Perplexing questions arose that she refused to recognize, let alone answer.

After consideration by many personalities, Jenny's application for a medic position in the 541<sup>st</sup> Helicopter Aviation Unit in Tacoma, Washington

seemed like a logical solution—relatives lived there. Being in a real family might help process her tempestuous thoughts. Having made up the mind, most alters went inactive, except for Vennessa and J.J. who joined forces to keep Jen from disrupting their devious strategies.

J.J., alone, forged Jenny's name on the transfer papers.

Pandemonium reigned when Jenny awoke to find herself at the LAX airport with new orders in hand and without even a vague idea as to how she got them, or where she spent the night. She called the house to find out what was going on. Paul answered, "Yesterday your mother and I came to an agreement. I'm retiring and



moving the family to Utah. Mercy says you're not welcome there. She can't tolerate being embarrassed in front of all those Mormons. But give her some time, Princess. I've missed you terribly."

He agreed since Jenny was working as a medic in the Washington Guard she should live with his brother Chris, Aunt Peggy and their twenty-two-year-old son Steve, who just returned from a two and a half-year LDS mission.

Jenny said goodbye, while J.J. expressed her own alternative designs, "No way would we live in Utah with you, Pervert Paul. Those Mormon boys there are straight arrows. Booring. In Washington we'll be flying with real men."

The ride from Tacoma Airport was punctuated with six-year-old through age-nineteen chitchat. Uncle Chris, like Paul, paid little attention to Jenny's ever-changing articulations. "Glad you're here, Ginger."

"You've called me Ginger since we were little," J.J. said. "Quit it. I've got enough freak'n names already."

Chris gave her a wink. Like his brother, the uncle was large in stature. Unlike Paul, he lived life with acceptance of others and cheerful humility leavened with a strong sense of morality. He guided the conversation and car to a custom-built two-story brick home in a pleasant subdivision laden with tall trees amongst

a carpet of daffodils.

Aunt Peggy waited inside, her face chiseled in smiles. After a warm hug she presented Jenny an upstairs room, newly painted, with a Jack and Jill bathroom connected to Cousin Steve's bedroom.

“Whoa,” J.J. said. “This may be more of a hoot than I thought.”

If Peggy heard, there was no reaction within another squeeze, “Come downstairs after settling in. I'm making the dinner you've always loved, fried chicken and mashed potatoes. It'll be good having another woman around.”

*Unbelievable. You have no idea who you're dealing with, do you, Peg?* J.J. derisively thought as she unpacked her Jen's clothing, carefully hiding her own

wardrobe in back of the closet. Aunt Peggy acted like a real mother should: caring. Maybe she would let Jen come back and enjoy some of this homey crap. Maybe not, since J.J. governed in spite of the generous thought.

After a quick shower, the personality put on a flimsy robe and went downstairs. At dinner she tried to answer questions like her Jen would, being careful not to swear.

“How’s my brother doing?” Uncle Chris asked.

“Ain’t doin’ it as much as he used to,” J.J. brazenly replied.

“That’s right. Said he was going to retire,” Peggy determined.

“Mostly retired from it about the time I turned twelve,” J.J. said. “He ‘did’ it every Thursday night when we were young.”

An uncomfortable hush washed over the table, until broken by Peggy’s next graceful inquiry, “When’s your family moving to Utah?”

“Don’t know,” J.J. replied. (The alter wasn’t aware that the Hills were relocating because Jenny absolutely insisted on keeping that part of her last phone call to Father under wraps).

“Really?” said Chris. “Paul indicated they were packing when he called to give me your flight number.”

“Maybe so. Hell, uh, well heck. Paul and I don’t chat much. We have more of a

physical relationship and Mercy won't even talk to me. Sometimes the damn, uh, darn days go by without me knowing what's going on."

The family finished eating in silence. Only after J.J. downed a generous serving of homemade apple pie did she allow the core personality to come back. Jenny found herself sitting at an awkwardly quiet table and thought, *What have I done now? This situation has just got to work.*

Peggy woke up several alters as they washed dishes, "Thanks for helping, dear. Don't feel like you have to be a slave. We want you to enjoy your visit."

"Got that right, Peg," an alter replied,

while another continued with, “Any idea how we ended up in Washington?” and someone said, “No one seems to be in the mood to commit suicide in this joint.”

Not sure what her niece was trying to say, the blushing aunt busied herself cleaning a cluttered kitchen. Jenny excused herself to go upstairs with her hand covering the talking mouth, wishing it would stop. Maybe all she needed was some rest.

That wasn't about to happen. After everyone retired, J.J. dolled up to check into Tacoma nightlife. “Hey, girlfriend, not without me you don't,” Alter Vennessa insisted, picking out what she felt was more appropriate attire than her sister alter put on.

Often from that evening on, a taxi was called so Vanessa could see the interior of the Fort Lewis Officer's Club, while J.J. frequented many a motel room thereafter.

Jenny, herself, concentrated on duties as a medic for helicopter pilots. That involved two weeks of training, then one weekend a month. She flew over majestic snow-capped Mount Rainer, making unscheduled stops for lunch in Oregon restaurants and unknown to the core persona, their adjacent hotel suites thereafter.

When Jenny's two-week orientation ended, Cathy Young, a young woman she met at an LDS church singles ward attended with Cousin Steve, secured her a



full time aide job at her nursing home workplace. Cathy was investigating the LDS church. Jenny tried to impress her by keeping church standards of no alcohol consumption, while J.J. was finding her own way of life. Not long after, J.J. and Cathy were the sole employees at a Beer Bingo party and provided the nursing home evening's entertainment by hilariously caring for patients, bombed out of their minds.

On alternative nights Alter Vennessa, who considered herself a cultured woman, went to various Tacoma art centers. She picked up men for escorts to the Philharmonic at the Northwest Sinfonietta, Ballet at the Rialto, or Opera at the Pantages. She squabbled with J.J. about what to wear and who would take over,

but soon learned to share time away, while the host persona slept.

When these personalities didn't feel like venturing out, Jenny spent evenings with Cathy and Steve attending LDS church singles functions. Cathy was seriously looking into the Church, the cousins doing what they could to help her along.

Jenny missed Cathy's church baptism while on an in-flight nurse training assignment with a squadron of Helios. Her group became disorientated over a massive fog bank lining the Canadian border. For hours the eight pilots flew in complete disarray while Jenny nonchalantly lay back in her seat observing the men's anxieties. Her ever-

present vivid memory of the White Light reminded that a Higher Power was close by.

Back at the base, her pilots spent the evening with their superiors in a tedious replay of the day's harrowing events. Jenny skipped over to the Officers Club. Her usually shy self was surprisingly flirtatious with men at the bar. A Captain offered Jenny a drink. When she politely refused J.J., who was anxious for her own salacious activities with these new companions, downed the shot-glass of whiskey.

Jenny didn't come to until around noon the next day. She found herself in bed at her uncle's home with an enormous hangover, a crisp Benjamin under her

pillow and more questions than answers. Though she was used to the headache that awoke her, the unexpected cash gave cause for concern. She promptly hid the money in her suitcase, only to be confronted with another surprise: a small diary covered in entries by someone called J.J. She recognized the handwriting, though couldn't quite decipher from where.

Influenced by Cathy, Jenny was looking at life more seriously and seeking answers to questions that had forever bothered her complicated thinking. She determined to rise above this craziness; locate the journal's owner; find the source of her hundred-dollar bill and make another attempt to reason out how she jumped from one day to the next.

Jenny turned to Heavenly Father for support, with help from cousin Steve. The attractive woman had a crush on the tall young man who looked like Jack. It was a thorny problem for J.J. who didn't like the attraction to Mr. Returned Missionary. All Steve's talk about no drinking or smoking and moral purity was a threat to the personality's chosen lifestyle. Though, with Jenny's increasingly strong desire for spiritual guidance, J.J. was often overruled.

Weeknights Steve sat with Jenny in overstuffed chairs by an upstairs window overlooking the street below. The small study was quiet and set off from the rest of the home—a perfect place to meditate and study scriptures.

One evening major tension surfaced as the two, plus several of Jenny's alters, talked. Steve said, "By asking forgiveness of our sins, then living worthy to obtain temple blessings, we can return to Heavenly Father as pure as the day we were born."

"I don't wanna be pure," J.J. forcefully replied. Jenny, unaware she had spoken, continued, "When you speak of temples, it gives me the willies. Flashbacks come of a place with no light and people in makeup, dressed in robes, holding candles and long needles. There's something about a murder and ..." Her thoughts trailed off. Picking up again, she said, "Steve, pleading voices inside beg me to stay away from temples. They must be awful places if just the word fills me with

dread.”

Steve blinked in surprise, “That doesn’t sound like it’s coming from heavenly sources. The only subjects we’re taught to avoid are what the scriptures refer to as the Secret Combinations.”

“What do you mean?” Jenny said, turning in her chair. “What are those?”

“The Scriptures talk about Cain the Master Mahan, ruler over works of darkness. He was the original keeper of iniquitous deeds and committed the first sin by murdering his brother, Abel. The Book of Mormon addresses Secret Combinations, especially those of a group called the Gadiaton Robbers.”

Steve thumbed through the well-used Book of Mormon on his lap. Crinkled

pages, many carefully marked in red, turned to Ether 8:15, 16. “Listen,” he said:

Akish did administer unto them the oaths which were given by them of old who also sought power, which had been handed down even from Cain who was a murderer from the beginning ... And they were kept up by the power of the devil to administer these oaths unto the people to keep them in darkness, to help such as sought power to gain power, and to murder, and to plunder, and to lie, and to commit all manner of wickedness and whoredom.

He flipped pages over to read from the Prophet Moroni 9:10:

They did murder them in the most cruel manner, torturing their bodies even unto death ... They devour their flesh like unto wild beasts because of



the hardness of their hearts; and they do it for a token of bravery.

Jenny's mouth twisted in displeasure. "They made us eat flesh," Alter Angelic blurted "and tortured us," added Alter Joan for the Frightened One.

"What are you talking about, Jen?" Steve questioned, shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

Jenny's eye-color changed back to aqua-turquoise. Unaware that her alters Angelic and Joan had spoken and confused on how to answer Steve, she whispered, "Since I was young I've been plagued by many terrifying thoughts. They surfaced again when you mentioned the words 'temple,' 'Secret Combinations,'

and ‘scriptures.’ In my mind’s eye I saw a man reading out of a large black book by a white table shaped like a cross, covered in blood. We need to stop talking about this, Steve,” she continued, blanching at the very thought of what she just said. “It’s getting way too hard to handle.”

Steve leaned forward. Placing his hand on her shoulder, he said, “Don’t let the scriptures be intimidating, even if something terrible happened that left you afraid. Fear gives the Adversary power over us.”

Jenny sucked in her breath and then let it out, “Maybe bad things did go on because I’ve had these thoughts since childhood. One day when praying about it Father in Heaven told me to keep a record

of my experiences. I have ever since, but all kinds of crazy visions come to mind when I write in my journal.”

Her empathetic cousin replied, “Expressing our fears on paper can help let them go. Perhaps the good Lord is telling you that recording events is one of the keys to healing from whatever took place.”

Not wanting to remember any more of their turbulent past, the mute male Alter The Frightened One sprang from Jenny’s chair, inadvertently flipping Steve’s scriptures to the floor.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Jenny said as she retrieved the book, carefully straightening ruffled pages. “How can having a conversation like this make me feel so

edgy?”

“Look, Jen, recognizing you were wronged, forgiving those who did it and talking about what happened relieves anxiety, not causes it,” he said. “That’s how you rid yourself of stress.”

She nodded, trying to process what her cousin just said. “I do long for a time where ugly thoughts won’t enter my mind. I’ve tried hard to get rid of them but it seems they’ve been there forever. Answers come to my prayers, but not always the ones I ask for and usually not when expected.”

“That happens to all of us, cuz. Some day you could go to the temple and find the serenity you long for. The feeling there is indescribable.” He took her hand,

“Have you had a Patriarchal Blessing? It could give the direction you need.”

“I’ve wanted to, many times,” Jenny explained. “But Mom wouldn’t let me. Besides, I don’t feel worthy.”

“I’m sure everyone must think that at times. Reviewing mine has helped me with important decisions. I could make arrangements with our bishop.”

Alters were quiet during the Bishop and Stake President’s interviews concerning her worthiness to have the blessing. Thus, Jenny’s answers were honest, as far as she knew. An appointment was set for a meeting with the Stake Patriarch, a man set apart to pronounce the special prayer.

A week later the Patriarch told her many things, among them that Jenny could find peace of mind if she made herself worthy to attend the holy temple. That meant she would have to quit smoking. The threatened ban on nicotine thoroughly upset J.J., who was determined to remain in her own comfort zone.

Nevertheless Jenny read scriptures nightly, prayed daily and attended church weekly, though she was still losing time. Hearing words like “Secret Combinations,” “temple,” “burnt offerings,” or “altar,” continued to gnaw away at her solace.

Steve remained adamant throughout their long discussions, “Listen, Jen, God is love. He can do anything, anytime,

anywhere, including healing you. Take this book, the *Miracle of Forgiveness* by Spencer W. Kimball. Many have found calm assurance within its pages. We'll pray for answers together.”

Jenny kept the book close to her heart. She was growing spiritually while training as a medic, living in a loving home and relying more on God's inspiration. Most alters found less need to take over and there were fewer blank periods. It was a defining summer where some self-mastery was achieved. She felt good for the first time since Jack died. Things couldn't be more perfect.

Only two personalities remained agitated. J.J. and Vennessa enjoyed the vices of bar hopping and playing around

with crowds of men. They tolerated the church stuff because Jenny wanted it, but regret often cropped up and no way were they taking that trip. Considering what they'd been through, they had earned the right to a good time.

Summer shifted into fall and Jenny's newfound spiritual self began demanding more. She decided on a transfer so she could enter nursing school and prepare for a church medical mission. The Hill family comfortably retired in the ideal place to get her life in order, an inner-sanctum of Mormon society—the LDS “Mecca” of Utah County.

Pupils of local Brigham Young University and Utah Valley Community



College (now Utah Valley University) commonly referred to this Provo/Orem as Happy Valley. (In thirteen years, 1991, *Money Magazine* named these areas as the nation's most desirable place to live. Eleven years after that Salt Lake City to the north hosted the 2002 Winter Olympic Games.)

Could she return to the Hill house? Many times before, many times later, the outcast pleaded to be accepted by her family, always a snake pit because of Paul's incest and Mercy's denial of it. But, Mother's acceptance meant everything.

Jenny completed transfer papers to a reserve unit in Salt Lake City, then made an imploring call: "Please Mom, let me

come back.”

“Absolutely not,” Mercy hollered as she slammed down the phone.

Years of rejection taught the eldest persistence. A few days later she called once more. This time Paul answered, “You bet.”

Jenny hung up the phone, lay down on her bed and pondered, trying to unravel a myriad of enigmatic puzzles. The differing messages were confusing. Father was excited to have her come back, but his lecherous voice ruined the day. She had an abiding homesickness for Mother, though Mom wanted nothing to do with her. Jenny couldn't figure out how, or why. She turned for advice from her only friend: “Please Father in Heaven, help me

understand.”

It took a bit of praying before a tingling danced across her forehead and then ran throughout her trembling body. Finally behind her closed eyes, a tenuous realization came: *As a child Father traumatized me. A lot. Why can't I remember the details?*

Jenny decided to make her way to Utah and forgive Father so Mother would approve of her for once. She was clueless on how to get there.

The night was filled with mournful thoughts and by dawn J.J. figured it out. The alter didn't want to move back with Paul, but her Jen seemed determined. J.J. reached under the bed for their suitcase and her own private diary filled with

men's names. The one she decided upon had an address in Brigham City.

Jenny was a high school junior when Grandmother Thelma moved to this quiet tree-lined town nestled in the Utah Rocky Mountains along a fresh water arm of the Great Salt Lake. The family went to visit, as did J.J., who found her own brand of recreation there.

The personality reached for the phone, "Ray, Baby! It's me, J.J. Get your tail up to Tacoma and move us back to Mormonville."

"So that's where you are," an excited voice echoed. "Man, I can't get our fabulous night together out of my mind. Been missing your bodacious bod for over two years. I'll pedal as fast as I can."

Days later after a warm goodbye, Ray's aging pink Cady convertible slipped along the coastal highway bordering Washington, Oregon and California. They shared their dreams above the roar of Pacific Ocean waves slapping a rugged shore. Jenny was mighty curious about this strange guy who seemed nice enough, but was someone she'd never seen. She tentatively introduced herself, "Do I know you?"

"Come on. Give me a break, kiddo."

*Better cover up the stupor memory loss,* she thought. Turning to the wind swept ocean, she said, "I've decided to attend UVCC and earn a nursing degree."

"College is a blast," Ray said. "I'm

going to Utah State.”

“There’s a mission in the cards for me.”

“Not a chance,” he laughed.

“Yes, chance,” she resolutely replied.

Jenny turned from the rocky coast to face the smiling young man straight on, saying, “The Church has medical missionaries in other countries.”

“Why waste a fine body like yours? Tell me you’re joking.”

“Maybe,” J.J. replied as she edged closer to the driver’s side.

Jenny awoke for a moment at sunset to see San Francisco’s Golden Gate Bridge wedging its way through the fog. “That

bridge must be made of gold,” she said before J.J. took over to continue, “it’s so big and strong.”

The alter snuggled up close and curled her right arm around Ray’s waist saying, “Course, that’s not all that’s big and strong.”

J.J. remained dominant for the evening, giving her best “Thank You” for the trip.

Jenny wasn’t present until the next day when the pink Cady set its wheels on Interstate 80 toward a parched Nevada Desert, with Ray Baby saying, “You were so extreme last night.”

*Why would this stranger say that? Jenny thought. What happened? Oh, no.*

*Where did I go last night?*

She kept herself from responding, and anyone else inside for that matter, as miles of meaningless scrub-filled wasteland wandered through her thoughts, *Musta done something bad again. I should find a bishop and confess, be forgiven. But don't understand what I did, or why. Won't tell nobody nothing.*

Silence would be safe, for that was how she had handled her confusing life thus far. A doleful sigh escaped Jenny's throat as she slumped back into the seat, allowing J.J. to read a road sign out-loud, "Welcome to Nevada, the Hottest Place on Earth."

The sexual personality inched the body back over to encircle her stroking fingers



around the driver's neck, "Jen's such a bore. Don't know nothin 'bout surviving. Gotta teach her a thing or two."

Ray Baby didn't understand what she meant, but winked in agreement.

BEAUTY QUEEN, MISSIONARY, DRUG  
PUSHER, THIEF

**Monday, 4 December 1978.**

An inflated California real estate market enabled Paul to sell his small residence at a comfortable profit. Far less expensive Utah County housing with full basements to accommodate large LDS families, allowed him to make a cash purchase of a seven-bedroom brick in Orem. As in Garden Grove, the house was by a school within a middle-class subdivision and as per the Hill custom, had a well-kept lawn surrounded in roses.

Jenny kept mum about her Tacoma experiences—not too hard since she didn't remember a whole lot. Mercy held her

tongue also, avoiding her eldest as much as possible. Paul was hushed, too, about his activities: sneaking into Jenny's room unexpectedly or catching her in the shower whenever he could. It was in Jenny's mind on several levels to avoid this pervert at all costs. She applied for and anxiously awaited acceptance for nursing school at Utah Valley Community College.

That wasn't the only approval Jenny sought. She spent her National Guard paycheck on expensive Christmas gifts for the family. Soon stacks of packages glistened under the tree for everyone but herself.

Christmas morning a small envelope, obviously tied to a sagging branch the night before, contained a check for \$25.00

with a hastily scribbled Paul Hill signature. He slept in, while Mom and her sisters merrily laughed opening presents under the tree. Jenny sat in a corner chair quietly watching, *No one ever thinks of me. Mom's right. I'm not worthy of affection. I don't even belong in my own family.*

She languished in despondency for several days, weighing what she knew about how Mother and siblings should rightly feel toward a family member, versus how they treated her. The one bright spot in her holiday would never be forgotten. She ripped open a form letter labeled Utah Valley Community College. Jenny had been accepted into the Licensed

Practical Nurse program starting in January. *Someone wants me after all. Can't wait to tell Mom.*

Her exciting news released Mercy's pent-up emotions, "Virginia, it's time to be on your own," she said. "I'm not spending another dime on you. I have others to care for."

Mother's curt response was mitigated by the thought of a brighter future looming on the horizon. She found a nurse's aide job at Utah Valley Regional Medical Center and moved into nearby Pine View Apartments, student housing for UVCC and BYU.

With a population of over 38,000 overwhelmingly conservative LDS students, BYU was possibly the nation's

largest privately owned university. An independent consulting organization publication, *The Institutional Research and Evaluation*, repeatedly scored campus as safest in the nation, while *The Princeton Review* gave the university top spot for library facilities and stone-cold sober students. Jenny's BYU-approved housing had a strict code of moral ethics by which this new student intended to abide. Smoking-drinking-amoral J.J. said nuts to that and promptly began a BYU Law School undergrad fling.

A week or so after classes began Jenny sat alone in the UVCC Flag of Nations glass hallway overlooking Utah Lake. She was troubled that monthly Guard duties and nursing aide job paid only tuition and books. There was little left for living

expenses. Nattering of those cloistered inside worried about the precarious nature of their position. There were unrelenting thoughts of remaining in school without having to beg another stay with Father. The door of opportunity was banging shut on Jenny's longed-for career.

After a short prayer Jenny's eyes opened to a side table where a student newspaper headline announced the first Miss UVCC beauty contest. Full ride scholarships would be given to the winners. *No way can I enter. I have no talent.*

Without further thought she rushed downstairs to the administration offices and scribbled Dance Routine on the application's talent line. "Why did I do

that?” Jenny mouthed to the clerk. “I have two left feet.”

The only rhythm around belonged to J.J. and that was limited to bar hopping.

Luckily like everything else, the alter knew how to fake it for on Tuesday, 27 February, 1979, applause awoke Jenny on the U.V.C.C. stage. There was something terrible about waking up and realizing her subconscious knew something she didn't, before awareness flashed back in totality. She found herself barely able to breath and bowing to the crowd dressed in a top hat and teal-green tuxedo shorts. Coasting into light-headedness, she thought, *What am I doing? I don't know how to dance.*

J.J. scanned the audience for good-



looking men, tipped Jenny's head back and laughed below the student roar, "Hey, Jen, give me credit. I chose the soul music and showed ya the steps. What do you think we've been doing at those beer joints these last few years, the Fox Trot?"

That rattled the host persona, but she was thinking more clearly by then. Other contestants were joining her on stage. She glanced at the audience. Judges sat front row center. A few anxious moments passed before one arose, walked up the stage steps and announced her as the talent contest winner. Moments later the Miss UVCC First Runner-up Crown was placed on top of her long curly hair. She'd captured a full ride scholarship, including textbooks for nurse's training.

Using the scholarship and National Guard paycheck, Jenny was able to quit her job. For the next two years schooling drifted along like the calm before a storm. She utilized her high IQ to study intensely and A's filled report cards. Daytime activities so consumed energy that J.J. easily manipulated a tired torso for the alter's law student at night. No conflict ensued, other than feeling exhausted on mornings after.

At the end of Jenny's second year she drove north to the Delta Center (home of the NBA Utah Jazz) for a six-hour nursing bar exam. The next week a letter reported that she passed the test by one point. Jenny was stupefied that she even finished since

fatigue made driving to Salt Lake barely possible. J.J. explained, “Jen, we were up all night slamming a few snorts to help the boyfriend cram for finals so we could celebrate—great graduation party. Too bad you missed it.”

Throughout college most of Jenny’s alters snuggled into unconsciousness. Contentment followed the one awake, J.J. She still smoked, had nightly sessions with her law student and slept through what she felt to be unimportant occasions of Jenny’s life. Thus, Jenny was able to attend her Sunday meetings and church activities during the week, all by herself.

After the 1981 June graduation, the Guard offered her a job and free additional training, but Jenny’s feelings

centered on something else: it was time for that mission.

This twenty-two-year-old wasn't ready to take on such a demanding task. Her diploma meant free hours that brought repressed feelings to the surface that never really left, but simply remained dormant like a bear in winter awaiting spring while feeding on its own flesh. At times now she felt vicious remembrances rushing forward, shooting pain from top to toes. Head was sore when she washed her hair. Hands throbbed when writing. Then these repressed body memories would abruptly disappear like apparitions from the past unable to face their present.

Jenny had no way to control these unnerving recalls that appeared when least

expected. She remembered screams the most—earth shattering echoes from the corners of her brain. Reality finally shut down by bedtime as the niggling voices slumbered, only to return the following evening when grisly scenes of the night picked up where they left off.

In spite of the conflicts, Jenny developed a platonic relationship with a married man and spent nights of Guard training weekends with him and his wife at their Salt Lake City home. Long spiritual discussions confirmed Jenny's sincerity. They weren't wealthy, but offered to finance her eighteen-month calling. She had her wisdom teeth removed and took the missionary training exam. It was smooth going, until the bishop's interview.

LDS church bishops presided over BYU and UVCC students living in housing complexes lining Provo streets. Jenny's local church leader, an associate professor at BYU, was well acquainted with problems of singles and their challenges to keep church standards including not having intercourse outside of marriage. But, he was totally unprepared for Jenny and J.J.

The Bishop began by asking if Jenny were morally clean. Her answer was honest—to the best of her remembrance, “Been to bed with about twenty men. Oops,” Jenny said, holding right hand over her mouth in a failed attempt to stop talking. With her left, she made a self-deprecating gesture. “Twenty, Jen?” J.J. impishly added. “Are you kidding? Try

two hundred and twenty.”

Jenny was only partially present in the silence that followed, while J.J. relaxed, enjoying the look on the Bishop's red face. No way would she go on that flip'n mission and be without sex for a year and a half.

He wrote a note, stood up rather abruptly, took Jenny by the arm and guided her to the door, “I shouldn't make this decision on my own,” he said, cracking the entrance open to a multitude of students waiting in line. “I'll set you up with our stake president.”

Next week the stake president seemed well prepared for their discussion, “Sister Hill, just how many men have you slept with, six? Seven?”

“No, been ‘bout twenty. Can’t remember hardly anything of my childhood, but have snippets of thoughts about being molested when I was little. In my youth it was hard foregoing temptation. Don’t think I’ve done it since, but then, don’t really know. I’ve prayed, feel worthy to fulfill a mission. Love people and would do anything to serve them.”

“Sister Hill, defining your worthiness isn’t up to me. That’s your Father in Heaven’s job. Frankly, I don’t feel qualified. You certainly have a humble spirit and deserve to do this service if not for past indiscretions. It’d be wonderful to see a young lady with such sincerity serve the Lord. I’m sure we can work something out. After prayerful thought I feel a talk with a General Authority is in order. I’ve



arranged an interview for you with Elder William Grant Bangerter on Thursday at one p.m. at the Church Administration offices in Salt Lake City.”

### J.J.’s Journey:

J.J. recklessly took over the wheel of a newly purchased Nissan Turbo for her treacherous thirty-mile ride to the big city. The used car swerved in and out of traffic, a Mario Andretti wannabe at the helm—frightening because J.J. had never taken driving lessons. “No way, no way, no way,” she muttered over and over. “I absolutely refuse to allow Jen to take us on that cheesy mission.”

The personality ignored all warning signs as she parked the car in Temple

Square spaces reserved for out-of-state visitors. She pranced across the street to the LDS church offices—a granite building that looked like the Greek Parthenon.

Inside, J.J. admired her curvy figure in a mirror-like marble wall while pressing the elevator button, *Nice looking stuff in here, Jen. This will be interesting.*

On the third floor the alter haughtily passed a busy secretary typing at her desk to slip into Bangerter's office unannounced. Her abrupt entry caught the sixty-two-year-old General Authority by surprise.

