

# The Murder of Time: Making and Unmasking a Sleeper

Chapter 46: CHAPTER 21: 2014 Jun 21 – Scopolamine Aerosol Fog Weapons Test

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## CHAPTER 2014 Jun 21 – Scopolamine Aerosol Fog Weapons Test

“Darkness cannot drive out darkness: only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate: only love can do that” - Martin Luther King, Jr.

Over the next four years, I repaired my career. First I worked at an aircraft point-of-sale system vendor for six months on salary. I had a great manager, and established myself as a significant contributor in complex systems analysis, design and programming.

I resigned to take a lucrative contract with the Foreign Exchange department of the computer systems organization of a major Canadian bank. After only a month or two I was promoted to researching a new project, and after prototyping parts, I assisted in writing the requirements and design of the new system with others. Then I team-led the delivery. It was a success. That took me to end of 2012. In 2013 I consulted to a cellular telephone company for part of the year.

I took a break to return to my book project. I also decided to help a city councillor candidate who was also a neighbour. On June 19, 2014, I completed the work for councillor candidate’s launch party. This lawyer, newspaper columnist, and neighbour impressed me. She had done advocacy work on relations between the police and marginalized It was not my best work. The taping did not go perfectly as the camera shut off right in the middle of the campaign

I had just read “The Art of War,” by Sun Tzu. In this over one-thousand-year-old classic book on military strategy, he writes something like: you don’t know where your enemies are, you must flush them out by whatever trickery will work.”

I felt confident that I had rebuilt my career and life after the terribly intimidating Bumper-lock surveillance in 2010, which happened after I had posted word-for-word the post-hypnotic, sleeper assassin programs on rabble.ca. The Bumperlock surveillance had driven me into the hospital for safety as I thought I was going to be murdered, the exact intention of this type of surveillance.

In short, after four years, I was feeling a bit cocky as I felt I had recovered my life. I had just completed a major contract for a bank’s capital markets department where I led the architecture, design and delivery of a successful million-dollar project.

I wanted to follow Sun Tzu’s advice. I wanted to know how much I was still being targeted in order to know where I stood. I did a “bait test.” I pointed my browser to the Russian Consulate web site in Toronto, and navigated to “hours of operation” at 10 PM on June 20. If I were still under surveillance (as they said I would be in 2005), the reaction of the listeners (RCMP, JTF) would indicate how much I was being targeted.

The next morning June 21, the day was briefly normal. My wife arose early and left for work. We had slightly different schedules and I remained asleep in the second floor bedroom of our semi-detached home three blocks from the geographical centre of Canada’s largest city. The bedroom faced Montgomery Avenue, a small residential street that ironically was the site of Canada’s first rebellion in 1837. The bedroom window was open only a few inches.

I awoke to a male voice: “Matthew, wake up!” Again the voice commanded, “Matthew, get up!” The voice continued, “Get up and walk the dog, Matthew!” These phrases were repeated several times at regular volume, not shouted. The voice sounded familiar. I sat up and looked out the window. No one was on the sidewalk on either side of the street, nor was anyone visible sitting in a parked car.

The voice continued: “Matthew, wake up! Walk the dog.” It sounded like Mitch. I knew immediately something was amiss. It

was impossible for a soft-spoken voice to enter through the street facing window and be so clearly audible, doubly so since there was no one standing on the street outside. I pulled on my clothes, leashed the dog, and stepped outside to investigate. It was 7:00 AM. I turned left (east) on the public sidewalk and walked towards the public green area in front of Montgomery Apartments only 80 meters away so my dog could do his business.

At about 75 meters I reached the Montgomery Apartments street driveway on the North side of the street. These are rare, quaint, low-rise apartments in a neighbourhood of single-family dwellings and high-rises. I crossed the driveway and continued walking on the public sidewalk.

There was a three-meter area of grass, and then a private sidewalk that ran alongside a parking lot, and led north to the Montgomery Apartments entrance. On one side was a dense hedge, about four feet high and three feet wide and twenty feet long (oriented north-south). Cody, our nine year old family Golden Retriever, sniffed at the hedge and pulled at his leash to investigate a curious scent. I pulled him back towards the public sidewalk and around the hedge to the public lawn with trees on one side.

