

Trauma Narrative

Versions 1, 2, 3 & Compiled Master Document

Subject: Soren Daniel Hayes
(Aliases - Tumblr: fawnsyndrome, shyfawn, sicklefawn, hurt0re, faggotuglyhfukcingdickballs, umbilicalnoose, necrochotic, necromutilomania, oathful; MCR Forum: Dark Link The Assassin; Instagram: androeciums, sacrificialis, oathful, soratoys)

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Table of Contents

Table of Contents.....	2
Original Trauma Narrative (Version 1)	3
Revised Trauma Narrative (Version 2).....	16
Final Trauma Narrative (Version 3)	31
Instagram Screenshot Transcript.....	65
Master Compiled Trauma Narrative	74
Identity & Background.....	74
Meeting Sam & Danny.....	74
The Abduction.....	75
The Warehouse.....	75
Kayla's Death — Key Difference Between Versions	76
Mousy — Added in V2, Absent in V1.....	76
Kimberly — Present in V1 & V2, Absent in V3	77
Sam's Description — Consistent Across All Versions	77
The Ending — Consistent Closing Line Across All Versions	77
Additional Transcriptions	78
Transcribed Hidden Wiki Page - “Cherry and Bambi”	78
Source Links	81
Version 1 — Published April 19, 2015	81
Version 2 — Published October 28, 2015.....	81
Version 3 — October 22, 2018	81

Original Trauma Narrative (Version 1)

Hello, i have decided to post my trauma narrative here....my heart is beating really fast but i'm trying so hard to be open & honest & my blog has always been a coping mechanism. I know i risk a lot with this, people saying "i dont believe you" or just being mean. Please be kind. i dont wish for anyone's sympathy, i just want to put it out there & maybe help other people. Ive posted pieces of this before but this is the current most complete one.

my name is soren. i am seventeen years old. i was adopted at six months old. i've always been close with my mom. i think that's important to say. i've never had many friends but she's always been there, for the most part. her and my dad have never really gotten along well. it is sad and frustrating. it was in preschool that i realized there was something not right with my body. i was not like the other boys, my parents dressed me in skirts and kept my hair long. i learned my body was that of a girl's. i was scared to ask my parents as i always possessed a buried fear that they would view me as strange and send me back to the orphanage. when i was eight, i was close with a girl named jessica. she told me her father molested her. i was scared, so i told people. things were confusing for a long time. she didn't like me anymore. it was okay though, i like to think the police fixed things. when i was nine, i moved to seattle and i was diagnosed with clinical depression. i met a boy named danny and a girl named sam. we became inseparable. they were my best friends in the whole entire universe. sam had animals for everyone she loved, danny was a lion, i was a fawn, and she was a wolf. so there we were. they introduced me to music that would stay with me forever, my chemical romance, joy division, crystal castles, hole, the smiths, etc. we smoked cigarettes together, played in the forest, and made flower crowns. danny and i huffed paint thinner in his dad's apartment and he told me that he was born with a birth defect, that people labelled him as "transgender" but that's not what he was, he was a boy, he was not "transitioning" to or from anything because he had always been a boy and that was that. i had struggled with the exact same thing since early preschool and when he confided in me, i told him i was a boy too and was scared i was gonna be trapped forever. they started calling me "sora", the name of the main character of our favorite video game instead of my birth name and danny cut all my hair off.

a few weeks before my tenth birthday, i went to spend the night at sam's house. i was very much in love with her even though we were only children. we had even kissed already. i felt very grown up. she was very tall and she had these blue blue eyes. that afternoon, we were playing kingdom hearts in her room on an emulator on her computer. her father came in and he started to scream at her and i was scared. he called her a whore. he started beating her with his fists. in the face. over and over. the theme of destiny islands, sora's home was playing because the game was left on in the background. she just coiled into herself and let him hit her. she fell on the floor. he kicked her, said something, and walked out. i didnt know what to do. i was frozen. she didnt move. i reached out and touched her shoulder. she had such a bony shoulder. she rarely ate. i felt it moving and knew she was crying. i moved the hair out of her eyes. she said go home. and i

said no. she tried again. i said i wouldnt leave. i took her in the bathroom and washed off her face. she was so pretty. i brushed her teeth because there was blood in her gums. i wanted to kiss her but knew it was not a good time. i sat down on the bathroom tile because i was secretly scared to go back out but didn't want her to know. she came and sat down next to me. i let her put her head in my lap and she layed down and pulled her knees to her chest. she was shaking so i knew she was crying again. she didnt want me to know that she was scared too. i leaned down and put my lips on the top of her head and combed my fingers through her hair. i knew her eyes were closed so i thought i could lie to her. i said that we were on a boat to destiny islands. and she said yeah? and i said yeah, we're almost there. we're gonna get married under the paopu tree. she said she was excited and could feel the boat moving. i rocked her back and forth a little to make it seem more real but i started giggling so i think she knew i was lying. but she didn't care. that's why i love her so much.

we went back to her room and she let me sleep in her bed with her. she held me very close and i could feel her breathing against my back. when i woke up, i couldnt feel her next to me anymore. i looked up and her father was standing over me. i realized his eyes are the same as hers and that made me very sad. he took off my clothes so i didnt feel like a boy anymore. i tried not to cry because i knew sam wouldnt cry. another man, jason, came in with her. she was not wearing any clothes either and i didnt want to look because i loved her too much. there was a bag over her head and her hands were tied behind her back. and that was the beginning. rape is a very vile word but it is what happened. i held sam's hand. he put a gun inside me and then held it to my head, told me he was going to kill me, but when he pulled the trigger, nothing happened. it was just a game to them, it was the first of many. they laughed at the way i reacted. i thought it couldn't get any worse but they dressed us in large t shirts and hurried us outside in the dark. no one saw. they stuffed us into the trunk of a car, duct tape across our mouths, ropes around our wrists. i asked sam if we were going to die. she said she didnt know. that was the first night i saw her darkness. they took us to a warehouse. there were other girls in dresses and shorts and pajamas, some wearing nothing, some tied up the same way sam and i were.. some very pretty. i didnt feel pretty. we were all anywhere from 7 years old to 15 at the very oldest. i was a small, scrawny kid, 4'3 and 47 pounds at 9 years old. i didnt know what time it was. at first, i wouldnt let go of her hand. she said it'll be okay, you have to let go and i started crying again and i hated it because girls dont like boys who cry. but i let go. and i was given my first client and a quota to fill of \$600. i saw eight men to accomplish this. this was a very low number in comparison to what it normally would be but i was naive and believed it to be the worst. i lived like this for almost three years, being sold and bought, forced into child prostitution and pornography. they said they would kill my mom and sister if i didn't comply. i won't talk about everything that happened only because there is too much but i will highlight the few most important points. my connection to sam changed; i lost sight of the space between us, i couldn't tell we were different people. they videotaped us a lot, i was made to hurt her. she always took care of me. she always protected me. i would be dead without her. it is not love i feel for her; it is beyond adoration and devotion.

i started to develop stockholm syndrome for her father. i fell in love because he was always gentle when he took the duct tape off. it was always daddy daddy daddy daddy, master master master master. all the men liked to be called daddy but in my mind, he was the one and only. there were so many times when he could have killed me and didn't and i am so grateful for that. i started to believe i deserved all of it. i began to sympathize with him. sometimes he even said i was beautiful. he had the same eyes as her. there were many times, that during the act, i would dissociate to destiny islands. my identity as sora protected me so much.

the fourth day i was there, i met a girl named kayla. she was seven years old. she had blonde, blonde hair and she wore mary janes with stickers all over them. she loved rainbows and pink roses. she became sam and i's best friend. we loved her so much. she was the light in that utter darkness. when we had clients together, we would jump on the hotel bed before they arrived. she was our little bunny. her favorite color was pink and she wanted to be a princess when she grew up. she had birthday dreams and she even stole pudding out of a client's refrigerator for my 12th birthday and was beaten nearly to death for it.

the first girl i saw killed was a girl named anna. she had her head in the stars. she had a little teddy bear she would always hold on to. she was always saying her brother would come and save her and we believed her. she said his name was blake and he was in the military so he would come and save her. he didnt though. her pimp brought her into the main room of the warehouse where all of us had been gathered to watch the spectacle. everyone knew she had gotten an std. he held her by the hair and said "this is what you get if you're a fucking whore" and he shot her in the head. the sickening sound her skull made as it met concrete is something i will never forget. right up to the moment she was killed, she said "please wait my brother is coming."

i saw six girls killed in total, including anna, but i will only talk about two others. i saw a girl burned to death, i saw a girl bleed to death, i saw a girl stabbed to death but those are the ones i will not talk about them right now. jason was usually in charge of disposing of the bodies and he took me with him most of the time. after he learned that i preferred to be referred to as a boy, he insisted that i was his "little buddy". he would say that i wasnt like the rest. the days kept moving on without anna. i learned to cope, swallow my pain, and move on. i will explain the mechanics of the warehouse. each girl had her pimp, most commonly the one who had kidnapped her or who she had been sold to. sometimes it was a family member, like in sam's case, but that was rare. girls came and went pretty often, whether they were killed, arrested for prostitution, sold to another ring, or taken somewhere else. the warehouse was a gathering place, i served the majority of my clients there but sometimes i was taken to a hotel or their homes. in the warehouse, there was a room called the "pain room". it was decked out in all your greatest and latest bdsm gear. it was where we all feared the most. there was one device that i especially hated that held your mouth open. i spent a lot of time there. fun times. they'd chain you down, and fire a gun around you, and you'd shut your eyes, waiting for one of the bullets to hit you, hoping one of the bullets would hit you. there were a variety of "punishments" that we would undergo if we

didn't do something correctly (for example, if we screamed or cried when we weren't supposed to or vomited while giving oral or whatever), most common were the "hanging punishment" and the "dunking punishment". there were different variations of each but usually, the hanging punishment was where you'd have a noose tied around your neck and you'd have each foot, on tiptoe, on two separate stools spread apart so that'd you have to balance yourself while being beaten or raped amongst laughs of "haha dont hang yourself, bitch!" the dunking punishment was either in a bathtub or bucket of water and was exactly what it sounds like. sometimes you'd have a bag on your head, sometimes not. spiders were used a couple of times, put inside us and being forced to eat them. i couldn't eat spaghetti for years after that but in the past few months, i just started to again. i had bites everywhere that hurt for a long time. they put their cigarettes out on us a lot, a habit that sam took up on herself when we got older. another humiliation that was popular, though not considered a punishment, was having a collar fastened around your neck and walked like a dog. "bad dog" was a favorite insult and for some reason, one of the ones that remains most prominent in my mind. needle play was also a big thing, usually small ones, through the surface of your skin. it was more scary than actually harmful. Sam always did both kayla and i's make up for movies. We'd sit on a hotel bed, heels and glittery dresses, hair tied up, ten years old. kayla and anna would bicker over whos makeup sam did first. she would have to reapply mine multiple times because i kept crying that i was a boy. one of the first things they did, in the first few weeks i was there, was carve the word "whore" in my arm with a knife. branding. seven years later and the scar's still there. i tried to cover it with make up and it worked for a few months but i ended up lying and telling my parents i did it to myself and that was when i went to the hospital for the first time. we were forced to hurt each other a lot, rape one another and torture each other. while it was always done with reluctance and regret, it definitely turned all of us against one another. i once turned in girls who had ran away because they "hurt" sam. I will always feel guilty about that.

i was drugged a handful of times with sedatives but when i was ten was the first time i was administered heroin. i was ordered for a small party. when i was dropped off, five men circled around me and it started immediately. they shot up and then stuck the needle in my arm. it was a strange experience i dont remember much. i kept crying which i normally never did. but it was nice. the next thing i remember clearly was sitting on the couch in the arms of a man who was talking to me softly and another one was making me eggs for breakfast even though it was 3 am. another man left to get more drugs. they said weird things like "don't stand too close to the door baby they'll see you." i buried my face in the man's chest, i didn't know what was going on. but i felt powerful. powerful and confused. heroin became a somewhat common occurrence after that.

i tried to run once. it was one of my first clients and i was serving him in his home. i freaked out and bit his dick while giving him a blowjob. i ran out of the room naked as fast as i could and into the field behind his house and i just kept running until i felt roberts arms around me. he had been sitting in the car outside waiting for me. he started beating me up. "you like that, you little

cunt?” i was brought back to the client who was bleeding and forced to masturbate for him. both my eyes were black and my nose was bleeding.

beginning when i was almost 11, a man named Louis (i don't know if that was his real name, probably not) became obsessed with me and stalked me. he would leave love notes in my backpack and never saw any other girl but me. he said very nice things and bought me ice cream. sometimes he would even come see me at school. he left voice mails on my cell phone. i thought he loved me, i felt safe with him. he was never violent, always gentle. so i told him i was a boy. that was the only time he hit me. he took me to his house and after we fucked, he left me alone on the bed while he took a shower. i went through his dresser drawers and found his journal. there were pieces of my hair and one of my socks taped to one of the pages and descriptions of myself that i couldn't bear to read. i found a photo of his wife and daughter and i wondered if he did this shit to her. probably. i walked to the refrigerator and ate a strawberry yogurt. the house was so quiet. i forgot i wasn't wearing any clothes. i sat on the tile. and then it hit me. how completely fucked up the entire situation was. and i cried. i started wailing and threw the yogurt at the countertop. he came running out and held me. he stroked my hair and told me it was going to be okay. and god, i believed him. and we fucked again. and i wanted sam. and i wanted to go home. when i was 12, his messages got increasingly more desperate. eventually he told me, if i couldn't marry him and go to the east coast with him, we were over. he came to pick me up. i stood outside the warehouse by his car and he kept saying “come on baby girl, we gotta go, let's go, we gotta go.” but daddy came out and started yelling at him “you can't take my product.” and then he drove away. and i never saw him again.

for my 11th birthday, daddy told my parents he would take sam and i on a three week long “camping trip”. i insisted that i didn't want to go but i had been staying indoors a lot because i was so terrified and in a traumatized state that they told me i had to get out more. we were driven with a group of other girls to the outskirts of bakersfield in northern california. most of the girls were drugged but i had proven myself calm time and time again so i was drugged a lot less often by the second year. there was another warehouse like place there with bunkbeds that we all slept in. well that some of us slept in. depending on her pimp and her performance that day some girls had to sleep in dog cages. i brought a small bag of clothes and other travelling stuff that they took away the minute i arrived. we worked day and night. i didn't get to be with sam or kayla most of the time. we would only see one another in the evenings when we ate if none of us had night clients. every night, there was always some girl sobbing in her bed. i learned to ignore it. there was nothing i could say to fix it, there were girls coming in and out of the room all night so it was nearly impossible to sleep. i would always end up in sam's bed, sniffing and trying not to cry and letting her hold me and sing me to sleep. the days went by so slowly. i crossed off the days in a little notebook i kept under my pillow. i only had three weeks. the other girls would be there forever. i was taken to an anonymous clinic during this time and treated for two stds. everything hurt. so many times i'd beg “kill me, please just kill me”, it was pathetic. four days before i was supposed to go home, sam and i were chained up in a basement for a porn movie.

she was really weak because of her eating disorder on top of the fact that we hadn't eaten for two days and had been working nonstop in very physically demanding situations. she didn't complain at all though. we had already been in the basement for three days, and for the first few days sam would talk to me and sing to me and try to keep me in high spirits but by the end of the third day she was quiet and just let her head hang. it smelled fucking awful, we hadn't been allowed out of the shackles on our wrists so we couldn't shower and the men's idea of "showering" was splashing cold water on us. we were both cut up a great deal and the ground was stained with dried blood. i thought of a horror movie that i had watched with danny. i really wished i could be with him. i wondered what he would have said if he was there with us. One of them stuck the barrel of a gun in my mouth, something i was used to and held me by my hair and said puke and he kept thrusting the gun into the back of my throat until my gag reflex finally kicked in. When they forced sam and i on each other they cut each of our tongues for the blood. Years later, we experimented with this on our own. after our work with the group, they were unsatisfied with sam's performance. one man left and came back with a hammer and a nail. he took her hand and she said "bambi don't look baby look away" i shut my eyes just in time. i heard her scream though. they put a bag over my head with a small hole near my mouth so i could breathe. the fourth day went by and the bag was never taken off. then the fifth. they finally fed us but i was still unable to see with bag on my head and we still were chained to the wall with our hands behind our backs so i had to press my mouth to the ground and find the food like a mouse. sam hadn't spoke to me for the two days i had had the bag. i wondered if she still had the nails in her hand. i wondered if she was dead. on the sixth day, i heard her scream, the first noise she had made in days. i couldn't see anything, obviously, and i knew better than to talk out of turn but she just kept screaming. i started kicking my legs in their shackles and then i couldn't take it anymore and i started crying. i hadn't cried the entire trip except at night. i started blabbering "pleas e dont hurt her riku riku please dont hurt riku" i felt a fist come down on the top of my head and i shut up. finally, after about two hours of sam's cries, they took the bag off my head. the light, despite there being barely any in the basement, was nearly blinding because i had only seen the dark cloth of the bag for almost three days. i blinked a lot before locating the outlines of sam's body. she was laying in a pool of blood. there was two huge gashes on the insides of her thighs that were still bleeding and she was bleeding from her vagina, one slash on her throat that wasn't as bad, and one across her face. i was shocked by this. they were usually NEVER allowed to touch our faces because that would decrease our value. but more than that, her stomach had a word etched across it, not in blood but black ink. she had been tattooed. it wasn't the first time, we each had small "daddy's" on the insides of our legs, but this was huge. it said "forsaken". i didn't understand it and i was too tired to try to make sense of it. they let us out of our shackles after that and replaced them with handcuffs but at least we weren't chained to the wall anymore. sam and i crawled across the floor as fast as we could towards each other and slept as close as we could to one another on the floor in the middle of the room. the next day, daddy came to pick us up and we went home. it was strange putting on clothing again because we had been naked the past week in the basement. we took a normal small car home instead of the van. kayla wasn't

with us. when i got home, daddy gave me back the little backpack i had embarked on the trip with, all the clothes inside still clean and unworn.

then there was j who only bought me once but it was still an experience that i remember prominently. he took me to his apartment and it was filthy. i had been in disgusting places before but this was especially gross. for the first hour, he didn't touch me. he ordered me to sit on the kitchen floor and i did so happily, if not a little confused. there was pot of boiling water and he opened the pantry and brought a cageful of squirming rats to the stove. and for the next hour, my ears were filled with rats' screams as he dipped each head first into the boiling water. every time i tried to look away or cover my ears he would yell at me to pay attention. when it appeared he had become bored, he dumped them all into water then walked over to me, undoing his belt and holding it above his head. "get on your fucking knees." i had heard that so many times before. i was already sitting so i just changed my position. he brandished the belt over my head and hit me with it. he assaulted me then stood up and pressed his shoe into the side of my face. "clean yourself up." i had also heard that many times before. i quickly dressed and wiped off my face. it was such a strange experience, fucking on that dirty carpet with the sound of rats squeaking and crawling around us.