At age nineteen, like most young LDS men and some women, William served a mission—his, two and a half years in Brazil. Bangerter was a humble man who

spent his working life as a building contractor, often referring to himself as a lowly carpenter. By age forty while he and his wife were raising their eleven children, he was called to serve in the Church full time. His current position was as an assistant to the Council of Twelve Apostles, carrying heavy duties that included presiding over Jenny's Utah County region filled with young college students.

J.J. wiggled into a leather chair, her seductive eyes attempting to permeate Elder Bangerter's. He smiled, glanced at his appointment book and leaned forward to ask, "Sister Hill, do you understand why you're here?"

J.J. was monstrously agitated when

Jenny handed in her mission papers. It seemed nothing short of a cataclysmic eruption within. Without free sex, this personality's feelings ran on fumes. The voice that spoke held little respect for such an important leader in the ultra-conservative and now almost fifteen-million-member worldwide church: "Hey, Bro, I've been trying to figure that one all the way to Salt Lake. Maybe it's because I've been to bed with over two hundred men. That's on top of the twenty my Jen claims."

A pregnant pause settled before Elder Bangerter asked, "Sister Hill, have you fully repented?"

J.J. covered her lips in anticipation of another sure-to-be slip-of-the-tongue

reply, “Of course. Jen repented real good, but not for the one I did last week after we had that amusing talk with the stake president.”

The Elder took a deep breath. Undeniably, this young lady wasn't normal and needed guidance. Wanting to be of comfort without turning her away from the Church, he said, “Sister Hill, your Heavenly Father loves you. Membership in His Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a blessed obligation. It takes commitment to serve God full time. The Adversary places many hurdles in the way. You can't be of help, or a good example to others without honoring your body in dignity. The Holy Spirit must be a constant companion and commandments kept. Otherwise, promptings from the

Holy Ghost will cease.”

The humble advice meant little to this alter whose only memory of childhood consisted of incredibly painful periods. Dark-blue eyes crackled with determination as J.J. heaved a monkey wrench into Jenny’s carefully constructed plans, “I keep tell’n Jen there’s no way we’re go’n on that rummy mission.”

Bangerter’s level voice continued without pause, “Frankly young lady, you don’t appear ready. Continuing in this crude lifestyle will lead in the wrong direction and turn you away from God. Church probation would be appropriate. It provides time for repentance and change. Please fast, pray and study the scriptures. Keep close to your bishop and Father in

Heaven.” Rising from his worn leather chair, he held out his hand to shake hers while continuing, “Please ask my secretary for a date to come back in six months.”

J.J. ignored the attempt at a handshake, arose and abruptly left without further word. Nor did she make that appointment.

The alter *was* singing a joyous tune by time she strutted down South Temple Street, a ringing pride carrying her voice as she passed members of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir on their way to weekly Thursday night rehearsal, “Jen’s going to be freak’n pissed I talked to that Elder Bangerter without her. Ya Hooo! Mission accomplished. We ain’t goin nowhere.”

## Jenny's Journey:

The mid-1880s found what is now known as Utah settled by bruised, but unbroken LDS pioneers whom religious persecution drove from their settlements in the east and mid-western United States. In the dead of winter these tattered faithful were forced from a just-completed temple in their beloved Nauvoo, Illinois. Drunken mobs eventually set fire to and destroyed that imposing structure dedicated to their God, though by then the Saints were digging strong foundations of four more temples in salt flats of the Mexican Territory. Determined to celebrate religious freedom by establishing a new Zion for their children and their children's children, they walked thousands of agonizing miles across the country to the



Rocky Mountains, eventually winding into the desert of the Salt Lake Valley via Emigration Canyon.

The trek to Jenny's recovery also found its roots in this same canyon. She couldn't remember much: her stake president's interview; driving north past the state prison in a Nissan Turbo she paid for last week with cash found in her suitcase, then without warning, standing in front of the LDS church office building promptly at 12:45 Thursday. She knew nothing after that, until she woke up without any clothes on, in the back of a truck in Emigration Canyon and listening to some unknown jasper snoring next to her, *Did I just blow a year's preparation for my mission?*

Jenny struggled to put on her ruffled

Sunday dress in the warmth of a double sleeping bag, bumping a large body reeking of alcohol. She beat on the drunkard until he finally awoke.

Not soon enough the worn truck slowly wound down the canyon, ride ending by cruising central Salt Lake. They finally located her ticketed car at Temple Square. No good-byes were needed since all three—the stranger, Jenny and J.J.—were hung over.

She drove south in the early morning light feeling filthy: physically, emotionally and spiritually. The shock of finding herself undressed with some drunk formed the same old baffling questions that plagued her since childhood, renewing a strong determination to find much needed

answers.

In Provo, Jenny crept past a slumbering roommate to her bedroom, undressed and stepped into the shower. She remained perplexed as to what transpired. Waves of hot steam swirled around the thin body as J.J. tried to explain, “Honey, we did humanity a favor. If we’d gone on that mission you’d convert men just like your self-righteous father who suppress their sex drives and turn to their daughters.”

A few days passed before her bishop dropped by, “Sister Hill, could we talk about Elder Bangerter placing you on church probation?”

She couldn’t remember an interview with Bangerter, much less know how to

respond, *Oh no. I've been placed on probation? What's next?*

He left without answers, as did Jenny. Not able to face friends who helped her prepare for a mission call that didn't come, she ended her hospital job, failed to renew the Army National Guard contract, obtained work at a nearby nursing facility and moved to another apartment and church ward. With spirit down, a deep mourning worked its way around edges of her thinking.

J.J. saw the situation differently and made intentions clear to a startled supervisor as she sashayed into Jenny's first day of work, "I'm ready to party."

A few weeks into the new employment Jenny awoke with haphazardly bleached-blond hair. Other than this annual occurrence every June 21<sup>st</sup>, the anniversary of Angeletta's death, plus feeling tired all the time, life seemed to be going forward—until one day at the nurses' station when Jenny counted prescriptions kept in a locked closet behind her desk. Medications were missing and someone did a poor job of forging her name on the sign-out sheet. Worse, she was having more blank periods. Her head bowed, *Father in Heaven, please tell me what's going on.*

She recognized the consuming voice that carried to the center of her being, "Report the lost drugs to your supervisor

and then quit your job.”

The new-hire did as she was told, embarrassed but in full charge. The police and FBI were called in. Jenny, with no idea what she confessed to them, left for her apartment.

Then found herself in bed waking to an alarm clock. A glance landed on her nightstand dancing with sunbeams. The sun's position out the window confirmed it was early afternoon. She didn't remember going to bed, let alone setting an alarm.

“Can't be late for work. We didn't get in 'til half past five this morning,” whispered Alter Vennessa, who, unaware of Jenny's recent unemployment, set the

clock to make sure they were on time for the job.

Venessa's vengeance had arrived. This head alter number three, twenty-second multiple personality and final thinking pattern to form, broke away at Jenny's age thirteen during the gangbang episode. She became an adult in Washington, defining herself as a sophisticated Latino who knew how to satisfy men's erotic desires. If J.J. had no interest in going out, Vennessa dressed in J.J.'s revealing clothes and partied nights away, including pilfering money from her dates.

In Utah the angry Latino with a French accent (that she picked up during her brush with Tacoma High Society), continued to

steal from Jenny, plus any male who paid her attention. The alter encouraged Jenny to buy the used Nissan with her stolen cash and since she disliked her alter sister J.J.'s crummy taste, purchase her own wardrobe of provocative outfits. She tucked left over coins and designer dresses into Jenny's suitcase under the bed, beneath J.J.'s diary.

After one of Vennessa's shopping sprees Jenny accused a roommate of stealing her money and the angry girl moved out. That was fine with J.J., a confirmed voyeur who preferred solitude so she could keep track of the alter sister's outrageous activities.

Vennessa felt some R&R was needed after the rigors of bluffing through the FBI



interview. This alter over gang rape memories had never driven before but like J.J., somehow managed a risky road trip.

An elevator shot up to the Hilton Top of the Town Bar overlooking an expansive valley kissing the Great Salt Lake. Vennessa stepped off and glanced at her reflection in a long mirror behind the bar. Alter personalities fingerprinted on the mind through age, appearance and articulation. The alter saw a handsome Hispanic woman with cocoa-colored curls tickling the waist of her expensive purple-silk gown.

Vennessa carried a consuming hatred for Mexicans, for they ravished her. She scanned the room and pinpointed a despicable guy with coffee-tinted skin. He

would do. She draped herself over the bar with cooing charisma, “Slick, I have some time if you have the inclination. You’ll be spoiled rotten.”

Soon two serpents and a bottle of vodka coiled in his hotel bed. Behind his back Vennessa solicitously fixed the man another glass of booze, laced it with six capsules of Dramamine and poured the mixture down his throat. His eyes glazed over as the alter said, “Honey, Vennessa’s Restaurant has anything you want, but my Stud Muffin seems aaawfully tired.”

After he conked out the vixen slipped back into her purple-silk outfit, snatched credit cards and money from his wallet and hurried out of the room.

In Utah County, the stolen cash found

it's way into Jenny's suitcase beneath the bed. Alarm clock was set.

Not privy to the previous night's shenanigans, Jenny awoke to find herself immersed in the same old tidal wave: bleak notions, paradoxical thoughts and time changes accompanied by a lack of energy. Could this be mono? Mom used to blame that illness for Jenny's missed grade school, a diagnosis that kept the child in bed all day. This felt worse. Her only recall was quitting her job and then waiting around for FBI agents. *Did that happen yesterday? Was today, tomorrow?*

When Jenny's resignation closed the FBI case, the thievery at work ceased (the

medical community abhorred publicity).

Because of her firing, nursing home employment was no longer an option. Her only recourse: across town at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital.

# A NURSE AT THE UTAH STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

**Sunday, 29 June 1980. Age 21.**

Jenny was assigned to convicted pedophiles court ordered for thirty-day evaluations at the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital. The LPN felt sympathy for these patients in spite of, or perhaps because of, her own extraordinary life experiences.

In this state of mind hormones were jump-started when Bob appeared—a tall, handsome lecher serving time for sexual assault of a minor, armed robbery and drug possession. To J.J. he was erotic as all get out and paid a ton of attention to her scintillating body. To Jenny he looked like another Jack and reminded her of Burt

Reynolds.

He and other males tried to hit on this new nurse, a beautiful young woman with gorgeous long legs. J.J. enjoyed their uncouth remarks, while Jenny determined to make this job work. She requested and gained transfer to the chronically mentally ill ward located in the crumbling basement of the main building built in 1885 as the Utah Territorial Insane Asylum.

One of her charges was April Baker, sister of Gary Gilmore's lover. Four years ago the double murderer had successfully campaigned to be the first person executed in the United States after a twenty-year moratorium. He insisted, as Norman Mailer chronicled in *The Executioner's*

*Song*, on death by firing squad. Gilmore felt that Blood Atonement fit his crimes. Sins so serious that Jesus' sacrifice, alone, wasn't enough. The offender's own blood was required as payment. He fed on the national notoriety of his offering and attention of what he felt were his followers: the large group of people outside death row walls protesting capital punishment.

April didn't consider him holy. She and her sister, Nicole Baker, were with Gilmore on his night of senseless murder and continued to suffer from the carnage. She told Jenny, "No one cares that he ruined us."

For the most part, Jenny's alters felt the same. The old building and monotonous

job seriously hampered their spirits, complicating Jenny's time at work. During her first shift Jenny empathized with April's feelings, while several of her personalities took turns talking. By lunch Alter Vennessa was in charge and using the hall phone to break off a budding relationship with a man of means because Jenny felt unworthy of love. All work and no play made it pretty dull inside, so after work J.J. joined Vennessa to go upstairs and see their newfound boyfriend, Bob.

Jenny herself was not at all enamored with this guy. She talked bluntly to the convict in her first weekly staff-patient briefing conference, "You bother me, mister. Continually trying to make conversation and watching everything I do, like we've got something going."



“Yeah?” he laughed. “We’re way past Ken and Barbie here. What we have is a hell of a lot more than that. Maybe I know you better than you think. Always changing personalities in the middle of sentences, calling yourself J.J. You’re a multiple.”

The brash allegation rattled Jenny and produced startled glances from her fellow professionals throughout the room.

“What? No one here believes me?” he continued in a deadpan voice while pulling a paper from his orange jumpsuit pocket. “Check this out.”

Supervisor Hollingsworth grabbed the letter away, checked it and then read the last sentence out loud, “I’ve got the hots for you, Bob. Signed, Jenny Hill.”

Alter Vennessa, enraged that J.J.’s

writings were quoted, grabbed the note and rushed to a nearby bathroom. Torn pieces swirled down the toilet.

The decision of staff came fast and final. Bob's thirty-day evaluation ended early. He, delivered back to the State Pen. Jenny, fired.

“Why did I lose my job?” Jenny asked as Hollingsworth escorted her out.

“Like I just got through explaining for the third time, Ms. Hill, for your unprofessional conduct. You could be sued for getting involved with a patient. I'd make a complaint to the licensure board if you weren't so well liked around here. You'll probably never work for the

state again, but feel lucky. You got off easy.”

Jenny meandered down the hospital's grassy hill: out of work, alone, discouraged and thinking about Bob's assertion that she had multiple personalities. Billows of shame hung over her, brimming with remorse. Her nerves boiled over as the inmate's letter was read. She had no recollection of her dealings with Bob, yet lost her job because of what he said. Plus, he claimed she had multiple personalities. There was an inkling that she did, kind of, but the hard facts lay beyond her reach. Jenny couldn't understand anything that just happened, or why.

During those few times when these slices of truth disclosed themselves she would despise herself with a consuming desire to end it all, then pray for forgiveness.

The young nurse lowered herself to the hospital lawn; tucked knees under chin, relaxed shoulders, breathed in slowly and tried to relax. Before tumbling into a lost childhood, strands of fresh air whipped out of nearby Rock Canyon to slap her face, flinging curly locks in all directions. The breeze brought with it a realization that Jenny was no longer a child tripping through Fantasyland. She couldn't hide from the past—would have to search through it.

The pilgrimage before her was an

arduous journey that could only begin with a single step. From her briefcase she pulled *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, a gift from Cousin Steve. Jenny often referred to the consoling passages when muddled. She lovingly caressed the book as if physical contact with the pages reassured faith in their message. Memories of first reading the words floated through consciousness.

This time they opened to a surprise. A twenty-page gem of understanding was tucked between the worn sheets. Some in the same handwriting Bob presented to staff. The ending read:

I'm the one who dyed your hair. I bought clothes for you in the seventh grade. Those sexy ones were mine. Thanks for keeping them in the school

locker away from Mercy.

P.S. Paul is a pervert.—J.J.

Who was this J.J.? She never told anyone about those skimpy threads found in her middle school locker. This J.J. knew about her mysterious annual 21<sup>st</sup> June hair dyes? J.J. didn't seem to be anywhere, yet was everywhere? A coarse voice calling itself J.J. intertwined with those constant flashes of Father's body. Jenny always knew he defiled her, but there was no way to touch the actual events, except for that broken spring on his bed and the despicable incident with him on her seventeenth birthday—the one Mom still adamantly denied.

Other questions arose: *Who am I? What*

*are these separate voices inside me apart from my own thinking? Where do I go when this J.J. appears? Why does this letter make sense?*

She picked up *The Miracle of Forgiveness* and flipped to the dog-eared page 261 where the Bible was quoted:

Forgiveness is an absolute requirement in attaining Eternal Life ... One must forgive to be forgiven.

Matthew 6:9–13

A new dawn of awakening was exposing itself in tentative steps, a transition from denial to acceptance of her childhood injustices. She lay against the damp ground and closed her eyes, *Father I can forgive, providing he admits his*

*actions—perhaps even if he doesn't. But how can I pardon men who assaulted me when I can't remember what happened? No scripture for that one.*

A spasm rushed along her forehead and she found herself watching life from afar. Another electrical current regurgitated long-hidden anger, “Don't know me do you, Jen? Still don't recognize that I exist. Maybe now you'll listen. Get it into your thick skull there's someone else in here to think about. We've walked through miles of broken bottles for you, yet you still don't acknowledge what we did. We've got a hell of a lot to tell, but you're not listening. Where's your God? We've been here, not Him.”

Several voices disagreed. More



spiritually inclined, they wanted to cooperate, forgive the cruel people and become part of her, but couldn't until she accepted their existence—that they, Jenny, had been abused.

There were other thoughts, too: her body in distress that she couldn't feel. White-faced hooded men surrounding a youngster who called herself Jenny, *Where are these ideas coming from? Why can't I recall my childhood? How can I go on living this way?*

Her left index finger entwined a thread of curly hair, tugging it straight in desperation, *Can't remember. Can't remember. Cannot remember!*

She reread:

You're not forgetting Angeletta. I won't let you. We gotta find her parents and tell 'em what happened. Hell, we have to, Jen, before we all go crazy. Hear me, Jen? I'm J.J., J.J. You hear? J.J.

Who the heck is this J.J.? Angeletta? J.J. has written me? And, what did Bob mean about my changing personalities? Great, he thinks me another Sybil ... . Maybe I am. What about this so-called immorality that I can't remember doing? If all this is correct, it will necessitate a whole lot of soul searching. God is the only one who can figure this out. He knows what happened. Always understands. Is never wrong.

Alone on the grassy knoll, Jenny fervently prayed and within moments a

transient realization emerged: Maybe she *was* horribly defiled. Maybe she *could* forgive those who did it. Maybe, just maybe, she *needed* to forgive herself.

Those stirring thoughts began peeling away layers of long dormant senses not experienced, nor cared about since early childhood. The Rock Canyon wind eased itself into a refreshing breeze. The vault of a clear Utah sky, overhead. Birds chirped softly in the distance. Sunbeams leaped from bush to bush, illuminating J.J.'s simple written truths carefully folded into *The Miracle of Forgiveness*.

Jenny's concrete wall of denial began, though ever so slowly, to crumble and fall.

# MARRIAGE IN THE PRISON CHAPEL

**Saturday, 17 January 1981.**

Even as Jenny studied *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, denial remained a crutch for her distorted brain. Internal discord loaded with low self-esteem resulted in loneliness, thereby flinging the door open for J.J. to enter.

Turbulent clouds swept across her Nissan Turbo as this head alter tightly grasped the steering wheel and nursed the old car northward, parallel to a jagged Wasatch Mountain Range. Rain hammered in transparent explosions on her cracked windshield, blurring an already dim view. She abruptly cut across two lanes of traffic and just as many cars to peel down

an I-15 off-ramp dead-ending at the Utah State Prison.

The overcast morning reflected J.J.'s foul mood, signaling time had come to finalize her latest plot. For too long her Jen languished beneath a multitude of conflicts inherited from barbarous cruelty of childhood, producing fears that hijacked their emotions. The personality lived in two separate worlds—without a notion of how each belonged to the other. Jenny perceived herself a freak. J.J. constantly fought that image, plus her Jen's unsuccessful attempts to earn Mercy's acceptance.

Jenny was present also, hiding behind a barricade of repression that allowed few in. Though, most of her alter personalities

weren't around. Living away from perpetrators they were no longer in danger and had few reasons to be active. Randy J.J., as always, was the exception by constantly pushing the core persona's envelope with superficial thoughts. That's where Bob came in.

J.J. believed he was their dream lover. No rock of rectitude, she cared deeply for Jen, but also for immediate gratification. Disagreements between Jenny and J.J. drew the mind into an emotional tailspin.

The latest turmoil appeared several weeks after Jenny lost her job at the psychiatric hospital. She received a letter from prison, along with a dozen yellow long-stem roses. Then another message came, and another, daily. His letters were

pitiful, but to one such as Jenny, the poor compositions reached an emptiness of her heart. Bob had discovered a multiple with a sex-starved personality and played it to his advantage. He told the two all the right things in his manipulative manner:

I'm alone and in prison. It's my fault you got fired. What can I do to make up? I think of you constantly. You're on my approved visitation list. Please come to see me. I'm so lonely. Hope you like the roses. Yellow roses mean, "I'm sorry." That's why I sent them. Wouldn't want to cause you pain for anything. I'm sorry. You'll never know how much our time together has meant to me.

When six months of letters lacked a reply he became more and more specific:

Don't understand why you won't see me. When we were together you really wanted me. We could raise a family. You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen. I'll love you forever.

Jenny had little foundation on which to build a solid relationship with a male: no adoring family; a shameless father; a mother who harbored a raging jealousy of her oldest and hostile siblings who ignored their problem sister, the family outcast. Jenny had forgotten the more raunchy times alone with Bob, but J.J. hadn't and was determined to get her way. As far as Jenny was concerned, someone cared about her for the first time since Jack.



Jenny careened into the prison parking lot and abruptly stopped the car. She remembered little since going to bed last night and was under a mass of confusion as to how she arrived at the state pen. Nor did she comprehend where J.J. was taking her body.

Tall rows of electric fence and razor wire protected this large complex of dreary buildings known as The Point. The gray enclosure housed Utah's violent side on the tapered end of a Rocky Mountain foothill that divided busy metropolitan Salt Lake City from Hill's more rural Utah County.

Some residents were well known. Two years prior in October of 1979, Arthur Gary Bishop initiated his serial child-

killing spree when four year-old Alonzo Daniels vanished just before Halloween. In the next few years fifteen local youngsters went missing before Bishop faced the needle for murdering five. He would live on death row alongside fellow occult dabblers and double-murderers Ron and Dan Lafferty, though the rest of the cases remained unsolved. As with Jenny and her murdered partner Angeletta, nine of those children were blue-eyed blonds, the preferred victims for human sacrifice rites.

Ten years later Utah State Prison psychologist Al Carlisle, well acquainted with Bishop, the Lafferty brothers and their band of cohorts who subscribed to mystery religions, told the *Salt Lake Tribune*, "I know one guy who witnessed

a dozen sacrifices back east. They kill the person, believing the prime energy is in the blood. Those who consume the blood will receive the power.”

It would seem J.J.’s backstage witness to ceremonies of the Black Temple would make her fearful of men on the other side of iron bars. It didn’t. Jenny hesitantly walked toward prison dressed in a silk low-cut top and short skirt that in no way could be her own. This alter who dressed the body that morning skillfully escorted her through a maze of checkpoints to the visitation center.

By then Jenny was only semi-present, along with her image of a perfect mate. When J.J. presented that handsome man as Bob, the core persona elevated him to an

unrealistic pedestal of perfection. His adoration satisfied her yearning for affection.

The degenerate, quite aware he was dealing with at least two different personalities, leaned into the microphone, his bushy eyebrows pressing against thick security glass, “Jenny Doll, will you marry me? Be mine forever? J.J., think of the hot times we’ll have.”

The alter fell for the proposition, while Jenny was more reticent. She was only faintly aware of actions taken by her alternative thinking such as J.J.’s smoking habit. Although her core intellect often wavered, it occasionally ruled, “No. I want a temple marriage and we’re a long

way from that.”

For a time the convict accepted refusals, but continued to peddle the issue on her weekly visits. A few months later Jenny naïvely responded, “I’ve already told you we need to wait. We both have to quit smoking and you should bag the weed, swearing and deviant talk. Going to church at the prison chapel and reading scriptures would help. Eventually we could be worthy for a temple marriage. I want that, more than anything. We’ll be committed if we’re sealed forever.” *Time out*, J.J. thought. *Eternity’s way long to live with any man. Besides, Jen won’t even need me then.* The alter took over, “Forget Eternity, we could have righteous parties now if I can persuade her to marry you. Sure feel like gett’n it on now,

Baby.” “That’s why we should wait,” Jenny said without realizing what she just expressed. “I’ve always wanted a temple wedding where everyone’s dressed in white. Father might pay for a nice reception afterward.”

The suggestion agitated Bob, “Okay. Okay. I’ll work toward a cruddy temple marriage later, but you better tie the knot right now or piss off.”

He stood, kicked his chair into the wall, motioned for the guard and started to leave.

“Bet if Jen marries ya we’ll have a whale of a good time,” J.J. yelled to the receding figure. “Maybe even forever.”

J.J. was unnerved, while Jenny feared losing the one person who seemed to

understand her mixed-up emotions. She felt contrite about not staying true to her high school sweetheart, but surely Jack would want her to be happy. She was twenty-two, Bob thirty-two—the father figure she never had. He would protect her, *Forever. Always wanted an eternal marriage, but he's not going to qualify for a long time. Course, neither will I and can't lose this chance.* Jenny heard her own voice call out to the fleeing inmate, “Wait! All right. I’ll do it.”

His manipulation worked. Grinning, he rushed back to the microphone to give candid instructions on how to dress for the wedding tomorrow.

The next morning Jenny drove out of

Happy Valley directly to prison. A single escort attended the couple in the Prison Chapel during their brief exchange of vows. The inmate's honeymoon plans unfolded as the newlyweds entered an empty foyer, "Guard's using the John. He owes me."

Minutes later armed sentries in their prison towers watched the slinky girl exit below, J.J. executing her normal performance. Iron bars clinked shut.

Karen Carpenter's, "We've Only Just Begun," played in the Nissan as Jenny and J.J. drove back to Happy Valley.

"We've Only Just Begun"—and the five-minute honeymoon—were a fitting entree to their future. The pervert demanded certain



sexual favors on Jenny's conjugal visits to The Point, choreographing more perverse acts thereafter, when and where they could. The core persona was unaware of his requests, while J.J. added them to her journal.

Jenny was so in love. Her new spouse discerned her innermost feelings and cared for her like a father should. It would be her duty to please him. Love was so grand for J.J. The corroded lover was everything she wanted. Bob knew a lot of fantastic sex, not like that degenerate Paul who trained her in Purgatory.

Her husband was released in January 1982. The newlyweds moved into a dumpy upstairs apartment by Salt Lake

City's westside tracks, where rumblings of passing trains became an ever-present irritation. As did his deviance. It was so gross J.J. refused to take over, leaving Jenny to deal with the violent aberrations. She knew not to anger him or all Hell broke loose, so gave in to his sick demands.

One Saturday morning he got in her face, moving close. Not holding her, but holding on to her, whispering, "Wanna be a swinger, Sugar?"

"I'm not a very good dancer."

"No, stupid," he said, tightening his grip with words dripping in sarcasm, "I mean swapping partners."

Things were still for a moment as Jenny rose from the bed. This was becoming

less and less of a perfect marriage. She squeezed into a shirt found on the floor, speaking carefully, “Sex is a holy bond between two married people. I’d feel bad seeing you with someone else. I could never do that.” Then J.J. piped in, “Let’s do it anyway. Sounds like one hairy ride.”

His prurient smile blocked out the alter’s remark and as far as Jenny discerned, the sex-with-other-couples issue was settled. That is, until that evening when a strange couple knocked on their door. J.J. failed to record what happened.

By the next afternoon, Sunday, Bob felt he had conquered his wife’s objections and continued with more foul requests, “Hey, you know that rich guy downstairs?”

He could afford a little female attention. Tell him you'll make him smile for half a sawbuck. We need the cash, Baby. Get down there and flirt. Now!"

Jenny was filled with trepidation as she glowered at her philandering husband. She opened her mouth and tried to speak, but no sound crossed trembling lips. It might quell him if she did as told. J.J. considered the prospect exciting.

They both knocked on the downstairs door. Clean-shaven Neighbor Brandon answered in short-cropped hair, white shirt and striped tie. A peeved J.J. wasn't impressed when he invited her in, *This guy looks like he just got back from church.*

That left an uneasy Jenny sitting on a

couch, all alone. Her nervous voice asked, “What’s your fantasy, Bud?”

The question echoed in the room’s silence as his mouth went dry in an adrenaline rush, “What?”

“You know what I mean, Baby,” Jenny said.

He took a minute to collect himself, “Oh, yeah. Well, I had this girlfriend for three years. We did some kinky stuff toward the end, but that was a long time ago.”

A sinking feeling squeezed her belly. “Will you bed me for a few bucks?”

Leaning back he said, “That does sound tempting, but I’m not that kind of guy any more. Besides, don’t you have a husband

upstairs?”