As I passed the hedge the same voice started again: "Matthew, this way!" I looked to where the voice came from. It was emanating from the middle of the hedge about three meters to the north. There was no room for a person to hide in that dense hedge, and no sign of anyone sitting when I scanned the top of the hedge. The voice abruptly jumped to a small, perfectly trimmed about three feet high and eight feet long, running East-West four meters north of the public sidewalk.

In the hundreds of times I had walked the dog in this area, I had never seen this perfectly trimmed hedge before. On the other side of this hedge was yet another parking lot for an adjacent high-rise apartment building.

In the previous week I had seen a round-faced, dark-haired man in his late twenties, with slightly heavy build, perhaps 5'11", standing beside a van parked in the corner of that parking lot closest to where I now stood. The man had watched me and turned briefly to speak to someone inside the van as I walked by. He had grinned at me and his direct staring startled me because it was out of place. He seemed to enjoy intimidating me. The van was not marked as a service van, and the man was too well dressed to be a tradesman. I now realize this prior visit was to "scope out" the operation.

Behind the new, small, perfectly trimmed hedge was a van parked sideways to the parking lines, so it blocked the view of the area from the apartments to the North and East. It looked like the van I had seen in the week prior. Meanwhile the voice continued: "This way, Matthew, past the tree!"

The ground was uneven and rough with tree roots. I tentatively walked towards the voice. The leash tightened in my hand and Cody would go no further. I was drawn to the voice, but I did not know why. I dropped the leash. I walked to the tree and stopped. Seeing no one, and getting frustrated, I said, "Now

"Behind the tree, Matthew. Come around behind the tree."

To this day I regret and do not understand why I ignored the danger signs. Probably I had fallen into a trance, as it was Mitch, my controller's voice I heard. I stepped around the tree and was now facing the newly appeared, small, perfectly trimmed hedge.

"Now I said in a loud voice, feeling frustrated.

A man appeared on his knees facing me, dressed in black. He had just performed a very rapid and well-executed, "lying-down to military behind the small hedge held a black hose with a fire-extinguisher type nozzle pointed at me. The black hose disappeared behind him and led to the van.

A white fog poured out of the nozzle as the man stood up, and the fog continued I was blinded, and froze. It billowed from the ground to above my head and I could not see anything but fog. I held my breath.

Gradually over about ten seconds the fog sunk to lower than my eyes.

I hoped it was simply a gardener spraying pesticide.

The man-in-black now attempted to step over the small hedge but his right boot went into the As he pulled at his boot the hedge started to roll forward. He shook his military boot to free it from the hedge.

A real hedge does not appear overnight. A real hedge does not roll forward along its length. The hedge was a fake, mounted on a board.

The military roll, the all-black clothes, military boots, and gas mask were proof I had been purposefully lured with mind-controlled by hearing a certain voice, and fogged, and it had to be Mitch (JTF). This was an MK-ULTRA chemical weapons test.

Fog blasted all around me forming a cloud. I was holding my breath and feeling stunned. As the fog settled to below my eye level, I recognized Mitch by his body shape.

I said, sarcastically: "Thanks!"

Mitch stepped back from the fog area, back into the parking lot. He pulled off the gas mask from chin to over his head and responded, "Anytime, with heavy emphasis on my name, dripping with contempt. This was exactly how the Neumann character on the TV comedy "Seinfeld" used to greet Jerry with "Hello,

As I spoke I inhaled some of the aerosol. My eyes, nose, lips and throat burned and I turned to run. My legs became very heavy; I recognized this intoxication effect of Scopolamine from the 2008 USA event, which I had started remembering as flashbacks four years ago in mid-2010.

This was the first time I had been dosed by an aerosol fog of anything. I would later learn that NASA had developed an aerosol of Scopolamine in 2013 "for medical purposes." I would argue they developed a chemical weapon for no good reason.