there was a period of time that i became very angry. i started yelling and becoming aggressive with people that weren't involved in the abuse. i even began fighting with danny even though he was one of the people i loved most in the world. eventually i couldnt contain myself and my violent behavior carried over to the warehouse. jason and i were fucking in one of the downstairs rooms and i was on my knees and he was on my back and i turned around and bit his arm and wouldnt let go. he smashed my face into the ground and thats when i lost it. i dont remember much but throwing myself at him and it was a whirl of tooth and nail and fists until finally he had me in a hold with my arm twisted behind my back. "ill break your fucking fingers, bitch" it was like those words didnt reach me i was still trying to fight him off. and that when he did it. snapped my first finger. the pain rushed through my whole body and i screamed. "say you love your daddy." that made me mad so i started kicking again. second finger. i felt spit dripping down my chin and for a split second i realized just how fucking off the wall i had become. and that made me want to cry. so i started crying. and i said i want sam. i want my mommy sam. and he said "say im daddys fucktoy!" i kept mumbling and sobbing. third finger. my whole arm was on fire. i dont even remember. i said yea sir im daddys i am i am. when i went home i told my parents i had gotten my hand stuck in a door. sam backed me up.

there were many days i never even went to school. i would meet sam or daddy there and go to the warehouse or to a client's house. daddy picked me up and transferred me to my client's car in a mcdonald's parking lot. i was stuffed into the trunk, as usual, and tried to sleep. we drove for a long time. when we finally parked and they opened the trunk, there was nothing but trees in sight. that wasn't too surprising, we were in washington after all. they picked me up and carried me into the woods since my hands and feet were still bound. when i saw a cabin the first thought that came to my mind was this is so fucking cliché. i thought of danny's horror movies again.

they tied me to the bed and i thought this is so boring. “we’re gonna kill you, cunt” yeah, yeah, okay, okay. i’d heard it all before. i sat there, almost rolling my eyes. i was scared, of course, but it was almost funny. i’d had so many guns held to my head and knives to my neck and lighters to my face i had given up that any of them was actually going to do anything. i could take a group too. i took pride in that. i would joke with sam all the time that i was the best gang rape victim around. “no one’s gonna find your body.” cool, i thought, i can’t wait. the main one took out a knife. i was getting so cocky, so confident that i met his eyes and stared at him. he didn’t like that at all. he slapped me hard across the face. “who the fuck do you think you are?” i remembered how much danger i actually was in and composed myself. i had gotten so apathetic the past few months. they did the gang thing, that sucked. my arrogance disappeared with that. i wasn’t going to cry but i wasn’t going to challenge any of them anymore either. and then he knelt down and did something i wasn’t expecting. he stuck the knife inside me and i couldn’t help but scream and oh god i dont want to fucking write this anymore im going to puke it hurt so bad all i saw was red it felt like i was going to puke. he thrust it in and out and each hurt more than the last. i bit my tongue until it bled to try and keep from screaming but it was useless. i started crying and saying i want sam, i want sam, sam sam sam sam, daddy daddy daddy sora sora sora sora sam sam. finally he stopped, gave me a small final slash across my thigh, spit in it, and stood up. i felt forward on my face and curled up but it was excruciating to move and i was laying in a puddle of my own blood. i brought my knees to my chest and starting hyperventilating. i just kept repeating sam i want sam where’s riku. i felt incredibly weak, my vision was fuzzy, and i could feel the warm blood run down my legs. the next thing i knew, i was back at sam’s house, sitting in her bathtub, while she pressed a washcloth gently between my legs and talked softly to me. i could hear daddy outside the bathroom on the phone yelling at someone. i didn’t care. i wrapped my arms around sam’s neck while she washed me off and said mom mommy sam riku mom i love you i love you. she kissed the top of my head.

sam became pregnant with her father’s child when we were twelve. we pretended i was the father because we needed a way of letting our minds pretend and escape. that made me happy. it also made me laugh. it made me feel like a grown up. she wanted to name her Shiloh. we made up stories about how we would go to her first day of kindergarten and go to the zoo with her. a few months went by, and she wasn’t showing at all so we thought we could get away with it. we figured she could have the baby and hide her in danny’s closet or something. we thought daddy had no idea. but one day she wasn’t at school and her dad came to pick me up. he brought me into the house and into her room. she was tied to the bed and i knew she had been there all day. her eyes widenend when she saw me. he told me to go to the bathroom and i did. jason was there. he brought sam in, all tied up. i hat ethis part so much i wanna scream he gave her a coat hanger abortion and she was tissue. shiloh was tissue. he smashed her head into the toliet seat and the wall because she tried to fight back and sam never ever fought back. i tried to do something but jason held me back and god, he would not stop laughing. usually, it didn’t bother me, let them get their kick, but this was our baby. i started screaming and he shoved his fingers into my mouth. he started stripping me and i didn’t try to resist. sam was sobbing. daddy shoving it in

and then taking it out and re-positioning it. there was so much fucking blood between what he was doing and the beating. “i want my baby, i want my baby” sam kept saying. It was scary because sam never got upset but she was sobbing and blubbering. jason got up and i was free but i still didn’t move. he turned on the bathtub and it quickly filled with water. daddy picked her up and dropped her, kicking and screaming into the tub. jason picked me up and put me in the water with her. i don’t know why. the water was blood red, sam was still bleeding profusely from between her legs. she had her hands over her face and was breathing heavily. it was over. “no one would want a whore for a mother anyways.” he said and left us and told me to get ready, that we were going to the warehouse. after they were gone, i climbed out of the tub, stained with my best friend’s blood, took some of the globby gore that i assumed was our daughter and wrapped her into two pieces of toilet paper. i still keep shiloh in a locket that danny gave me. i crawled over to sam who was still in the water, helped her out, and pulled her into my lap. i buried my face into the top of her head and she didnt talk again for a week.

they tried to make her talk but i dont think she was there, not really, her eyes were dull and her jaw was slack and sam wasnt inside there. she came back though, eventually. the day she came back, it was in the evening, and i danced with her on the deck and it was cold. i dont know why i danced with her. i just felt like it was the right thing to do. she let me lead her around the small patio in a very childish and clumsy way. she even smiled a little when i tried to do dumb things like spin her in circles. i hadn’t seen her smile in a very long time and i really love her smile, i love it a lot, it is one of my most favorite things in the entire world. when we were done she said im sorry. and her voice was very very quiet. i said you have nothing to be sorry for. and she put her finger tips on my eyelids and kissed my forehead. she said im sorry again. but i didnt say anything this time because i knew she would be sorry for the rest of her life no matter what.

there was an event that would occur every once and awhile called a “blowjob circle”. a group of 20 or so men would sit in a circle and pass the girls around on their knees. this wasn’t as bad as it sounds because it was quite simple. but there was a five year old girl this time who, it was physically impossible for her to perform correctly. the rest of us watched her out of the corners of our eyes. she was tonguing the tips half heartedly and we knew one of them was going to do something to her to punish her sooner or later. eventually she got to robert. “what the fuck are you doing?” all of us froze because we knew what was coming. he tried to shove it deeper down her throat until she puked. i made eye contact with sam and we both knew. he grabbed her by the hair and threw her down on the floor. she was crying now, loud, obnoxious sobs. oh god shut up shut up you’re just making it worse, i thought. “shut the fuck up, you fucking whore!” i wanted to melt into the ground i didn’t want to see. but it was like roadkill, you couldn’t look away. he got a pair of pliers and crouched over her, forcing her mouth open. her screams were awful and i started shaking. the circle had disbanded and everyone was watching the pair now. blood started pouring from her mouth and before i could see any more i felt sam come up behind me and her hands were over my eyes. i could still hear it all though. she held me closely. she very often

covered my eyes when the bad things happened and i could never thank her enough for that. the girl was taken away in the van a few days later and none of us ever saw her again.

halfway through the third year, when i was twelve, i was working a client with kayla. i dont like to talk about this. i hate all of this. he was a newbie, very virgin in sadism, and fucked with a gun he didn't know anything about. it was loaded. kayla was shot point blank and her fucking blood splattered on me. she wasnt supposed to die. he dropped the gun and ran and i screamed as loud as i could and kept screaming until sam was with me and the two of us were holding our baby bunny on the cement floor. we didn't talk at all. this was our worst nightmare after shiloh. there were no words, no comfort possible. eventually, jason came and tried to pull us away but i wouldn't let go. At last, i did though. jason brought me with him to get rid of her body. i sat in the passenger seat in silence. i had done this before but i never fucking thought it would be kayla's body in the plastic bag. we drove to the same place as always. he made me bury my best friend. daddy had to come pick me up before i was done because of the time. i was grateful for that.

the worst thing was kimberly. I cant talk that well about it. I will say it in simple facts. I was tied up in the downstairs of the warehouse with daddy and jason because that is where they did movies. We were waiting for the second girl and the customers to come. Finally a pimp i recognized came down the stairs holding a girl i only vaguely recognized as the new girl they had just brought in. The other customers hadn't arrived yet so the girl and i talked in whispers. I learned her name was kimberly but that wasnt her real name. I told her about Sora and the keyblade just like i told all the other girls. She seemed interested. She said she had been kidnapped awhile ago but was just transferred here. She said this was the worst place she had ever been in. I didnt know because this was the only place i have ever been in. Then the other men arrived. 13 of them. The cameras were set up. And then it started. I didnt have much trouble but kimberly wasnt used to that many and cried a lot. But for the most part, it was your typical movie. They got the devices from the corner of the room so i avoided looking over there so i wouldnt have to see what was coming next. Then i was on top of kimberly and all of them backed off. I was confused until robert handed me a gun. "Kill her." I was confused, i thought i hadnt heard him correctly. "What?" He got mad at that. "Are you fucking deaf? I said shoot the bitch." I turned the gun over in my hands. He said "we'll kill you right here and now if you dont do as i say." I didnt care. I didnt care at all. "We'll kill sam." I moved on instinct and put the gun to kimberly's head. I fired. Nothing happened. And our eyes met and we both lit up and we knew it was just one of their stupid games that they always played, we just had to play along until they got off and we would be fine. So i kept pulling the trigger like they wanted. And we almost smiled at each other. And then her face exploded. Fuck i dont wnt to talk. I screamed and dropped the stupid gun and crawled away. I was wailing. The cameras were still rolling. I screamed and screamed. They started fucking her again. I said i want sam! Im sora! I want sam! The cameraman said shut this miserable animal up. He was talking about me. I vomited. Then a man went to the bad corner to get something. He walked back with a saw and all the other men

backed off. He sat on top of her like i had been and started going at her neck. Fuck fuck fuck everything was dead quiet all you could hear was the saw cutting flesh then the saw cutting bone then her head just rolled. The camera was still rolling. I vomited again and fell forward into my own puke and blood. I mumbled into it i want sam i want my mom my mom my mom daddy daddy daddy. I looked up. Her mouth was open when she died. One of the men had picked up her head and they were taking turns going at her mouth. Gos. Fucking ycj fucj fuck fuck did d cjdjsnf it has taken me six months just to write this little part it hurts so much i only saw that for probably a minute before daddy picked me up and hurried me upstairs. He started kissing me all over and saying oh fuck fuck im so sorry baby im sorry fuck im sorry. And all i said was i want sam. And he went and got sam. And we went home.

after that, he let me go. i think it was beyond even him. he didn't come after me. i don't why. they say less than 1% of people like me ever escape. i'm a junior in high school now. i can see my parents. i can have friends. i can play with my dogs. i can live. they never had the chance. we were never people. we were never anything but ways to generate income and sate the most evil kind of debauchery. i dont know why im not dead. its not fair. kayla shouldn't be dead, anna shouldn't be dead, nicole shouldn't be dead, clara shouldn't be dead, hannah shouldn't be dead, kimberly shouldn't be dead, i should. i should have run. i should have run. but i was so scared of being killed and now i try to do it to myself, it's so ironic. but i did run. i ran back to my parents. i left them behind, the ones who were still alive. i got out, i lived, i loved. less than 1%. would they hate me for it? would they hate for running, not looking back, and sitting here shaking and trying to forget? does sam hate me for it? for leaving her in that warehouse? they remained locked inside that horror, to be broken, to be killed. less than 1%. less than 1%. they were people. they were just children. i got out because he left me go. i did not run away. i was not rescued. it was all his choice. i was lucky. he let me live. i dont know why. i didnt deserve it, i dont. everything afterwards seems so insignificant, or rather, it didn't affect me, it feels like i have finally created a callous. sam and i attended different middle schools but i would see her around town, once in the doctor's office with a million shards of glass wedged in her foot, i knew who had done that. we talked and met in secret when we could, still very scared because of how potentially dangerous it was. i switched schools because of bullying due to trans stuff, i got beat up a lot. when we got into high school, sam and i were a lot more open about our relationship, i started going to school in the city and she would come see me almost every day. we did a lot of drugs, she developed a meth addiction on top of her already present heroin addiction and she got arrested once and that was scary. but god, we were so happy. we were so in love. she started working as a prostitute on her own to pay for her addiction and it broke my heart. once we were walking in seattle and man came up to us and he said to her "i've seen your pussy" and she didn't even blink and replied "yeah half the world has, suck my clit". she was so blunt but still sweet and had that dreamy aura about her that said she had her head in the clouds but knew how to use a knife. we were attached at the hip, i would follow her to all her modelling photoshoots and she would hang around my school and we would go to parties and make out on the roof and

pick flowers and read to each other and it was like we were children again minus all the abuse. when we were 14, we slept together for the first time that wasn't being forced by abusers. it was the first time i had sex consensually. She made me feel safe. she was my wolf girl, brutalized and so she became brutal herself. she fought a lot and got in trouble a lot. her \$3 goodwill dresses and leather jackets and floral prints and white t shirt that said "i'm dreaming of being a cloud" and black t shirt that said "evil, wicked, nasty, and mean" all ended up in my closet somehow. but she still had that child in her, the child that said "if i wear my red shoes i'll be safe". She used her body as a battleground and grave and canvas and built off the tattoos she was forced to get, getting a little rainbow and bunny for kayla, her daughter's initials with angel wings, and a fawn and the words "just like heaven" and "dearly beloved" for me among other things. she was always nuzzling her face into the top of my head or kissing the corner of my mouth or had a protective arm around me, it was all subconscious, i think, that maternal instinct after everything we had been through together, she was always very very protective of me. Although bad things happened too, i walked in on her purging a few times, something that had been happening ever since i met her and i would sit on the floor with her and we would just talk for a long time. She developed a sort of speech problem where she stuttered a lot and at times, couldn't speak in full sentences or talked in "word salad". there were sometimes when she lost control of herself, with the hallucinations and delusions she had experienced since we were children and she would become violent. she broke all the plates in the kitchen and tried to choke me once. she was on speaking terms with oblivion and was only afraid of herself, and enjoyed sex as a competitive sport. she always told the truth and that's why she is never to be believed. she felt at home in gas stations and hospitals. i could sit and watch her paint for hours. she should not be misunderstood as heartless though bored by cruelty. she looks out for other girls and will turn a wild party into a quiet group of drunk girls sitting on the kitchen floor, braiding each other's hair, and telling secrets while the boys are left to entertain themselves. i have loved her for eight years and i will never ever stop.

i went through all the cliché stuff, self harm, an eating disorder, addiction. i tried to kill myself a lot. spent a lot of time in hospitals. danny moved away, and his mother outed as him as transgender to his school. he was beaten up and gangraped on his way home. he hung himself in his bedroom. i was the last person he talked to. i moved back to california and it was awful leaving sam and the few other friends i had. i continued using benzos and oxycodone regularly to deal with the flashbacks i got. i slept with girls who hated themselves and made them hate themselves even more. i killed animals for a little bit but eventually got over that. the hallucinations got worse, i heard him, felt him, saw him, and i still do. the dissociation increased as well. one night, i woke up on the train tracks near my house with no idea how i had gotten there. i've found myself on the floors of random people's houses calling for my mom, banging my head head on the wall, i couldn't stay in school because i left the classroom so much. i started taking testosterone. i felt awful because danny didn't get to. i got my name legally changed to soren daniel, soren for sora, daniel for my brother, danny. i got a mastectomy in march 2013. sam was the first person i showed my new chest to and she cried out of happiness because she knew just

how far i had come. in july 2013 i was hospitalized for my eating disorder. sam and i recovered together, eating meals together on skype. i did weight restoration and went through a treatment program. a few months later, i was put in another treatment center and only two weeks after that i was sent to a long term facility in utah. there, i was discovered as transgender and beaten up and raped by a fellow patient. i only stayed there for a few months before telling my parents what had happened. i was talking to sam every day up until january 2014 when she went missing. she was part of the super bowl trafficking so the fbi investigated. about two months ago, they found her body in minnesota. they think she was killed last year around her birthday. i ache every fucking day for her. My heart is in pieces and it will never ever get better. I miss her so much. I currently have an open case with the fbi, i am just working with evidence and planning the right time to act. i spent three months in another residential treatment center after i tried to hang myself with jumper cables. my mom found me hanging unconscious and gave me cpr. so much has changed. Im trying to stop using drugs all together now. i left a world where i was scared for my life every day. the shame, guilt, and fear are still constant but for the first time in years, i can say i don't actively want to kill myself. the thoughts are still there and i always possess the potential to act but they are not as strong as before. i think the mind has ways of surviving. sometimes i look at the cigarette burns they left on me, the word "daddy" he carved into my thigh and "whore" across my forearm and im excited to try and make friends, im tired of being lonely, tired of being sad, tired of being scared, im ready to talk about what happened to me, im ready to live my life and i grew up like a child does, am one still who thinks the world is beautiful.