Jenny studied the carpet, “Yeah, and if I don’t bring him some cash he’ll beat me,” she said as Alter Vennessa began unbuttoning her shirt.

The young man reached for his wallet, smiling. Years ago he may have slipped but was trying to maintain Church standards now. “Here’s your money. All I want is conversation. You’re a beautiful lady, let’s leave it at that.”

They spent the afternoon talking. Brandon advised, “You need to leave that jackass. Anyone who prostitutes his wife is a serious loser.”

“But, I’ve nowhere to go.”

No-Good-Wild-Man-Bob was no good at anything but exploitation and continued perversions at the dingy apartment. He made and broke promises, carving trails of desolation through Jenny's soul.

In the next couple of weeks the battered wife tenuously moved back and forth from the Hill house to her own. Bob skillfully manipulated to entice her back, "Jenny, I've changed. We'll go to church. J.J., don't you miss our great sex?"

During one separation she found an old friend, Flint Carney, a returned missionary who shared Jenny's values. He wouldn't expect sex before marriage and didn't smoke, drink or take drugs. Her partner lived on dope.

Jenny decided on a divorce, but J.J. had

a major problem with that and let it be known as they left for the court building, “Flint’s not hard core enough. Gotta get back to Bob.”

J.J. had a carefully thought-out plan. Not only did she make sure divorce papers weren’t filed, but with this sexual alter in charge around Carney seduction knew no bounds. As nature took it’s course Jenny realized she was pregnant, couldn’t accept the outcome and decided to talk to her bishop. The head alter was one step ahead, determined to settle their situation with that damn church before her Jen did.

Paul E. Craig of the Hill’s Orem 35th Ward in the Sharon Stake was not Jenny’s



present spiritual leader, but the only one remembered since the last time J.J. saw the inside of a church. The alter opened their interview, “This confining religion is cramping my style. Jen needs to be excommunicated. We’re pregnant and not married. She feels guilty about sex, while I need it all the time and without recrimination. We want out. Take our name off your records.”

Grounds for excommunication were easily verified after J.J.’s frank testimony in a hastily called church court. Unresolved probation dictated from LDS headquarters, a result of the missionary fiasco, coupled with the out-of-wedlock pregnancy, made J.J.’s request for excommunication a no-brainer for religious authorities. J.J. never made

known what she said.

A letter arrived dated 28 February, 1982, signed by Bishop Craig. One word was all Jenny saw: *Excommunicated!* *Why would Mom's bishop do this? I don't even know him.*

Five-months-along Jenny slumped her weak back against the Hill mailbox to stare at the paper. A suffocating pause caught in her throat. Tentacles of nausea ran through her. As she retched the letter slipped from her shaky hand, into a puddle at her feet. She thought, *What have I done now?*

Horrific cramps racked her body and she slid to the snow. Was she aborting? She pled, *Please don't abandon me,*

*Father in Heaven. I've been kicked out of your Church, now don't let my baby die.*

As cramps eased, a vision slowly opened:

Jenny pushed an eight year-old boy on a park swing. He laughed, blue eyes twinkling as his bright blond hair rustled in the gentle breeze. He looked just like Flint Carney.

She thought, *Father in Heaven still loves me. This baby will be mine to raise!*

Jenny was too embarrassed to contact Bishop Craig about his letter. A friendly older woman in the neighborhood, happy to have the company, lent her shoulder,

“God wants you back when you’re ready. Your Church membership wasn’t taken away as a punishment, but to help you. Pray, read scriptures and attend meetings. Keep close to the Lord.”

Jenny’s course was charted. If kept straight, she would be shown the way. Though, her beams of hope faded as she talked to Flint. He didn’t want the responsibility of fatherhood. That was somehow okay. She wasn’t good enough to marry a wonderful person like Flint, nor to be a member of God’s Kingdom. It was best he was gone. She would face her trials alone. J.J. had her own conceited opinion, “Good thing that returned missionary is out of the picture. Now we can get back into the toilet with Bob.”

Jenny entreated her parents to let her remain at the house during the pregnancy. Soon-to-be-ex found out and phoned, “Jenny, please go with me to dinner. J.J., we’ll have a boatload of fun. Jenny, I’ll be a good father to your child. J.J., I miss our time between the sheets.”

For months he called and called, much to Mercy’s annoyance, until his wife agreed to talk.

J.J. was eagerly pushing Jenny’s eight-month’s-along belly out the door for their date with Bob when Mercy launched a bomb, “Virginia, you’re an embarrassment. Just looking at you makes me ill. Move out once and for all!”

Food at the restaurant ranked above average, considering the questionable gourmet taste of Bob and the McDonalds-happy Utah County crowd. They talked for hours. He seemed funny and sweet in an offbeat kind of way, “Jenny, I can’t wait to raise our family. J.J., remember the groovy times we had? Please, won’t you come back?”

She was lost in thought, rooted to the chair, *Is it possible for good and evil to reside in the same person?*

At first she didn’t reply in the hope he wouldn’t see through her confusion. It was a difficult choice, until a look at her swollen tummy swayed her thinking. It

was probably the best thing to do, at least for a while. Every day counted now. Maybe she could make it with him for another month, until the child was born, until she was back on her feet. J.J. saw herself in bed with Bob and thoughts of the decadent husband vanished. The alter couldn't wait and was the one to finally answer, "Yes."

They moved back into the west side apartment, where Bob treated them like queens for a day. Actually, his resolution lasted all of two days. Into the same ole, same ole, he fast lined up an evening of paid entertainment, "Make love to this Mexican and I'll take his wife."

The revolting thought gagged her, but

seeing his face contorted in anticipation of such pleasure, along with the realization of what he'd do to her if she didn't consent, she decided, *Better do what he says with a baby on the way.*

The strange man paid no attention to a pregnant woman's delicate condition. She watched Bob enjoy the Mexican's wife in the same room. Alter intervention had saved her many times, but none of the personalities cared to deal with this state of the union.

By morning a humiliated Jenny had descended into a deep tailspin. She let her corrupt mate know, "Last night was awful."

"Sorry, Sugar. I've always wanted to do that. I'll never ask again," was his fake



reply.

A few weeks later on 26 July 1982, Robert came with blue eyes, blond hair and looking like his father, Flint Carney. An ecstatic Jenny lay in the hospital bed holding her newborn. This birth was the first thing she'd ever done of real value. She wasn't used to such happiness.

Mothering at the hospital lasted only a few days, while Bob researched projects to do at the apartment. Her Welcome Home: "You're to give that Mexican a good time tonight. I've got his wife. We need the dough, Baby."

"But, but, I'm not on the pill and still sore from Robert's birth."

“So what? There’s other ways to skin a cat.”

The skinning-a-cat didn’t work. Childhood memories engrained from her kitty’s death at the hands of the Scorpios was only one reminder of a woeful childhood that sent her mind into a frenzy. The alters, including J.J., were fed up and refused to be involved.

The Hispanic was irate with such a reticent woman, “This is not what I was promised. Give me what I paid for or I’ll beat your face in.”

Jenny had no choice but to give in to a night of repulsion.

Bob’s appalling dictates continued and she saw the same man several times a week for months. Her husband’s

corruption grew and days, nights evolved into a massive nightmare. So did his addictions that they could ill afford. He found employment at a nearby nursing home, for Jenny. Bob would tend the baby.

Jenny's job gave independence and amplified her confidence. She determined to climb out of this degradation—for Robert's sake.

It didn't happen as planned. On the first of December she came home from work early to the smell of marijuana and her infant's exhausted cries. The tired mother dropped her purse and ran to the bedroom, where three bare ladies lay under the covers with Bob.

His at-home employment ended with her screams, "What are you doing?"

“Turn down the noise, Sister, or I’ll ...”

“Get out now,” Jenny interrupted, “you rotten pig.”

“Why not?” he shouted. “I’m through changing crappy diapers.”

The frolicking foursome got dressed. Bob hesitated just long enough to rifle through her purse. Car keys and money from a just-cashed paycheck were stolen as they sped out the door, shouting, “Vegas, here we come.”

Alone, penniless, and with her back to the wall, Jenny slid to the bare floor, cuddling Robert with lullabies.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE SHELTER

**Wednesday, 1 December 1982. Age 23.**

No babysitter, car, or money for food and rent was due. Jenny wrapped Robert in a blanket, grabbed her empty purse and locked belongings in the second floor apartment. A December wind slashed her face as she stepped down slippery stairs to an ice-covered parking lot.

The young mother walked for miles on treacherous snow-lined sidewalks, repositioning the hungry, soiled infant against her breast to absorb waning body heat. She cooed, “Don’t worry, Momma’s finding us a warm place.”

*Where am I headed?* she wondered. It was too embarrassing to ask her

neighborhood bishop for help. Besides, she had never met him and wasn't even a church member anymore. *Robert's bruises might qualify us for the Battered Women's Shelter.*

Hours later the sounds and smells of busy downtown Salt Lake City reminded her of a crowded candle-lit room in times past, frightening this suddenly-single mom. She eventually came upon a group of men hanging about a yellow brick YWCA building. As she approached, a seedy-looking fellow talked to a closed window, "Please come out of there, Sarah. Promise I won't hurt you no more."

Jenny's shivering hand clutched a frosty knob and the door opened. Not far from the entrance a smiling administrator

extended her a warm hand and led to a sparsely furnished office. Mrs. Mills questioned these latest victims in a never-ending stream of unfortunates on the merry-go-round of spousal abuse.

After sympathetically listening to an all too familiar tale, Mills leaned forward, “I’m sorry, dear. Our funds are limited. We don’t have money to give, but you can stay for a month with a warm bed, daily meal, formula and diapers. Better keep your nursing job. You can pay someone here to watch Robert.”

The next day Mills, finding Jenny pale and throwing up, made her an emergency appointment at a free medical clinic. After the exam a smiling physician said,

“Congratulations, you’re pregnant, about three months along. Is the father around?”

The question rang through to J.J., who was coming unglued and wasn’t about to answer. She didn’t know how Jenny got into a family way, again. Alter Vennessa did and told the doctor, “Must belong to that damn Mexican who kept coming back for more.” J.J. continued with, “Does this put us out of commission?”

“Better take it easy during the pregnancy,” the disgusted doc replied.

“We don’t want this baby,” J.J. said.

“Then Mrs. Mills can explain the options if you’re set on giving it up.”

That alarming suggestion awoke Jenny, “No one can love this baby like me.”



The doctor gave her another contemptuous look, turned and walked away.

In the shelter's packed bedroom Jenny lay in her sagging bed next to a shabby crib and cradled Robert on her chest all night. Life mattered now—must take better care of herself, for the sake of her children.

In the morning she found a woman staying at the shelter to care for Robert. With no paycheck, let alone bus fare, she trekked a frigid thirty-three blocks to work. With this job she earned a free meal, which was thrown up on the arduous return.

Three weeks later and close to

Christmas a friend, Sherry, confided, “The lady who tends Robert, doesn’t. Leaves that little guy alone and feeds him bad formula.”

Jenny could barely find a reason to get dressed, let alone field sound decisions about how to manage for her son. She covered the way to work on a dead run, quit her job and made a call, “Mom, Bob left and took my money. Don’t have anyone to tend Robert so had to leave my job. I’m pregnant and have only a few more days to stay at the shelter. Please, please, please let us come back, at least for the holidays.”

“Absolutely not. You made your bed with that bum, now lie in it,” Mercy said, slamming down the phone.

Christmas Eve found Jenny doing just that, lying in bed, wondering what to do and praying earnestly for help. After Robert fell asleep she went downstairs where twinkling Christmas tree lights assaulted her melancholy stares. She was trapped and knew it.

*You have to look forward*, said a familiar voice from within. It wasn't possible. How could she plan a future when so overwhelmed with the present?

An ambulance pulled up, its red glow reflecting through the snow-covered front window, bringing with it flashes of the Old Man's blinking light. The crew rushed into a bedroom and wheeled out Sherry. Her one friend at the shelter had been

pronounced dead of an overdose.

Completely devastated, Jenny wilted onto the floor, pulled herself along until reaching a chair and climbed into it. Outside, the ambulance's red pulsations faded into city streetlights shimmering in the falling snow.

A while later Mills stopped by, putting on her coat to leave for her own Christmas Eve celebration, "I'm sorry, dear, but your thirty days end January first. Will you be all right?"

The expectant mother turned away in silence that spoke volumes and forlornly ascended the stairs to her room. Mills, deep in thought, removed her wrap and made a few calls.

An hour or so later Jenny heard a knock

on her upstairs door. Smiling people from Sub for Santa brought gifts. Christmas Day a lady from the welfare department arrived to set her up for assistance. Another answer to prayer came when a fellow resident approached, "Mills says you need an apartment. I've found one. Wanna share expenses?"

"Thanks, but I walked away from my furniture and have no money, or welfare, for two more weeks."

"That's okay. We both have food stamps and I can pay rent and utilities. At least our kids won't be hungry or homeless."

Jenny and Babe moved into the small apartment, where she found the government assistance barely covered

Robert's cereal and formula. There was little left for her needs. She refused to take food from her friend's children, saw no chance for a doctor and worried what would happen to Robert if something went wrong with this pregnancy. She decided, *Better call the house.*

An eager father answered, "I'm coming for you."

In the background Mercy yelled something that should have been screamed years ago, "What in the heck are you doing, Paul Hill?"

Dismay presided over her basement bedroom. With sisters occupying others, J.J.'s constant smoking became an issue. Jenny didn't want to smoke, but often

woke up holding lit cigarettes. Why? This happened before in high school and the army. Well aware of the ill effects on Robert and her unborn child, she made a concerted effort to quit.

“You’re such a lazy slob, Virginia,” Liz finally said. “Why the heck don’t you clean up your pig pen?”

“Quit being such a snit,” J.J. flung back. “Jen don’t feel good.”

“Watch your temper, jerk,” Liz responded. “Might abort that illegit child.”

Jenny couldn’t fathom this anger from her sibling, or even of her own. Her pregnant body wound tight. Mind blanked out.

She awoke to warm tears trickling down her face, into the corners of her mouth and finding herself praying, *Dear Lord, what am I going to do?*

That peaceful voice she recognized from before entered her bruised mind: “Forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

She did, and her hard feelings softened, though days weren't easy. The family continued treating her with indifference and J.J. refused to cover such problems. Unable to have sex because of pregnancy, J.J.'s fun times were on hold. She passed off to her rival head alter, Angelic, who didn't like to involve herself in family business.



These decisions of J.J. and Angelic not to assert themselves caused Jenny to be more conscious of her situation. She was in her second trimester, remained ill, had no energy, was short tempered all the time and found herself unable to care for Robert. Something was definitely wrong.

In a rare moment of weakness the mother of all tightwads consented to pay for a medical appointment.

The exam was brief. Instructions, direct, “Get across the street to the hospital. You’re set up for a sonogram.”

Jenny dragged squawking Mercy over a car-jammed road to the Utah Valley Regional Medical Center. The two seven-story towers held record as the busiest

birthing ward per capita in the nation.

An attendant ushered her into a small room. She was ordered to lay on a table covered with white paper. She did as told, stiffening in fear while overwhelming impressions flashed of being tied to a white altar shaped like a cross.

The technician put jelly and a cold instrument on her extended stomach, then studied a small screen. The tech's face was emotionless as he looked up, "Your doctor will be here in a moment," he said. "Wait in the hall."

Time languished, as it always did while sitting next to Mom. Finally a nurse rushed down the hallway, "Follow me," she said and hustled them into a nearby office.

A young intern, who looked to be just out of medical school, sat studying her chart. Eight years of higher education evidently didn't include a course on bedside manners. He avoided eye contact while stating in a matter-of-fact tone, "You have two almost full-term male fetuses. There's no movement in either ..."

Jenny heard little else. Tears swelled but were unable to break the surface. It was the end of the line, so overly protective Alter Angelic took over. This personality had an immediate distaste for the intern, another male who didn't give a damn about their feelings.

With his gaze still on her paperwork, a memorized line fell on Angelic, "We'll

admit you and induce labor.”

He picked up the next patient's file, turned to give Mercy a pat on the back and asked, “You the grandma?” Not waiting for an answer, he pointed a finger to multicolored strips dressing the hallway, “Follow the green line to our admittance office.”

The fast-walking nurse directed Jenny into a wheelchair. As they were ushered from the room Mrs. Queen of Rejection, her temper hot and keen, lashed, “So, who's going to pay the bill? You're not dumping this one on me. I'll make sure of that. You've been nothing but an expense since before you were born, Virginia.”

Neither Alters Virginia nor Angelic replied. They had no idea what a “bill” or

an “expense” was.

A group of excited people walked by pushing another wheelchair filled with a mother and her two newborns. There was no compassion in Mercy’s voice as she said, “Look at those adorable twins, Virginia,”

The command disgusted Alter Virginia. Good old thoughtless, salt-in-the-wound Mom hadn’t changed at all since the last time she saw her years ago. The remark also awakened Jenny in time to see two healthy babies, along with their mother and Mercy, on a contiguous course to the office.

Jenny was taken to an elevator and the fourth floor. The last thing she remembered was some doctor’s quick and

hopefully wrong, diagnosis about her lifeless twins. Tearless sad eyes focused on her enlarged girth. Time was racing to her children's execution date. *Will someone help me save them?*

Alter Angelic lay on a hospital bed listening to the RN's staid voice, "This is your bathroom and closet. Keep things locked up at all times. That phone line connects you to my station. Only press the call button for emergencies. Our floor is overloaded with newborns."

The harried nurse turned to her clipboard. Answers, demanded, "Why are you here? Oh, there it is. An abortion? Your name is Virginia, right?"

As always, Alter Virginia refused to

answer. Disgruntled J.J. wasn't about to deal with these questions either. Especially since feeling sharp stabbing cramps the last few days—too reminiscent of Paul's violations throughout childhood. Alter Angelic was left to struggle with the nurse. Like the sister alters, her knowledge of life was confined within time periods when she was active. Since age six there had been no ceremonies for which to prepare, was seldom needed and thus knew little of Jenny's medical history. Her answers were short, some fabricated.

Racking spasms brought Jenny back to consciousness. The IV dripping medicine into her arm was precipitating premature delivery of her babies. She had no medication, nor alters who would handle

the suffering, and Mercy was nowhere to be found. Her physical discomfort was nothing compared to the horrid realization of her children's pending homicide. Waves of sweltering memories rolled over unheeded cries, "Take this poison away. Get the damn cord off, or I'll rip it out myself!"

Her wails brought a gang of hospital personnel into the room. Then more. Then more. Frantic, she imagined, *An army is assembling to kill my children!*

Jenny's bottled up tears of rage tried to flow, without success. She had never been able to cry. Alter Jennese always did that for her, but now as with her other alters, the personality didn't care to handle this duress. That left Jenny awake to feel the



ongoing torment, *My children might be alive and this blasted IV's going to kill them! Why am I doing nothing while these strangers are murdering my babies?*

At last a little boy was delivered, a second one and then the placenta. She lifted up to see two tiny lifeless bodies carried away. The intern's calloused hand abruptly pushed her back down. His injection closed the grim scene.

A few hours went by before Jenny awoke, "Where's my children?"

After an eternal wait a nurse brought in two large glass jars, each containing a brown-skinned infant about twelve inches long, floating in pale liquid. The bereaved

mother stared longingly at her motionless sons, *They have all their parts, frail toes, even fingernails. They're darling, so marvelous. It's my fault. I should have taken better care. Why did I kill them?*

Alters murmured un-suppressed guilt for doing nothing while Angeletta was butchered. The infants' deaths and that of the little blonde-haired girl were their fault. Angelic finally took over and ensuing days passed in restful slumber.

Then Bob surfaced. He held the mother's hand and placed ice chips on her dry lips, "Love you, J.J., I mean Jenny. Sorry about those kids. I've changed a lot and will be active in church. Please come back. I need you, Sugar."

She was of two minds while

considering his offer: Love might be possible, while suffering with him, inevitable. This could be the worst in a long line of huge mistakes she'd already made. "Talk to me later," was her hushed reply.

Days of dejection passed before Mercy came to take Jenny away from her sons, back to Paul. The ache of milk pouring from heavy breasts fed her ongoing sorrow—the discomfort a continual reminder of her dead children. It lasted for weeks.

As that irritant finally subsided, an older one reappeared, "Jenny Sugar, I've really, really changed," Bob pled on his daily visits. "Can't wait to take you to

bed, J.J.,” he whispered over and over.

Jenny finally relented to his imploring. Mercy couldn't have agreed more, “You deserve what you got with those dead infants. Move outta my life.”

Jenny and all her personalities moved back with the deranged husband and a certainty that Mother was right: no one loved Jenny Hill.

## PROSTITUTE

**Friday, 3 June 1983. Age 24.**

The oldest profession was easily forced onto a wife who wallowed in the depths of an emotional quagmire. Jenny was desperate for love and easily rationalized the errant husband's sick aberrations. Self-destructive sins of the flesh short-circuited her moral compass. The twenty-four year-old was already an accomplished prostitute, though didn't know it, while J.J. was excited about turning professional. Other mind sisters slept and offered no resistance to contend with the deranged husband, "We're hard up for coin, Sugar. Need to find a real job. Ya know how crazy I get without my daily roach."

Bob resumed being a spouse, babysitter and pimp, with his heart, thoughts and expertise in the latter. He found Jenny employment at Magic Touch, next door to Studio One in Salt Lake City. Angie, owner and madam, was a stickler, “Honey, always protect yourself. Insist the men wear condoms and send them to the Health Department if you think they have the clap.”

Her first customer was Mike, a bisexual friendly with Angie’s son. He swaggered into her assigned room, closed the door and threw down a fifty, along with his pants, “I want your best.”

The twenty-four year-old didn’t know what he meant. It was her Sex Queen who said, “I’ll take this one, girl. Done

hundreds.”

Jenny watched J.J.’s performance from a distant corner of her consciousness. Finished, Jenny sat up on the bed. The young man put the fifty back into his pocket, smiling, “I check out the new chicks and that was fantastic. You’ll bring in all kinds of biz, seem to know the ropes and are well trained, but not too cautious. Cops will bust us if you’re not careful. I’ll have to learn ya on how to get around Utah’s stupid laws.”

News spread like wild fire chasing across the dry Utah desert: a 5’9” 120-pound new beauty worked at the Red Light. The first real customer, a regular at the joint, handed over a Franklin,

accompanied by a baggy, “Give me the works, Girlie. Snort all you want.”

The coke helped Jenny’s nervousness, though she was unsure how to please. J.J. knew well and the hour went by in a rush. “You’re the best,” the spent client said. “Be seeing you again, Slim.”

It wasn’t long before Jenny’s buried thoughts forced themselves back to the surface and she realized the worst might never be over. Her last recollection was of some guy opening the door. It was all down hill from there, as if watching a bad porno flick with Mercy. A sluggish hour passed. *Must be the coke*, she thought. *Actually, that high felt reeeal good. I want more.*

By shift’s end Jenny had four hundred



cash for turning tricks she couldn't remember doing, plus a bag of smack, *This could be my best job ever.*

Men began demanding the trickster six to twelve times a day. J.J. was bringing in an average of three grand a week by working double shifts: two to eight, nine to five. Though, Jenny's arrival home in the early morning to a messy house and crying baby generated huge concerns about Mr. Mom. She moved the family into a new east side condo and retained a decent babysitter, deciding: *Can't trust this pothead husband.*

For a zoned-out Jenny the next six months passed into oblivion and she didn't see conditions worsen on the home front. Her couch potato lived at the condo,

stoned and hitting on their sixteen-year-old babysitter.

Early one evening Jenny strode up the condo stairs, only to be pushed back down by the baby-tender, her seventeen-year-old boyfriend right behind, hollering, “Quit trying to nail my woman.”

“Kiss my lickity-split,” the dooper shouted. “Hey, I shoould mop up the street wi that puunk.”

“What about it, Pal?” Jenny yelled as she rushed inside to check on Robert. “That kid wouldn’t be upset if it weren’t a fact.”

“Lies, girlfriend,” Bob said as he tried to zip his pants. “All lies.”

Tucked away in Jenny’s mind was one

fact that finally emerged: she didn't need this jerk, for anything. In that liberating moment she looked up at him with half a smile and said, "You're the liar, turd. I'm not supporting your gross habits anymore."

The beating that followed was brutal. Finished, Bob pitched her bruised body outside. Later she realized that his attack caused a concussion, the result of him pounding her head on the floor. But she was free at last. Free. At last. For the first time in ages she had an intense urge to giggle, except for a wasted husband holding her only cash and crying baby inside.

A neighbor dialed 911 as her shouts assaulted the locked door, "Give me

Robert, you bastard!”

The door didn't open, nor for the police who stated, “This is a domestic matter. You two are married so there's nothing we can do. Call the court Monday, but plan on it taking three to six months. We're just here to keep the peace.”

When the police showed up, her neighbor's door closed, locked tight, and even the law vanished after finishing their report. She was alone. Again. A blast of night air escaped Emigration Canyon to laugh in her face. Her spirit faded. She had no one to turn to, not even Father in Heaven. Feeling unrighteous about her conscious decision to prostitute, she felt her once-straight channel to God was broken. She wondered, *What would my*

*all-knowing teacher Miss Griffin advise?*

Jenny closed her eyes, floated back toward Fantasyland, skipped down the Yellow Brick Road of grade school, only to discover the wizard at the end was herself. The anxious mom waited for Robert's cries to recede, then stumbled her way back to a restless night in the only bed she had, at Magic Touch.

Her resolve was strong upon awakening the next morning. J.J. had it figured. She would make their best lawyer-customer an offer he couldn't refuse: have the judge sign a quickie custody order. Wonderful endorphins warmed the cockles of her heart.

It worked. The next day the law picked up Baby Robert and delivered him to the

house of ill repute. A dumfounded Jenny stood in a gaudy waiting room looking down at the child. She was ecstatic to finally hold her baby, but had no idea why the cops changed their minds. And, there were a myriad of problems that needed resolution. She couldn't work without someone to tend Robert, had no place to live, nor transportation. Again life was marching her down that axiomatic plank, she, staring into the void of a watery grave far below. Offering a quick prayer, she picked up the phone, held her breath and dove, "Mom, you don't want Robert to live at a massage parlor, do you?"

The two went back to live questionably with Mother and uncomfortably with

Father. Mercy griped. Paul intervened, making Mom furious, impossible to live with. Days were tedious, then Bob wrote:

It will never happen again. It was the drugs. I'm off them. Miss you terribly. Finally got a job and moving to Long Beach, California. Working as a manager for the Ramada Inn. I'll get active in the Church and make a home. I'll take care of you, forever.

She hadn't been at the house long before Mercy wanted her out. Jenny's options: Bob's manipulations, or Mom's rejections and Father's flirtations? Each path led to certain destruction. Sunny California didn't seem like such a bad deal. Five heartbeats later J.J. accepted his proposal.

On the Long Beach honeymoon Bob treated Jenny and J.J. well, for all of three days this time. Then said all in one breath, “Got fired by the boss today, found a swingers’ bar and we need the dinaro. Let’s go for it.”

Alone. In another state. No sitter for Robert. No home. No money. No job. No choice. She did as asked, which got pretty kinky, even for J.J.

Bob expected more at the apartment, beginning with recounting her nightly escapades. J.J. was constantly at odds with her core persona over worldly pleasures, while the deranged man had his own understanding of multiplicity. His anger emerged when Jenny, not J.J.,



responded with limited details of her torrid pursuits. Disappointment caused him to demolish things, mainly his wife.

It was November 1983. Ousted U.S. President Richard Nixon's attorneys reactivated a lawsuit against the government for seizing his tapes and papers, while another former California governor-turned-U.S. President, Ronald Reagan, sought reactivation of nerve gas production in the Hill's new home state of Utah. Break dancing and Cabbage Patch dolls were the rage—so were a slew of ritual abuse survivors contacting therapists across the nation asking for treatment. Their childhood trauma that caused multiplicity in mainly females was

so comprehensive that psychiatrists and psychologists organized the next year in New York to form the International Society for Study of Trauma and Dissociation (ISSTD). A year later the International Society for Traumatic Study (ISTSS) began confronting the global issue.

