



A BRAIN OF MY OWN

A memoir about dissociation dissolved

WENDY HOFFMAN

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The names and descriptions of most people and places have been changed, which unfortunately protects perpetrators as well as the innocent. But I am not writing to expose any one person. I write to reveal worldwide slavery that encompasses vast numbers of people and perpetrators.

If you are a survivor, it is possible programmers used certain words (like free, or love, or escape) to mean their opposites. Please know that I intend words to be read only by their commonly recognised meanings.

“Reader, it is not to awaken sympathy for myself that I am telling you truthfully what I suffered in slavery. I do it to kindle a flame of compassion in your hearts for my sisters who are still in bondage, suffering as I once suffered.”

Harriet Jacobs, *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, 2001, p. 28.
New York: Dover Publications, Inc.

“Her body ached, and she felt her soul ache there—inside her—like a thing killed that could not die.”

Anzia Yezierska, “*The Lost ‘Beautifulness,’*” *The Norton Anthology of Literature by Women, Volume 2*, 3rd edition, 1985, p. 211. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.

“... they hoped to make him into a shadow, in order not to have to think of him as real and alive.”

Paul Bowles, “Allah,” *Collected Stories and Later Writings*, 2002, p. 425. New York: The Library of America.

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A Memoir about
Dissociation Dissolved

Wendy Hoffman

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INTRODUCTION

This book is about slavery, about brains stolen in childhood and before—brains that have been intruded upon, stopped, shrunk, paralysed. We know about the history of people whose bodies were enslaved, but barely anything at all about victims who appear free but whose brains are invisibly chained. Nor do we know about the international collusion, silence, and apathy that surround this kind of slavery. This slavery is different from better known types because its victims do not know what is happening to them, or what they have been made to do. Victims may develop sufficient awareness to break away, but they may not know whether they are recaptured. Only secret, hidden pieces of their minds hold this information. Workers in the perpetrator groups called “programmers” so fill victims’ minds with separated and isolated parts that hold programs, that the victims become mindless. They have a physical brain but other people control it.

This book is also about what happened to splinters of my mind when the rest of me thought I was safe and free at last, and about the Nazi divisions of this satanic hierarchy.

This is my third memoir. My first is *Enslaved Queen*, my second, *White Witch in a Black Robe*. Much of what I have written here is from my own healing process. It would have been nice to interrupt my telling of horror scenes with pleasant

memories. But I don't have many. Instead I interrupt the horror of the narrative with information about secret mind control, plus suggestions and tips on ways to break free. I pair recent torture and programming memories with the relevant ones from childhood trainings.

There are helpful books, and some survivors are speaking out on the internet, but much is still not known about mind control, because many surviving victims are not yet that aware of what happened and is happening to them. When young surviving victims begin to write about their experiences being programmed, then we will know more about the innovations in recent years. When young programmers change sides, then we will have a better overview of the refinements of contemporary mind control.

Various groups may be drawn to read this book. Surviving victims may be interested in information on how to get free. Therapists and supporters may want to know what happens and what to expect. Unfortunately, perpetrators may want to research loose ends in programming.

People can get out. There may be suffering in the process, a price to pay for freedom, the most precious gift of all. Knowledge can stop participation in evil. Some surviving victims are in the process of healing.

This kind of dissociation is difficult to overcome, but the path back to being human is possible. That is why I am writing. Not for the pleasure of exposing my own story. I have nothing to gain from all this exposure and it is uncomfortable. But there is a duty to tell. I am writing to try to help surviving victims.