Revised Trauma Narrative (Version 2)

Hello, i have decided to post my trauma narrative here....my heart is beating really fast but i'm trying so hard to be open & honest & my blog has always been a coping mechanism. I know i risk a lot with this, people saying "i dont believe you" or just being mean. Please be kind. i dont wish for anyone's sympathy, i just want to put it out there & maybe help other people. Ive posted pieces of this before but this is the current most complete one.

my name is soren. i am seventeen years old. i was adopted at six months old. i've always been close with my mom. i think that's important to say. i've never had many friends but she's always been there, for the most part. it was in preschool that i realized there was something not right with my body. i was not like the other boys, my parents dressed me in skirts and kept my hair long. i learned my body was that of a girl's. i was scared to ask my parents as i always possessed a buried fear that they would view me as strange and send me back to the orphanage. when i was 5, i was walking on the tidepools with my mom when she fell and broke her leg. this was very traumatic for me at the time so i was put into therapy. we would go every week to a little office by the beach and soon my therapist started molesting me. he told me not to tell anyone so i didn't. entering kindergarten, i met a boy named david and we became very close. he lived right down the street from us so i would spend most hours of the day with him. his father started molesting me when i was 6 and this lasted until i was 8 when he died from a heart attack. both of these incidents don't really bother me much at all anymore but its interesting to see how my psyche was preconditioned to be a victim; i was vulnerable. when i was eight, i was close with a girl named jessica. she told me her father molested her. i was scared, so i told people. things were confusing for a long time. she didn't like me anymore. it was okay though, i like to think the police fixed things. when i was nine, i moved to seattle and i was diagnosed with depression. i was struggling in public school so my parents had me transferred to a small montessori school. there were only about 9 kids in my grade level (3rd grade to 6th grade). there was a girl named sam who no one really liked, they called her r*tarded and crazy because she spun around in circles on the playground and her hair was dirty and she was very skinny because she never ate. she talked to herself and to people that no one else could see. she always came to school with bruises. she never made any effort to talk to me and every time i tried to talk to her, she ran away. the first time she talked to me, i was sitting at a table and she rushed up and stared at me and she asked "do you know who courtney love is?" i was taken aback and i just wanted her to think i was cool even though i had no idea who courtney love was. "yeah....uh...she...uh" i answered. "you don't know, do you?" and then she ran off again.

a few weeks after i had transferred to the school, they had a sleepover at the school and we were all crowded into the upper el classroom, watching the princess bride on the small television. i was sitting with all the other children, my head in sam's twin sister's lap, and sam was crammed into the corner of the room. i tried to catch glimpses of her out of the corner of my eye whenever i could and when i did, i would always catch her staring at me, wide eyed. i wanted to ask her to

come sit with us but i also wanted the rest of the kids to think i was cool and they hated sam, they said if she came too close to you, she'd give you rabies. i kept watching her and she kept watching me, she was biting on her fingers, and blood was dripping down her hands. i never asked her to join us.

that night, as we were all sleeping in the lower el room, i woke up to the sound of running water and the bright glare of the bathroom light. the door was open so i went to see what was up. i was welcomed by sam with her head underneath the running faucet. she had closed the drain so the sink was filling up. this was only the second time i had talked to her. i asked her what she was doing and she said she was trying to drown herself. i said you cant drown yourself in a sink and then she said something about how many babies die in sinks every year. i told her she wasnt a baby and we went back and forth for awhile until we were both angry and i went and woke up the teacher and told her sam was trying to drown herself in the bathroom and then i called my mom and had her come pick me up.

i also met a boy named danny. he was good friends with sam and eventually, over the summer, all three of us became inseparable. they were my best friends in the whole entire universe. sam had animals for everyone she loved, danny was a lion, i was a fawn, and she was a wolf. so there we were. we smoked cigarettes together, played in the forest, and made flower crowns. danny and i huffed paint thinner in his dad's apartment and he told me that he was born with a birth defect, that people labelled him as "transgender" but that's not what he was, he was a boy, he was not "transitioning" to or from anything because he had always been a boy and that was that. i had struggled with the exact same thing since early preschool and when he confided in me, i told him i was a boy too and was scared i was gonna be trapped forever. they started calling me "sora", the name of the main character of our favorite video game instead of my birth name and danny cut all my hair off and sam kissed me. it was my first kiss and i was glowing.

throughout this entire time, i was never allowed to go to sam's house. both sam and danny consistently warned me against it. i didn't understand, i was so head over heels for sam, i thought it was just a matter of her not liking me enough or something.

a few weeks before my tenth birthday, sam finally invited me over to her house for the night. i was so ecstatic that i ignored danny's warnings and precautions. i was so happy i was filled with dreams of holding sam's hand and kissing her cheek before going to sleep. when i got there, her mom opened the door and i ran upstairs. i passed by her sister's room which was pink and pretty and filled with nice things. so when i opened sam's door, i was not prepared for what greeted me. the room was completely bare except for a dirty mattress on the ground and what looked like a dog cage at the foot of it. i presumed it was for their dog, demyx, but i was wrong. sam was all smiles when i saw her. "don't you like my room? it's so pretty!" i was confused by this and without meaning to i blurted out "no??" she looked so hurt by this and i felt immediately guilty. "no but look! i have this doll and she's so nice to me we talk a lot!" she picked up the only object in the room, a blonde little doll and started twirling it around in the air. eventually, sam ran

downstairs and came back up with an armful of watercolor sets and paper and we sat down on the ground and painted. she talked to me about flowers and her dreams and i smiled to myself, listening to her was always so comforting, it almost made being in this barren room okay. my heart swelled, i was so in love with her. i looked up to see that she had dripped yellow paint onto her shirt collar. before she could respond, i stood up to get her a new shirt from her closet but when i opened it, there was nothing there. that moment, was when i knew that i had gotten myself into something far worse than i had imagined. "my daddy keeps my clothes for me" she sounded sheepish. it felt like a lump had formed in my throat.

a few hours passed and then i heard the door open, her father came in and he started to scream at her and i was scared. he called her a whore. he started beating her with his fists. in the face. over and over. she just coiled into herself and let him hit her. she fell on the floor. he kicked her, said something, and walked out. i didnt know what to do. i was frozen. she didnt move. i reached out and touched her shoulder. she had such a bony shoulder. i felt it moving and knew she was crying. i moved the hair out of her eyes. she said go home. and i said no. she tried again. i said i wouldnt leave. i took her in the bathroom and washed off her face. she was so pretty. i brushed her teeth because there was blood in her gums. i wanted to kiss her but knew it was not a good time. i sat down on the bathroom tile because i was secretly scared to go back out but didn't want her to know. she came and sat down next to me. i let her put her head in my lap and she layed down and pulled her knees to her chest. she was shaking so i knew she was crying again. she didn't want me to know that she was scared too. i leaned down and put my lips on the top of her head and combed my fingers through her hair. i knew her eyes were closed so i thought i could lie to her. i said that we were on a boat to destiny islands. and she said yeah? and i said yeah, we're almost there. we're gonna get married under the paopu tree. she said she was excited and could feel the boat moving. i rocked her back and forth a little to make it seem more real but i started giggling so i think she knew i was lying. but she didn't care. that's why i love her so much.

we went back to her room and she let me sleep on her mattress with her. she held me very close and i could feel her breathing against my back. when i woke up, i couldnt feel her next to me anymore. i looked up and her father was standing over me. i realized his eyes are the same as hers and that made me very sad. he took off my clothes so i didnt feel like a boy anymore. i tried not to cry because i knew sam wouldnt cry but i did anyway. he forced my legs apart and started fucking me. i didn't know what was happening, i had such a small idea of what sex was, all i knew was that it hurt and i could feel blood on my legs. i started crying for sam without realizing it and eventually, he got so irritated with me that he started yelling "you want sam? you want sam? okay ill get sam" and he walked to the door and yelled downstairs. another man, jason, came in with her. she was not wearing any clothes either and i didnt want to look because i loved her too much. there was a bag over her head and her hands were tied behind her back. and that was the beginning. i remembered that her mother was in the room down the hall so i started screaming louder even though one of them would hit me every time i did, but all i heard from the

other room was the sound of the television volume being increased. my heart dropped. her father laughed in my face, “no one’s going to save you.”

they took us into the bathroom, held our heads under the water in the bathtub until i felt like i was about to pass out, but then at the last moment, they would pull my head back up. again and again and always back again. b (sam’s father, thats how im going to refer to him) held a gun to my head, and then fucked me with the barrel, told me he was going to kill me but when he pulled the trigger, there was nothing. he and jason laughed uproariously about this as if it was the funniest thing to them. it was just a game to them, it was the first of many. they laughed at the way i reacted. i thought it couldn’t get any worse but they dressed us in large t shirts and hurried us outside in the dark. no one saw. they stuffed us into the trunk of a car, duct tape across our mouths, ropes around our wrists and ankles. i asked sam if we were going to die. she said she didnt know. that was the first night i saw her darkness. they took us to a warehouse. there were other girls in dresses and shorts and pajamas, some wearing nothing, some tied up the same way sam and i were.. some very pretty. i didnt feel pretty. we were all anywhere from 3 years old to 13 at the very oldest. i was a small, scrawny kid, 4’3 and 47 pounds at 9 years old. i didnt know what time it was. at first, i wouldnt let go of her hand. she said it’ll be okay, you have to let go and i started crying again and i hated it because girls dont like boys who cry. but i let go. and i was given my first client. there was a small blonde girl in the room with me when the man walked in. i was going to learn that her name was kayla and she was going to become one of my very best friends. he chained me to the wall and he fucked us both. he sliced off a piece of my thigh and put out his cigarette in it, then dumped salt on it. after he was done with us, he told us to get out of the room. i didn’t know where i was supposed to go but i was sort of in a daze so i wandered out of the room and down the hall to the door at the end. i opened it, somewhat surprised that it was unlocked. nothing in the universe could have prepared me for what i was about to see. it was like a human slaughterhouse. there were little girls hung from the ceiling by meat hooks through the skin in their backs. the smell of shit, piss, puke, and rotting flesh overwhelmed me. i was paralyzed. the screaming was unbearable. rape, murder, or a corpse on the ceiling or wall. my only goal was to find where sam was. maybe this wasn’t real, maybe this was all a bad dream. i just had to find sam. so i kept walking but when i slipped on a tongue was when reality hit me in the back of the head and i fell on the ground and wrapped my arms around myself. i was shutting down, i couldn’t cope with any of this. i was only like that for a moment before i felt hands pulling me up. it was jason. “hey kiddo, get the fuck up. we have work to do.” he led me through the hell room and out into another empty hall. finally, we went into a room with sam. she was strapped to a table and 8 men were around her fucking her and cutting her with blades. when our eyes met, she lit up and smiled “hi sora!” i think, out of everything that happened, that was one of the things that broke my heart the most. this level of abuse and horror was so normal to her and she felt she deserved it so much that she was just able to say oh hi! and what made me sick, was that i felt arousal, i thought she was so pretty like that. i felt arms around me, strapping something to me. it was a strap on and i was told to rape sam. so i did. and i didn’t know how and i fumbled and everything hurt, and i crawled to the corner of the room

where i was gangraped and then it was like everything happened in a blink. suddenly, sam and i were touching knees in the trunk again and then we were laying on the dirty mattress in her room and then her mother was asking me what i wanted for breakfast and then my dad was picking me up. i lived like this for almost three years, being sold and bought, forced into child prostitution and pornography. they said they would kill my mom and sister if i didn't comply. i won't talk about everything that happened only because there is too much but i will highlight the few most important points.

my connection to sam changed; i lost sight of the space between us, i couldn't tell we were different people. they videotaped us a lot, i was made to hurt her. she always took care of me. she always protected me. i would be dead without her. it is not love i feel for her; it is beyond adoration and devotion.

i started to develop stockholm syndrome for her father. i fell in love because he was always gentle when he took the duct tape off. it was always daddy daddy daddy daddy, master master master master. all the men liked to be called daddy but in my mind, he was the one and only. there were so many times when he could have killed me and didn't and i am so grateful for that. i started to believe i deserved all of it. i began to sympathize with him. sometimes he even said i was beautiful. he had the same eyes as her. there were many times, that during the act, i would dissociate to destiny islands. my identity as sora protected me so much.

the girl i met the first night was named kayla. she was seven years old. she had blonde, blonde hair and she wore mary janes with stickers all over them. she loved rainbows and pink roses. she became sam and i's best friend. we loved her so much. she was the light in that utter darkness. when we had clients together, we would jump on the hotel bed before they arrived. she was our little bunny. her favorite color was pink and she wanted to be a princess when she grew up. she had birthday dreams and she even stole pudding out of a client's refrigerator for my 12th birthday and was beaten nearly to death for it.

another friend i made was a girl named anna. she had her head in the stars. she had a little teddy bear she would always hold on to. she was always saying her brother would come and save her and we believed her. she said his name was blake and he was in the military so he would come and save her. he didnt though. her pimp brought her into the main room of the warehouse where all of us had been gathered to watch the spectacle. everyone knew she had gotten an std. he held her by the hair and said "this is what you get if you're a fucking whore" and he shot her in the head. the sickening sound her skull made as it met concrete is something i will never forget. right up to the moment she was killed, she said "please wait my brother is coming."

i saw so many children die. i saw girls burned to death, i saw girls raped to death, i saw girls stabbed to death. jason was usually in charge of disposing of the bodies and he took me with him most of the time. after he learned that i preferred to be referred to as a boy, he insisted that i was his "little buddy". he would say that i wasnt like the rest. i learned to cope, swallow my pain, and move on. i will explain the mechanics of the warehouse. each girl had her pimp, most commonly

the one who had kidnapped her or who she had been sold to. sometimes it was a family member, like in sam's case, but that was rare. girls came and went pretty often, whether they were killed, arrested for prostitution, sold to another ring, or taken somewhere else. the warehouse was a gathering place, i served the majority of my clients there but sometimes i was taken to a hotel or their homes. in the warehouse, there was a room called the pain room. it was decked out in torture devices and tools like many of the other rooms but it was where most of the live streaming went on. there was a monitor set up at one end, and an anonymous man would give order through it. for example, he could say he wanted to see her legs cut off and that would be \$400 so he would pay that and then the girl's legs would be chopped off. all of this was conducted through the anonymous internet browser, Tor, most commonly known for silk road. sam and i became the poster children for our pedophile ring. my name was bambi and hers was cherry. here is a screenshot from tor, detailing us.

there was a contraption that was called the "fucktoy machine" and you're entire body would be forced into a box and only your legs and genitals would be exposed. your stats (your age, ethnicity, weight and height), a picture of you smiling on your soccer team, and your price would be listed next to that opening. men would come and fuck you as they pleased but the worst part was that you couldn't see them coming because your head was covered, all you would feel is a sharp pain and it'd be happening.

there were a variety of "punishments" that we would undergo if we didn't do something correctly (for example, if we screamed or cried when we weren't supposed to or vomited while giving oral or whatever), most common were the "hanging punishment" and the "dunking punishment". there were different variations of each but usually, the hanging punishment was where you'd have a noose tied around your neck and you'd have each foot, on tiptoe, on two separate stools spread apart so that'd you have to balance yourself while being beaten or raped amongst laughs of "haha dont hang yourself, bitch!" the dunking punishment was either in a bathtub or bucket of water and was exactly what it sounds like. sometimes you'd have a bag on your head, sometimes not. spiders were used a couple of times, put inside us and being forced to eat them. i had bites everywhere that hurt for a long time. they put their cigarettes out on us a lot, a habit that sam took up on herself when we got older. another humiliation that was popular, though not considered a punishment, was having a collar fastened around your neck and walked like a dog. "bad dog" was a favorite insult and for some reason, one of the ones that remains most prominent in my mind. needle play was also a big thing, usually small ones, through the surface of your skin. it was more scary than actually harmful. one of the first things they did, in the first few weeks i was there, was carve the word "whore" in my arm with a knife. branding. seven years later and the scar's still there. i tried to cover it with make up and it worked for a few months but i ended up lying and telling my parents i did it to myself and that was when i went to the hospital for the first time. we were forced to hurt each other a lot, rape one another and torture each other. while it was always done with reluctance and regret, it definitely turned all of us against one another.

i was drugged a handful of times with sedatives but when i was ten was the first time i was administered heroin. i was ordered for a small party. when i was dropped off, five men circled around me and it started immediately. they shot up and then stuck the needle in my arm. it was a strange experience i dont remember much. i kept crying which i normally never did. but it was nice. the next thing i remember clearly was sitting on the couch in the arms of a man who was talking to me softly and another one was making me eggs for breakfast even though it was 3 am. another man left to get more drugs. they said weird things like "don't stand too close to the door baby they'll see you." i buried my face in the man's chest, i didn't know what was going on. but i felt powerful. powerful and confused.

for my 11th birthday, daddy told my parents he would take sam and i on a three week long "camping trip". we went on many "trips" together but never for that long. i insisted that i didn't want to go but i had been staying indoors a lot because i was so terrified and in a traumatized state that they told me i had to get out more. we were driven with a group of other girls to the outskirts of bakersfield in northern california. most of the girls were drugged but i had proven myself calm time and time again so i was drugged a lot less often by the second year. there was another warehouse like place there with bunkbeds that we all slept in. well that some of us slept in. depending on her pimp and her performance that day some girls had to sleep in dog cages. i brought a small bag of clothes and other travelling stuff that they took away the minute i arrived. we worked day and night. i didn't get to be with sam or kayla most of the time. we would only see one another in the evenings when we ate if none of us had night clients. every night, there was always some girl sobbing in her bed. i learned to ignore it. there was nothing i could say to fix it, there were girls coming in and out of the room all night so it was nearly impossible to sleep. i would always end up in sam's bed, sniffing and trying not to cry and letting her hold me and sing me to sleep. the days went by so slowly. i crossed off the days in a little notebook i kept under my pillow. i only had three weeks. the other girls would be there forever. i was taken to an anonymous clinic during this time and treated for two stds. everything hurt. so many times i'd beg "kill me, please just kill me", it was pathetic. four days before i was supposed to go home, sam and i were chained up in a basement for a porn movie. she was really weak because of her eating disorder on top of the fact that we hadn't eaten for two days and had been working nonstop in very physically demanding situations. she didn't complain at all though. we had already been in the basement for three days, and for the first few days sam would talk to me and sing to me and try to keep me in high spirits but by the end of the third day she was quiet and just let her head hang. it smelled fucking awful, we hadn't been allowed out of the shackles on our wrists so we couldn't shower and the men's idea of "showering" was splashing cold water on us. we were both cut up a great deal and the ground was stained with dried blood. i thought of a horror movie that i had watched with danny. i really wished i could be with him. i wondered what he would have said if he was there with us. One of them stuck the barrel of a gun in my mouth, something i was used to and held me by my hair and said puke and he kept thrusting the gun into the back of my throat until my gag reflex finally kicked in. When they forced sam and i on each other they cut each of our tongues for the blood. Years later, we experimented with this

on our own. after our work with the group, they were unsatisfied with sam's performance. one man left and came back with a hammer and nails. he took her hand and she said "bambi don't look baby look away" i shut my eyes just in time. i heard her scream though. they put a bag over my head with a small hole near my mouth so i could breathe. the fourth day went by and the bag was never taken off. then the fifth. they finally fed us but i was still unable to see with bag on my head and we still were chained to the wall with our hands behind our backs so i had to press my mouth to the ground and find the food like a mouse. sam hadn't spoke to me for the two days i had had the bag. i wondered if she still had the nails in her hand. i wondered if she was dead. on the sixth day, i heard her scream, the first noise she had made in days. i couldn't see anything, obviously, and i knew better than to talk out of turn but she just kept screaming. i started kicking my legs in their shackles and then i couldn't take it anymore and i started crying. i hadn't cried the entire trip except at night. i started blabbering "please dont hurt her sam sam please dont hurt sam" i felt a fist come down on the top of my head and i shut up. finally, after about two hours of sam's cries, they took the bag off my head. the light, despite there being barely any in the basement, was nearly blinding because i had only seen the dark cloth of the bag for almost three days. i blinked a lot before locating the outlines of sam's body. she was laying in a pool of blood. there was two huge gashes on the insides of her thighs that were still bleeding and she was bleeding from her vagina, one slash on her throat that wasn't as bad, and one across her face. i was shocked by this. they were usually NEVER allowed to touch our faces because that would decrease our value. but more than that, her stomach had a word etched across it, not in blood but black ink. she had been tattooed. it wasn't the first time, we each had small "daddy's" on the insides of our legs, but this was huge. i didn't understand it and i was too tired to try to make sense of it. they let us out of our shackles after that and replaced them with handcuffs but at least we weren't chained to the wall anymore. sam and i crawled across the floor as fast as we could towards each other and slept as close as we could to one another on the floor in the middle of the room. the next day, daddy came to pick us up and we went home. it was strange putting on clothing again because we had been naked the past week in the basement. we took a normal small car home instead of the van. kayla wasn't with us. when i got home, daddy gave me back the little backpack i had embarked on the trip with, all the clothes inside still clean and unworn.