Jenny was unaware of these treatment specialists she so badly needed, the current headlines, or anything else making the California, Utah or national news. Her life was consumed within the confines of a sick brain trying to deal with demands of a sicker husband.

One morning she walked in from a hard night working on her back to hear the wife-beater snort, "Tell me what you did

with your customers. The raw details.”

None of the alters were in the mood for his orders, especially J.J., who threw her loaded purse at him as she headed for bed, “To Hell with you, I’m tired.”

He grabbed her arm, “Not until I hear what happened, Bitch. I’ve waited all night.”

“Can’t remember,” Jenny honestly replied.

“Oh really?” he said before flinging her frail body across the room, following with his large pounding fists.

From then on Jenny replaced her memory loss by reading pornographic magazine articles on the sly, then fabricating risqué stories to Bob’s liking.

Even fantasies grew banal. This lousy situation didn't seem to satisfy anyone inside. Jenny and her alters made a joint decision. When the time was right they would beguile husband and stop the prostitution by getting pregnant.

By January the strategy came to fruition.

“Get an abortion,” he screeched.

“No way. I'm keeping my baby.”

“Then I'll kill the little runt myself, ” the enraged roared as he grabbed thin air, then connected with a ferocious shove that sent Jenny to the floor. He belted her belly as Robert hollered from his crib. The baby's frightened cries lifted Mom off the rug. She scrambled into the bathroom, locked the door and curled into a corner. The incensed man crashed through and

preceded to thrash while she hugged her stomach, sobbing without tears, “Okay. Okay. Okay. You win. I’ll get your abortion.”

The beating finally ceased. “Sorry, Baby,” said the placated spouse as he found their bed and passed out.

Jenny staggered out of the bathroom to rescue her infant. Carrying the fourteen-month-old on her hip and one she hoped uninjured in the womb, she closed Bob’s door. Forever.

Barefoot, bruised, pregnant and with babe in arms, Jenny staggered into the chilly air. Blocks away at a payphone she scrounged a quarter from a passer-by. Another prayer. Another collect call: “Mom. Mom, Bob beat me up trying to

force an abortion. Could you please, please, please send me money for bus fare to Utah?" ... "I know, but I've never asked for a penny before. Promise never to again." ... "But Mom, I don't have a place to stay. No money to feed Robert." ... "At least wire enough to get us by 'til I can find a job." ... "But we're standing on a busy street corner in Los Angeles and it's the middle of the night." ... "Mom. Mom, please. I'm shivering, hungry and so's Robert." ... "Mom, Robert's crying. Can't you hear him?" ... "Please Mom, just this once, for Robert's sake." ... "But he's your grandchild, just a baby."

Incredibly, or perhaps not wishing to face her questioning husband's wrath in the background, Mercy telegraphed bus fare.

Carrying her tot through the Los Angeles slums, a shoeless, penniless, about-to-abort-and-spotting Jenny boarded the nearest Greyhound headed for “home.”

## ENTERING REALITY

**Monday, 24 September 1984. Age 25.**

Jenny and Robert made it to Utah and six months later, so did Baby Jason. Mercy begrudgingly tended the boys while their young mother finalized her divorce and worked in a local nursing home six days a week, graveyard.

On her first day off Jenny woke up in a motel room next to a stranger. Not a new scenario, *Where in the heck am I? Why am I here? What day is it?*

She slipped out of a rumpled bed, careful not to wake the man, reached into his wrinkled jeans and retrieved a Utah driver's license from a well-worn leather wallet, *Font Adams, who's he?*



Baffled, her alter personalities squabbled, “Jen’s messing around again.” “She needs to settle down.” “Why does she let J.J. kick her around like that?”

Jenny slid the wallet back into his pants pocket and a search for her clothes began. The provocative apparel on the worn carpet was nothing like the modest outfits hanging in her Orem closet. No lingerie to be found. Her trim figure spooned into the uncomfortable outfit reeking of sweet cologne. She hoped the Nissan was outside to transport her back to the house.

*Wish I knew where the money came from to buy it, Jenny thought, or how and when it was returned from Bob.* “I ain’t ever going to tell you,” J.J. muttered, “any more than I’ll allow us to go back to

Scumbag Paul.”

She located purse and keys on the floor by the bed. One last look around and she'd be on her way. Gold jewelry on a scratched nightstand, like the scanty clothes, seemed foreign, *Forget those. Need to get to my boys.* “Told ya we ain't goin back to Pervert Paul,” she heard herself say out loud.

*I simply can't go on like this*, Jenny at last admitted. Wicky-wacky thinking; times and places changing; losing hours; waking up beside disrobed men. It was like she lived completely outside herself, incarcerated by fears. Totally disorientated. She couldn't feel the rhythm of normal life beneath her feet. There was no safe shore in sight. Prayer was her only

recourse, *Heavenly Father, please help me.*

Nothing.

The motel's cracked sign blinked under an overcast sky. To the east and beneath the rising sun, an outline of a legendary Indian maiden lay across the summit of Mount Timpanogos. To the north was an interstate on-ramp. She was somewhere west and south of Mom's house. Thankfully, her Nissan sat in front of the ancient motel.

The road-worn vehicle fumbled awake and traveled north on Utah's I-15 freeway, soon exiting at a Seven-Eleven convenience store. Jenny grabbed familiar clothes from the back seat, held up a shirt

to cover her almost-bare chest and went inside to the counter, “What town is this? How do I get to Orem from here? What’s today’s date?”

The attendant made no effort to hide a lewd grin, “It’s September 24<sup>th</sup>. This is Springville. Provo-Orem’s just north of here. Looks like you had a good time last night.”

Jenny thought, *September 24th? Good thing I’m off work today.*

She ignored an eavesdropping trucker’s looks and found the restroom. The mirror reflected a face she hardly recognized. Garish makeup over swollen eyes, under frowzy hair, accentuated a style not her own.

Fifteen miles down the road Jenny no sooner set foot through Mercy's door than she heard a shout from the surly mom standing by her hot stove, "Just where the heck have you been and what have you been doing?"

Jenny typically responded to such interrogations by pulling from a catalogue of ready excuses, but worried about her children she asked, "Are the boys still asleep?"

Mercy responded with her usual exasperated groan.

Her sons dozed in their basement bedroom. Satisfied they were safe, Jenny

settled into a warm bath. She no sooner draped a warm washcloth over her face than Mom's churlish voice yelled, "Don't you have a job interview?"

Jenny slid lower into the soothing water. September 24<sup>th</sup>. Yep, she'd submitted an application to Timpanogos Mental Health Evaluation Unit in answer to an ad for a nursing position. It omitted reference to her quick dismissal from the hospital in hopes state and county records didn't overlap, *Will they uncover my past?*

Her alters had concerns also. Some couldn't understand this mental health thing. Others objected to going there, not caring to be reminded of the guilt. Would someone tattle? Voices mumbled, "Paul

worked for the government and no one found out about what he did.” “Why didn’t Jenny tell on him?”

In the end most urged her to go for it and even volunteered to take part in today’s interview. Therapists were trained to listen. Maybe they could unload the heavy burdens they all shared. Alter Virginia’s own six year-old unnamed alter whispered her bright idea, “Let’s encourage the Miser to go, too, and then make sure everyone in here blabs. That way Mercy can’t deny our problems with Paul anymore.”

The Perfectionist finished cleaning her kitchen as Jenny walked in, with Alter Virginia’s unnamed alter saying, “Mercy,

please go with us to the job interview. You could learn a lot.”

“Over my dead body,” Mom responded as she walked away, slamming her door shut on the way to prune those prized roses.

A few moments later the rejected daughter wheeled out of the driveway, with J.J. uttering, “Hell, Jen, don’t you know the old lady lives in a pinched shoe and doesn’t give a damn ‘bout us?”

Mercy didn’t hear Jenny’s incoherent babblings while pulling into a busy street. The oblivious gardener’s back was turned. She squatted on soiled knees, digging deep into her dirt to plant a new white All American.



Since waking up in that strange motel room this morning Jenny felt today wasn't actually today, though she didn't know why. Her red stiletto-heeled boots hit concrete steps of Timpanogos Mental Health just as a headache struck. The discomfort signaled that something was wrong, but without aspirin and late for the appointment, she tugged her mini skirt down, see-through halter up and flounced up to the reception desk saying, "I'm here to see a Dr. Anderson for a job interview."

That was the last the twenty-five-year-old remembered. Competing voices babbled to a wide-eyed secretary, "Hope this Anderson don't think he can screw Jen over," J.J. said, then leaning forward,

Alter Virginia's unnamed alter continued in just above a whisper, "Before Miss Virginia goes in, could you please help us find her mommy?"

Sometime later loud jabbers awakened Jenny as a naked male ran by. The wiley man tried to elude two young orderlies but unable to navigate a hall corner, was captured and gently pulled back to a tiled room. Steam billowed from his still-running shower. She found herself on a gurney, glancing out barred windows of a semi-lit hallway, *It must be early morning because the sun is rising over Mount Timpanogos, but if today still isn't today, I'm in big trouble.*

Jenny's eyes wandered to her thin

figure wrapped in blue-striped cloth, *Now I know why my patients hate this poor excuse for a gown that shows off your rear end.* But, exposure was the least of her worries, *Where am I?*

A robe looped across a chair by the side of her bed. She lifted off the mattress and slipped it on. Her bare feet froze to the floor. Down the hallway behind a nurses' station, a starched-hat RN talked to her clerk.

Jenny went for the white hat, mumbling, *Used to visit here when I worked for the state psych hospital. They keep their door partially open for protection from patients, one of which is evidently me.* Her back slowly stiffened in determination, "What's going on? Came to

get a job, not check myself in.” *Need help, an explanation of how I became an inpatient. Advice this nurse probably isn’t about to give. Doing so is the worst form of unlucky. Asking anyway, knowing the answer will be embedded in strict protocol and leave little chance for litigation. Zealous lawyers are ever fishing for new clientele.*

She saw the nurse as herself, an efficient professional of exactness, paperwork always complete and on time. Medical personnel like her were forbidden to do counseling, something reserved for the psychiatrist on call. There was little reason to build relationships with patients here unless trained as a psychiatric nurse, a rare find in 1984 Utah County. Clients were paper-trailed to

other services, the most difficult filtering to her former workplace up the road where medications ruled: the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital, *Don't want nothin to do with drug therapy.*

Her cheeks radiated crimson upon approaching the medical station, “What time is it?” *That's a crock. I don't even know the month.*

Buried deep in paperwork, the nurse took a quick glance at her watch, “It's 7:36 a.m.,” she said. “Glad you're awake, Virginia.”

*Heard that tone before. I used to talk down to my patients that way,* Jenny thought, then shot back, “My name's not Virginia. It's Jenny, Jenny Hill.”

The RN looked directly at her assigned

charge, “Sorry, it’s been hard to decide which name to use. Upon arrival you referred to yourself as Virginia and spoke like a religious youngster, then demanded we call you J.J. and swore a blue streak while acting like a prostitute. This has been going on for nine days.”

“Nine days!” Jenny said, bracing against the desk, staring at the many-times painted walls. Confusion swirled, *I’ve lost time again. Need to be alone, figure this out.* “Get’n outta here. Where’s my things?”

“We locked away those inappropriate clothes you had on,” the nurse responded. “The doctor should be here soon. Talk to him about leaving.”

The RN grabbed a cigarette from her

pocket and pointed it to a room across the hall, “Here’s your smoke, go relax.”

The command startled Jenny and she flinched. She still considered herself a devout Mormon, as were approximately sixty-eight percent of Utah County residents. That meant no smoking. Instruction the young woman tried to obey, or so she thought.

Hill leaned against the old desk, lost in confusion, searching for a sure foundation on which to reassemble her thoughts. Times changed again and a colleague was suggesting she smoke. Nothing made sense. Her puzzled glance found an open appointment book on the desk: 3 October, 1984. She thought, *Right—nine days since I was at the house taking a bath getting*

*ready for an interview. Did that bring me here? Wonder why they want me to smoke? Thought I'd quit, though sure crave one now. Maybe I still do, or I'd better so my nurse won't think I'm crazy.*

Throughout her life Jenny had hints that she harbored multiple thinking patterns but refused to recognize them. It's common for a person with severed reasoning to be aware that they exhibited strange behaviors and sometimes assumed different personas, but more often than not were baffled by the separate conversations going on inside. As a nurse-now-inpatient in her old workplace, she wasn't about to ask for help. Her alter personalities felt differently.

Jenny was flustered and there was an



overwhelming need to cry, but tears were still held by Alter Jennese and refused to surface. She grabbed cigarette from her nurse's outstretched hand and shuffled to the smoking room, deep in thought, *Have to figure how I'll talk my way out of this one before the doc gets here.* J.J. added, *Wonder if that sucker's good in bed?*

Jenny's lines of reasoning functioned apart from each other. Communication between the core and different age personalities would only come when, and if, her alters were validated and free to tell of their heartache—a major prerequisite for their ability to live in harmony with the host persona. Some alters first decided they could finally tell of Jenny's mistreatment upon realizing she was going into mental health. Nine days

later certain personalities were still competing with each other to be heard. Without warning, the wail of a lost child pierced the quiet air, screaming, “Mommy? Mommy? Ooooooh, Maaaammmeeee!”

Spiritual Alter Virginia remembered walking into Timpanogos Mental Health Evaluation Unit with Jenny, then all of a sudden it was nine days later and she was holding a cigarette in the stale atmosphere of a smoking room while her six year-old unnamed personality screamed, “Mommie.”

A disheveled woman sitting by the door paid no attention, staring off into space under a lit cancer stick scorching her

yellow fingers. Religious Alter Virginia took a whiff of the stinky air and thought, *That power-hungry J.J.'s sooo frustrating, making Jen smoke.*

The smell was so disgusting to Virginia that Jenny awoke with a headache and wondering, *How'd I get into the Smoking room? I'm still an inpatient?*

Across the room an older woman exacerbated her throbbing brain by saying, "What should I call you today?"

"Jenny. Who the heck are you?"

"Your friend, Roselyn."

"What friend?"

The old patient's smile broadened, "The trees are green and so's the snow. Don't you think that's strange? Want to go

with Mom to the store, but my counselor won't let me. Mice are in my room and they say it's important I talk to them. Does the sun shine on you? It does on me, but I can't tell what's red or green and I'd ... ”

“How long have I been here?” Jenny interrupted.

“Three, six, nine, five, seven days,” the staccato resumed. Snap. Snap. Snap. “Always out of rhyme.”

The programming words made it obvious that Roselyn had been ritually abused and the conversation was making Jenny more than nervous. Her words triggered:

Men in black robes and white makeup, holding candles and long needles; drum beats reaching

across a cold room; chants spanning the years, resonating, over, over and over: “Salome, Salome. Salome.”

Jenny began a reality check by searching for the sun’s position out the barred window. Her brain was running on empty, nothing but air inside. No recall of what happened last week, or even a few moments ago. She would have to rely on people like Roselyn to show her where to eat, evidently smoke and have therapy, *That calendar at the nurse’s station has to be right. Nine days missed? Gonna sign out of here, pronto. Gotta get back to my boys and that steady job before some doc diagnoses me a psychotic.*

## NURSE APPLICANT TURNS INPATIENT

**Wednesday, 3 October 1984.**

A smiling Dr. Anderson looked up from paperwork on his mahogany desk. He leaned forward, took Jenny's limp hand and motioned her to take a seat. The psychologist detected a different posture and eye color than yesterday as he asked, "Just how are you doing today, Virginia?"

Jenny crossed her legs in a leather scooped chair and swiveled them from side to side. She needed more time and a pretense, along with a place like her bedroom closet, to figure this out. With no such resources available, a stock reply tumbled from her lips, "Name's not Virginia. It's Jenny. Jenny Hill."

“Do you know where you are, Jenny? What day this is?”

She had to find a way to get out of here, fast, and thought, *Got no love for men and this one's probably another manipulator. Forget that. I'm not crazy, but gotta convince him. Think hard. Fake it.* She finally said, “October 3<sup>rd</sup>, around nine a.m. and I'm at Timpanogos Mental Health Eval Unit. Used to be employed as a nurse up the street at the state psych. Applied to work here, but guess I can't interview now. How's that?”

“Very good, Virginia. First time you've been oriented since arriving.”

“I told you not to call me Virginia.”

“Excuse me, no offense intended. Can

you recall our conversation yesterday?”

“Sure.”

“Don’t remember, do you?”

Her lips formed into a line of stubbornness, “Yes, I do,” she lied, *Better be careful, or he’ll realize the freak is loose.*

“You won’t tell me because you ‘don’t trust nobody?’” Anderson inquired.

Jenny’s chin dropped at hearing this phrase sneaking out of her childhood. She carefully selected words from competing thoughts, speaking in muffled tones, “I’m alcoholic. Must have D.T.’s.”

He didn’t buy that one, “You’ve lost time again, haven’t you?”



“Yeah, that happens, but nothing I can’t handle. I’m a nurse, a good one, certainly not dumb or psychotic. Signing myself out of here, now. There’s my kids and a good steady job ... I think.”

Anderson studied every move, enunciation and tone of voice. This was a tough case, obviously multiple. He’d read up on the challenging disorder, but had never treated one. The corpulent psychologist leaned forward to look into aqua turquoise eyes that ever-changed in hue, “For how long have you been experiencing blank periods?”

Jenny couldn’t respond because she was locked into one now. Silence prevailed. Her alters stood before another fork in the road with no idea the trail to

choose, both ways ruttred. They wanted to talk about their past, but were being analyzed. That was disconcerting. Even J.J. couldn't think fast enough, *Tell this guy zippo*, she thought, then said out-loud, "If we stay in here they'll screw us over."

"Are you concerned about someone hurting you?" he asked.

The question awoke Jenny, *This strange man knows my thoughts!* Her meek voice squeaked, "I've lost time since I was young. Can't remember my childhood."

The poignant revelation wasn't lost on Anderson, "You can leave if you want, or stay and get the help you need."

She looked at the door, the floor, adjusted her arms, legs and ugly blue

hospital gown, “Can’t stay here. I have responsibilities, a job and two sons who need a mother.”

“It’s very apparent you love them, but please consider how unprepared you are to raise two little ones right now. What kind of life will they have if you don’t get help? Your diagnosis is Multiple Personality Disorder: a serious, very complicated condition that most commonly results from severe child abuse. An evaluation needs to be charted. Staff will talk to your boss. You see if your family can take care of the boys. Count on it taking six weeks.”

“My only problems are blank periods,” she said.

Defiant eyes watched as her doctor

delivered an ultimatum, “From our reports there’ve been several during the past nine days since you’ve been here. To be honest, if you refuse an assessment we’ll take it to court and have a judge make the decision. You don’t want to go through that.”

Again she was caught in denial—her only choice of a hiding place from the truth that forever restrained her. Amid the hostility within was a will to become the person she desired to someday be: *This guy’s right. Getting rid of the blank periods could make me a better mother. There’s no way I’d trust the folks to tend Robert and Jason, though maybe Sharon would.*

A flicker of hope appeared far above,

like those twinkling Disneyland fireworks of childhood. Perhaps sanity waited. She rose and wiped the sweat from her face, “All right, but your diagnosis is dead wrong. I’m just a bit forgetful.”

An aide found her a phone in a private office, “Mom, how are the boys?”

“Why have you been gone for nine days and left me with these kids? Your work calls all the time. Said they wouldn’t hold your job much longer. What are you doing? Do you even know who you are, Virginia?”

She swallowed hard, “Yes. I’m your daughter, Jenny Hill, and she’s locked up in a psych unit.” “Guess what, Mercy” J.J. added, “the doc wants Jen to tell on her lame parents. How ‘bout that?”

“What?”

“The doctor wants to evaluate me.”

“Why?”

“They say something’s wrong.”

“Virginia, the only thing that’s ever been wrong with you is yourself.”

“Maybe, Mom. So, do you think you and Sharon could take care of Robert and Jason while I get some help?”

“You expect us to baby-sit so some doctor can blame your faults on us parents?”

“No, Mother. I mean, yes. A judge will decide if I don’t make arrangements to stay here for six weeks.”

“Haven’t a choice, do I crazy girl?”

Mercy yammered as the phone went dead.

Jenny thought, *Great. She didn't even ask how to get hold of me.*

A staff member caught her arm as she advanced into the hallway, “I called your work. They understand, but can't hold your job. I'm terribly sorry.”

Her only source of income just vanished and once more she felt sorrowful for not being able to care for her sons. Now she wouldn't see them for six weeks and realized, *I never should have agreed to that evaluation.*

Jenny had short blackouts while being shown to her room—alter takeovers triggered by her environment. J.J. and several personalities were reacting to various male patient comments about their

attractive new inpatient, struggling with fears inherited from their mind-control programming. They wanted to release the acrimonious experiences. To be set free. Their recall would be an essential first step to conjoin her severed thinking. To unravel this tangled web she needed the safety of inpatient treatment. Healing would be fast-forwarded here. Hopefully alters would feel secure enough to divulge pent up emotions and force Jenny to face barbarous events of their past.

The difficult passage began in the counseling area where white covered the floor, chairs, ceiling, everything. Nurse Patty reassured the new patient this wasn't a Preparation room for something that over the last nine days several distinctly different voices called the Black Temple.



The seasoned nurse had reiterated such, along with the rules, many times and to different-voiced children, “And who are you today?”

“I’m Jenny Hill and that nursing outfit belongs on me. Who are you?”

“Patty, the day nurse.”

“What have I been like on this shift?”

“Exhibiting atypical behaviors. Using several names. The way you look, walk and talk is different with each personality. Speech patterns, tone of voice, strange pronunciations and childish expressions change all the time. Your eyes switch color and you give peculiar answers. The personality I like most is Virginia, a sometimes child, at other times twenty-

five year-old who's very religious.”

The psychiatric nurse made a startling observation. It is conjectured the conflict between Jenny's spiritual and abusive life became so traumatic that her Alter Virginia broke out another line of thinking and became a multiple personality herself. As Jenny progressed spiritually Alter Virginia grew up alongside her, while her unnamed alter who harbored Greenbaum memories in the Theta wavelength, didn't progress at all, thereby remaining the mental age of six.

Patty continued, “This is your fourth reorientation to the facility. People usually develop Multiple Personality Disorder due to severe trauma during childhood. The most common is sexual abuse, often

by the father. The personality, J.J., told me that your father raped you every Thursday night for many years.”

J.J. was elated, for the long-hidden secret was at last released. Throughout life this alter had no qualms about voicing her opinion. Now someone was finally listening. J.J. held that graphic picture of Paul for a tenuous second and then imagined it bursting apart. Her will, shattering his glass house of repression, “Paul,” J.J. hissed, “you can’t tear us apart anymore. You’re finished, while I’ve just begun.”

The vitriolic response startled Patty, while Jenny was unaware she had spoken, too busy concentrating on inner whisperings, *Why are these voices in my*

*head? How can some stranger understand me better than I know myself?*

Jenny began racing around the room, yelling hysterically, “How can I not remember my father dragging me through Hell?”

“Calm down. It’s going to be all right.”

She paced the floor slugging out epithets, then crumpled, “I was never abused. Never, or I’d remember it. I’m a nurse just like you. And a mother, a good one.”

As Patty tried to give her patient a hug, Jenny’s elbow connected to the nurse’s forehead and they wrestled to the floor. The fiery outburst finally burned itself out while Jenny protested, “I’m not, not

another Sybil.”

“Listen,” a dazed Patty said. “It’s common to forget traumatic things.”

Flickering eyes changed from aqua-turquoise to a dark-blue, then drilled through the nurse. “I need a fag,” J.J. said.

Patty let go, helped Jenny up, pulled a cigarette from her guarded pocket and accompanied to the Smoking room. “We’ll talk after you finish, J.J.,” she said, and left to chart the incident.

An orderly walked by: “Having a smoke are we, Virginia?”

Hearing her name woke up Alter Virginia. The Spiritual personality who felt smoking was sinful, tried to figure out why she was in that rank Smoking room

again. As always, J.J. was one step ahead and asked the nearest male for a light, then blanked out.

Jenny came to lying on a couch at the end of a long hallway, shivering, spent, and feeling as though she had shed copious tears. “I’ll be on my best behavior if you won’t hurt me,” she pled to Patty.

“Are you all right, Jennese?” Patty asked.

“Name’s Jenny.”

“Glad you’re back, Jenny. We met Jennese, who said you were programmed not to cry so she does that for you. She said something even more intriguing: that

she should have cried out back then to save Angeletta.”

A frightful vision zoomed past of a blonde-haired girl lying tied to a white cross table, her blue eyes pleading to Jenny for help. The vague memory had lingered forever. She strained to understand the image. Couldn't. Disavowal was the first line of defense in a brain packed with strange recollections.

Evaluation weeks one through five passed slowly. Attempts at rationale for deranged behavior ran amok. Depression constantly sagged her face, so bad that peers had to instruct their fellow inmate how to act.

The important release date of week six

finally came, drawing Jenny to one clear point: the “retired” LPN realized gruesome thoughts couldn’t be evaded in the mental ward, anymore than Mercy’s dirt escaped that damnable sewer’s black hole of childhood. Haunted by the past, she need not be enslaved by it. Hill, alone, would captain her destiny. Finally understanding that nightmares of hooded men were based on actual events was the light of knowledge sprouting her proverbial kindergarten bean and engaged faith to move forward.

Now she could face her demons: rapes so vivid it seemed they materialized all over again, lighting fire to all five senses. Jenny was a symphony of pain. Yesterdays surfaced with today’s freshness, splintered and resurfaced. Memories



raced from one incident to the next. Paul was there, always, along with a range of tearing vaginal sensations. She heard his hard breathing; tasted semen mixed with sweat; smelled Old Spice cologne; felt his heaviness on her four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve and then seventeen-year-old body, *Raped? Father raped me? My own father raped me!*

The next day Patty read Jenny the Morning Report, “8:35 a.m.: Patient Hill came out of her room calling herself Angelic and asked an attendant forgiveness for taking an all-day sucker. 10:07 a.m.: Hill’s Alter J.J. attempted to seduce an orderly.”

Patty closed the file, then left for her

station. Suicidal Alter Janet zoomed down the corridor behind the nurse and grabbed a bottle of aspirin from an unsuspecting assistant. Orderlies wrestled her to the floor before she could swallow the pills.

“Get the Hell off me,” J.J. yelled, kicking an escort between his legs, rocketing him backward in agony.

“I’m so sorry,” Jenny woke up saying. She lay back on the linoleum and tried to clear her crazy thoughts, “Strange men terrify me. I melt down when they get too close.”

Staff stood in wonderment as they observed Jenny’s eccentric movements and vocalizations. Patient Hill was an enigma. Her alter personalities even more so, for voices that had forever resonated

inside were speaking out.

As she tried to interpret them, dismal vapors that once dogged the past, began to lift, though there were setbacks. Alter Janet's most recent suicide attempt with the pills was whispered around the ward. One who analyzed this strange new girl was Patient Ryland. He often walked the hallways dressed in black, quoting scriptures from his large black Bible.

That same morning Ryland blocked her path, "Thou shalt not kill, Miss Hill. Damnation waits for those attempting suicide. It says in the Good Book, 'An altar of earth thou shalt make and shalt sacrifice upon it and ...'"

Recollections brought suffocation. Terror squeezed her chest. Jenny launched

into a fight or flight mode with an overwhelming urge to strangle Ryland. She took a hesitant step toward him, then turned and rushed back down the hallway to get away from the Bible thumper. But thirteen-year-old Suicidal Alter Janet moved the body in a different direction, until J.J. yelled, “Don’t you understand, Stupid? If you murder Jen, you’ll kill us all.” “You two aren’t helping by arguing,” finished The Lady of Peace and Harmony as she carefully redirected the furious charge back to her room.