The intolerable risk of criminals spraying an aerosol into an innocent person's face and then mind-controlling them to things against their interests had been ignored all to provide an alternate dosing technique for the limited medical uses of this deadly Nightshade plant family drug.

Since this was only a year after NASA announced its new product, I may have been a Guinea Pig tester for the US Military on the outdoor effectiveness of Scopolamine fog delivery. Would it work would it kill the subject?

I had just said "Thanks" to Mitch and accidentally inhaled a bit of the fog. I literally could not breathe, almost as if my diaphragm was anesthetised. I could feel consciousness slipping. I knew I had only seconds before I was unconscious. I turned and jogged south towards the most public piece of grass nearby which was in front of Montgomery Apartments. Time slowed down.

Jumping the real hedge in front of Montgomery Apartments was not an option as my legs were so heavy and the hedge was tall. I reached the public sidewalk and skirted this hedge to the public grass on the other side where I collapsed face down. I had covered the twenty-foot distance without taking a breath since my first inhale of the aerosol. I fell unconscious.

The next thing I felt was my lips and nose being licked by a long, floppy, wet tongue. I opened my eyes and took a breath. Cody, our Golden Retriever had revived me briefly by licking my lips and nose, as a mother dog does to her puppies at birth to get them to breathe. After one or two breaths I went unconscious again.

The next time I awoke, Cody was gone. I briefly raised my hand and waved for help saying, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe!" before I fell unconscious again.

The final time I awoke a man in his late twenties with dark hair was standing over me, videotaping me with his smart phone. "Have you been drinking?" he asked

"No," I replied.

"What are you doing then?"

"I am walking my dog."

"Where is your dog?"

"I don't know." I lifted my head and looked around. I sat up and shouted "Cody!"

I saw Cody running towards me from a point about 2/3 of the way to our house and about 80 meters west. His leash was dragging behind him. The videotaping man narrated, "Here is the dog coming now, trailing his leash," as he aimed the camera at Cody running towards us. Cody was very happy to see me and licked my face and hands.

"Has this happened before?" the man asked.

"No," I said.

"You should go home and rest," the man said.

“Yes, I will go home and sleep now” I said compliantly. Intoxicated on Scopolamine one does whatever they are told. I grabbed the leash, stood up and led Cody home. Once inside I took off his leash and went straight to bed. Upon waking up a few hours later I had no memory of the event.

It took three days to start having flashbacks that started with being twigged every time I walked Cody by the site of the event. Within five days I had full recall. As with the other events I reported this one to the Toronto Police Services. They noted it was odd the person did not suggest I seek medical attention, or even call 9-1-1 for me. I agreed.

About a week or two later, Cody started limping. After a few days we were concerned and called the vet but since there was no obvious fracture it was deemed low priority and the appointment was set for about five days later. After another three days Cody stopped limping, and tragically we cancelled the appointment. We have since learned that dogs instinctually hide their injuries, and will adjust to not limp.

A few months later a large bump formed on his ankle. Tests were done and the vet announced he had bone cancer. An x-ray indicated Cody had a previous injury to his anklebone.



The vet said in front of another witness, “In this breed bone cancer starts in the knee not the ankle. This prior injury is where the inflammation started that caused the bone cancer. It looks about four or five months old.” That was in October. Four months would have been June when the Scopolamine Fog test occurred.

When Cody licked my lips and nose to get me to breathe, as I lay helpless on the grass after being gassed by the Scopolamine Fog, he interfered with the JTF’s MK-ULTRA chemical weapons test. They needed to test if the fog would kill me or not. Likely they want to use this fog on peaceful protesters. It looks like they hit him in the ankle with a metal rod or gun barrel so he would flee for his life, which he did. His thick fur coat had masked the resulting injury.

In the voice-to-skull (V2K) transmission that woke me up just before the test, I was instructed to walk the dog so they were expecting the dog’s presence and would have had a suitable weapon ready. No dog, especially a Golden Retriever, voluntarily leaves their owner unconscious, not breathing on the grass, especially after successfully reviving them once. Below is a photo of our shrine to Cody, a very loving a loyal Golden Retriever.



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