then there was j took me to his apartment and it was filthy. i had been in disgusting places before but this was especially gross. for the first hour, he didn't touch me. he ordered me to sit on the kitchen floor and i did so happily, if not a little confused. there was pot of boiling water and he opened the pantry and brought a cageful of squirming rats to the stove. and for the next hour, my ears were filled with rats' screams as he dipped each head first into the boiling water. every time i tried to look away or cover my ears he would yell at me to pay attention. when it appeared he had become bored, he dumped them all into water then walked over to me, undoing his belt and holding it above his head. "get on your fucking knees." i had heard that so many times before. i was already sitting so i just changed my position. he brandished the belt over my head and hit me with it. he assaulted me then stood up and pressed his shoe into the side of my face. "clean yourself up." i had also heard that many times before. i quickly dressed and wiped off my face. it

was such a strange experience, fucking on that dirty carpet with the sound of rats squeaking and crawling around us.

there was a period of time that i became very angry. i started yelling and becoming aggressive with people that weren't involved in the abuse. i even began fighting with danny even though he was one of the people i loved most in the world. eventually i couldnt contain myself and my violent behavior carried over to the warehouse. jason and i were fucking in one of the downstairs rooms and i was on my knees and he was on my back and i turned around and bit his arm and wouldnt let go. he smashed my face into the ground and thats when i lost it. i dont remember much but throwing myself at him and it was a whirl of tooth and nail and fists until finally he had me in a hold with my arm twisted behind my back. "ill break your fucking fingers, bitch" it was like those words didnt reach me i was still trying to fight him off. and that when he did it. snapped my first finger. the pain rushed through my whole body and i screamed. "say you love your daddy." that made me mad so i started kicking again. second finger. i felt spit dripping down my chin and for a split second i realized just how fucking off the wall i had become. and that made me want to cry. so i started crying. and i said i want sam. i want my mommy sam. and he said "say im daddys fucktoy!" i kept mumbling and sobbing. third finger. my whole arm was on fire. i dont even remember. i said yea sir im daddys i am i am. when i went home i told my parents i had gotten my hand stuck in a door. sam backed me up.

there were many days i never even went to school. i would meet sam or daddy there and go to the warehouse or to a client's house. daddy picked me up and transferred me to my client's car in a mcdonald's parking lot. i was stuffed into the trunk, as usual, and tried to sleep. we drove for a long time. when we finally parked and they opened the trunk, there was nothing but trees in sight. that wasn't too surprising, we were in washington after all. they picked me up and carried me into the woods since my hands and feet were still bound. when i saw a cabin the first thought that came to my mind was this is so fucking cliché. i thought of danny's horror movies again. they tied me to the bed and i thought this is so boring. "we're gonna kill you, cunt" yeah, yeah, okay, okay. i'd heard it all before. i sat there, almost rolling my eyes. i was scared, of course, but it was almost funny. i'd had so many guns held to my head and knives to my neck and lighters to my face i had given up that any of them was actually going to do anything. i could take a group too. i took pride in that. i would joke with sam all the time that i was the best gang rape victim around. "no one's gonna find your body." cool, i thought, i can't wait. the main one took out a knife. i was getting so cocky, so confident that i met his eyes and stared at him. he didn't like that at all. he slapped me hard across the face. "who the fuck do you think you are?" i remembered how much danger i actually was in and composed myself. i had gotten so apathetic the past few months. they did the gang thing, that sucked. my arrogance disappeared with that. i wasn't going to cry but i wasn't going to challenge any of them anymore either. and then he knelt down and did something i wasn't expecting. he stuck the knife inside me and i couldn't help but scream and oh god i dont want to fucking write this anymore im going to puke it hurt so bad all i saw was red it felt like i was going to puke. he thrust it in and out and each hurt more

than the last. i bit my tongue until it bled to try and keep from screaming but it was useless. i started crying and saying i want sam, i want sam, sam sam sam sam, daddy daddy daddy sora sora sora sora sam sam. finally he stopped, gave me a small final slash across my thigh, spit in it, and stood up. i felt forward on my face and curled up but it was excruciating to move and i was laying in a puddle of my own blood. i brought my knees to my chest and starting hyperventilating. i just kept repeating sam i want sam where's riku. i felt incredibly weak, my vision was fuzzy, and i could feel the warm blood run down my legs. the next thing i knew, i was back at sam's house, sitting in her bathtub, while she pressed a washcloth gently between my legs and talked softly to me. i could hear daddy outside the bathroom on the phone yelling at someone. i didn't care. i wrapped my arms around sam's neck while she washed me off and said mom mommy sam riku mom i love you i love you. she kissed the top of my head.

sam became pregnant with her father's child when we were twelve. we pretended i was the father because we needed a way of letting our minds pretend and escape. that made me happy. it also made me laugh. it made me feel like a grown up. she wanted to name her Shiloh. we made up stories about how we would go to her first day of kindergarten and go to the zoo with her. a few months went by, and she wasn't showing at all so we thought we could get away with it. we figured she could have the baby and hide her in danny's closet or something. we thought daddy had no idea. but one day she wasn't at school and her dad came to pick me up. he brought me into the house and into her room. she was tied to the bed and i knew she had been there all day. her eyes widened when she saw me. he told me to go to the bathroom and i did. jason was there. he brought sam in, all tied up. i hate this part so much i wanna scream he gave her a coat hanger abortion and she was tissue. shiloh was tissue. he smashed her head into the toilet seat and the wall because she tried to fight back and sam never ever fought back. i tried to do something but jason held me back and god, he would not stop laughing. usually, it didn't bother me, let them get their kick, but this was our baby. i started screaming and he shoved his fingers into my mouth. he started stripping me and i didn't try to resist. sam was sobbing. daddy shoving it in and then taking it out and re-positioning it. there was so much fucking blood between what he was doing and the beating. "i want my baby, i want my baby" sam kept saying. It was scary because sam never got upset but she was sobbing and blubbering. jason got up and i was free but i still didn't move. he turned on the bathtub and it quickly filled with water. daddy picked her up and dropped her, kicking and screaming into the tub. jason picked me up and put me in the water with her. i don't know why. the water was blood red, sam was still bleeding profusely from between her legs. she had her hands over her face and was breathing heavily. it was over. "no one would want a whore for a mother anyways." he said and left us and told me to get ready, that we were going to the warehouse. after they were gone, i climbed out of the tub, stained with my best friend's blood, took some of the globby gore that i assumed was our daughter and wrapped her into two pieces of toilet paper. i still keep shiloh in a locket that danny gave me. i crawled over to sam who was still in the water, helped her out, and pulled her into my lap. i buried my face into the top of her head and she didn't talk again for a week.

they tried to make her talk but i dont think she was there, not really, her eyes were dull and her jaw was slack and sam wasnt inside there. she came back though, eventually. the day she came back, it was in the evening, and i danced with her on the deck and it was cold. i dont know why i danced with her. i just felt like it was the right thing to do. she let me lead her around the small patio in a very childish and clumsy way. she even smiled a little when i tried to do dumb things like spin her in circles. i hadn't seen her smile in a very long time and i really love her smile, i love it a lot, it is one of my most favorite things in the entire world. when we were done she said im sorry. and her voice was very very quiet. i said you have nothing to be sorry for. and she put her finger tips on my eyelids and kissed my forehead. she said im sorry again. but i didnt say anything this time because i knew she would be sorry for the rest of her life no matter what.

and then there was mousy. i didn't know her that well. sam and i were driven to a hotel and we were told we were going to be doing a movie. we sat on the bed waiting for 45 minutes and no one came. sam stood up and walked to the door, peeking out. she opened it and walked out. i called to her, i knew we would get in so much trouble if we wandered away and he came to the room when we were out. she insisted that it would be okay. she said there was a pool and i said i didn't care and she said suit yourself and walked away. i became anxious and chased after her. before i could stop her, she had jumped into the water. i was hesitant but was convinced after she splashed me and started giggling and so i followed her in. when you're a kid and you're in love and you're in a pool, the world seems endless with possibilities and happiness. believe me. finally, the man who had bought us showed up and he was livid. he brought us back into the room and beat us and then kept mumbling about being late. apparently, the motel was not where we were supposed to be. he drove us in the car trunk to another makeshift torture chamber in the middle of nowhere. at least, it was nowhere i recognized or had been before. when we walked in, there were 5 other men and mousy. we were filmed and gangraped. this is when sam's toe was cut off with garden shears. i was forced to eat it. mousy's eye was torn out and they fucked the socket. by the end of the session, mousy's limbs had been hacked off, turning her into "fuckmeat" (a term that was used when a girl's head, legs, and arms are cut off so that they can just be used for sex). her body and her head were thrown in with sam and i into a room the size of a closet to spend the night. i was horrified and kept quiet, sitting with my back against the wall. sam, on the other hand, was completely animated and having a full on conversation with mousy's head. the hours passed slowly and i drifted in and out of sleep. finally morning came, and when the door opened, sam finally stopped talking to mousy's dismembered body and told the men who had opened the door "do you think i could have some orange juice?"

there was an event that would occur every once and awhile called a "blowjob circle". a group of 20 or so men would sit in a circle and pass the girls around on their knees. this wasn't as bad as it sounds because it was quite simple. but there was a five year old girl this time who, it was physically impossible for her to perform correctly. the rest of us watched her out of the corners of our eyes. she was tonguing the tips half heartedly and we knew one of them was going to do something to her to punish her sooner or later. eventually she got to robert. "what the fuck are

you doing?" all of us froze because we knew what was coming. he tried to shove it deeper down her throat until she puked. i made eye contact with sam and we both knew. he grabbed her by the hair and threw her down on the floor. she was crying now, loud, obnoxious sobs. oh god shut up shut up you're just making it worse, i thought. "shut the fuck up, you fucking whore!" i wanted to melt into the ground i didn't want to see. but it was like roadkill, you couldn't look away. he got a pair of pliers and crouched over her, forcing her mouth open. her screams were awful and i started shaking. the circle had disbanded and everyone was watching the pair now. blood started pouring from her mouth and before i could see any more i felt sam come up behind me and her hands were over my eyes. i could still hear it all though. she held me closely. she very often covered my eyes when the bad things happened and i could never thank her enough for that. the girl was taken away in the van a few days later and none of us ever saw her again.

halfway through the third year, when i was twelve, i was doing a livestream with kayla. she was balanced on what could be called a giant saw, and weights were attached to her ankles so that slowly, the blade would slice into her vagina. eventually she was knocked off this, we were raped again, and i was tied to the ceiling by a rope that went around my neck. kayla was cut open, and they grabbed at chunks of her, putting it into their mouths. half dead, i could hear her begging them to kill her and they did, they shot her and her fucking blood splattered on me and i screamed as loud as i could and kept screaming until sam was with me and the two of us were holding our baby bunny on the cement floor. we didn't talk at all. there were no words, no comfort possible. eventually, jason came and tried to pull us away but i wouldn't let go. At last, i did though. jason brought me with him to get rid of her body. i sat in the passenger seat in silence. i had done this before but i never fucking thought it would be kayla's body in the plastic bag. we drove to the same place as always. he made me bury my best friend. daddy had to come pick me up before i was done because of the time. i was grateful for that.

the last thing that happened was kimberly.. I was tied up in the downstairs of the warehouse with daddy and jason because that is where they did movies. We were waiting for the second girl and the customers to come. Finally a pimp i recognized came down the stairs holding a girl i only vaguely recognized as the new girl they had just brought in. The other customers hadn't arrived yet so the girl and i talked in whispers. I learned her name was kimberly but that wasn't her real name. I told her about Sora and the keyblade just like i told all the other girls. She seemed interested. She said she had been kidnapped awhile ago but was just transferred here. She said this was the worst place she had ever been in. I didn't know because this was the only place i have ever been in. Then the other men arrived. 13 of them. The cameras were set up. And then it started. I didn't have much trouble but kimberly wasn't used to that many and cried a lot. But for the most part, it was your typical movie. They got the devices from the corner of the room so i avoided looking over there so i wouldn't have to see what was coming next. Then i was on top of kimberly and all of them backed off. I was confused until robert handed me a gun. "Kill her." I was confused, i thought i hadn't heard him correctly. "What?" He got mad at that. "Are you fucking deaf? I said shoot the bitch." I turned the gun over in my hands. He said "we'll kill you

right here and now if you dont do as i say.” I didnt care. I didnt care at all. “We’ll kill sam.” I moved on instinct and put the gun to kimberly’s head. I fired. Nothing happened. And our eyes met and we both lit up and we knew it was just one of their stupid games that they always played, we just had to play along until they got off and we would be fine. So i kept pulling the trigger like they wanted. And we almost smiled at each other. And then her face exploded. I screamed and dropped the stupid gun and crawled away. I was wailing. The cameras were still rolling. I screamed and screamed. They started fucking her again. I said i want sam! Im sora! I want sam! The cameraman said shut this miserable animal up. He was talking about me. I vomited. Then a man went to the bad corner to get something. He walked back with a saw and all the other men backed off. He sat on top of her like i had been and started going at her neck. Fuck fuck fuck everything was dead quiet all you could hear was the saw cutting flesh then the saw cutting bone then her head just rolled. The camera was still rolling. I vomited again and fell forward into my own puke and blood. I mumbled into it i want sam i want my mom my mom my mom daddy daddy daddy. I looked up. Her mouth was open when she died. One of the men had picked up her head and they were taking turns going at her mouth. i was only there for a short while longer before daddy picked me up and hurried me upstairs. And all i said was i want sam. And he went and got sam. And we went home.

after that, he let me go. i don’t know why. he didn’t come after me. they say less than 1% of people like me ever escape. i’m a junior in high school now. i can see my parents. i can have friends. i can play with my dogs. i can live. they never had the chance. we were never people. we were never anything but ways to generate income and sate the most evil kind of debauchery. i dont know why im not dead. its not fair. kayla shouldn’t be dead, anna shouldn’t be dead, nicole shouldn’t be dead, mousy shouldn’t be dead, hannah shouldn’t be dead, kimberly shouldn’t be dead, i should. i should have run. i should have run. but i was so scared of being killed and now i try to do it to myself, it’s so ironic. but i did run. i ran back to my parents. i left them behind, the ones who were still alive. i got out, i lived, i loved. less than 1%. would they hate me for it? would they hate for running, not looking back, and sitting here shaking and trying to forget? does sam hate me for it? for leaving her in that warehouse? they remained locked inside that horror, to be broken, to be killed. less than 1%. less than 1%. they were people. they were just children. i got out because he left me go. i did not run away. i was not rescued. it was all his choice. i was lucky. he let me live. i dont know why. i didnt deserve it, i dont. everything afterwards seems so insignificant, or rather, it didn’t affect me, it feels like i have finally created a callous. sam and i attended different middle schools but i would see her around town, once in the doctor’s office with a million shards of glass wedged in her foot, i knew who had done that. we talked and met in secret when we could, still very scared because of how potentially dangerous it was. i switched schools because of bullying due to trans stuff, i got beat up a lot. when we got into high school, sam and i were a lot more open about our relationship, i started going to school in the city and she would come see me almost every day. we were so happy. we were so in love. she started working as a prostitute on her own to pay for her addiction and it broke my heart. once we were walking in seattle and man came up to us and he said to her “i’ve seen your pussy” and

she didn't even blink and replied "yeah half the world has, suck my clit". she was so blunt but still sweet and had that dreamy aura about her that said she had her head in the clouds but knew how to use a knife. we were attached at the hip, i would follow her to all her modelling photoshoots and she would hang around my school and we would go to parties and make out on the roof and pick flowers and read to each other and it was like we were children again minus all the abuse. when we were 14, we slept together for the first time that wasn't being forced by abusers. it was the first time i had sex consensually. She made me feel safe. she was my wolf girl, brutalized and so she became brutal herself. she fought a lot and got in trouble a lot. her \$3 goodwill dresses and leather jackets and floral prints and white t shirt that said "i'm dreaming of being a cloud" and black t shirt that said "evil, wicked, mean, and nasty" all ended up in my closet somehow. but she still had that child in her, the child that said "if i wear my red shoes i'll be safe". She used her body as a battleground and grave and canvas and built off the tattoos she was forced to get, getting a little rainbow and bunny for kayla, her daughter's initials with angel wings, and a fawn and the words "just like heaven" and "dearly beloved" for me among other things. she was always nuzzling her face into the top of my head or kissing the corner of my mouth or had a protective arm around me, it was all subconscious, i think, that maternal instinct after everything we had been through together, she was always very very protective of me. Although bad things happened too, i walked in on her purging a few times, something that had been happening ever since i met her and i would sit on the floor with her and we would just talk for a long time. She developed a sort of speech problem where she stuttered a lot and at times, couldn't speak in full sentences or talked in "word salad". there were sometimes when she lost control of herself, with the hallucinations and delusions she had experienced since we were children and she would become violent. she broke all the plates in the kitchen and tried to choke me once. she was on speaking terms with oblivion and was only afraid of herself, and enjoyed sex as a competitive sport. she always told the truth and that's why she is never to be believed. she felt at home in gas stations and hospitals. i could sit and watch her paint for hours. she should not be misunderstood as heartless though bored by cruelty. she looks out for other girls and will turn a wild party into a quiet group of drunk girls sitting on the kitchen floor, braiding each other's hair, and telling secrets while the boys are left to entertain themselves. i have loved her for eight years and i will never ever stop.