Later in the day Jenny noticed Ryland kneeling in prayer by his bedside, the sight of his black robe evoking chills. Alter Jason awoke and protectively closed down the core persona. Her hysterical body stormed the room to grip his neck.

The outmatched patient offered little resistance as Jason pushed strength into Jenny's bony fingers and they squeezed into a death grip.

An alarm sounded over the intercom, "Room five, stat!"

Nurses and orderlies charged, "Hill's killing Ryland!"

"Send more help."

"We can't get her off."

Eight adults wrestled the maniacal girl away. A breathless Ryland leaned over and vomited, reminding Alter Jason of eating dog guts. Pumping adrenaline, the male alter broke everyone's hold, punched Ryland in the face and fought like a wily dragon all the way to padded Seclusion.

Hours passed before Patty cautiously opened Seclusion's door, "Can we give you something to help?"

Alter Jason, programmed to say nothing, didn't speak, but raised hands with fingers spread and appeared threatening, menacing. Half a dozen staffers wrestled him/her to the floor. A nurse plunged a syringe into Jenny's buttocks. "One, two, three," they said in unison, let go and ran.

An hour or so later Jenny came to, flooded with memories:

Paul took her into his bedroom, locked the door, ripped her pants down, and climbed on.

She pounded the padded walls in desperation, imploring unknown faces watching from a small opening, “Please, please let me out.”

Patty opened the window, “What’s your name?”

“Jenny, of course. Please help, Patty. I’m afraid of being confined in small spaces.”

Keys jingled. Lock clicked. The nurse held up her hand, signaling staff to stay back, then guided her patient to the Smoking room. An orderly shoved a lit Marlboro into the fingers. An attendant was told to observe.

“Why do you people insist I smoke?” an

appalled Jenny asked. “And why the shot?”

“To cool you down,” said an irritated assistant who participated in the earlier lockdown. The nineteen-year-old sat on an old vinyl stool trying to take a break from the weariness of her job. Staring down the newest challenge on the ward, she said, “You attacked a patient.” Lighting a cigarette, the intern continued, “Could’ve broken his neck. You’re awfully strong for such a skinny wench. It took eight of us to get you into Seclusion. Can’t you remember anything?”

The uncaring remark turned Jenny’s pupils black as a mad Alter Jason came forward. An old man programmed him not to talk, but he could take action, thinking, *I*



*used all that energy to attack Ryland, yet no one asked me why.*

The alter paced Jenny's body throughout the stale room, stopping only when his unused cigarette found a sanded ashtray. He picked up a clay flowerpot and threw it against the wall, scattering plant, soil, and terra cotta shards.

The yelling tech ran from the room as magazines flew through the air. Chairs were upended, tables, anything the male alter personality could get Jenny's hands on.

Personnel stormed in. With the Seclusion room in use, it took four sets of staff muscle to drag their thrashing patient into a padded cell in the Sex Offenders Ward.

A glacial floor got Jenny's attention. She curled into a ball and rolled into a corner to stare at the cushioned walls, saying over and over, *I hate myself. I hate myself. I hate myself.*

Loathsome hours later Patty opened the door and asked, "Feeling better?"

There was no answer to greet unending questions of who, or even what, Hill was. Finally Patty forced down pills and then rushed away. She returned an hour later to escort her woozy patient back to bed.

The next afternoon, Jenny was called to Anderson's office. "Take a seat," the psychologist said. He closed her file to continue, "You've been exhibiting violent behavior. I'm recommending a thirty-day

evaluation at the state hospital.”

She sucked in her breath, “Not a chance. No way. Worked there as a nurse. I’ve put in your required six weeks and now I’m fine. My behavior’s normal, for me anyway.”

“Jenny, you frequently change personalities and this last week have been uncontrollable. I can’t let you back into society. What if it happens around your boys? Besides, we’re only a holding facility. You’ll get better treatment up there.”

Her face soured in frustration, neck twisted to stare out the window, “It’s only thirty days, right?” she said. “Yeah, right,” J.J. echoed. “Jen, you’re sooo gullible.”

## ALTERS AWAKE

**Wednesday, 14 November 1984.**

Jenny's Nissan was the first to go, then her dignity. Mercy picked up the car while a young technician drove the embarrassed LPN up a Rocky Mountain foothill to her old workplace, the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital.

Behind her, a dimming sun sank into Utah Lake. As the afternoon bid farewell to placid waters, warm rays splayed across the Oquirrh Mountain Range to the west. Eastward across the valley, sinking shadows of the Wasatch Mountains cast on the white mental hospital to make the corroding building look like a haunted mansion. This once-Territorial Insane

Asylum had been isolated from society since it was built in the early 1880s at the end of Center Street Provo—a small university town touting restored pioneer architecture storefronts.

Nothing new here for Jenny. Even J.J. was well acquainted with this cluster of old structures hugging the bare mountainside, manicured grounds, friendly personnel, discouraged patients and mundane routines.

The twenty-five year-old was escorted like a prisoner to the basement and seated in a dinky office of the chronically mentally ill ward. The room was crowded with inquisitive orderlies and nurses directed by none other than the supervisor who fired her, Mrs. Hollingsworth.

The situation enraged J.J. Her Jen was on display again, like the main attraction of a carnival sideshow. The alter personality was totally burned out by all this drama and warily said out-loud, “Waaay too many curious people in this zoo.” A child-like voice continued, “Why are we here?” A third raged with anger, “Maybe someone will pay attention to me now.”

Personnel looked on in awe at their former staff member. Hysteria seized Jenny as they asked questions, took notes, argued and re-argued the Multiple Personality Disorder diagnosis. She finally had enough, “This place is much too crowded. It’s closing in on me. I feel cornered, tied down, like I’m destined for the gallows.”

Hollingsworth stared Jenny down, the lengthy silence keeping everyone on edge. She looked around at the quizzical, sometimes whimsical glares of staff, returned her gaze to this newest patient, then with a voice punctilious as ever, said, "All right. Everyone leave."

Personnel were reluctant to end their scrutiny of this unprecedented specimen and reacted only when the order was twice repeated. One by one each moved just outside the door, where they eavesdropped. Didn't hear much. Hollingsworth discussed a need for Jenny to familiarize herself with her surroundings so the evaluation process and subsequent psychiatric treatment plan could be worked out as smoothly as possible. "We have someone to assist

you,” she said.

Jenny figured her assigned helper was a part-time undergraduate psychology major from Brigham Young University. Probably dedicated. Probably nice. Probably gullible. Probably naïve. Sure enough, Samantha Lawson, embarrassed to see her new charge undressed, turned while giving shower instructions, “Use this lice shampoo.”

“Am I scaring you, too?” Jenny shyly asked.

“Let’s just say your crazy behavior precedes you,” she replied.

Freshly scrubbed, back in clothes and glasses again, Jenny accompanied Lawson down a somber hallway. A hunched-over man closely watched them pass. Another



walked back and forth muttering to himself. A large patient wearing a helmet above his fury brows hobbled over and said, “Hold me.”

“Don’t try that again,” Lawson commanded as she gently pushed him away.

Jenny eyed a woman tied to a heavy chair in Seclusion, yelling through a blank stare, “Help me! Help me! Heeeeeeeelp!”

“That one self-medicated earlier,” Lawson explained. “She hurts herself when not restrained and ... ” Jenny partially tuned out Samantha as the lingering vision flashed of a blonde-haired girl tied to a cross-altar, *This is certainly different from when I worked here*, she reflected. *What a dungeon. Staff*

*appears vulnerable and patients, humiliated.*

Arriving at her assigned room, Jenny recognized two of the three women staring from their bedsides. A brackish smell of revulsion emanated from one in the corner. Four years ago she had ripped her eye out on Jenny's nursing shift. All that was left was stringy bloody tissue holding the dangling orb. Now she wore a patch over that blind eye and appeared semi-rational. Roommate number two was quiet and acted normal. Number three was April Baker, the friend of infamous murderer, Gary Gilmore.

After Jenny's escort left, April advised, "Don't try to con your therapist. Whatcott will have you figured before you sit

down.”

Weston Whatcott, Ph.D, M.S.W, L.C.S.W. was new to the hospital, but not to therapy. Hair streaked in white surrounded his balding pate atop his six-foot frame. He would later visit third-world countries, establish highly successful West Sands Adoption Agency for abandoned children and show the way by adding five to his already large family. His eyes exuded kindness while asking, “Jenny, do you experience lapses of memory?”

“I applied for a nursing job at Timpanogos Mental Health Eval Unit,” she responded, “and then nine days later woke up to find myself an inpatient. I’d

call that a lapse, wouldn't you Dr. Whatcott?"

"Call me Wes if you like," he smiled in reply. "We'll be spending many hours together. Tell me, have you had other gaps in time?"

Jenny's thinking was laborious before deciding, *Better spill the beans. Doing so might open an avenue to my boys.* She looked up, a steely glint in her eyes that hadn't been there before, "Yes, since kindergarten."

"Very good," he said. "We'll be seeing each other several times a week. The more you can tell me about yourself, the better I can help you."

Her long thin fingers tapped a polished arm of an oak chair as she replied,

“You’ll have to hurry. I’m only here for thirty days on a voluntary basis and will soon be gone. Got a problem with that, Wes?”

“No, but it’s not up to me. Our psychiatrist determines the length of your stay. You’re extremely volatile and have a rare diagnosis. Have you been abused?”

“Let’s not talk about that,” murmured a fragile voice, “I’m normal, just forget.”

“Why don’t you answer my question?” he asked and then leaned forward to inquire, “Did someone hurt you?”

Disjointed aqua-turquoise eyes confronted Whatcott’s clear ones. Mixed up thoughts tumbled from corners of her mind. She leaned back in her chair and

slowly swallowed before replying, “Yes.”

His voice reached out, “Who?”

Her eyes changed to dark-blue as she exploded, “That dirt-bag Pervert Paul!”

“Who are you?”

“Name’s J.J.”

“Are others in there?”

“Yeah. Think I could handle this trash myself? Not a chance, Wes. There’s a bunch of us: Sharon, Gennesa, Janet, Jennese, Jennea and our grandmother, The Lady of Peace and Harmony who keeps our outlandish arguments in line. Oh, I almost forgot. There’s that snot-nosed Virginia, little Miss Holier-than-Thou.”

“What’s the matter with her?”

“She’s double-whacked that I got Jen zapped from the Church. But those damn Mormons won’t let me have sex out of wedlock. Virginia’s what your innocent BYU volunteers around here call a Molly Mormon. Miss Molly Virginia thinks I’m a whore just because I like to prostitute.”

J.J. bowed the head. Jenny dizzily arose saying, “Was I ever abused? It’s hard to say because I blank out just thinking about it. Supposedly someone called Jennese comes up to cry for me.”

“Who’s that?” Dr. Whatcott inquired.

“My nurse said she’s a separate identity. I’ve never been able to shed tears but this alter personality does, evidently. Enough said,” Jenny concluded as she

lifted from the chair. “This interview’s over.”

“Wait a minute, there’s one last question. Do you remember discussing your father?”

Jenny looked away and said under a heavy sigh, “No.”

“Let’s get together after breakfast tomorrow. Think I can help.”

Hideous sounds rushed from Seclusion as Jenny was escorted back to her room. Lawson knew what staff rushing toward the commotion would find: a buck-naked man sprawled on the floor; an overwhelming smell of urine and feces filling the air. “Our Picasso musta finished another finger-painted masterpiece in his



medium, his own poop,” she said. “Not my turn to clean him up, thanks.”

Daytimes shed no light on old issues, while evenings made Jenny a slave to men in black hooded robes encircling her bed, chanting, “Salome, Salome, Salome.”

Pacing the floor, pulsations of agony slammed her body. Floods of anger flowed. Back under the covers, behind closed eyes, Paul massaged her small chest and then ripped the body asunder. She had few details of actual rapes, but would never get out of here if she told Whatcott that. Her eyelids shut to plead with an important Someone Else.

Early on in her stay Jenny realized she required self-mastery, not another mother.

She was being treated like a child: told when to go to bed, get up, eat, what to do and worse, how to feel and act.

J.J. decided to re-vamp the control issue. The personality was standing in her prowling style behind a male patient in the lunch line when he turned around and came on to her. She adeptly settled the proposition with a knee in his joint, “We’re here to work out Jen’s problems, not create more, Donkey.”

Jenny awoke in Seclusion.

That’s when Whatcott decided his patient urgently needed serious therapy. He invited her to his office where they counted backward in time. She got jittery at age ten, her nerves were wracked at age eight and she was totally frantic by age

six, “I want to be thirteen. No, wait. I’m in an alley and it hurts like Hell.”

She implored him to go no further, even as he brought her back. “No, not seventeen. Not again,” J.J. screamed. “Thought it was over at twelve, but it happened once more on Jen’s birthday. It’s hard to breathe when Paul’s on top. I can hear that pervert’s heavy panting right now.”

“Wait a minute. Slow down. Please go back inside and have Jenny tell me what’s going on.”

The core persona slowly surfaced, but couldn’t explain.

That evening was an emotional roller coaster. She couldn’t get the session out of her mind. Memories kept floating to the

surface: Paul getting ready for work, shaving his face, patting down with Old Spice cologne. The four year-old idolized her father, until the smell of Old Spice entered her fragile vagina.

Jenny awakened, only to fall back into a fitful sleep where the scene began again. Her skin was afire. The smell and taste of Old Spice gagged her. Her breathing was difficult and she needed a bedpan.

It was all so disquieting. Her tormented history wasn't as much on the line as was her future. She had to get rid of these demented apparitions and leave this prison to make a home for her boys. But her brain was fighting with itself, in separate conversations. Voices were talking at once. Arguing at once. It was

easy to submerge in denial when repressed memories clawed their way to the present. Part of her remembered. Part didn't. She had lots of questions. Few answers. Nothing made sense. Unexplained outbursts offended staff and she couldn't explain how fearful her thinking, or how deep she felt herself sinking into madness.

Whatcott videotaped a session. Later they sat in the conference room to watch. She pulled a chair closer to scrutinize images on the screen, her face inches from itself. The person in the film made Jenny appear to be an older woman with different facial features. J.J. was elated to be on the Big Screen, her voice blasting from afar, "Yeah, Paul raped us, Jen. Hell, why beat yourself up over it? You're so

insecure Jen, but good in bed and a great mother and nurse. I wish for once you'd forget your screwed-up family.”

Jenny cringed at her own words and facial expressions as the head on the film lowered and then looked back. A girlish image spoke in a perfect Southern drawl, “Hi there, ya’ all, I’m Gretchen. Cheer up, girlfriend. Enjoy life. Take it easy on yourself. Try the Western Bar in Salt Lake sometime. You’ve lots of friends there.”

That couldn’t be Jenny, certainly not *her* voice. The head in the film lowered again. Her arms flung outward and groans emitted. Her features changed to that of a little girl, whispering, “Hi, my name’s Virginia. I love church. Can’t stay long.”

The tape ended. Deeply embarrassed,

Alter Janet's fleeting thoughts of suicide entertained. A few seconds passed before Jenny was able to regain composure, "Wes, did your staff see this nut case?"

Whatcott held out his hand, "Jenny, you have alternative thinking patterns that need to vocalize what they, and you, went through together. If your alters are able to speak up they may integrate and become part of you."

The healing process of putting this Humpty Dumpty's pieces back together again was bound to be complicated. One part of the puzzle was Alter Jennese who intently watched the video, awestruck at seeing herself on the screen. The film forced the personality to realize that she wasn't a person, but only a small portion

of the core persona. Jenny's eyes leaked tears for the first time she could remember since age four. This fractured piece was integrating.

Jenny still couldn't believe herself a multiple. She was a mother, a nurse, not that screwball who appeared on the screen like some dysfunctional figment of her imagination trying to find a life. Still, she was coming to a realization that accepting who she was would be the jailer's key to liberate her from this cuckoo's nest.

She left the conference room for another sleepless night. Lay awake until dawn, racked by ceaseless worries. Dreading the future.



“Hell is for Children,” by Pat Benatar, played on the phonograph as Alter Janet plaited her hair. The song was appropriate for how the suicidal personality felt as she prepared to talk to Whatcott for the first time. Alter Janet looked approvingly at her new pigtails in a mirror on the bedside table. Yesterday she took advantage of the hospital thrift shop and obtained a youthful outfit for this important occasion. The clothes fit the dress of a thirteen-year-old—the age the suicidal alter saw herself. This personality worked hard to disguise the core persona. Though, there was an obvious age difference. In reality, Jenny looked like a clown ludicrously dressed for a costume party.

Alter Janet’s angst reflection in the mirror showed how much Paul was

detested, how J.J. was despised and even how thoroughly Jenny was disliked because the host persona had put this alter through so much suffering. Life sucked, period. Alter Janet mostly slept after Paul's last rape at age seventeen, except for an occasional suicide attempt. But the other morning when Jenny woke up, the thirteen year-old thinking decided to, too. This time she would make sure they all died. Even J.J. couldn't stop her.

Satisfied with her pigtails, Janet rushed into the hallway. While passing a nursing station she reached for an open bottle of pills. Before they could be downed, her handful flipped into the air and cascaded to the floor. J.J. just thwarted another of Alter Janet's carefully planned suicide attempts. "You stupid nerd," J.J. shouted.

“I don’t want to die. No one in here does.”

By the time they reached Whatcott’s office Jenny’s eyes were J.J.’s dark-blue, the pigtails were no more and a sashaying rear end replaced Janet’s determined strut. The psychologist smiled, brushed aside a barrage of staff rushing the corridor toward them and closed the door.

J.J. plopped down saying, “Janet’s hell bent on murdering us and says there’s nothing I can do about it. Wes, would I die if Jen does?”

“Take a deep breath, J.J. We need to talk this out. In truth, you really don’t exist. Only Jenny does.”

“I don’t? That’s pretty ridiculous, Wes. Think about it. What if somebody said you didn’t exist?”

Like his colleagues, Whatcott had little training on how to counsel those with Multiple Personality Disorder, now known as Dissociate Identity Disorder. In this 1984 there were few multiplicity studies to read and no conferences on the subject to attend, that he knew. Something else wasn't apparent. That year in Chicago at the first meeting of the International Society for the Study of Trauma and Dissociation, therapists were asking each other for help with thousands of clients nationwide and in Canada who had multiplicity symptoms because of Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA). Like, Jenny.

What struck Whatcott about J.J.'s comment was that the alter certainly *was* real and probably knew more of what was

in that brain of Jenny's than he, or the core persona for that matter. J.J. had been around since age four when Jenny first separated into multiple thinking patterns and had the ability to show him the way. Together they could unlock that concealed door to repressed memories, providing he could locate that elusive key.

By now Whatcott knew Jenny could talk back to her inner voices and had a minuscule understanding of some. He asked for Alter Janet. J.J. responded by saying she would try to bring her up, but there was a dilemma. Janet hated the therapist, just as she did everybody and everything.

She paused, arose and walked over to a small ground-level window on the east

wall of his basement office. Mature aqua-turquoise eyes spanned the lawns preparing for winter, covered in the golden leaves of fall.

“Janet,” Whatcott said, “is that you?”

The figure standing with her back to the psychologist had no reply, until a grandmotherly voice piped her prim and proper attitude, “I, The Lady of Peace and Harmony, not you, mister, settle arguments in here. Like J.J. tried to explain, Janet doesn’t care to see you. She can only think of ending our thoughts.”

“Are you talking suicide?” the surprised psychologist asked.

“Of course. Janet’s been thinking about it since she was born. She was only four then. Several ideas have formed over the

years as she grew up. I'm concerned. Her techniques are getting more sophisticated. We try to stop the attempts. J.J. even seems obsessed with it. I've told everyone not to be frightened that we're going to die, but J.J. is their leader and seldom listens to me, or anyone else. J.J.'s life is circumscribed by the limits of her own experiences, which are pretty sexual in nature. That girl is grown up in body, but her thinking is immature. J.J. would run into a wall if she weren't careful, which she never is. She has no long-term planning and wants immediate gratification. If the situation feels good, she'll go for it."

"Please sit down and tell me what your role is again."

The Lady ignored the invitation. It was she, not Whatcott, who had been the mind's counselor since childhood. She had no intention of giving up her position now.

“Dr. Whatcott, all three families of what you call alter personalities are known to me. I've arbitrated their arguments since childhood. I know them better than anyone, even Jenny. She has no understanding as to what I do. Never wants to hear the disagreements, let alone recognize who causes them. She's not able to do my job. Not yet. Bet even you can't identify the three families.”

“There are three families of alters?” he said. “There must be so much more in there that I don't understand. Perhaps you



can help me.”

“Be happy to. Today my problem child is Janet. It’s like contending with a houseful of kids. You must meet a lot of those in your profession. Oh dear, someone’s coming,” said the Lady as Jenny’s hand touched her pulsating forehead. “She’s here. It’s been a heavy day and I don’t have a lot of time left. If you do your job, I’ll do mine and we’ll get along fine.”

The prim and proper attitude turned the body around, walked from the window and sat down, lowering her head.

For several minutes Whatcott looked at the top of curly auburn hair. When the face finally lifted, dark aqua-turquoise eyes rapidly darted back and forth.

“Who’s this?” he asked.

“No one’s dang business, Mr. Nosey,” Alter Janet said, blowing him a raspberry. The image-conscious thirteen year-old brat tried to braid a pigtail, but unable to find bands, released it to fall beside her drawn facial lines.

“Janet? Yes, there’s hostility in those eyes, so you are Janet, aren’t you? What were you doing with those pills this morning?”

“Duh, trying to swallow them, of course. It could have worked if that Jack Wagon J.J. hadn’t taken over. Quit asking her to tell you what happened to Jenny ‘cause she don’t know everything and those of us who do certainly ain’t telling you. We don’t trust nobody. Won’t spill

our guts to no one but Jenny and she's not willing to face us. There's enough litter floating around in here without your interference. Got that? Jen's the one who's supposed to listen 'cause it's all her fault. If she would believe what we tell her these terrible thoughts might go away. But oh no, she lives in La La Land and won't do a thing about our situation. So, I will."

Again her head bowed. Moments later Jenny raised it as Whatcott was finishing his notes. Her only remembrance was going to bed last night and then waking up with sun streaming through her room's barred windows. The rest of the day was a fat zero. She thought, *How'd I get to Wes's office?*

A prison inmate, Kendal, befriended the young woman during his ninety-day psych evaluation. The brawny 6'4" black man sometimes came over and she let him sit by her in the Day room, a musty TV area last furnished in the fifties. They'd eat together, watch flicks, or just hang out. More than once he'd fight off the "horny fruitcakes" that J.J. tried to seduce.

One afternoon they were sitting in the Day room. Kendal was explaining his parentless childhood among the street gangs of Chicago where survival meant facing existence up front. Jenny was in her usual dreamland delusions, trying to deceive herself into thinking that bad experiences could be simply wiped away as dew from the morning newspaper of childhood. For her, the chasm between

fantasy and reality yawned wide open, while Kendal was prone to slam it shut, “Why did you try to commit suicide again?”

“I have no idea. It must have happened during one of my blank periods. My whole life has been that way. I’m afraid of myself. There’s no telling what I’ll do next.”

They were interrupted by an announcement over the intercom that a patient named Greg had shot himself. Several of those sitting around were jolted, though none more than Jenny. She knew Greg from her working days at the hospital. He was institutionalized because of brain damage from heavy opiate use. After losing her job, they had a chance

meeting on a Provo street—he on a weekend pass. The next thing Jenny knew she was interwoven with him, wiggling to the roar of Provo Canyon's Bridal Veil Falls. J.J. had her way, again.

Within the hour it was determined that if Greg had the guts to die, so did Alter Janet. The suicidal personality unfolded a plan she had been toying with for weeks. The thirteen year-old alter tried to disguise herself by not doing Jenny's hair in pigtails, recovered a powder tin long hidden in her dresser drawer and crept into the last stall of the women's bathroom. She studied a small window above the toilet, secured that latch with tin, smashed the window, selected a shard of glass and placed it under Jenny's left wrist. Cutting began. Emancipation was

imminent. No one would be able to clamp the blood fast enough. No longer would the alter have to carry the burden of Paul's rapes, the Old Man's programming, or not crying out and saving Angeletta from the sword. Nothing would hurt anymore.

A friend, Diane, herself a recently diagnosed multiple, noticed a "different" Jenny walk toward the bathroom. Diane's male personality followed. Hearing sounds of a breaking window, he/she hollered for assistance and then picked the lock with his/her fingernail. It took the entire strength of Diane's male personality to fight off a demonic Alter Janet.

The disturbance rushed those on duty to the bathroom, along with prisoner-inpatients called to help. Kendal led the

way. After bandaging Jenny's slashed wrist, they carried the fighting woman into Seclusion and tied her to a bed with three-point restraints.

Kendal sat by her side as she pled, "I'll be a good girl. Don't tie me down. I can't go through that again. Can't. Just can't."

After settling down, sympathetic staffers loosened the bands around her waist, wrists and one leg. An orderly explained that Diane had done the impossible by picking the lock and holding off the wonky woman fifteen people had trouble subduing.

Seclusion was all Jenny's for the next few days. Four attendants accompanied her to the restroom when necessity called. Still, optimism ruled. Her thirty-day



evaluation period ended this week and she'd go back to her sons.

A few days later Jenny had her day in court. The judge banged his gavel at proceedings' end, saying to the relief of several personalities in attendance, "Virginia Louise Hill, you're committed to the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital."

# THE MURKY PSYCHIATRIC HALLWAY

**Friday, 14 December 1984.**

With repudiation always just a heartbeat away, Jenny decided to end this unending lunacy and make a home for her boys. She circled her six-month release date on the calendar and the countdown began.

Jenny's unusually high intellect helped her survive a ruinous childhood. Now it would prove useful in the healing process. Her memory bank was a cesspool of child molesters—uncaring women and men who revered hedonism—none with respect for the love that should bind life together.

Hospital structure allowed the attractive young woman to become increasingly aware of her surroundings:

patients who shuffled down white corridors; clinking of dining room silverware; whistles of males trying to get her attention. They didn't, at least not in a way she remembered.

Under guardianship of this 24/7-inpatient treatment Jenny's multiple personalities were feeling safe enough to begin releasing their trenchant experiences. Therapy was intense and interwoven with blank periods of their takeovers. She fell into profound trances in order to keep sane, re-living catastrophes indelibly etched onto her broken record of despair.

In order to face this corroded past Whatcott taught Jenny to transport herself to safe places in her mind. Her pretense

consisted of curling up in her old lumpy roll-a-way beneath Grandma's silk-top quilt; sitting on the back yard fence writing poems and watching Disneyland fireworks light up the sky; hiding in the sanctuary of her bedroom closet, or best of all, listening to Rod Stewart's *I'm Sailing* while standing barefoot in the sand by the rolling Pacific Ocean, wrapped in Jack's arms.

When awake, and Jenny was conscious a lot now, she found herself closeted in her room making up poems, browsing scriptures, studying the book that befriended her, the *Miracle of Forgiveness* and jotting in journals. Alter personalities penned her diary also, but those entries were only read by Whatcott and, of course, J.J.

Using Whatcott's techniques Jenny was able to recognize the different voices in her head, though it was still hard to discern any reasoning behind their confusing conversations. She forced herself to concentrate hard to hear the sobs from within and when she did, their recollections edged to the surface and exploded. Cries of her inner children were heard at last. Alter personalities spoke a macabre language of dissociation that linked her past exploits in an epic battle betwixt good and evil.

The Greenbaum mind-control used on Jenny was designed not to destroy her memory, but to keep it repressed until perpetrators chose to bring it forward, giving them life-long governance over her thinking. As an innocent victim of this

system Jenny held rather than eliminated, childhood ordeals. The brutal experiences were choreographed far into her subconscious so as to gnaw away at her mental, physical and spiritual health.

Having an inherent sense of how to assess this complicated Green programming, Dr. Whatcott had Jenny close her eyes and relax, “I want you to find the center of your soul. Listen to what all the arguing in there is about and tell me what you feel.”

Several weeks of therapy passed before Whatcott was able to take Jenny down stairs of her complex mind to a door-lined hallway. J.J. hustled from the first entrance on the right and let it all out. The alter told of Paul’s weekly incest, of

yearly 21<sup>st</sup> June hair dyes, how she thoroughly enjoyed buying revealing clothes and included a blow-by-blow account of her very frank interview with LDS General Authority Grant Bangerter.

During ensuing episodes between the two mind sisters, J.J. got pissed when Jenny chose not to face things. Repudiation made it impossible to work out their repressed memories. Like their friend Kendall, precocious J.J. was a realist, “Damn it, Jen, you’re gonna hear all ‘bout Paul’s B.S.”

Paul was always there, at least in the beginning. Kind Whatcott was around also—the Good Samaritan in his tan suit, white shirt and conservative tie; sitting behind an oak desk, his reflection on the

barred window—everywhere were signs of his unflagging empathy and wisdom.

Details were as fresh as if the events happened yesterday. She recounted certain random thoughts over and over: Paul's sweaty skin against hers; "Pssst, pssst, psst" from the green bedroom doorway; "Salome, Salome, Salome" in a candle lit room; Snap. Snap. Snap of the Old Man's fingers; pee/semen/blood-stained sheets; floating in the air above a vat of urine and blood; tied to a cross, cameras clicking, as grown men took pictures of her six year-old body; the stench of burning flesh in a crackling fire. Some recall made sense. Most didn't.

When repressed memories interrupted her consciousness Jenny asked penetrating



questions about her past. Whatcott repeated them back, to J.J. actually, who usually came up with answers, right or wrong, but nevertheless filled in blank periods, explaining mysteries of their childhood, especially Thursday nights with Paul.

Eventually J.J. decided to introduce the family. The alter took Jenny down stairs of her mind to the bleak corridor, this time passing the alter's own door to enter a second on the right. Alter Virginia enthusiastically waved, but her own unnamed personality sitting beside her wouldn't allow the alter to talk.

J.J. opened the next one, an ice-cold handle chilling to the bone. Homicidal Alter Jennea had a malicious look in her

light-blue eyes. A bare room displayed four types of wicked-looking knives sticking into a wall—a fantasy of the frizzy-redheaded girl's murderous tendencies toward Paul.

Two diminutive girls held hands behind another door. One had short, dark-brown hair and looked like Jenny's sister Sharon when she was age eleven—a delusion that the sibling should have helped handle their father. Alter Sharon's emerald eyes looked sad and protective of the twin whose hand she held—Alter Gennesa, who had ratted sandy hair, but no facial features. Paul's outrageous sexual acts on Jenny's face made her feel unworthy to have eyes, mouth or nose.

Alter Vennessa's Latino-style room

featured a lacy canopy bed. The sophisticated twenty-five year-old Chicana wore wavy-ginger hair that hung to her waist. She was dressed in expensive boots and a silk purple gown accented with pounds of jewelry bouncing on her buxom cleavage. Vennessa couldn't talk about the gang rape. Still processing that episode, holding back tears, she anxiously waved for J.J. to shut the door.

Crying Alter Jennese wasn't around, having integrated when Dr. Whatcott filmed Jenny's session. Though, suicidal Alter Janet certainly was, sitting by a wicker vanity that matched the Hill's bathroom clothesbasket. Her dark aqua-blue eyes were filled with malcontent, curly hair wrapped in pigtails and bows.

In a corner of the next room, seventeen year-old Alter Rachel who oversaw Suicidal Janet by pretending to be the protective mother Jenny never had, squirmed in Mercy's rickety rocking chair, her long hair bouncing.

Another door opened to the girls' restroom at Garden Grove Elementary. Alter Teri was perched on dusty wooden rafters above the stalls. The nine year-old, idly swinging her crossed feet back and forth, feared going home to Paul.

The last enclosure, Jenny's best loved, housed a collection of antique rocking chairs. The one in the center, moving in a slow steady rhythm, held the silver-haired Lady of Peace and Harmony. Her arthritic fingers guided a long quilting needle

through layers of silk fabric. The Lady knew Grandmother Thelma very well and like granny, gave good advice: “Jenny, you’re not to enter any more rooms. Alter Gretchen doesn’t feel like talking. Her offspring, Tammy, isn’t ready to meet you, nor is one called Pixie.”

Seven doors on the other side of the hallway remained inviolate. No one in that family would talk about something called the Black Temple. Jenny still refused to recognize another family of personalities existed—those holding ritual abuse memories—and their leader, Angelic, wasn’t about to crack barriers without an invitation.

The aluminum Christmas tree

multicolored lights winked, part of the time. Its chipped balls and crinkled tinsel had been dragged from someone's dusty attic for donation to the hospital years ago. Faded red and green construction paper chains festooned long hallways. Handmade white-paper snowflakes were taped to frosty windowpanes. All failed to cheer patients on the chronically ill ward. It was a time of rejection from friends and families too caught up in their own festivities to visit. No one wanted to deal with the mentally ill, especially during the holidays. Even staff fought for days off.

Jenny sat in the Day room by the pathetic Christmas tree with J.J. and their new friend, Wanda. They had only themselves. Jenny lamented that her family refused to bring the boys for a visit. J.J.

was bored and sex starved.

Wanda discussed her parents: “My family didn’t send me a Christmas card this time. They never visit. Haven’t for years. That’s okay. I never met Dad and heard Mom died. Even if she did, thought she’d at least call.”

Wanda arose without further comment, leaving Hill with a smile. She had come to know patience for others’ delusional thinking. Her eyes closed to the shabby tree lights.

Spiritual Alter Virginia opened them. The twenty-five year-old personality arose and walked down the gloomy hallway looking at the pitiful patients. The alter didn’t want to be there and felt like

hiding. Trying to find the core persona, she approached the desk asking, “Where’s Jenny?”

“That’s who you are,” a long-faced nurse said, then abruptly stepped away. Her question embarrassed the host persona who was around, watching from afar, while Alter Virginia thought, *People are always confusing us.*

The alter continued her cautious wanderings, snooping into patient rooms through their always-open doors. Returned stares sent tingles down her spine. Virginia found an empty room, where she admired the image of her own unnamed six year-old alter in a mirror, “My, I’m quite pretty with those golden freckles.”

Meanwhile Jenny stared at herself from



the recesses of her mind and thought, *That looks like me at age six. Must be that personality Wes described, Virginia—my spiritual self as a child who has perfectly curled brown hair.*”

Later that day Alter Jennea got up as Virginia, her unnamed alter and Jenny lay down together on the faded Day room couch. Homicidal Jennea didn't mean to cause trouble, just wanted to slit Paul's scum-sucking throat. It was the night attendant's fault. He looked too much like Father Hill when he whispered from the green doorway, “Psst. Psst. Psst. Jenny, you should be in bed.”

His timing proved disastrous. Jennea picked up a ceramic lamp, raised it

upward and roared, “We’re not going to bed, Asswipe. I’ll bash in your worthless skull if you try anything.”

The astonished attendant backed out of the room. Soon an entire first floor staff appeared, along with inmate troops from the second and third floors. The crowded room full of males only made Jennea more determined. She stood firm, lamp in hand, yelling, “I’ll kill anyone who tries to take us to bed.”

Eighteen men in all stopped in their tracks and formed a huddle, from which muffled voices made suggestions like: “Jenny, do you want to talk this out?”

The sight of a tight circle of men staring at her made Jennea raise the lamp higher saying, “Come closer and I’ll shove this

up your arse.”

The hushed discussion continued. Their circle broke—each in a dead run to grab a cushion. They piled on from all sides, forcing the young woman to the floor. It took eight strong orderlies to carry Jenny’s wrenching body into Seclusion, strap her down and give an injection.

The next morning Whatcott determined it was high time to face the past. He would confront the perpetrator who topped the list. J.J. agreed, “Gonna slam Paul’s garbage into his faggy mouth.”

Dr. Whatcott invited Mercy, too, though Paul arrived alone. Father politely nodded to his daughter and sat down while expressing unrestrained defiance, “Can’t

understand why Virginia's here or why you're insisting I come to this funny farm. Don't want anything to do with this wacky place."

J.J. didn't waste time, "You raped me for years, ya twisted reprobate."

"Like Hell I did," Paul yelled back, his devious eyes switching from floor, to Jenny, to Whatcott, to the floor again, "You're such a liar, Sister."

Paul explained the Scorpios' arrest for sexually abusing fifteen girls in the neighborhood, but Virginia's only complaint was how those boys tied her to a swing. "This is the thanks I get," he said, "for providing Virginia three hots and a cot and watching my grandsons while she lounges around in here."

As Paul's voice raised, Whatcott tried to bring it down, but J.J. cut him off in the middle, "Tell the truth for once, you perverse SOB!"

Father's face reddened. He stood and without a word, left.

Paul vanished with no remorse and Jenny questioned whether he did anything wrong. Whatcott replied, "Why would a parent not tell investigators that his six year-old was tied up by the very pedophile who attacked his three year-old, plus most girls in the neighborhood? Why would he be mad at your mother for reporting to police? He didn't say anything because the law might discover he was molesting you."

"No shit, Sherlock," J.J. shouted.

The following week Whatcott's secretary was quite insistent that both parents come for the appointment. The Hills reluctantly strode into his office with a basket of fruit and nervous smiles. Father made his humble offering with an eye on the psychologist, "Here's your Christmas present, Virginia. It's a little late, sorry."

Mercy claimed her daughter was in treatment because of the Scorpios. "Right before we moved to Utah Maynard was released from Juvenile Detention," she said. "He came over to the house looking for Virginia and ... "

"Wait a second," Father intervened in a raised voice. "I've got something ... "

“I would like Jenny to speak first,” Whatcott interrupted, “then Mercy, then you, Paul.”

Jenny leaned forward to peer directly into her mother’s empty eyes, “Mom, Father sexually abused me every Thursday night while you were at your Relief Society meeting. It started when I turned four and continued until I was twelve. He did it again when I was seventeen. I think it was because you didn’t make love to him.”

Mercy glared at the child from whom so many troubles flowed, took a questioning look at her “six-foot two, eyes-of-blue,” then switched back to Whatcott to say, “No way would my sweetheart do such a thing. We’ve slept apart for one year

only.” She turned to Jenny, “Virginia, how dare you say that. You’ve always been pampered, ungrateful, and blame your strange problems on everyone else.”

“Mom, why do you lie?” Jenny asked. “You’ve made up your roll-a-way in the front room since I was little and even now you two have separate bedrooms.”

Shaking in agitation, Paul studied the floor, each incriminating assertion reverberating throughout the office. Soon “Father” could stand no more. He abruptly stood, snatched the gift basket from his daughter, along with Mercy, and marched out.

That was it. The big interview was over.

The vanishing parent act didn’t surprise



Whatcott. It did his patient, “Is my wacko mind making this up? Why did Mom lie?”

Whatcott placed his arm around her thin shoulders. His voice didn't waver as he explained, “Jenny, why would Maynard be looking for you when he was convicted of abusing your sister, plus half the neighborhood? Did he have something to hide and didn't want you to expose it? Why is your mother so defensive? Is she jealous of your relationship with her husband? Did she know Paul was raping you and tacitly agreed?”

Jenny's helter-skelter thoughts collapsed into one, *Mom knows!*

## RITUAL ABUSE MEMORIES

**Friday, 21 June 1985. Age 26.**

Severe physical injuries were easy to diagnose and treat, versus a splintered soul. After several months of intensive study Whatcott assumed he had an inclination of what Jenny Hill's mind was all about. That is, until the day he talked her back down to age six.

Alter Angelic woke up and ran around the office, yelling hysterically, "They're going to kill us. They'll murder me!"

For a few moments the psychologist observed the frantic hysterics.

"Don't say a word or the men in black will hurt us, bad," Angelic warned. "Shhh. Don't yell. Don't moan. Quit yelling,

Angeletta, they'll kill you.”

He reached for the intercom button, “Send in help.”

Back in Seclusion and bound to a heavy chair, child-like screams bounced off padded walls, “Please don't tie Jenny down and murder us.”

The assistant untied one leg. Alter Angelic crossed it while receiving a tranquilizer. Whatcott slowly circled his patient, stroking his chin, “Who are you?”

“You don't want to know because it's my fault for taking that all-day-sucker.”

The medication quickly took affect and she was released.

The next morning Jenny closed her eyes and relaxation techniques took her back to the brain wavelength where Angelic's general programming resided. The alter let go of what she'd carried from her birth at Jenny's age six. It was all her fault for taking that sucker. She told of how she couldn't make a noise around the Halloween men. "The Shocked One won't let us talk," she said. "There's the Evil One who only moans and groans; the Frightened One and Jason who is very strong. He's the protective father we never had and ready to smack anyone trying to snag Jenny. The men in black threatened Jason with death if he uttered a sound so Alter Joan talks for him, plus for the Shocked and Frightened Ones."

"There's many who injured Jenny and

did so several times?" the surprised therapist asked.

Angelic ignored the question. It was forbidden to talk about those men in black. If she did they would kill Jenny and all of the Hills for that matter. She'd better stick to ratting out her own alter personality family, "The Dark One has long hair, wears that hooded gown and wants to look like the Halloween people. She holds a doctor's bag because the little blonde-haired girl's head is supposed to be in it. The Dark One's trying to find someone to sew it back on."

The alter looked up to address Dr. Whatcott, "She thinks maybe you could do it because you're a doctor. Isn't that interesting, Wes? That's one of the issues

in here. We're forever trying to fix things, but no one takes us seriously. There's so much pain. Can you make it go away?"

More personalities were ready to come forward with their adulterated memories though Jenny, evidently, wasn't ready to face them because Angelic lowered her head.

A few seconds later, Jenny raised it and looked out the barred window, *There's no light outside, must be night. Put these clothes on this morning so it's gotta be the same day.* "Musta had a very long session," she said.

"Jenny? Jenny, do you know the alter personalities called Angelic, Joan, Jason, the Dark, Frightened, Evil or Shocked Ones?"

“No” she ruefully replied.

The date on the judge’s original six-month order had long since passed and a second circled the calendar. Months dragged on, intermingled with strange behaviors Jenny refused to believe were hers.

Christmas came again without pretty cards or soothing carols. No friendly relatives stood around the aluminum tree. No one called on the hall phone to wish Jenny a Merry Christmas. She hadn’t seen her children since entering the evaluation unit over a year ago. After eating the cafeteria-style Yuletide brunch complete with re-constituted turkey, an angry patient broke the tree lights and busted limbs

apart. The incident created a rippling wave of resentments that swept through the ward of suffering patients.

In the Day room a friend, Barbara, noticed Jenny crying. She slowly approached and placed a comforting arm around her, “Guess what? For Christmas I received brandied candy from my grandmother in London. You want half?”

Jenny’s eyes brightened. In earnest they proceeded to appease their loneliness with the rich chocolates. By box’s end, lost parents had been forgotten. Smashed she was.

These past unending months while filtering through Father’s incestuous acts Jenny’s mind-control programming remained locked in limbo. Her alter



personalities found it repugnant there. They wanted to be cleansed of the muddied truth, though couldn't express themselves without validation. Brandied chocolates changed things.

In the late afternoon Jenny woke up with a hangover sitting Indian style, writing in an open journal on her lap. Hastily scrawled messages sprang from the pages.

Alter personalities had given her a priceless Christmas gift—all they had—the mordant truth of their lost childhood:

J.J: Paul came to me with Vaseline sometimes 2 to 3 times at night in the dark and told me he would kill me if I told. He hurt me badly. I hate

that perverted slimy asshole. I want to kill him. He hid behind his church positions. I HATE THAT bastard.

Hello. I am The Lady of Peace and Harmony of the 2 families. I am in charge of settling fights & keeping people inside Jenny. Sometimes I have trouble the most with Janet who is 13 & lives in both families. She blames Jenny for all the rapes. Her vengeance is to kill Jenny. J.J. does not want to be Mormon & Jenny does, so that's mainly my problem, to keep them inside Jenny. Then there is the Shocked One. She can't talk. She just is in shock when things get bad. And there is one more that we all don't know about (The Evil One).

I do a lot of work for Jenny. My name is J.J. I had a good clientele with businessmen, lawyers, doctors and salesmen. Jenny doesn't know all the details of prostitution. I'm a part of Jenny that had to live with Paul raping her at night. We blocked it out real good, but at times Jenny wanted to know, so I showed her tidbits of what Paul did. He is the

sickest man I've been with & I've been with about 800 men. When Paul F- me it felt like labor so Jennea took over. I'm going to ask Jennea if she wants to write down what she went through for Jenny.

Jennea: I handled the rest of Paul's rapes because J.J. would pass out when he tried to penetrate, but couldn't, until we got cut open by the Scorpios. I handled the pain and shock.

OK. I'm back. I'm J.J. Maybe I'll have a few more personalities come out & explain why they're inside Jenny. I'm 40 years old & am her mother she never had. We all love her because what she went through as a child & was raped by her father from 6-12 years old. OK. I'll bring Gretchen.

Hi. I'm Gretchen. I'm very friendly. I talk Southern style. Jenny's father raped Jenny at 8 years old when the family stayed in a motel to visit

his sister Aunt Mac & Uncle Guy. I have no vengeance, but I love to go to bed with men. I'm a blast at a bar. I like country music. I go out where nobody knows Jenny & find friends that know me as Gretchen. I was born when Jenny was 8 years old. See ya'll later. Bye.

Hello my name is Gennesa. I have a sister named Sharon. We were with Jenny in kindergarten. The Old Man gave us candy. I blocked out stuff and Sharon takes the pain. We are called personalities, but we are people inside.

Okay. My name is Virginia. I do what Jenny or J.J. doesn't want to do. I mind very well. I am 7 years old. I'm scared when I come out. Everybody hates me but Jenny. I loved Greg who died and blew his head with a gun. I was so special he liked me & wanted to marry me. He said to Jenny that he loved her. I've got to go. Bye. I suck my finger & hide from my dad.

I'm Sharon & I don't want to talk about it.

My name is Vennessa. I blocked out Jenny so she didn't have to feel pain from the ten Mexicans. After the rape she couldn't speak and associate, so I did. She was teased by sisters and at school, felt ugly and worth nothing, so I dressed up and showed her how beautiful she really is.

Now I'm back, J.J. I don't put up with no shit from nobody. F- the world. I don't do anything except for money & sex with strangers. One man can't satisfy my needs. I got attention & love more in a massage parlor than I ever did in Jenny's house. Well it's fun being a hooker. No emotional relationships, but lots of money, attention & sex. I love sex. I'm an excellent hooker. I've got to go. And anybody that reads this & puts Jenny down for it because of the Hell I went through for years in the dark with Jenny's father, isn't worth shit. Paul is sicker than anything I've written. I HATE HIM.

Hello. My name is Jennese. I cry for Jenny. Her

family hurts her & me so bad I cry. Jenny's dad told her not to cry because it would wake up the family at night. Bye. I feel sorry for Jenny. She doesn't deserve the bad stuff that has happened to her. I hate her family & love them too. It hurts. Memories hurt. I wish I can forget things but I can't.

My name is Angelic. I am the spokesperson for the Frightened One, Jason & Joan & Janet & more.

The Shocked One: I helped Jenny by being abused by Paul and the 2 Scorpio brothers who tied me up and raped me. They said, "We need to prepare you."

I am Angelic & we will not talk about the boys. No one will. I am the spokesperson to The Frightened One, Jason & Joan & Janet. 3 more. Good Bye. They prepared me for a ritual that happened with a cult of 45 people, June 21<sup>st</sup> 1965

& I took all the pain, along with a part of me we named Jason.

Pixie: I was born when Paul was alone with Jenny because Mercy wouldn't take her to Primary. He says, "Let's play a game." "Please don't Father. DON'T," I said. He laughed & took me in the dryer & shut the door and turned it on. It got hot & I got sick and couldn't breathe and passed out. I screamed. He put masking tape on my mouth and said: "I saved your life." Pixie is scared to death. And I remember it, Jenny, and you don't.

Jenny studied drawings by Alter Pixie: a clothes dryer; an outline of Paul's bedroom and a child-like sketch of a girl's face with tacks in it. At long last she recalled the afternoon Mom took her sisters to their church Primary party, leaving her behind holding a small

handmade gift—the result from days of careful preparation for an unnamed Primary Pixie Pal. Alter Pixie was born that night to hold the memory of Paul's rape, putting Jenny in the hot dryer to tumble around and using her face as a map for his thumbtacks.

Jenny reluctantly accepted her incestuous relationship with Father as it came to light, but more disconcerting were entries by Angelic and her alter family. Jenny became who she was by age six on that overcast day of Summer Solstice. "Salome, Salome, Salome" obsessed her for a lifetime. She retained unknown fears and an abject sense of hopelessness. Now the men in black began an hourly tramp over the programmed young woman.



She'd been living in twenty-three separate worlds—her own and those of her twenty-two multiple personalities—looking for the right time, the right moment, to face answers to questions that for years robbed her sleep. With that second calendar date fast approaching, time started now. On her own, without Whatcott's help, she would face the fright-mares. She must get a handle on them and quickly, if she were to live another day.

That night she lay in bed counting backward, "Angelic, please, talk to me."

Behind closed eyes six year-old Angelic appeared, pointed an accusing finger in her direction and said, "It was your fault Angeletta died."

Then, it began:

Drumbeats. Candles. Sounds of “Salome. Salome. Salome.”

Tied to a cross in a dark garage with men taking pictures of her nude body.

Lying strapped to a table shaped like a cross with robed men in white makeup and black-ringed eyes surrounding her.

“Malicious acts fractured your thinking,” Whatcott said the following morning. “Your Alter Angelic needs to confess.”

He asked Jenny to lay on his couch, close her eyes and find the stairs that led to the long hallway. When there, J.J. introduced Head Alter Angelic, who took her down a second set of barren steps, deeper into the mind—to the left doors this

time. Angelic tried forcing open several doors, then gave up in defeat.

The short therapy session ended in Seclusion where orderlies laid Jenny on the floor, her unyielding legs outstretched, as if tied down—the same as happened in years forgotten on a white table shaped like a cross.

Two naked girls were tied up in a room full of burning candles and beating drums, with black-eyed people in white makeup staring at them.

Staff could not fathom the reason Jenny lapsed into hysterics, nor why when released from restraints, she tossed, turned and raced around Seclusion, “Send them away!”

The next day Angelic talked to Whatcott, “There are others Jenny needs to meet.”

He listened carefully as the alter brought up her family tree. The Frightened One came first, talking through Alter Joan, of scarlet memories embracing a flashing red light:

Jenny was undressed and tied to a chair with a cold metal rod stuck inside. Excruciating pain erupted as a red light filled the room.

An old man talked in a German accent: “Lay on the bed, spread your legs, look into the light, or we’ll turn the rod on again, dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three, Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap.

“It works. Hell, it works,” Maynard exclaimed.

In future sessions more personalities arrived: the Shocked One, a six year-old mute girl with brown hair and eyes, plus Alter Jason, who made muscles twitch all over her body as she lapsed into convulsions.

Jenny was so incoherent that she made another trip to Seclusion, where staff secured her to a papoose board. Whatcott requested help from Alter Joan to speak for Jason and the Frightened and Shocked Ones. A deep groaning followed, compliments of Alter The Evil One. Her body went into contortions, wrenching and straining. The board broke and she finally mellowed.

Until that evening when staff oversaw Jenny tied to a gurney in the hallway.

There she heard, visualized, then felt:

Screams ... Long needles ... bare bottom in the air with hot pain inside ... Tied to a cross table ... Dog's stomach cut open ... Bloody organs forced into her mouth ... Vomiting dark purple chunks ... A black-hooded man in white makeup coming toward her, a long shiny sword in his hand.

Excruciating agony exploded from the past. Electrical bolts struck her body, one direction and then the other. Her nipples felt on fire. She leaned over to vomit and screamed again.

By morning Whatcott advised her to communicate with the alters by writing in her journal and request that they write

back. She tried, but didn't know if the task was accomplished because there were more blank periods, then journals couldn't be found.

As weeks progressed her recollections became more detailed—the reactions to them, more violent. It was a never-ending procedure. Days disintegrated into one another as she went further down stairs of her mind to her very foundation, a corridor of sensory deprivation. Not unlike the stark mental ward basement in which she was confined.

Her evenings were spent thrashing about on her gurney in the hallway. The necessary restraints only prompted more revulsion:

Tied to a chair ... Staring into a red light ...  
Standing in a white room ... Tied to a white cross  
table ... Men in black putting a hot iron inside her  
... A screaming girl.

Putrid smells of an abattoir dominated her thinking. Alters the Dark and Evil Ones, who looked like the Halloween People, lay her body prone to moan and groan as the blonde-haired girl kept yelling. Screeching pounded her brain as she cried over, over and over, “Make her stop yelling. We can’t make a sound, or they’ll kill us. You’ve got to make her stop.”

Her journals continued to vanish and hours later show up on the nightstand.

Whatcott became increasingly



concerned as he read each new entry:

We were put on the tables. Our arms were tied and legs spread apart. I didn't fight, but Angeletta did. Fifteen people were around me. Two of them were women.

They cut open a light colored puppy and made me eat his stomach when it was still whining. It suffocated me to eat the dog's insides. They laughed.

They each had a pin and put it in their candle to get hot and put them in me. They twirled them around in sequence. When they pulled out the pins, my body went into un-controllable shakes, but I didn't say anything.

They made me drink my vomit. One man from each group heated a poker in the fire and opened my bottom with tiny prongs and stuck it in deep. They did the same to the other girl and she was screaming. Everyone was looking at her.

They left me limp and numb and went back to their seats. I hardly had the strength to look at

Angeletta. The High Priest man took a sword that was gold on the hand part and he lifted it in the air.

I saw the sword go in Angeletta's chest. She screamed so horribly and I wanted to scream to save her, but I couldn't. It's a guilt I keep inside that no one can take away. He brought the sword down on her a second time, making an X in her chest. She gurgled and there was no more screaming.

Her head was sliced off. It rolled by my white cross table. They danced around her and sprinkled stuff as they were singing a foreign song. After a while they untied her body. Two men with hatchets chopped up the torso, arms first.

They placed Angeletta on her stomach in the fire pit, chopped her buttocks in half, cut her legs in two and stacked them in the fire pit, her head on top. I still remember the sight, smell and stench.

In the following weeks behind closed

eyes, locked doors and barred windows, the continuous vision of the blue-eyed blonde pleading for help invaded her very existence—a remembrance that brought both great relief that Angeletta no longer suffered and extreme guilt that Jenny wasn't killed instead.

Scraps of truth gathered, fell apart and reassembled a lifetime of unexplained nightmares. Then without warning, it was over. No more unexpected flashbacks during the day, or men in hooded robes surrounding her bed at night. Were these gruesome thoughts that defined her life really gone? If so, that was the good news. The bad: Jenny's relentless loneliness.

She had no visitors, including the Hills. Which bothered her not the least, but she

ached to hug her boys. Grandma Thelma, afraid to enter a psychiatric hospital, grew weak and died. Shamefully, no one bothered to take her cherished granddaughter to the funeral. Unbearable heartache settled in.

One dreary afternoon in the Day room Jenny was silently singing the blues when a new friend, Tera, caught her attention. She suffered brain damage and professed an ability to escape hospital doldrums by going anywhere, “I fly around all the time, circle the grounds outside,” she told Jenny. “Sometimes I see spirits—probably former patients. They don’t acknowledge me. You outta try it.”

“That’s not for me,” Jenny replied. “On three occasions here at the hospital I was

possessed by evil spirits and asked the Church Elders for a blessing to remove them. Dr. Whatcott feels my low self-esteem makes it easier for demonic forces to take advantage of me. I don't like negative powers outside myself taking over. It's a different feeling than in multiplicity. At least with my alter personalities the energy comes from inside, is part of me and I can deal with it."

"So what?" Tera said. "I'm multiple, too. My parents used drugs and torture to turn me inside out. Mom considered herself a witch and liked fooling around with levitation. You concentrate on Lucifer and ask him to help your spirit leave the body. Wanna try it?"