i went through all the cliché stuff, self harm, an eating disorder, addiction. i tried to kill myself a lot. spent a lot of time in hospitals. danny moved away, and his mother outed as him as transgender to his school. he was beaten up and gangraped on his way home. he hung himself in his bedroom. i was the last person he talked to. i moved back to california and it was awful leaving sam and the few other friends i had. i continued using benzos and oxycodone regularly to deal with the flashbacks i got. i slept with girls who hated themselves and made them hate themselves even more. i killed animals for a little bit but eventually got over that. the hallucinations got worse, i heard him, felt him, saw him, and i still do. the dissociation increased as well. one night, i woke up on the train tracks near my house with no idea how i had gotten there. i've found myself on the floors of random people's houses calling for my mom, banging

my head head on the wall, i couldn't stay in school because i left the classroom so much. i started taking testosterone. i felt awful because danny didn't get to. i got my name legally changed to soren daniel, soren for sora, daniel for my brother, danny. i got a mastectomy in march 2013. sam was the first person i showed my new chest to and she cried out of happiness because she knew just how far i had come. in july 2013 i was hospitalized for my eating disorder. sam and i recovered together, eating meals together on skype. i did weight restoration and went through a treatment program. a few months later, i was put in another treatment center and only two weeks after that i was sent to a long term facility in utah. there, i was discovered as transgender and beaten up and raped by a fellow patient. i only stayed there for a few months before telling my parents what had happened. i was talking to sam every day up until january 2014 when she went missing. she was part of the super bowl trafficking so the fbi investigated. about two months ago, they found her body in minnesota. they think she was killed last year around her birthday. i ache every fucking day for her. My heart is in pieces and it will never ever get better. I miss her so much. I currently have an open case with the fbi, i am just working with evidence and planning the right time to act. i spent three months in another residential treatment center after i tried to hang myself with jumper cables. my mom found me hanging unconscious and gave me cpr. so much has changed. i was raped by an ex girlfriend's father earlier this year but Im trying to stop using drugs all together now. i left a world where i was scared for my life every day. the shame, guilt, and fear are still constant but for the first time in years, i can say i don't actively want to kill myself. the thoughts are still there and i always possess the potential to act but they are not as strong as before. i think the mind has ways of surviving. sometimes i look at the cigarette burns they left on me, the word "daddy" he carved into my thigh and "whore" across my forearm and im excited to try and make friends, im tired of being lonely, tired of being sad, tired of being scared, im ready to talk about what happened to me, im ready to live my life and i grew up like a child does, am one still who thinks the world is beautiful.

Final Trauma Narrative (Version 3)



oathful



i was adopted when i was a few months old from india from a white family. my bio mother was in her early teens, impoverished, & had malaria. but the bad shit started in preschool, three men came into my classroom, pointed to a few kids including me, & we were told to go w them. surprise that entire school was wrapped up with an extreme hurtcore child porn torture snuff film ring. nd when i say torture i mean anything from ripping off fingernails to completley flaying & skinning a 5 year old & boiling her alive. they sell videos of this shit on the deep/ dark web & make millions. so theyre connected w law enforcement, the military, doctors, & can pretty much pay off anyone. ive been to two of the warehouses but there are many others in different cities, states, & countries & they all network. depending on the video, it can be relatively hard to access (need to know someone who knows someone kind of



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oathful (1/4) edit: the first sentence should be "by a white family" not from lmao. theres no white people living on the streets in india.



oathful



someone who knows someone kind of thing). kids & siblings were usually pitted against each other in rigged "games". in both of the warehouses i was in, there was a full hospital set up with registered doctors, either doctors they had paid/ blackmail or parents of kids who were there who agreed to work for them either in exchange for being w their kids or in place of their kids but when they got there, their kids ended up being there anyways. i got to go home almost everyday, unlike most of the other kids but they said if i said anything they would kill my family. i met a girl there named sam who i fell head over heels for & so they exploited that. she was one of the highest grossing kids & they were ecstatic when i came along. she had been in it by way of her father since she was born, so she had no sense of pain, it was crazy, she could hold her hand on a burning hot stove & smile & hold a conversation as if it wasnt



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oathful



smile & hold a conversation as if it wasn't happening at all. i met her two weeks into my being there, i was being dragged by a noose around my neck, & for some reason, the man dragging me stopped in the middle of the hall, in front of a doorway. i watched thru half lidded eyes at a skinny girl, on her knees, feasting on the corpse of another kid. as if in slow motion, she raised her head, and looked at me. her face was covered in blood, and when she smiled at me, it was in her teeth. she waved. i didn't wave back but i felt an incredibly strong inexplicable pull towards her, a feeling of finding someone i had been looking for but didn't know it. that was sam. her warehouse name was cherry. a "red room" video was a livestream that costed a few hundred thousand dollars to a few mill. it was where a guy could log in & watch & tell the bad guys to do whatever he wanted to see, but things had set prices. like he could say "take out her



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oathful



set prices. like he could say "take out her eyes & fuck the socket" & they'd say "\$500" so he'd transfer that in real time to them & then they'd do it. they got kids from all over; orphanages over seas, picked em up walking home from school, thru schools like me, churches, homes for mentally disabled kids (there were a lot of downs kids), homeless shelters, mexico, etc. it was horrifying to see childrens breaking points; some it only took a scalping & a few days of gangrape to get them to rape or torture their younger siblings, other times they were out all four of their limbs before it clicked for them. sam was from seattle but everyone wanted her so she spent a lot of time visiting the various warehouses. when i was in a video with her for the first time, she took my face between her hands & stared at me, all smiles & said "youre pretty! im gonna make ur cunt hurt really bad." we were four years old. we grew



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oathful



bad." we were four years old. we grew really close over time & they noticed. when i got to 3rd grade, we moved to seattle for my dads job. by then we had about 100 "alters", parts that broke off the main person sor(en)a. the main part didnt remember or know about any of the bad stuff that had happened, but he had a bad feeling about moving. he was doing poorly in school & by "chance", we ended up transferring to the school sam attended & her dad picked up warehouse responsibility for me. i met a boy (trans) named danny at the school who was also part of the warehouse group, who became my best friend alongside sam (the three of us were a weird lil trio) & who was murdered by them under the guise of suicide when we were 13. his older brother was also murdered later on, when he started recovering his memories. the seattle warehouse was much bigger, its actually somewhat of the group's hq. there



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oathful



actually somewhat of the group's hq. there were roughly 600 kids there at any given time & more perpetrators than the one i had been at previously. it was "equal opportunity" if you will, all kinds of ppl were there, from the typical sadist white guy that i was used to, to satanists, military personnel looking for experiment subjects, neo-nazis, rich oil industry arab guys who just liked fucking babies, etc. it was a real party. obviously, the school sam attended was heavily intertwined w the group. that was the only school & the only "education" she ever recieved. its a miracle she even properly learned to talk, read, write, & talk. honestly, i dont think ill ever know exactly why she was ever allowed to attend school. i suspect it was her mothers doing, who had a soft spot for her deep deep deep deep incredibly fucking deep down. she had an identical twin sister who was kept in the warehouse 24/7 from birth. they had a stand-in kid as

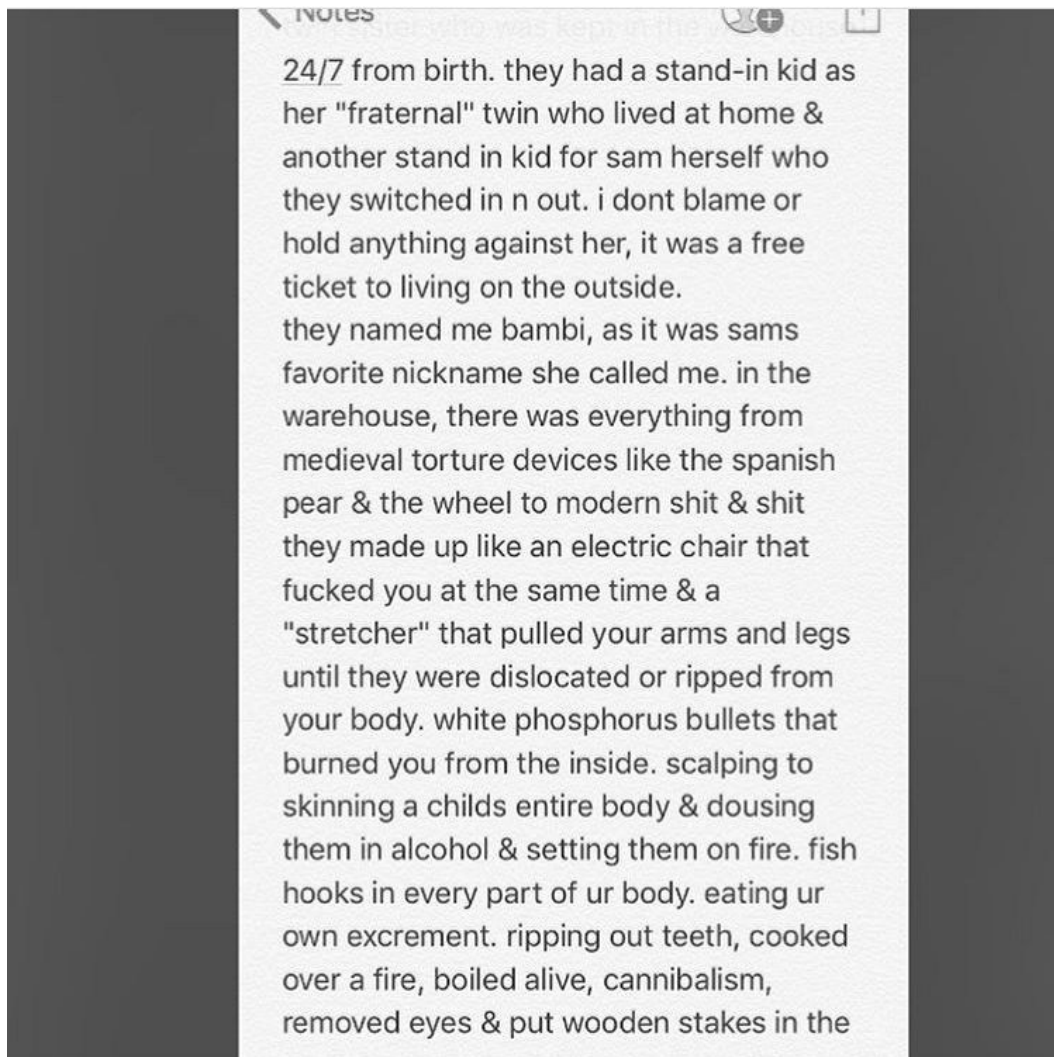


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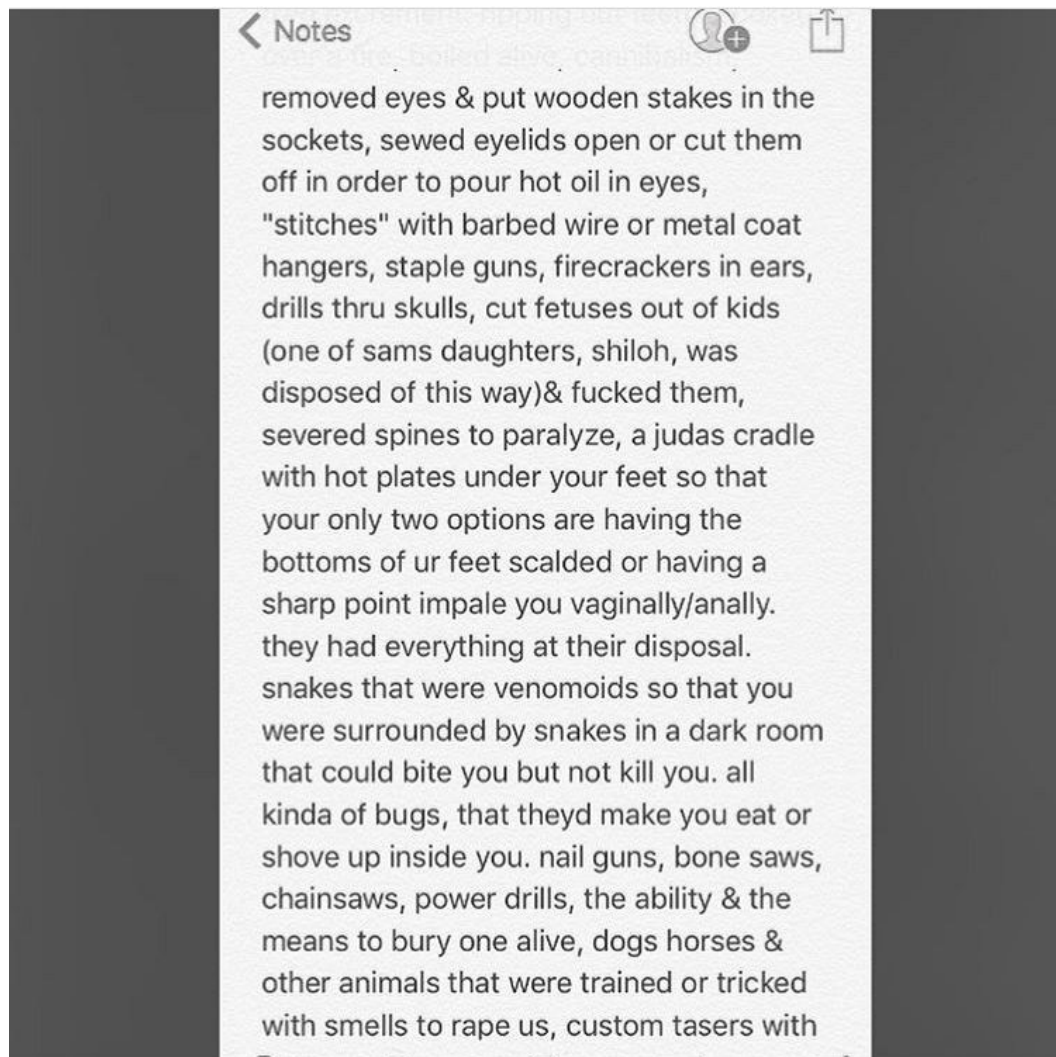


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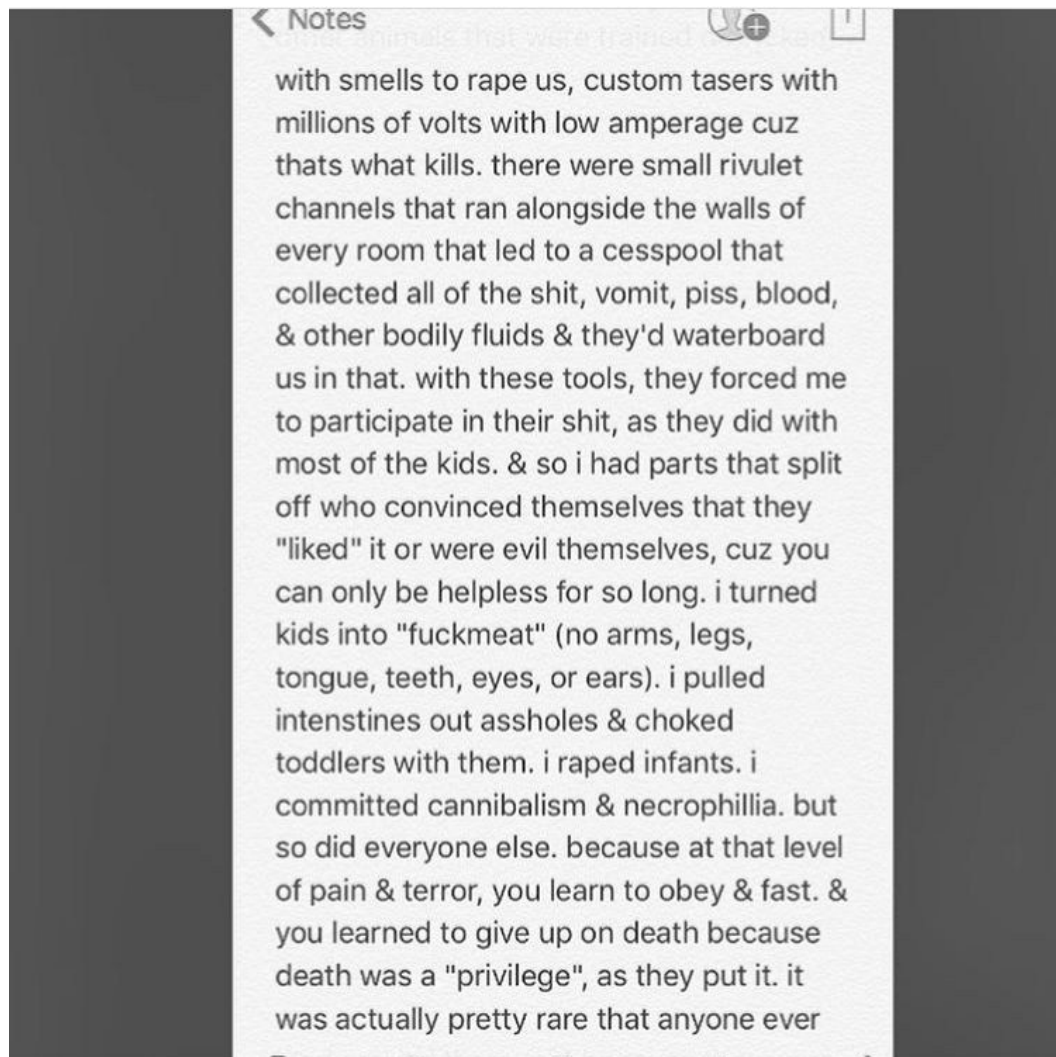


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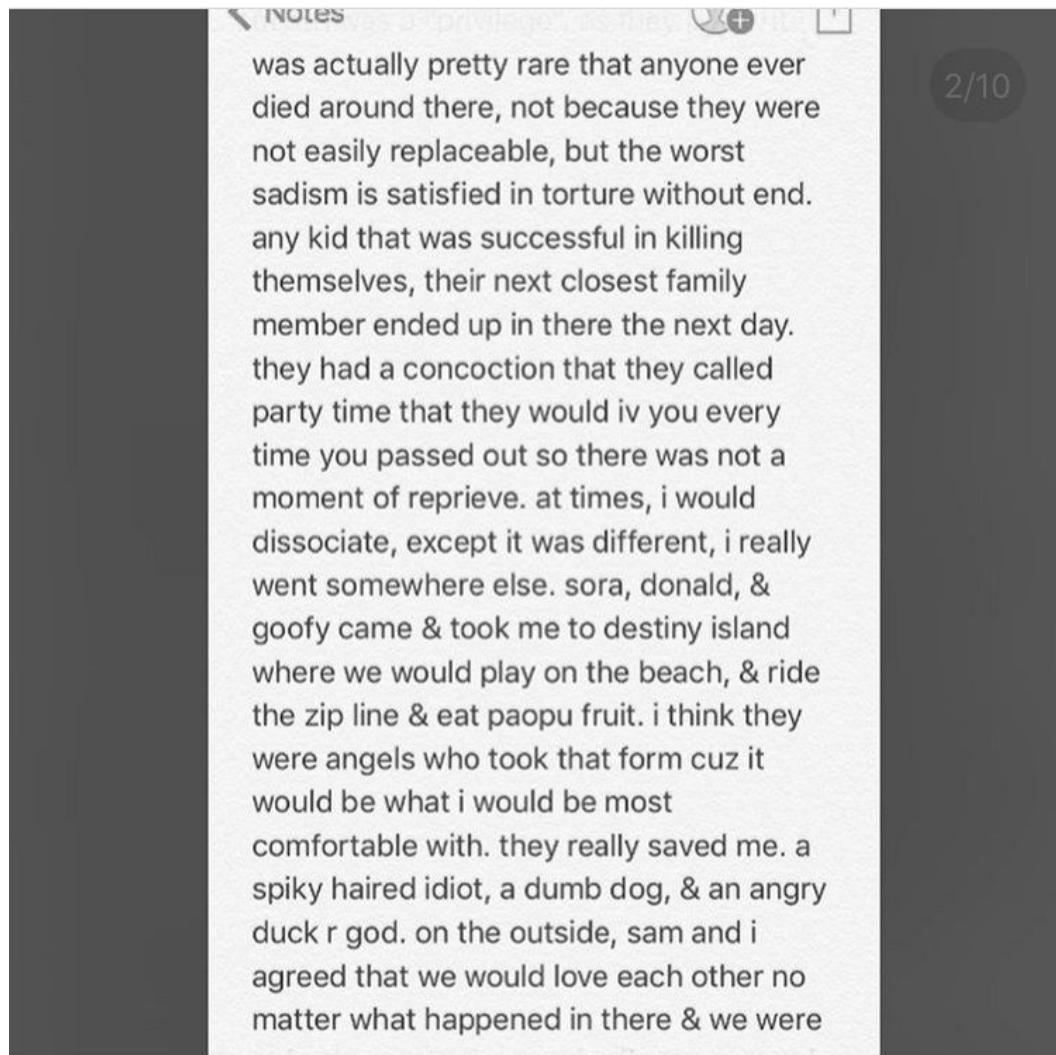


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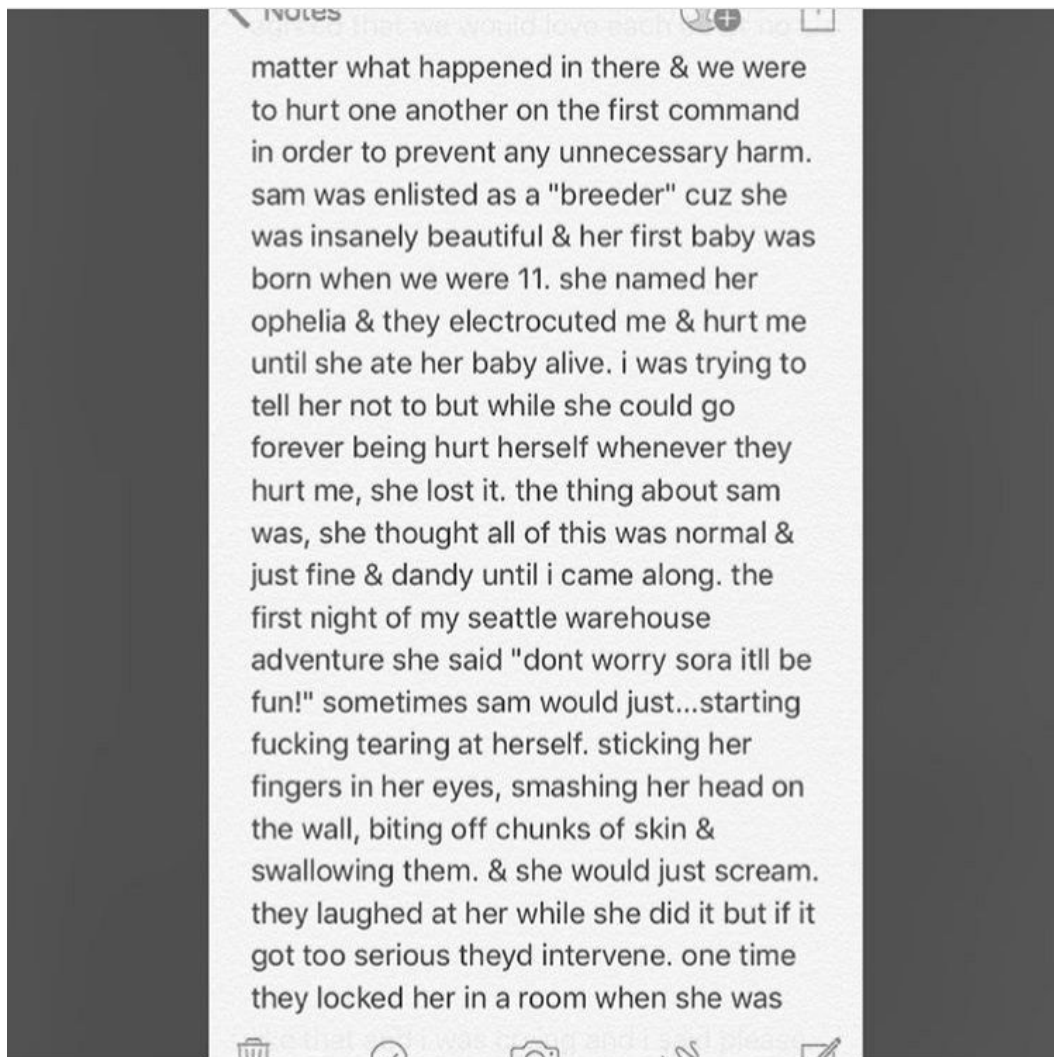


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they locked her in a room when she was like that and i was crying and i said please let her out she'll kill herself in there! and he said so? her cunts just as useable dead as it is alive. and i kept pleading them and smashinf myself against the door and they laughed and then one of them whispered somethinf to the other, he knelt down next to me & sliced off a piece of skin from the back of my upper thigh, opened the door, & threw the piece at sam & she just fuckin devoured it. they laughed again. her whole body, from her thighs up, was covered in blood. she looked at me & we made eye contact & she was on me in a second, biting & ripping me & swallowing. i wasnt scared really, justreally really sad. i just wrapped my arms around her nd started saying (not singing my voice was all trembly) the winnie the pooh theme song, which was her sora donald & goofy, her destiny islands was the 100 acre woods. she got off of me & started tearing



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woods. she got off of me & started tearing her hair out. the bad guys couldnt stop laughing. nd then she said "cherry bad. bad cherry. stupid. stupid ugly stupid ugly evil." and i said "no i think shes really nice. & smart. & pretty. & i love her." & she completley froze & stared at me. & one of them said "aw, fuckin bambi, you broke it." she crawled over to me and took my hands in hers and rubbed them all over her face and said lovely bambi. sweet bambi. i love bambi. i started to move closer to her but before i could, one of them picked her up & started fucking her but not three seconds had passed before she broke his hold on her, turned around & bit his dick. he started screaming trying to peel her off. the other guy tried to help him & the screams brought more. it was hanging by a thread by the time they got her off. i couldnt move i couldnt believe what she had just fuckin done. she was barking & snarling as they stretched her out spread



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snarling as they stretched her out spread eagle. i heard them talking but not really. someone was talking to me but i couldnt hear him. he grabbed me by my hair and started dragging me but i still couldnt respond, i was too shocked. amazed. scared of what theyd do now. so we were taken to another room. there was a huge see thru....thing?....thats shape could only be best described as one of those large spinning circles that you have to walk thru usually at the end of a fun house. except there were spikes everywhere. the kid currently inside was screaming as she went around & when she was on top, gravity caused her to slide off the spikes on top onto the ones on the bottom. it went over & over. the spikes were hot, causing cauterization, so less chance of dying from blood loss & she probably had a clotting agent. they threw the kid out & she screamed at the top of her lungs, writhing around on the floor until one of

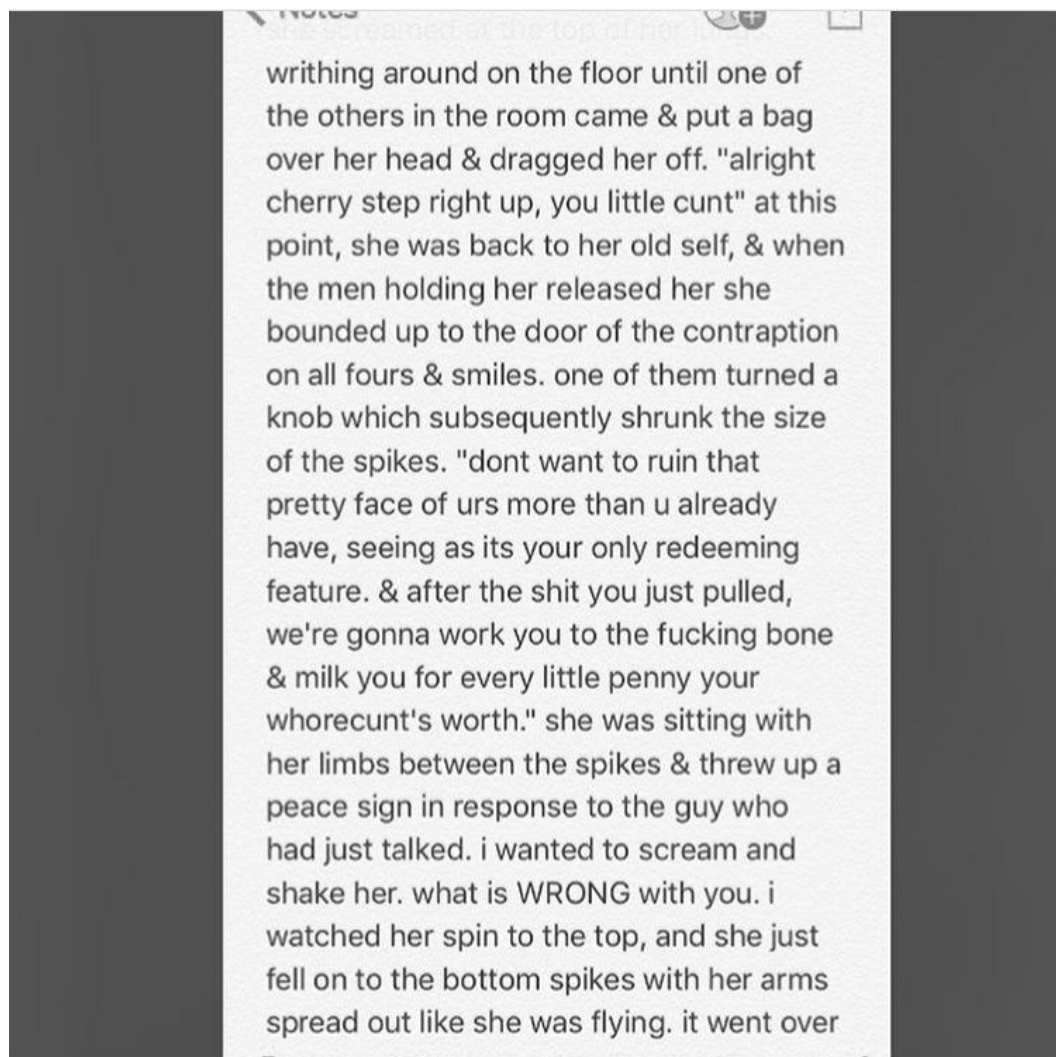


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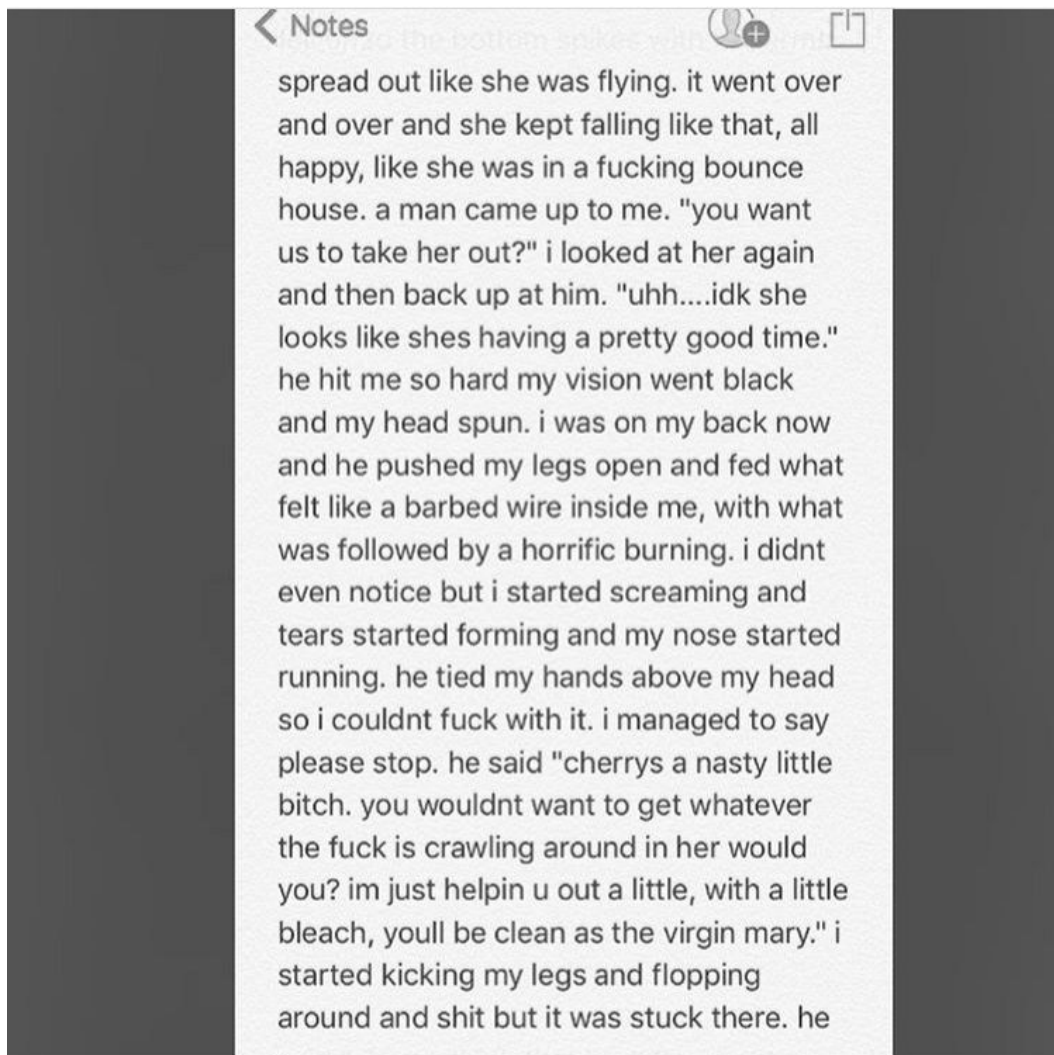


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around and shit but it was stuck there. he said "oh you think that hurts? you got another thing coming" he pushed a button on a small remote & the electricity from the barbed wire was activated. i thought of dying. i thought of sam. i thought of my mom. i tried to focus on the pain & pick it apart but it was too much, i couldnt move cuz of my hands being tied & the pain, all i could do was kind of flop around. i said stop it, stop. he said "nah, you n cherry r a package deal. one of you thinks she can rebel, well, then you both get punished. rotten luck for you tho, gettin stuck with a lil rat like her." i dont know how long it was before he took it out and then a few of them fucked me. i was so consumed by own pain i hadnt noticed that the gentel whirl of the spike machine had stopped & sam was gone. i didnt see her for three weeks. during this time (we were 12), i was expelled from that school. i have no fuckinn idea why i was, maybe it was the



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fuckinn idea why i was, maybe it was the teachers trying to show mercy or discretely get me out of there, maybe it was part of their plan from the beginning. maybe it was because my mom was starting to talk shit about the poor education to the other parents & they were anxious that she was beginning to catch on (she wasnt). after that i started middle school & was bullied a lot for being trans n shit so my mom homeschooled me. sam was taken out of school completley after elementary school & her stand in went to middle school. i still hadnt told my parents so they still left me at home & so i was still occasionally picked up by the bad guys. sams third daughter, winona/winnie, was born at this time, when we were 13. come high school, things started to look up. i met another trans boy named g at school & sam was rarely at the warehouse, just left at home. it was strange, her dad fucked off, & when she



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strange, her dad fucked off, & when she came home one day, winnie was there. i mean, she was much too old at that point, they stuck to kids mostly under 10 but sometimes went up to 12 rarely. but she had made such a name for herself that she had a pretty big following that put aside their pedophiliaism to continue watching her. her dad was having an affair & wasn't at home so she took the bus to the city with winnie & hung out with me & g after school a lot. of course, in retrospect, this was all part of their plan to give us a lil bit of hope. you can't take something away if you never had it to begin with. g was kind to us, he knew only a lil bit but knew there was more unspoken because of how we both acted & how sam would do stuff like start masturbating in the middle of the grocery store or break her own fingers by bending them backwards. we were happy but still had the ghost of a gun to our heads so we still didn't tell anyone. i moved