“Why not?” J. J. said. “This place stinks. I’m bored, ready for some action.” ... “No way,” Jenny asserted. “Not a chance.”

Tera left with a simpering smile. Her claims were well known around the hospital. Jenny paid them no mind. Dr. Whatcott reminded that she was extremely vulnerable in her present state. Levitation and evil spirits weren’t anything to mess with and certainly not worth the price it would extract.

Jenny made a firm decision while studying scriptures on her 27th birthday, 7 February 1986, a warm winter day. The passages strengthened a resolve to take charge of her life. She had acknowledged

her alters and their repressed memories, reclaimed a lost childhood and understood blessings of the miracle of forgiveness. The men in black no longer came and her court-ordered confinement had run over the deadline.

Whatcott urged her not to leave. Perhaps she shouldn't. There was safety here at the hospital, though that pot shining at the end of her rainbow was a reunion with her boys. Jenny always took Whatcott's advice, except at this final hour. She would be another walking wounded trying to make ends meet, but was convinced it could be done on her own.

She was required to spend four weeks in a halfway house on the hospital grounds

and while waiting there, had two additional evil spirit takeovers. Subsequent blessings by LDS Elders released them.

Jenny said her final good-byes as snow melted on the mountains, the hospital grounds dotted with patches of green. Dr. Whatcott remained skeptical while they walked up the basement stairs leading to the outside world, “Please stay a while longer. I don’t think you’re ready to be released.”

“Maybe not,” she answered, her voice completely level. “But I’m the only one who can deal with my past. Thank you for teaching me how. It’s my time to become a real mother.”

“You did the healing, not me. Please



don't be afraid to ask for professional help. We still don't know everything inside that brain of yours."

*Don't know all the crap that's in here either,* Jenny thought as the psychiatric hospital's squeaky-clean glass door slid shut.

She confidently walked toward an impatient Mercy waiting in the parking lot and for those brief moments, reveled in a Rock Canyon's brisk wind that blew toward Orem and her so-called "home."

## HEALING THE SPIRIT

**Friday, 14 March 1986, Age 27.**

In the hospital Jenny understood she exhibited strange behaviors, had no power over herself and sought places to hide: Whatcott's office, the quietude of Seclusion, or the security of her bed to write in journals. At the parents' house she found no such repose.

After a few months of shivering in the frosty atmosphere of the Hill society, the 27 year-old gained employment as a waitress, took her boys and left—hardly a strenuous task with no one bothering to say goodbye.

Without protection of psychiatric walls the young mother experienced bizarre

reactions to normal sights and sounds surfacing all around. Crowds reminded her of events in the sacrificial temple; blinking red traffic lights of the Old Man's tortuous mind-control programming and, although no longer surrounding her bed in nightmares, men in black clothing brought rebounding dread.

Keeping herself together without professional help was an ongoing challenge. Jenny found it difficult to express her feelings. Family and acquaintances didn't believe her extraordinary accounts of earlier years. She spent mornings in meditation, getting into the Alpha-Theta wavelengths of her brain to converse with alters. The personalities were still susceptible to unexpected bouts of fear that filled them

with trepidation. She ground her teeth together to stifle their screeching. Anxiety ran from every pore. She hashed over recollections of her demons with hundreds of heads, but for each she beheaded, a thousand more appeared. At times she blanked out, lost time, but pretended to be normal. Anyone might think so, anyone but herself.

Soon after moving into a small Provo apartment Jenny married a kitchen worker. The union produced a third child, Richard. About the same time it became obvious, sadly, that she had been unwise in her choice of a mate. Again. The alcoholic husband drank hard and often, beating Jenny whenever the spirits moved him. This ill treatment mirrored a glimpse of her destructive inner-self: a woman

unworthy of happiness, unbefitting of love.

On the other hand, her darling sons were God-sent and deserved better. With no money for a lawyer, she filed a do-it-yourself divorce, along with custody papers for the children—winning divorce; losing sons. The soon-to-be ex got his hands on J.J.'s journal and shocked His Honor by reading him alter accounts of Jenny's outrageous sexual exploits. The matter was cinched upon her own admitted multiplicity. Ex-husband received custody of all three children. A distraught Jenny could only visit her boys on weekends.

Jenny's never-ending job losses resulting from alter personality takeovers made her unemployable. She was

accepted on government disability and became an outpatient at Wasatch Mental Health—a requirement for continued Social Security assistance.

Eight years after leaving the hospital she finally decided to restrain one of the demons that had stalked her since childhood. In 1994 she called the FBI's Provo office, related her unbelievable story about the Scorpios and their murder of Angeletta and asked for an investigation. The agent seemed concerned, sympathetic, promised to look into the allegations and phone back.

The FBI didn't help. Supervisors refused to fund an inquiry for Jenny, even though their probe of medical records showed injuries corresponding with her

assertions.

The FBI's rejection only made Jenny more determined to validate Angeletta's death. Through the state hospital outpatient services she became acquainted with fellow ritual abuse survivors. One supplied her with a memorandum written by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints General Authority Glenn L. Pace, first counselor to the Presiding Bishop. Elder Pace was asked to supervise an investigative committee for the worldwide church headquartered in her home state of Utah.

Evidently since the 1980s, continuing ritual abuse accounts from local bishops alarmed spiritual leaders all over North America, Canada and Mexico. Elder Pace

conducted a yearlong study, the results of which he forwarded to the church's president at the time, Ezra Taft Benson.

A snippet of what Pace wrote back in 1990:

Pursuant to the Committee's request, I am writing this memorandum to pass along what I have learned about ritualistic child abuse. Hopefully it will be of some value to you as you continue to monitor the problem.

You have already received the LDS Social Services report on Satanism dated May 24, 1989, a report from Attorney Brent Ward and a memo from myself dated October 20, 1989 in response to Brother Ward's report.

I have met with sixty victims. That number could be twice, or three times as many if I did not discipline myself.

Of the sixty victims, fifty-three are female.



Seven are male. Eight are children. The abuse occurred in: Utah (37), Idaho (3), California (4), Mexico (2), and other places (14). Fifty-three victims are currently living in the State of Utah. All sixty are members of the Church.

Forty-five victims alleged witnessing or participating in human sacrifice.

Relatives, often their parents, abused the majority. All have developed psychological problems and most have been diagnosed as having Multiple Personality Disorder, or suffer from some form of Dissociation.

Ritualistic child abuse is the most hideous of all child abuse. The basic objective is premeditated. To systematically and methodically torture and terrorize children until they are forced to dissociate.

The torture is not a consequence of the loss of temper, but execution of well-planned, well thought out rituals, often performed by close relatives. The only escape for the children is to dissociate. They develop a new personality to endure various abuses.

Dissociation also serves the purposes of the occult because the children have no day-to-day memory of atrocities. They go through adolescence and early adulthood with no active memory of what is taking place.

Oftentimes they continue in rituals through their teens and early twenties, unaware of their involvement.

The LDS church turned over their information to Utah Attorney General Jan Graham. Her office had already interviewed police investigators and therapists working with Satanic Ritual Abuse survivors across the state. The legislature funded hiring of special agents for a probe of eight satanic covens practicing from Cache County up north to Kane County in the south.

Utah wasn't the only state trying to deal with the problem. Jenny found there were reports on ritual abuse of children from California to Massachusetts, Idaho to Texas and everywhere in-between. Police and members of national and international professional organizations, state committees and attorney general offices identified even more SRA survivors. As in the LDS report, most were diagnosed multiple. Like, Jenny.

She wasn't alone. Never had been. Hundreds, perhaps thousands dealt with her same barbaric scars.

Afternoons found Jenny in the BYU Library searching for meanings behind her torturous childhood. She read of one

symbol in particular: the insignia painted on the sacrificial altars. Ancient mystery religion's iniquitous sun-god worship required imprint of this same trademark during their human sacrificial rites. The symbol resembled the Greek alphabet letter T or Chi, originally cruciform in shape and found in the Aztec Cross Temple above the sacrificial altar, Mayan Cross, Celtic Cross, Egyptian Ankh, Phoenician and Old Hebrew Tau, Chinese Wan, plus the Buddhist and Hindu Swastika.

The Swastika, also known as the equal-sided cross, was embraced by occult-minded Hitler who reversed arms of the sacred emblem to denote black magic with a purpose of traumatizing those who recognized it as a sign of harmony.

Noted first century Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, wrote of a Qenites tribal mark tattooed on pagan initiate forehead or hand in honor of their progenitor, Cain. This wicked son's counterfeit sacrifice of the harvest instead of blood resulted in the murder of his brother, Able. The Hebrew Bible said that for this, "The Lord set a mark upon Cain."

In pagan human sacrifice worship this Mark of Cain, also known in antiquity as an equal-sided cross, Mark of the Cross, or Mark of the Beast, was tattooed on an initiate's forehead, hand, chest or back as notice that no matter the crime, the bearer wouldn't be held responsible.

Jenny remembered seeing this same red equal-sided cross sewn on white sheets of

the sacrificial alters and written in blood over her own and Angeletta's hearts just before the blue-eyed blonde was murdered. She also had a vague recollection of seeing it someplace else. The Red Cross was there, behind her closed eyes, though she couldn't quite visualize where.

An epiphany dawned with discovery of this symbol. Jenny had never been "crazy," "stupid," or "retarded" as Mom continually claimed, but somehow lived through a lifetime of inhumane treatment.

During childhood evil minions tried to overpower Jenny's spiritual self and relationship with God by creating dissociated thinking. This subjugation of

free agency inhibited some of her abilities, but didn't deter a crucible of faith firmly planted during childhood. After Virginia incorporated divine concepts by attending church, with Jenny most often blanked out. As time went by without her sons a notion became apparent: her empty shell needed regeneration.

Jenny dialed headquarters of the LDS church, hesitantly pressing keys until reaching the missionary department. Her tremulous voice stated, "I've been excommunicated and wondered if that can be changed. Could you send someone to teach me?"

Within a few days Elders Darling and Dima (an Albanian) knocked on her door

in the small town of Springville. The young men came back promptly at appointed times to present their lessons on the atonement of Jesus Christ, His love and the way to eternal happiness. “Your excommunication isn’t a punishment,” said Elder Darling. “It opens the way to be baptized again. You’re fortunate. I’m responsible for everything I’ve done since baptism at age eight, while you can start anew as an adult.”

Jenny embraced those ideals. Her alters, although mostly inactive by then, accepted them, too. Except for J.J., of course, who disliked the Church’s strictures on smoking, drinking and sex. Though, J.J. and ever-suicidal Janet weren’t deterrents. Janet left her fears at the state hospital and no longer attempted



suicide. She and J.J. listened in on Gospel discussions and before long these acting-out alters became unusually accustomed to this new contentment.

One morning during Jenny's mediation session J.J. asked what this tranquility was all about, unaware the hour was fast approaching when her big sister role would terminate. J.J. had advised the core persona from the day she was born at Jenny's age four. It was hard to lose identity, give up her function and accept a new value system. Integration could occur if she did. Jenny's thinking was gradually merging into a more mature philosophy than the corrupted personality espoused: an ability to repent, forgive, love self and serve others was all that really mattered.

For the most part, and because rebellion no longer fit Jenny's lifestyle, J.J. rests in a compartment of her mind.

Jenny explained her upended past to a group of High Counsel members over the LDS ward that attended outpatients of the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital. For over an hour she sat in a velveteen armchair of the reception area anxiously awaiting the verdict. Pondering her former life, she realized: *I forgot to tell them about my abortions!*

A member of the Stake Presidency finally opened the door, "We've prayed and feel there's something we don't know," he said.

"There is," she confessed.

They listened. A letter was soon typed, confirming her baptism date.

Jenny entered the large tiled font dressed in white. Former morbid anxieties vanished as Elder Dima immersed her body in warm water. After dressing in dry clothes, the Elders joined other priesthood bearers surrounding the young woman. With each man placing one hand on her head, the other on the shoulder of the next brother, Elder Darling confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Normally this configuration of men in a circle sprouted deadly fears. This day it didn't. Tears of joy streamed down

Jenny's face. A sweet peace she'd seldom felt before washed through her soul as she finally realized, *I'm clean!*

Continuing to read *The Miracle of Forgiveness* Jenny realized that her victimization could end if she accepted her ruinous childhood and forgave her perpetrators. She would find the Scorpios.

It took years to scrape together four hundred dollars of her meager income, though only a day's work by a private detective before Maynard's number sat in front of her. She dialed the unlisted California phone. A voice on the other end sounded older, but no wiser.

“Hello?”

“Is this Maynard?”

“Who?”

“Maynard Scorpio. I’m an old friend of his.”

“Who’s this?”

“You used to play with me and your sister, Mary, in Garden Grove.”

“Uh, must have the wrong number.”

“Such a tease, Maynard. I’d know your voice anywhere.”

“I’m not Maynard. He moved out last week.”

“That’s too bad. I wanted to tell him something. You sure sound like him.”

“Look, I’ll tell you my name if you’ll tell me yours. I’m Raymond.”

“Raymond? Remember me? I’m Jenny Hill.”

A pregnant silence ensnared. “Gotta go,” he abruptly said and hung up.

“Gotcha!” she smiled.

The next day she called the number again. It was no longer in service. That was okay. Jenny’s wish for revenge was ended, it only a lazy form of grief. Having already endured a lifetime of grieving, she would forgive and move on.

December of 2000 Jenny mustered courage enough to phone Mom and announce her re-admittance into the Church. Mercy’s uncaring voice changed the subject. She described yesterday’s fun

at the annual family Christmas party. Aunt Peggy and at least thirty other relatives came. She complained, “My legs are getting worse. I’m having a hard time recuperating from all that work.”

“Mom, I could have helped.”

“Oh, Virginia. I couldn’t handle having you here with the family.”

“I never get invited to your get-togethers. Don’t you care about me?”

Mercy’s long moments of reticence prompted Jenny to ask again, “Mom, I love you so much. Don’t you love me?”

Another extended silence brought the truth, “Let’s just say that I tolerate you.”

“Tolerate?” ... ”But, but ... Mom, did you ever love me?”

“Well, of course. As a baby you were so adorable, but all that changed around your fourth birthday. All of a sudden you were rebellious and pretending to be sick. Quit helping me around the house and withdrew from everybody, except your father. Virginia and Paul ... I can't imagine why you did that to me. You gave me so many problems I didn't ask for ... ”

The curt voice vanished. Phone clicked dead.

Jenny's solution to Mother's rejection took months to form and by then she was re-married. Returning from the honeymoon she desired to have that long overdue mother-daughter talk. Her sisters were grown and on their own. Mercy's thick



hair was thinning and her legs were so weak she used a wheelchair. Paul placed his wife into a care center.

On a calm Sunday afternoon the young couple found Mother in her nursing home. Sunbeams sizzled through a window to dance on Mercy's worn shell. The newlyweds slowly approached her brooding profile sitting in a wheelchair, reading in front of a blaring television, "Mom, it's me. Could you please turn off the T.V. so I can introduce my new husband?"

Mercy snapped her book shut and muted the television. "Virginia?" she said, swiveling her wheelchair around, "What have you done now?"

"Mark and I have married."

“Married? Again?” Mercy said, looking at him in disbelief. “Well, Mark, is that your name? Mr. Mark, hope you can make things work with Miss Scatterbrain. She’s two different people, ya know.”

The off-handed remark threw him a curve. “What do you mean?” he said, casting a questioning glance at his new bride.

Mercy spread her hands in resignation, “That was a long time ago. You’re probably different now aren’t you, Virginia? What have you been doing?”

A humiliating silence grew between them: a barrier both had known before. Jenny decided to put such negative thoughts aside, “I’m working with a therapist who’s using my journals to write

my biography. It's about Multiple Personality Disorder."

"You mean like *Three Faces of Eve*?"

"Yes, and *Sybil*, too."

"Sally Field won an Emmy for that, didn't she? With all those personalities it's no surprise that you're so strange."

Jenny smiled. "Actually Mom, I manage mine through prayer, meditation and ..."

"You're so crazy, Virginia" Mercy said, cutting her daughter short.

Way past her mother's insensitivity, Jenny continued in a low mesmerizing voice, "Mom, I'm multiple because Father and the Scorpio brothers raped me throughout my childhood," she said, the allegations standing fine hairs up on her

arm. “That would fracture anyone.”

“You’re such a liar,” was Mercy’s instant retort. “Told you before that my Paul would never do that. Though, there was something bad about those Scorpios ... I know, they did something to Liz. Tried to get her clothes off. Little five year-old Sharon chased them away. That night they came over and told us what they did, but Paul said not to tell. He was very upset when I called police.”

“Why would Father protect the Scorpios?” Jenny questioned as her eyes confronted Mom’s, “And, you told Dr. Whatcott after that sick Maynard got out of jail he came to our house asking for me. Why, if Liz was the one attacked?”

Mercy’s face reflected long-lost

recollections, making her words stumble, “Maynard, Maynard, that kid would only talk with your father,” she said. “They were outside. I didn’t hear what they were saying. But, Paul ... ” She stopped herself and then continued in disjointed ramblings.

Shivers engulfed Jenny as her mother droned on. It seemed an eternity before she was able to interrupt Mercy’s cavalier chattering, “Mom, I’m a victim of ritualized abuse and not the only one. Our church did a study where they found many people with multiple personalities who suffer the same that I endured.”

“Do you really expect me to believe anything you say?” came Mercy’s irritated reply.

Jenny continued, “LDS information confirmed research done in several states. Investigators and therapists deal with thousands of cases across the nation, and globe for that matter.”

“That can’t be so,” Mercy said adamantly, her eyes glowering. “You’ve always been good at making things up.”

For a moment Jenny’s heart constricted as she reminisced sitting on the tub rim watching Mother comb her hair, begging this most important person in her life not to leave her alone with Father. *Why didn’t Mom respond to my desperate pleas for help? Ever?* She would try one more time, “Mother ... you’ve got to understand. Father and the Scorpions did ugly things to me.”

Mercy's shaky voice caught in her throat, "My recollections of those days are pretty vague. I was told to send you to play with Mary, but didn't see what they were actually doing over there."

"You were told what?" Jenny asked. She was completely aghast and forced herself to say, "Did you know the Scorpions were hurting me?"

Mom stared away from her oldest. Time shattered as she carefully considering her answer, "Of course. Saw what those brutes did when you were tied to that bloody table."

Mom's abrupt admission rooted Jenny's feet to the floor. Fragments of inconceivable thoughts formed, lingered. Feeling woozy, she leaned against Mark's

chest, “You saw me tied to that white cross-altar?”

“I don’t know who those horrible people were. It seems I was drugged maybe. There was this intense light ... ”

“What?”

“The White Light, you stupid child. We were in a dark place that became bright all of a sudden.”

Jenny sucked in her breath, “You were there? You saw the Light?”

“Yes, of course. It was blinding,” Mercy whispered. “So brilliant it hurt our eyes. We were forced to turn away.”

“We?” Jenny asked. There was a long moment of silence as a scene that hid for a lifetime brought forth its gory detail.



Gathering strength, she said, “You and Father?”

“It’s all so fuzzy,” Mercy confessed.

“Father got you into this, didn’t he?”

Mercy was reticent, and then lips long set in stone whispered, “Shouldn’t say anything. Paul’d be mad, then what? Let’s talk about something else.”

Jenny stiffened. She couldn’t wrap her mind around what her mother was saying.

Mercy adamantly continued, “Oh, I’ve tried to put that awful day out of my mind. Why, why must you bring it up?”

“Oh, Mom. Please. Please help me.”

Mercy twitched in her chair. Irrked at herself, she said, “It was those vile people

who erased my memory.”

“Who? I need to find them.”

“No, Virginia. No. They’ll kill Paul. Me, too.”

“Why would they do that?”

“Something awful went on back then. You almost died and afterward became Miss Scatterbrain,” she exclaimed. Silence. She’d said too much. Her “Six-foot-two, Eyes-of-blue” would be furious.

Jenny tried standing straight, tall, to tower over Mom, but her legs began to collapse. She pled in a shaky voice, “Mother, I can’t face this right now. We should talk later.”

“No. Don’t ever come back,” Mercy ordered, turning away to un-mute the TV,

shouting above the roar of a blasting commercial, “Get out. I’ll never speak about this again. Ever.”

Jenny was looking down at her uncaring mother when in surprise, she noticed two red equal-sided intersecting lines imbedded beneath Mom’s thinning hair. A mark was branded on Mercy’s skull. The sign.

Jenny’s library research confirmed that those who practiced arcane religions implicitly believed wearing this equal sided cross, or Mark of Cain, absolved them from facing responsibility for their heinous crimes.

As the husband helped Jenny walk away, she looked back slowly, seeing a shriveled mother for the first time,

probably the last. The roof of her mouth felt parched as she uttered in prayer, *Heavenly Father, thank you for saving me from certain death in the Black Temple. Don't know how I'm going to forgive those awful people for what they did, but please, pleeeese help me remember exactly what happened there so I can try.*

Jenny stopped in the doorway where behind her closed eyes, a memory burst, reminding her there was a Higher Power who ruled over all:

Paul crouched on the living room floor in front of his six year-old Princess. He placed his hands on her shoulders to rub them as she looked into his black eyes and pled, "They're hurting me, Father. Please don't let them do that to me anymore.

Please.”

“We have to, or they’ll kill the whole family. Remember Abraham in the Bible? Asked to prove his faith, he tied his first-born, Isaac, to an altar and then raised his knife to kill him. I’ve also been commanded to sacrifice my first-born. dlihc s’laaB O, eno nesohc eht era uoY. Three. Six. Nine. Five. Seven.” Snap. Snap. Snap. “Be brave, Virginia.”

Jenny, the Chosen One, awoke in a haze, tied to a white cross table. Paul stood by her right ankle. Mercy crouched on her left in pointed glasses edged in fake diamonds, unable to look into a brilliance filling their dark space. An equal-sided Red Cross branded Mom’s scalp.

The wicked blade advancing toward Jenny suddenly halted in midair and no longer consumed her in terror as it had only seconds ago.

Directly above her in the air stood the bare feet of a white-robed male personage, surrounded in a glorious White Light.

## EPILOGUE

One wonders why with Mercy's sullen attitude, she granted her husband's wish for their oldest to repeatedly grace her sacred front door. As a coven member, Paul's assigned task was to be their Chosen One's Handler. Jenny, having survived Greenbaum's sacrifice ceremony, required constant supervision. Paul inevitably overturned his wife's rejections via letters, phone calls and welcoming backs to assure that his eldest's brainwashing was intact. Secrets had to be kept.

Mercy passed away on 10 November 2004. She left without fanfare. No admittance of wrongdoing. No plea for forgiveness. The words Jenny so longed

for, “I love you,” never quivered past her lips. Before his wife’s death Paul was deep into Alzheimers. He died a year later in October 2005, though not before excluding Jenny from his will.

Burial of parents wasn’t without significance. After Mercy’s funeral J.J. and Angelic felt safe enough to relate how they came to be. J.J. was born via Paul’s first sexual encounter with Jenny on her fourth birthday, 7 February 1963. Angelic formed later that year on the eve of Winter Solstice. She wore a small black cape covering Jenny’s new-oversized blue dress:

Mercy held a single red rose as she stood by hooded figures circling a tree stump on which lay a crying blue-eyed blonde baby girl. Paul’s hand

rubbed Jenny's shoulders and then thrust a dagger into her tiny fingers, forcing it on top the newborn infant's heaving chest. A sudden jerk, the crying stopped.

Today in 2012 Hill lives in a small Utah town's modest apartment where she ekes by on a small disability check. Her volatile past made her virtually unemployable, though would be worth her weight in gold at any mental health facility in the country.

She continues contact with Wasatch Mental Health. Though, therapists trained in dissociation are slim in Utah County, let alone finances available for the extensive counseling Jenny needs. Dissociate Identity Disorder (DID) remains an enigma, even among professionals. The



lack of expertise found Jenny receiving inappropriate prescriptions, resulting in a diminished capacity to function.

She sees it as just another challenge.

There was a second divorce. Mark turned out to be a terrible match, another in a long line of poor companions. The three children—Robert, Jason, Richard—visit her often, compassionate of their mother. The boys evidently inherited her high intelligence. With high IQs, Robert is in university at the top of his classes. Jason attended on full scholarship and works as a computer wizard. Seventeen-year-old Richard shows great promise of becoming an excellent scholar.

Jenny's alter personalities have been mostly sedated. Their job was to absorb

unthinkable acts and perform critical functions for her so she wouldn't have to. Duties—God willing—never again necessary. With apparent permanent separation of her thinking, she counsels her parts through daily meditation and prayer.

Don't feel sorry for Jenny's plight. She amazingly bears not a trace of self-pity and hundreds of friends attest to her good heart. Early on she demonstrated innate humanitarian skills that her ordeals sharpened. She looks around at a crowd and seeks the physically and mentally challenged, homeless and multiples; offers advice; provides basic needs, concern and love. Her endless unpaid volunteer efforts benefit a wide range of impoverished people: a sort of one-woman United Fund

that includes garnering community support for holiday dinners and Christmas presents for an ever-expanding group of society rejects.

Secret ceremonies in which malevolent men and women cloaked in hooded robes, hiding behind painted faces and chanting demonic incantations while inflicting sadistic wounds on innocent children lying on makeshift altars, or tied to inverted crosses, sounds like the stuff of which B-grade horror movies are made. Some think amoral religious cults only populate the world of Rosemary's Baby, but don't exist in real life.

Or, do they?

Ask Jenny Hill.

## AUTHOR'S NOTES

Coincidences happen. The very day Jenny contacted the Provo FBI office searching for the parents of Angeletta, I, a mental health therapist, phoned and talked with the same agent. Several ritual abuse survivors described blood-chilling stories to me. (Insidious matters that warranted further examination). Moreover, as CEO of Provo Family Counseling Center, I discovered a bloody trail of satanic cult cases throughout Utah.

My inquiry into a multitude of survivors who claimed childhoods filled with rape, torture and witness to murder led to exclusive interviews with Utah State Satanic Ritual Abuse investigators Matt Jacobsen and Christine Godnick, followed

by a lengthy one with their boss, Utah Lieutenant Attorney General Reed Richards. I realized the state was following activities of eight satanic covens.

The FBI weren't. The agency turned down Jenny's request to look for Angeletta's parents. Nor would they open an inquiry for me. Clearly considering all SRA incidents a hoax, they deferred to a 1992 FBI so-called "study" posted on the Internet "Satanic Ritual Abuse" by Kenneth V. Lanning.

I decided to confer with more notable expert researchers of ritual crime. I discussed the matter with the Behavioral Science Unit at FBI headquarters in Washington D.C. and Pamela Sue

Perskins, L.C.S.W. who, along with her husband James Randall Noblitt, M.D., co-authored *Cult and Ritual Abuse: Its History, Anthropology and Recent Discovery in America* (American Psychiatric Press, 1995, 2000). Both FBI headquarters and Perskins confirmed a curious fact: the FBI never authorized the Lanning Report and Agent Lanning took out early retirement.

Thinking I could be of help since the FBI wasn't, the agent arranged for Hill and myself to meet. Jenny was desperate for someone to validate her ignominious history. It didn't take long before we decided to collaborate on her biography and I began the complicated journey into the mind of Jenny Hill. She wrote the initial rough draft while unknown to her

and at times even to myself, alter personalities took over to fill in the blanks. On other occasions she would awaken one, or more, of her alter sisters to recount past events in vivid detail.

At the time J.J. was still a dominating force. One day Jenny innocently asked to use my computer. The next morning I was surprised to find someone attempted to erase the entire manuscript by hitting the delete button several hundred times. Jenny identified the culprit as J.J. Fortunately, as with her lack of driver education, J.J. had no idea how to operate a computer and the writing wasn't destroyed.

Jenny fled from my life after discovering what she felt to be the Mark of Cain. I later found that helping to write

about their life together had become intolerable for J.J. Jenny explained that this, her most intrepid personality, made strenuous objections and, along with other of her alters too frightened to publish their personal histories, convinced her to take a sabbatical.