2/10

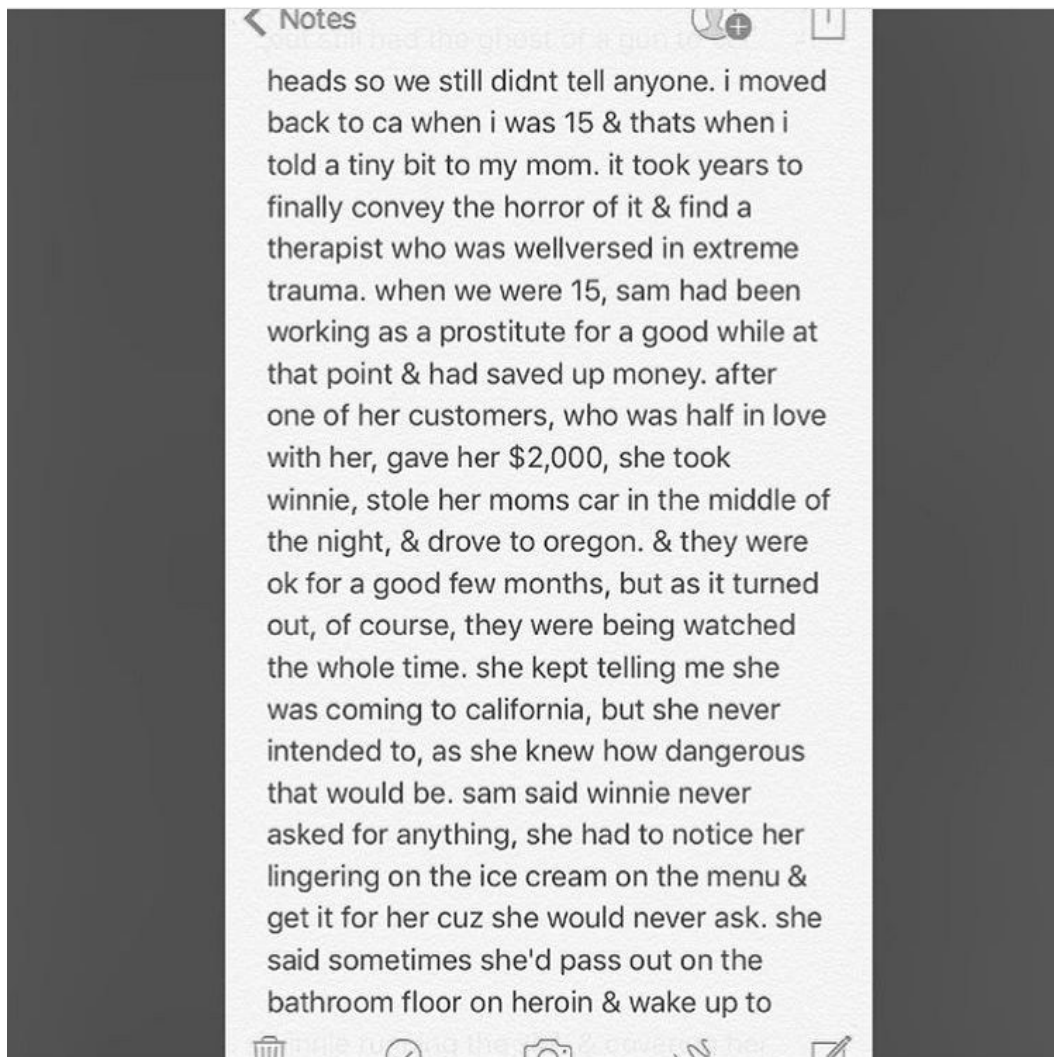


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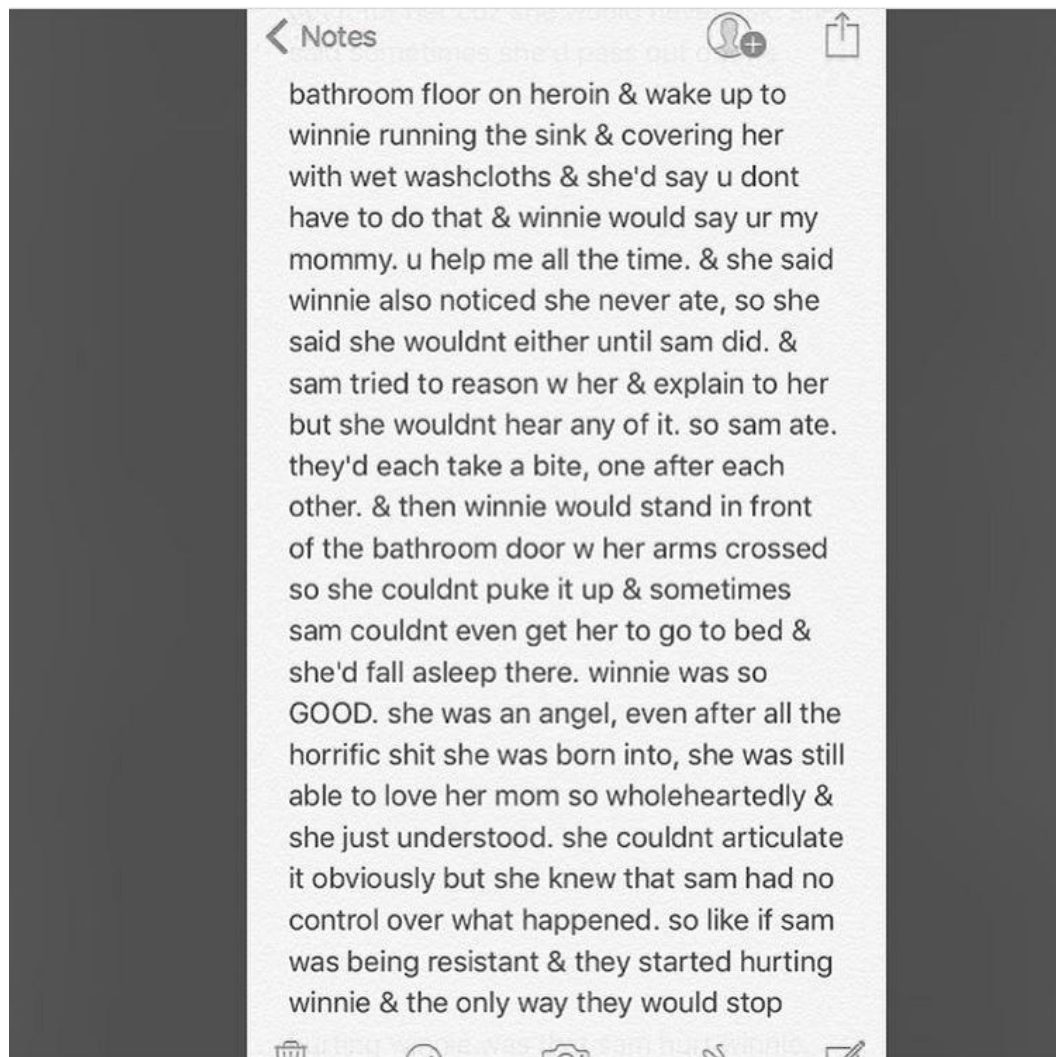


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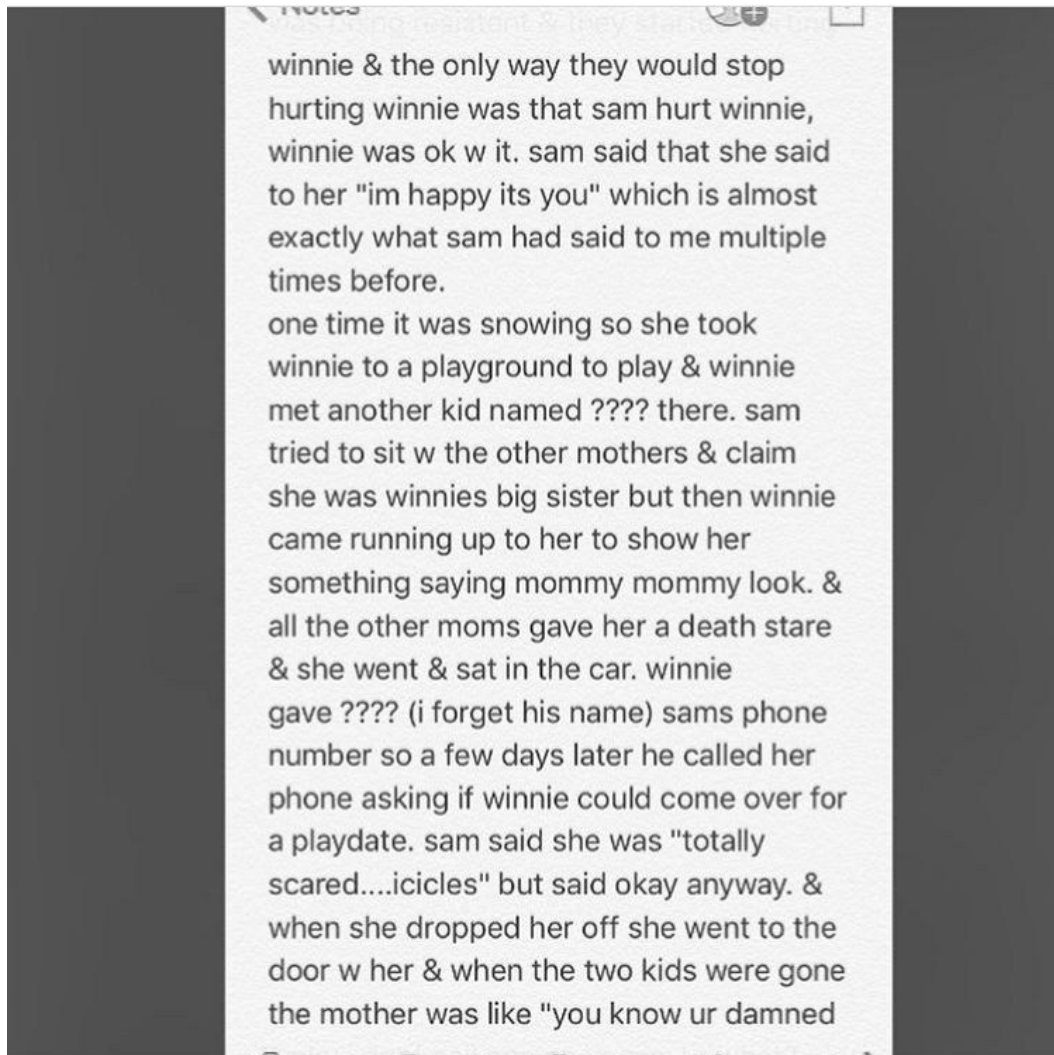


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the mother was like "you know ur damned lucky i dont call cps on yr ass. ur what? 17? 18? (she was 16) trying to raise a kid when youre nothing but a fuckup junkie. i saw your arms. whoreing around at ur age is bad enough but to bring a child into your mess? the only reason i let ???? have winnie over is cuz she seems like a sweet girl & the more time she has away from you, the better." & sam facetimed me from the driveway on the verge of tears which i had seen only like twice before. & she said smth like "its very....hard. scary. they could skin me alive and i would laugh in their faces and now im sitting in the snow crying because some women called me a whore." i said ur not a whore. she looked at me weird and i said "ok maybe strictly technically defintion wise, u might be." she laughed and i said "its not a bad thing that shit hurts. i think its cuz, right now, youre safe. & youve never been safe in ur life. ur defenses have been up all ur life. & finally

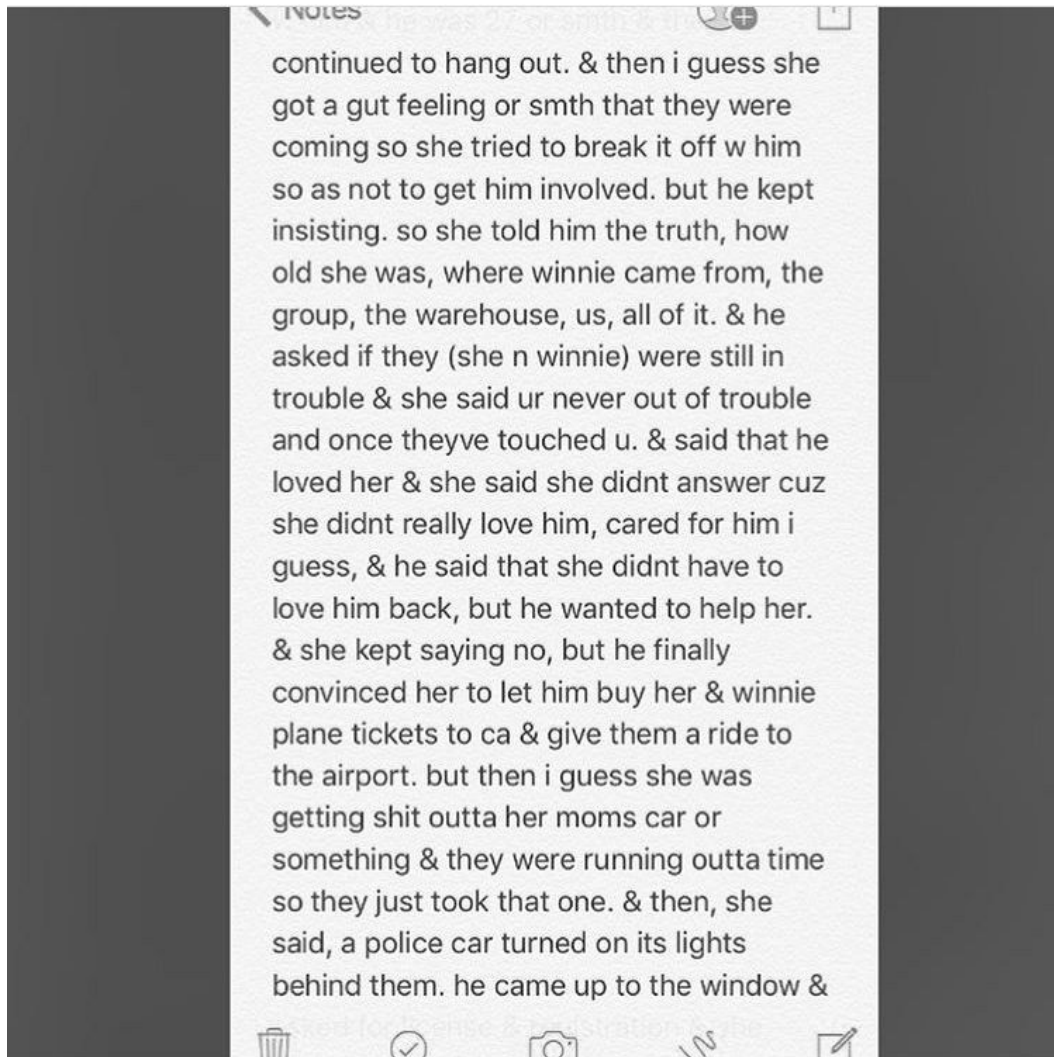


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behind them. he came up to the window & asked for license & registration & she didnt answer & he said miss u know ur driving a stolen vehicle. and she said i know. he said get out of the car but she didnt move so he said "cmon cherry dont fuck with me". she said he dragged her out of the car, & she had started crying & he knocked her out with the butt of his gun. she said all she could hear was winnie crying & screaming & the boy she was with, shouting. & she woke up in the warehouse with winnie nailed to the wall in front of her. i was in utah at this point, at a residential recommended by a consultant from seattle to my parents. so of course, the warehouse group was there as well. & thats when i stopped hearing from her, i got my last letter from her there, it was weird that they gave me her letters but i guess it was cuz she used a fake name & a random address & the postmark was always from somewhere different. she said



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always form somewhere different. she said that was the first time she felt really broken nd defeated and she just screamed and winnie said mommy dont cry i love you. & she said that made her mad cuz it didnt make sense, it made her mad that no matter what happened, no matter how much "she" fucked up, winnie was never mad at her. her "boyfriend" (for lack of a better word) from oregon was there as well. they tortured him for three weeks until he finally died. they also had found the lil piece of paper that the customer who gave her the \$2,000 had left w the money that said to the dreamiest girl ive ever met & his phone number & they lured him there & tortured him & all that great stuff.

when we were 16, my parents paid for top surgery for me, & i had been on testerone for 3 years at this point. a man from the warehouse kidnapped sam & then when that guy took her, she kept saying she