She called me a couple of years later just before her baptism, eager to re-start work on her story. As Jenny's sometimes-therapist, friend and biographer, I've tried to respectfully traverse her experiences and have met most personalities. They awaken and come out if Jenny calls. Ergo, with purposes complete, for the most part they sleep on, content.

I contacted the National Center for Missing Children and presented Jenny



with six pictures of blue-eyed kidnapped girls whose cases were yet unsolved. Jenny identified one photo as “Angeletta,” the child she saw murdered on 21 June, 1965. This cold case remains open in Tyrone, Pennsylvania where six-year-old, blue-eyed Kathleen Shea (who shares Jenny’s February, 1959 birth month and year) vanished 18 March, 1965.

Another investigation has been ongoing in Garden Grove, California where the Scorpio brothers (pseudonym) and their cohorts still reside.

Jenny’s recognition of a photo of Kathleen Shea whom she knew as Angeletta, brought validation that she had a correct remembrance of the blue-eyed girl and helped in her healing process.

During this prolonged travail into the underworld I was granted an exclusive interview with Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints General Authority Glenn L. Pace. The 1990 memo by Elder Pace, which stated, “45 members viewed human sacrifice,” resulted in perpetrator excommunications from the Church and their information turned over to the Utah Attorney General’s office.

By 2006 my then-fifteen-year probe was finally recognized when the Utah Attorney General Special Investigations Chief Charles Haussler asked me to work as a consultant on their ongoing probe of the states’ eight satanic covens. Perhaps there was a chance justice would prevail. Though Jenny, like her fellow SRA survivors who suffered multiple

personalities resulting from repeated sexual assaults, torture and forced participation in murder, had yet to testify in court.

Jenny felt her experiences served a higher purpose than just to be a legal witness. The number seven having significance in the Holy Bible, was not without precedence during her extraordinary life. The root of this Hebrew word for seven (sheva) was identical to the Hebrew verb that meant: “to take an oath” and connected to covenant making. Jenny believes that before coming to earth she was given a vision of what she would endure and covenanted with God to take on those challenges.

An indication of that divine promise was made known the evening before her birth. Her Uncle Jim Hill called his sister-in-law Mercy saying he had a dream the night before that she would give birth on the seventh day of the month to a girl who would weigh seven pounds, seven ounces. Jim was told this was a special child who would do important things on this earth.

Jenny was born the next day just as he predicted and later graduated seventh in her National Guard's training platoon. On her 27<sup>th</sup> birthday she made the decision to leave the state hospital. For seventeen years she helped pen this biography—the information taken from her childhood journals. As a seventh grader and in answer to prayer, Jenny was told to

record her life experiences. Two years later in 1974 she was given the reason why: “To help yourself and others, as some day a book will be written.”

## UNHOLY ROOTS OF MIND-CONTROL

Human sacrifice was practiced to appease the gods of ancient Mystery Religions in various cultures including Pagan, Canaanite, Phoenician, Carthaginian, Ammonite, Babylonian, Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Mayan, Inca and Aztec.

The Hebrew Bible discussed the sun god Molech, a Canaanite idol also known as Baal or Master. At Jerusalem in the valley of Ben-Hinnom, Canaanite and Phoenician parents sacrificed their children to Molech in a supposed assurance of fertility and prosperous crops.

This tradition of child sacrifice dated back to Sumerian and Egyptian rites that

honored the gods Ptah, Apis, Hathor and Marduk and was not unlike ceremonies held for the Greek sun gods Apollo and Dionysus. Noted first century Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, wrote of the ancient Pagan Qenites tribe who encircled their victims burning in bonfires to please this sun god Baal, claiming they were taught the human sacrifice rite by their forefathers, descendants of biblical Eve's first-born son, Cain.

According to ritual abuse survivors born into satanic families that traced their worship back through the generations, since childhood they were taught that Satan, not Adam, fathered Cain and thus, a person's fertility and productivity was owed to both Good Mother Eve and Evil Father Lucifer.

Cain offered God a sacrifice of the fields instead of blood and when rejected, introduced murder on the earth by performing the blood sacrifice of his brother, Able.

Some called Cain the Master Mahan. The Hebrew word for Maha meant: “to destroy,” or with the “n” added: “Mind Destroyer.” The word was possibly related to an Arabic word-counterpart meaning: “Keeper of a Great Secret.”

It is speculated that Cain covenanted with Satan to enforce an oath of secrecy on how to gain power over souls through the torture and murder of God’s children.

Eve was considered the mother of all living, associated with the birth of humanity and became synonymous with the



Goddess of Fertility, or Mother Nature. Allegedly, her worship involved obtaining power from fundamental elements of matter—earth, wind, fire and water. Traditional reverence to the fertility goddess engaged devotees in orgies with their children, after which they honored Satan through sacrificing a Chosen One. The more innocent their victims the more power was said to be felt during the ceremony.

Followers of this Master Mahan two-fold worship enveloped complex codes of “Hidden Knowledge” that invited malicious spirits into their rites. From what we know about formation of multiple personalities, severe and continuous ritualized abuse during their youth would have naturally altered participants’

thinking patterns so they could perform unthinkable deeds. Those loyal followers who placed youngsters on a soul journey to the afterlife were promised power, honor and healing abilities.

A two-part dedication was apparent in ancient Greece. To secure a place in Heaven followers of the Orphic Mystery wore white robes, abstained from eating meat and lived a severe ascetic, celibate life. As with modern worshippers of this esoteric religion, a few Orphic Mystery followers were thought to be into quietly practicing the Dionysian Mystery of their Greek God Zeus (who originated from Baal worship) through nightly orgies, intoxication and use of hallucinogens prior to a human sacrifice.

Their Chosen One could be a young animal, though often the preference was a worshipper's offspring such as a virgin girl or first-born son. As with Jenny's experience, some specified use of a blue-eyed blonde, a kidnapped youngster, captive of battle, or baby of a cult participant bred for the purpose such as an aborted, but live, newborn.

Hidden Knowledge was supposedly unveiled by forming in tight-knit "magic" circles to use complex Secret Combinations of spell casting, silence, chanting, rhyming, opposites, numerology, psychedelic drugs, Backward Language Talk and reverse counting that supposedly integrated energy patterns emerging from the sun with the earth's magnetic field. Different harmonic vibrations held certain

meanings, as did the power of crystals and planet rotation.

In World War II this philosophy was the foundation for Adolf Hitler's mass murders and mind-control experimentation on victims, which included his own German troops. Hitler studied in liaison with Englishman Aleister Crowley, also known as The Beast: an occultist, mystic, addict and keeper of this so-called Hidden Knowledge of the perverted ancient Mystery Religions. Doctors of the Third Reich were ordered to fine-tune their vile machinations via the demonizing of children selected from concentration camps. Programming consisted of sexual, physical and mental abuse now known to fracture young minds into multiple personalities.

By the 1940s revelation of these convoluted practices uncovered the connection between child abuse, trauma and multiplicity, though it wasn't until *The Three Faces of Eve* was published in 1957(McGraw-Hill) that multiple personalities were introduced to the general public, while release of another multiple personality biography in 1973, *Sybil* (Henry Regnery), defined child abuse as a common denominator for the formation of alter personalities.

By 1980, *Michelle Remembers* (St. Martin's Press) publicized this satanic philosophy involving ritual abuse of children as a primary underlying reason behind creation of multiple personalities. In this harrowing story of her life, Michelle recounted how her mother gave

the five-year old to a cult of devil worshippers. Twenty-two years later she finally addressed the long-buried wounds in therapy with her co-author and psychiatrist-husband, Dr. Lawrence Pazder.

*Michelle Remembers*, along with a comprehensive history of satanic practices, *Cult and Ritual Abuse* (James Noblitt, M.D. and Pamela Sue Perskins, L.C.S.W, 1980) were credited with significantly elevating public awareness about the extremely secretive activities of cults that engaged in sacrificial murder of children.

This reverence of both good and evil through traumatizing victims was eventually known as mind-control and

named Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA).

After these 1980 book releases there was an explosion of clients categorizing themselves as SRA survivors suffering multiple personalities, or dissociation, who were confessing eerily similar claims to mental health professionals. The problem of SRA clients across North America became so prevalent that special dissociate disorder units were created in hospitals, including Dr. Colin A. Ross's clinics in Texas, Michigan and California (author of the *Twenty-Two Faces Forward*).

Within three years a group of psychologist and psychiatrists met in New York to organize treatment techniques for a large population of clients diagnosed

with Multiple Personality Disorder. The next year, 1984, the first meeting of the International Society for Study of Trauma and Dissociation (ISSTD) was held in Chicago. A year later another professional organization was founded which became known as the International Society for Traumatic Studies (ISTSS). By 1988 ISTSS convened a European conference in Lincoln (United Kingdom) and in 1992, formed the first global conference in Amsterdam (The Netherlands). These two professional groups were organized to promote therapeutic techniques for thousands of clients worldwide, many of who were multiples in treatment for ritual abuse.

During that initial ISSTD conference in 1984 Chicago, a leading psychologist,



Ph.D. Corydon Hammond joined eighteen other therapists to study this sudden upsurge in multiplicity clients. Hammond's next eight years of research indicated client resemblances in age-regression and abreaction in working through trauma that forced young children into dissociating from life events.

Even more disturbing, the information verified that a Dr. Greenbaum, Jenny's master mind-control programmer, taught his loathsome techniques to others. The majority in Hammond's study, 75% of those mainly women, claimed they were not only programmed by the "Green" method as was Jenny, but were born into families who had for ages, practiced these concealed codes of the prehistoric Mystery Religions.

The research confirmed that during World War II the U.S. government searched for covert ways to take charge of human behavior. After the war, the CIA evidently brought one of Hitler's servile agents into the U.S, a seventeen year-old Jewish turncoat known as Greenbaum. This "Dr. Green" not only used his diabolical skills to tutor agents connected to the CIA's Project Paperclip, but apparently earned income on the side by teaching his Green Methods to amoral cult worshippers across the nation.

According to ISSTD clients in Hammond's study and confessions of other SRA survivors, since the early 1940s these mind-bending procedures created multiple personalities in children of satanic followers throughout North

America.

The 1980 releases of *Michelle Remembers* along with *Cult and Ritual Abuse* were not only followed by an explosion of people seeking counsel for tormented childhoods, but produced a multitude of professional studies on the subject. Two of the most prominent were the *California Office of Criminal Justice Planning Research Update, Special Edition, Winter* (1989–1990 Vol. 1, No. 6) and a 1991 report by the Los Angeles Commission For Women, *Ritual Abuse, Definitions, Glossary and the Use of Mind Control*.

The organization of ISSTD in 1984 and ISTSS in 1985 happened during the same period Jenny was undergoing treatment at

the Utah State Psychiatric Hospital. At that time the terms “repressed memories” and their accompanying “dissociation” were a mystery not only to her, but also to her treatment specialists. There were few tools to recognize a victim undergoing this brainwashing Jenny endured and not many cases made it into the court system, nor found the media.

That changed a couple of years later in the late 1980s when several occult-related crimes made headlines. One was the 1988 Zion Society Case of Ogden, Utah, led by polygamist Arvin Shreeve—the most successfully prosecuted case of organized cultic crime in the nations’ history according to Lieutenant Mike King, chief detective. With over 150 Zion Society members practicing bizarre religious

doctrine and sexually abusing their own offspring, twelve defendants were convicted of major felonies. King went on to be in charge of the Utah Satanic Ritual Abuse investigators and did ritual abuse training across the nation for Homeland Security.

More proof of ritual abuse crime surfaced a year later in 1989 when the burned, disemboweled and dismembered body of a four to eight week-old female Hispanic infant was recovered from a garbage dump in Rupert, Idaho. The killer or killers were never prosecuted, but a possible child witness to the murder, "Tim," was found. The case resulted in the Idaho State Legislature passing their Baby X law, the first in the nation specific to ritualized abuse.

Unfortunately, Baby X was not alone. According to the *California Office of Criminal Justice Update* in that same year of 1989 Lieutenant Larry Jones of the Cult Crime Impact Network stated, “We have recovered ritually killed babies in Connecticut; Bend, Oregon and in Los Angeles.”

At the time of the Baby X drama Ezra Taft Benson, who once served as U.S. Secretary of Agriculture under Dwight D. Eisenhower, was president of the worldwide Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. President Benson became extremely concerned—Baby X was from his home state of Idaho, plus he was receiving a plethora of reports across the nation and in Mexico from therapists employed at the church’s counseling arm,

## LDS Social Services.

President Benson ordered a church-wide internal study. For over a year a counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, Elder Glenn L. Pace, managed committee members who interviewed over a hundred members suffering dissociation, or multiple personalities. Elder Pace said, “The number could have been three times that many if I had the time.”

In 1990 Pace composed a disturbing yet-to-be-published memorandum revealing: “forty-five members viewed, or participated in human sacrifice.”

Although victims of the LDS study were Latter-day Saints, publications from the 1980s found that ritual abuse was not limited to a particular religious

preference.

Through post-biblical archeology it is noted that the Phoenicians and Ammonites took the cult of Baal to North Africa where child sacrifice was established among the Carthaginians. In November 2011 the director of Kyampisi Childcare Ministries in Uganda, Peter M Sewakiryanga, announced that child sacrifice in the country was rampant. It was common for people who purchased a child on the black market, or even for parents who had their own, to pay witch doctors to sacrifice those innocents for blessings, wealth, protection and success in life.

These amoral ceremonies were not restricted to third-world countries.



Evidence demonstrated that this inhumanity was widespread, present in most cultures and privately penetrated belief systems across the globe. One of the most commonly known ceremonies was the Black Mass—an opposite of the traditional Catholic Mass.

Back in 1980 a Black Mass ritual killing occurred that didn't commence the prosecution phase until twenty-four years later. In May 2004, an Ohio grand jury indicted the Reverend Gerald Robinson, a Roman Catholic priest from the Diocese of Toledo. Robinson was eventually convicted for what was described as the ritualized killing of Sister Margaret Ann Pahl. During the 1980 Easter weekend the seventy-one year-old nun was tied to an alter in the Mercy Hospital Chapel, then

strangled and stabbed to death in what appeared to be a Black Mass ceremony.

Investigators in Ohio reopened the Pahl murder investigation after an unnamed woman contacted them and alleged that several priests, including Robinson, had sexually molested her in bizarre rituals. The Pahl murder was only one instance of Catholic clergy misconduct connected to savage tales of ritualistic sadism uncovered after Barbara Blaine, an attorney who was abused by priests as a child, founded the Chicago-based SNAP (The Survivors Network for those Abused by Priests). Blaine stated, "Like many, I was in denial that ritual abuse was prevalent until my experiences with Catholic sexual abuse victims after founding SNAP."

We learn from SRA survivors that in a quest to secure life-long dominion over young initiates most of whom were their own children, their forefathers faithfully carried out training sessions leading to human sacrifice and passed down the vile practices in their multigenerational satanic families.

Survivors of this trauma claimed that when they reached pre-teen years they could make a choice: be a survivor or become part of their parents' covenant. Either way they had been programmed into multiplicity and thus subject to their relative-handlers. It is conjectured that perpetrators who also carried multiple personalities subjugated their altered states so as to use the devious side of their personalities in the ceremonies. Thus,

perpetrators were able to live dual lives in their various Christian denominations. To hide devious activities some were leaders, even pillars of their respective churches and communities.

It was against the code to write down particulars of how to attract evil spirits to join the rite. The only way to be educated was through first-hand experience. Trusted followers were invited to each other's ceremonies to share their Hidden Knowledge, providing they paid the entrance fee which was said to run into thousands of dollars. The high cost was a necessary expenditure for those addicted to child serial killing and pedophilia.

Nazi SS Officers showed this two-sided worship by being adamant in their

Christian beliefs while murdering innocents. In 1920 Hitler introduced a symbol for this reversal or opposite worship with the equilateral cross swastika, which in German meant Bent Cross and was known as the Mark of Cain. The dictator reversed this classical symbol of peace and harmony for the Indian religion of Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism into an icon that represented one of fear in the Germans' failed quest for power.

SRA survivors also purported that their perpetrator-relative's dual worship was geared toward Pagan holidays that coincided with recognized Christian holy days, such as the Black Mass Pahl murder that took place on Easter weekend.

Now, as in ancient times, this death ritual could be executed in actual buildings or simple circles drawn in the dirt. The more formal temple structures of pre-written history appeared to be built as astrological observatories. There a measure of time was received through the heavens dictating that ceremonies took place on specific dates. These High-Holy celebrations were scheduled around the 21<sup>st</sup> of every three months: the beginning and end of planting season, or March and September 21<sup>st</sup> Spring and Autumn Equinoxes, and the longest and shortest days of the year such as when Jenny was forced to participate in the murder of children on December and June 21<sup>st</sup> Winter and Summer Solstices.

By 1990 therapists across the nation compiled what is known as the Occult Calendar of Demonic Holidays: a timetable of unsacred celebrations believed inherited from perverted ancient temple ceremonies. Modern followers of this esoteric code adhered to the chart's instruction on programming techniques including monthly child sexual orgies leading to murder dates dictating age preference of their homicide victims.

Children made to attend the events and who lived through them were mind-controlled under threat of death to not reveal their experiences. How that likely worked was brought to light in 1911 with an understanding of brain functioning.

In that year the founders of

Neuroscience, Santiago Ramon y Cajal and Camillo Golgi, won the Nobel Prize by proposing that human experiences gave birth to neurons in the brain, creating lines of memory that connected to each other through electrical circuits. By the 1940s neuroscientists found that as memory grew these neurons linked together like a branching tree—thus explaining how Jenny's Alter J.J.'s family was formed with each new traumatic experience.

Forty years later tests on animals reared in controlled-complex versus simplified environments had superior memory capabilities. It was later determined that a person undergoing stressful situations released hormones including adrenaline, which in turn stimulated hippocampus stem cell growth.



Conversely, an integral part of education in a still-maturing brain was the natural process of cellular death. New learning in synaptic connections of a developing child was thought to crowd out excess neurons, or actually killed brain cells, resulting in memory loss. It has been hypothesized that children with multiplicity such as Jenny, didn't suffer as much cell death because their sundry thinking patterns were separated from the core and were thus able to outpace this natural disintegration of memory. It is also thought that SRA survivors like Jenny had alters who resided in separated networks in the frontal lobes.

It is reasonable to believe, then, that Jenny's maltreatment in her formative years was so traumatic that it likely both

separated and stimulated reasoning, resulting in spontaneous development of enlarged memory capacities. Because the main cognitive line was severed, perhaps there was more room for new neuron growth within these tree-like systems without the normal memory loss apparent in growing children. Conceivably this is why Jenny and others like her who suffered multiple personalities were generally found to have high IQ's.

How expanded memory worked was uncovered by the 1990s. Those in neuroscience conjectured that through use of the brain's electrical circuitry, frontal lobes shared a major role in activating, transferring, storing and recovering information to and from the neo cortex. When Hill's thinking patterns activated, so

probably did these electrical impulses produced by firing of neurons in the brain and were, perhaps, the reason behind her headaches that began when she underwent a change of personality.

In other words, it was thought that during Hill's childhood repeated tortuous brain stimulation of the Greenbaum (Green Bomb or Green Tree) mind-control programming grew new cell patterns that made her reasoning more complex. The stimuli conditioned her brain into functioning in Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma, Theta or Omega wavelengths wherein certain personalities resided.

Like limbs of a tree branching out from the core persona, three alter personality

families headed by Sexually Abused J.J., Ritually Abused Angelic and Gang Raped Vennessa may have grown their own branches or dendrite spines and closeted within them memories of their alter families. This process likely allowed for widespread networks of gray matter containing experiences that could be easily accessed through sight, smell or sound similar to the original trauma.

Those understanding dual devotion to gods, Greenbaum mind-control, Secret Combinations, or anyone performing brainwashing activities by these methods for that matter, could call specific personalities forward at will by saying the Latin code name referring to the wavelength on which an alter personality was conceived.

To deal with her dual life and as a coping skill, Jenny repressed her caustic memories within The Girl With No Name whom Greenbaum code-named Alpha, and her alter family. Thus, when personalities were called forth by their Latin name such as Alpha, that alter took over, blanking out the host persona and making Jenny more easily susceptible to suggestion.

Jenny definitely wasn't the only causality of this programming. On 25 June 1992 Corydon Hammond spoke at a Washington, D.C. Psychiatric Institute Conference explaining this sophisticated programming. His study of women with multiplicity revealed that these agents of underground societies performed across the nation:

They start (programming the child) in rudimentary forms at two, and kick into high gear at six, continuing through adolescence with periodic reinforcements in adulthood ... The child will be strapped down, typically naked. There'll be wires attached to their head to monitor electroencephalograph patterns ... They will see a pulsing light, most often red, and given Demerol. Sometimes it'll be other drugs as well, depending on programming ... They give so much every twenty-five minutes. There is pain in one ear and they will hear weird, disorienting sounds. Phonic stimulation drives the brain into a brainwave pattern with a pulsing light at a certain frequency ... After a suitable period when they're in a certain brainwave state, programming (begins), oriented to self-destruction and debasement of the child.

The way you create Manchurian Candidates is divide the mind (into different layers of alters) ... This was called the "Green Bomb, B-O-M-B" (system). I found lots of interesting internal

consistencies (in ritually abused survivors) like that play on words ... In a case I treated she was told that if anything about Ultra-Green and the Green Tree was remembered, she would become a vegetable, be locked up and it would be easier to kill herself.

(Mind-control techniques) come from a belief in psychic sorts of abilities, including their adeptness to communicate ... and cause death (via profound emotional shock) through a brain aneurysm ... The sessions might go a half or three hours ... estimated three times a week ... under the influence of drugs in certain brain wave states and with these noises in one ear. They spoke (in the left) ear associated with right hemisphere non-dominant brain functioning ... requiring intense concentration, focusing. Often they'll have to memorize and say certain things back word-perfect to avoid shock and other punishment.

Perpetrators conditioned their prey into certain brain wavelength patterns by

torturing victims while using chants, drumbeats, songs and certain words in the Latin alphabet that at a later date, triggered remembrance of the trauma. Those who have undergone this programming commonly suffered intense spasms upon mention of words like Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma, Omega or Theta, as did Jenny.

Thus, these Green mind-control methods leading to dissociation were designed not to completely destroy memory, but to keep it repressed until perpetrators brought it to the forefront with a purpose of exerting life-long domination over their victim.

Multiple personality, or dissociation as it is now known, is not new to therapy.



Around the turn of the 19<sup>th</sup> century as part of his psychoanalytic theory Sigmund Freud first defined dissociation as a defense mechanism. This condition of repressed mind and body memories that were so severe they fractured a child's thinking patterns was referred to as Multiple Personality Disorder until 1994 when members of the ISSTD convinced the American Psychiatric Association to rename it Dissociate Identity Disorder, (DID). In that same year the official psychiatric diagnosis manual (DSM-IV 300.14) explained the disorder as "An ability of the mind to disconnect from stressful situations by repressing unwanted memories into the subconscious."

A child's subjection to repetitive trauma resulted in dissociation or multiple personalities. "Dissociation involves a disturbance of identity in which two, or more, separate and distinct personality states, or alters, control the individual's behavior" according to National Alliance for the Mentally Ill dedicated to mental health education.

Symptoms ranged from simple daydreaming to Post Traumatic Stress, once known as Battle Fatigue, to multiple personalities.

Mind-control is the ability to manipulate another person's thoughts. Breaking those bonds of subversion is what healing is all about. The first step is to recognize these ruinous mind-bending

techniques are practiced throughout our modern globe.

Some contend that Satanic Ritual Abuse, dissociation and repressed memories are false, or don't exist. Over the last twenty years I have interviewed hundreds of SRA survivors, therapists and police investigators, plus reviewed dozens of successfully litigated cases that have satanic overtones. From those findings I would seriously question why one would defend such a stance.

As a society we face extensive challenges with this formidable, yet unrecognized brainwashing of our children, for since this happened to Jenny Hill, it happened to us all.

# OCCULT CALENDAR OF DEMONIC HOLIDAYS

<b>Date</b>	<b>Celebration</b>	<b>Type</b>	<b>Usage</b>	<b>Victim, Age, Type</b>
Jan. 7	St. Winebald Day	Blood	Sacrifice Dismemberment	15-33
Jan. 17	Satanic Revels	Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	7-17 Female
Feb. 2	Satanic Revels	Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	7-17 Female
Feb. 25 St.	Walpurgis Day	Blood	Communion of Blood and Dismemberment	Animal
Mar. 1	St. Eichatadt	Blood	Drinking of Blood for Strength/Demon Homage	Any Age Male or Female

Mar.20	Feast Day Spring Equinox	Sexual Orgies	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	Any Age Animal or Human Male or Female
Apr. 21-26	Prepare for Grand Climax Da Meur			
Apr. 26 - May 1	Corpus De Baahl	Blood Sexual	Sacrifice	1-25 Female
June 21	Feast Day Summer Solstice	Orgies Blood Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal Sacrifice	Any Age Animal and Human Male or Female
			Druid Sexual	Any

July 1	Demon Revels	Blood	Assoc. with Demons	Age
Aug. 3	Satanic Revels	Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	Female 7-17 Female
Sept. 7	Marriage to the Beast Satan	Blood Sexual	Sacrifice Dismemberment	Infant to 21 Female
Sept. 20	Midnight Host	Blood	Dismemberment Hands Planted	Infant to 21
Sept. 22	Feast Day Fall Equinox	Orgies Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	Any Age Animal or Human Male or Female
Oct.29 - Nov.1	All Hallows Eve (Halloween)	Blood Sacrifice Sexual	Sexual Climax Assoc. with Demons	Any Age Human Male or Female

Nov. 4	Satanic Revels	Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	7-17 Female
Dec. 22	Feast Day Winter Solstice	Orgies Sexual	Oral, Anal, Vaginal	Any Age Male or Female Animal or Human
Dec. 24	Demon Revels High Grand Climax DaMeur	Blood	Sacrifice	Any Age Male or Female

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Judy Byington, M.S.W., L.C.S.W. (ret.) has dedicated her life to humanizing and raising public awareness about the little-known effects of ritual abuse and mind-control programming that tragically cause formation of multiple personalities in children. The retired CEO, therapist, author, and mental health supervisor is founder and leader of Trauma Research



Center, a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing information through CEU accredited seminars and lectures on Dissociation and coordinating ritual abuse survivor group, therapeutic, and legal resources.

Byington spent twenty years in research with Jenny Hill while interviewing hundreds of ritual abuse survivors, legal entities, therapists, families of missing children and religious, media, and community leaders. She was granted exclusive interviews with prominent religious, legal, and investigative authorities, including the author of a 1990 LDS report on ritual abuse, General Authority Glen Pace, Utah Lieutenant Attorney General Reed Richards, and Utah Attorney General Satanic Ritual

Abuse investigators Matt Jacobsen and Christine Godnick. Since 2006 she has worked as a consultant on satanic crime with Utah Attorney General Special Investigations Section Chief Charles Haussler.

Byington earned a bachelors degree from Utah State University with dual majors in Social Work and Journalism and a minor in Psychology, placed in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and then graduated from the University of Utah with a Masters of Social Work. As a licensed clinical social worker, her thirty-two year therapist career has involved serving as Supervisor over Child Services for Alberta, Canada Mental Health and Director of the Provo, Utah Family Counseling Center. For ten

years she worked in the State of Utah Juvenile Court and Child Welfare systems.

With a compelling drive to educate the public on the unimaginable horrors faced by children born into families practicing ritual abuse, Byington continues to pen books about survivors like Jenny Hill who suffer repressed childhood memories of forced participation in rape, torture, and murder.

Byington's upcoming book *Saints, Sinners and Satan* encompasses a first-person account of her own experiences with multiple personality survivors and satanic crime.

The author lives in Utah County with her husband, enjoying their eight children

and twenty grandchildren.

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