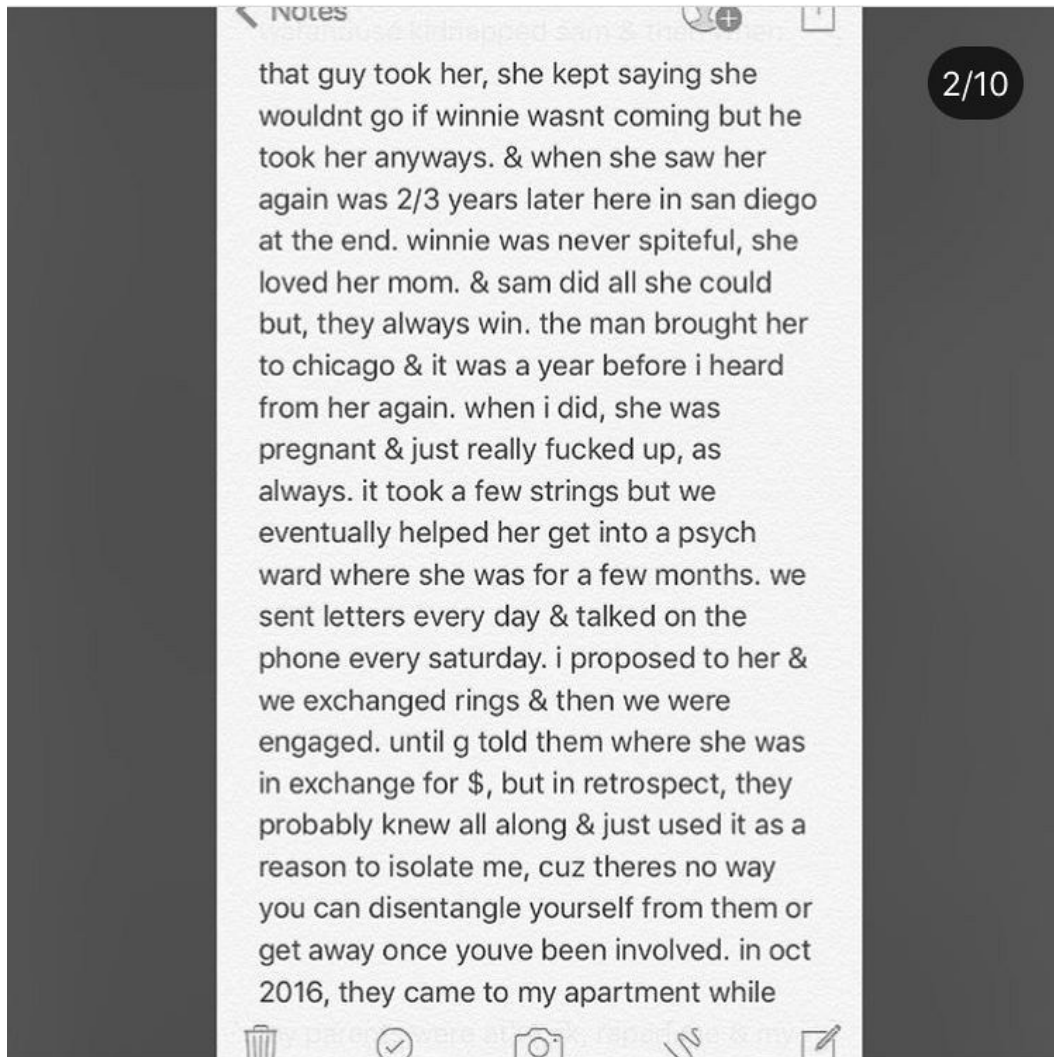


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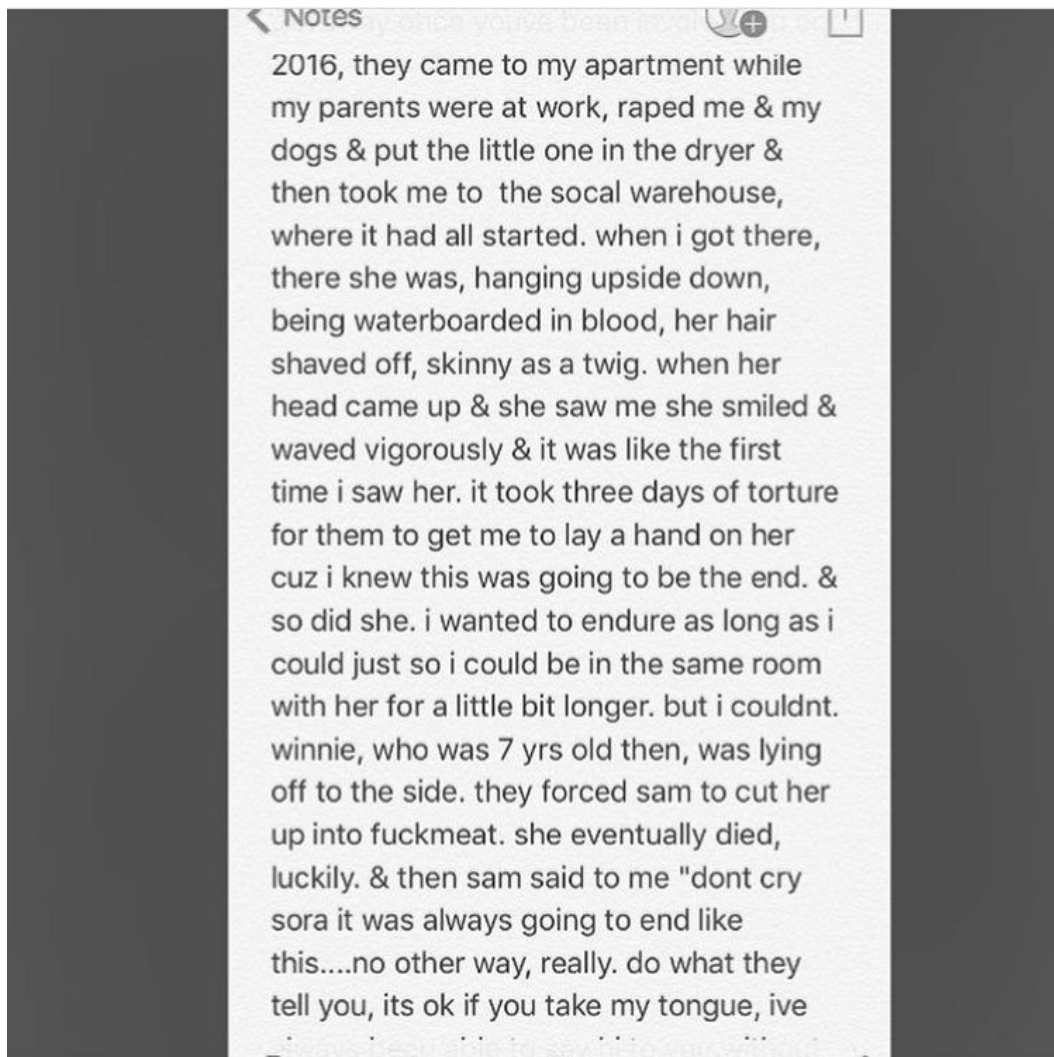


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oathful



she didnt make any noise besides laughing. & when she felt me open her mouth to remove her teeth & tongue she said "its such a pretty day & i have to go. when i go, please do not try and find me. do you understand? you cant follow yet but ill be waiting. be brave, sora, little hero...it wont be long. ill see you next time!" & i wanted to punch her, how could someone face a long torturous death at the hands of their best friends with words on par with going away for the weekend? i started crying & as i pulled out her tongue she said dont cry dummy. she was my best friend, my lover, my mother, my very dearest & most precious best friend of 15 years. & i was finally giving her the mercy & escape she deserved so why did it feel like my chest was gonna cave in? i shot nails into her gums. i told her she was pretty . i told her she was my best friend and that i loved her. that i was sorry i was weak. she said no youre not weak youre



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oathful



weak. she said no youre not weak youre just not superman!! and no one is. i kept thinking what if i had done x y or z different. would i still be here cutting up my soulmate? would i still be surrounded by cameras, being livestreamed to thousands of men jacking off, scooping out the love of my life's eyes? eventually, after all of her senses were gone, & she was not much more than a bloody hunk of raw meat, they carefully impaled her thru her vagina onto a tall wooden stake out thru her mouth. thru her breaths, & the rise and fall of her stomach, she kept spelling out "i love you" in a mix of morse code & a language we made up, in case something like this were to ever happen.i watched as she kept breathing for 20 minutes. at that point, it was time for me to go home so i ran up & hugged her, the last time i ever touched her alive. i was brought back the next day & she was still alive. finally, one of them handed me a

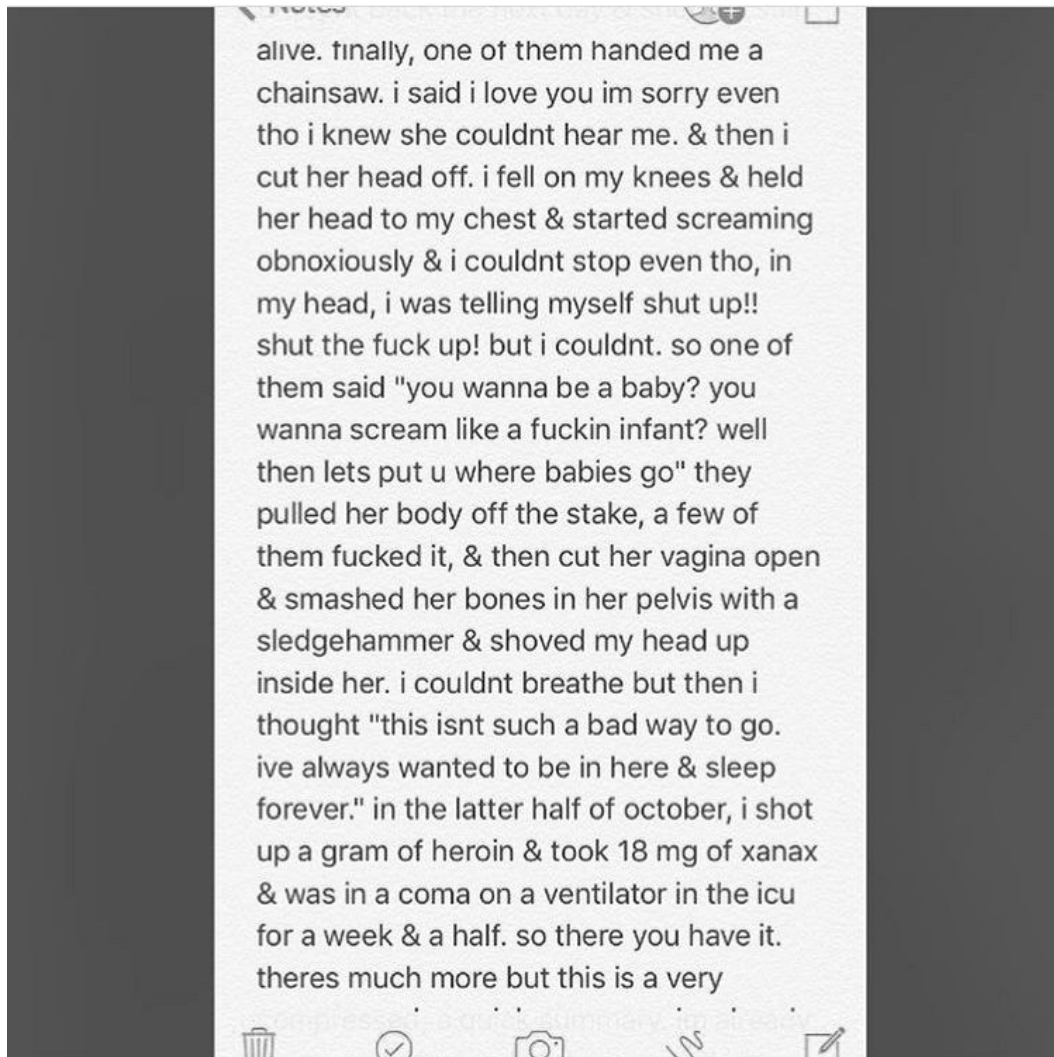


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theres much more but this is a very compressed, a quick summary. im already being annoying and obnoxious and im sorry for that. i just started writing and went off but i did go back and tone it down a lot. im not posting this for sympathy or whatever & i dont expect you to believe me really & i dont care either, its just....im so tired of hiding, disclaimers, filtering myself, for the sake of those who haven't experienced it. why should i protect everyones safe lil ignorant havens by keeping my mouth shut? but really, thank you if you read this far its really kind of you and i appreciate it a lot. its been two years since sam died, i was taken various times during my time in san francisco, october 2016 obviously, october 2017 & again in january 2018 (they burned my genitals & cut off my clit so that ill "never have a dick", but jokes on them i recently found out you dont need to have a clit to have bottom surgery), but besides those times,



15 likes

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bottom surgery), but besides those times, things have been pretty quiet. now i just spend my days slowly ruining my moms sanity by telling her everything that happened in therapy. thats one thing, i have wonderful parents that im really grateful for. im not brave. or strong. im running away with my tail in between my legs, im not gonna try & find a law enforcement agency thats not involved, i barely got out alive & im not running any chances of ending up back there. i know im a bad person for knowing whats happening to thousands of kids & doing jack shit but im terrified, i know i dont deserve to fall asleep next to my mom but by some miracle, i do. idk whats gonna happen. probably going to end up killing myself in the next few years but until then, i want to let as many people know that this shit exists. & to cherish their younger siblings/family members, fuckin hold em close cuz you dont know when it could be



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close cuz you dont know when it could be the last time. im not going to apologize for finding the survivors within myself & letting them out anymore, no matter how obnoxious i look making scenes in the grocery store or how crazy i look. cause i grew up like a child does, am one still, who thinks the world is beautiful.



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Instagram Screenshot Transcript

i was adopted when i was a few months old from india by a white family. my bio mother was in her early teens, impoverished, & had malaria. but the bad shit started in preschool, three men came into my classroom, pointed to a few kids including me, & we were told to go w them. surprise that entire school was wrapped up with an extreme hurtcore child porn torture snuff film ring. nd when i say torture i mean anything from ripping off fingernails to completley flaying & skinning a 5 year old & boiling her alive. they sell videos of this shit on the deep/dark web & make millions. so theyre connected w law enforcement, the military, doctors, & can pretty much pay off anyone. ive been to two of the warehouses but there are many others in different cities, states, & countries & they all network. depending on the video, it can be relatively hard to access (need to know someone who knows someone kind of someone who knows someone kind of thing). kids & siblings were usually pitted against each other in rigged "games". in both of the warehouses i was in, there was a full hospital set up with registered doctors, either doctors they had paid/blackmail or parents of kids who were there who agreed to work for them either in exchange for being w their kids or in place of their kids but when they got there, their kids ended up being there anyways. i got to go home almost everyday, unlike most of the other kids but they said if i said anything they would kill my family. i met a girl there named sam who i fell head over heels for & so they exploited that. she was one of the highest grossing kids & they were ecstatic when i came along. she had been in it by way of her father since she was born, so she had no sense of pain, it was crazy, she could hold her hand on a burning hot stove & smile & hold a conversation as if it wasnt smile & hold a conversation as if it wasnt happening at all. i met her two weeks into my being there, i was being dragged by a rope around my neck, & for some reason, the man dragging me stopped in the middle of the hall, in front of a doorway. i watched thru half lidded eyes at a skinny girl, on her knees, feasting on the corpse of another kid. as if in slow motion, she raised her head, and looked at me. her face was covered in blood, and when she smiled at me, it was in her teeth. she waved. i didnt wave back but i felt an incredibly strong inexplicable pull towards her, a feeling of finding someone i had been looking for but didnt know it. that was sam. her warehouse name was cherry. a "red room" video was a livestream that costed a few hundred thousand dollars to a few mill. it was where a guy could log in & watch & tell the bad guys to do whatever he wanted to see, but things had set prices. like he could say "take out her eyes & fuck the socket" & they'd say "\$500" so he'd transfer that in real time to them & then they'd do it. they got kids from all over; orphanages over seas, picked em up walking home from school, thru schools like me, churches, homes for mentally disabled kids (there were a lot of downs kids), homeless shelters, mexico, etc. it was horrifying to see childrens breaking points; some it only took a scalping & a few days of gangrape to get them to rape or torture their younger siblings, other times they were out all four of their limbs before it clicked for them. sam was from seattle but everyone wanted her so she spent a lot of time visiting the various warehouses. when i was in a video with her for the first time, she took my face between her hands & stared at me, all smiles & said "youre pretty! im gonna make ur cunt hurt really bad." we were four years old. we grew bad." we were four years old. we grew really close over

time & they noticed. when i got to 3rd grade, we moved to seattle for my dads job. by then we had about 100 "alters", parts that broke off the main person sor(en)a. the main part didnt remember or know about any of the bad stuff that had happened, but he had a bad feeling about moving. he was doing poorly in school & by "chance", we ended up transferring to the school sam attended & her dad picked up warehouse responsibility for me. i met a boy (trans) named danny at the school who was also part of the warehouse group, who became my best friend alongside sam (the three of us were a weird lil trio) & who was murdered by them under the guise of suicide when we were 13. his older brother was also murdered later on, when he started recovering his memories. the seattle warehouse was much bigger, its actually somewhat of the group's hq. there actually somewhat of the group's hq. there were roughly 600 kids there at any given time & more perpetrators than the one i had been at previously. it was "equal opportunity" if you will, all kinds of ppl were there, from the typical sadist white guy that i was used to, to satanists, military personnel looking for experiment subjects, neo-nazis, rich oil industry arab guys who just liked fucking babies, etc. it was a real party. obviously, the school sam attended was heavily intertwined w the group. that was the only school & the only "education" she ever recieved. its a miracle she even properly learned to talk, read, write, & talk. honestly, i dont think ill ever know exactly why she was ever allowed to attend school. i suspect it was her mothers doing, who had a soft spot for her deep deep deep deep incredibly fucking deep down. she had an identical twin sister who was kept in the warehouse 24/7 from birth. they had a stand-in kid as her "fraternal" twin who lived at home & another stand in kid for sam herself who they switched in n out. i dont blame or hold anything against her, it was a free ticket to living on the outside. they named me bambi, as it was sams favorite nickname she called me. in the warehouse, there was everything from medieval torture devices like the spanish pear & the wheel to modern shit & shit they made up like an electric chair that fucked you at the same time & a "stretcher" that pulled your arms and legs until they were dislocated or ripped from your body. white phosphorus bullets that burned you from the inside. scalping to skinning a childs entire body & dousing them in alcohol & setting them on fire. fish hooks in every part of ur body. eating ur own excrement. ripping out teeth, cooked over a fire, boiled alive, cannibalism, removed eyes & put wooden stakes in the sockets, sewed eyelids open or cut them off in order to pour hot oil in eyes, "stitches" with barbed wire or metal coat hangers, staple guns, firecrackers in ears, drills thru skulls, cut fetuses out of kids (one of sams daughters, shiloh, was disposed of this way) & fucked them, severed spines to paralyze, a judas cradle with hot plates under your feet so that your only two options are having the bottoms of ur feet scalded or having a sharp point impale you vaginally/anally. they had everything at their disposal. snakes that were venomoids so that you were surrounded by snakes in a dark room that could bite you but not kill you. all kinda of bugs, that theyd make you eat or shove up inside you. nail guns, bone saws, chainsaws, power drills, the ability & the means to bury one alive, dogs horses & other animals that were trained or tricked with smells to rape us, custom tasers with custom tasers with millions of volts with low amperage cuz thats what kills. there were small rivulet channels that ran alongside the walls of every room that led to a cesspool that collected all of the shit, vomit, piss, blood, & other bodily

fluids & they'd waterboard us in that. with these tools, they forced me to participate in their shit, as they did with most of the kids. & so i had parts that split off who convinced themselves that they "liked" it or were evil themselves, cuz you can only be helpless for so long. i turned kids into "fuckmeat" (no arms, legs, tongue, teeth, eyes, or ears). i pulled intestines out assholes & choked toddlers with them. i raped infants. i committed cannibalism & necrophillia. but so did everyone else. because at that level of pain & terror, you learn to obey & fast. & you learned to give up on death because death was a "privilege", as they put it. it was actually pretty rare that anyone ever died around there, not because they were not easily replaceable, but the worst sadism is satisfied in torture without end. any kid that was successful in killing themselves, their next closest family member ended up in there the next day. they had a concoction that they called party time that they would iv you every time you passed out so there was not a moment of reprieve. at times, i would dissociate, except it was different, i really went somewhere else. sora, donald, & goofy came & took me to destiny island where we would play on the beach, & ride the zip line & eat paopu fruit. i think they were angels who took that form cuz it would be what i would be most comfortable with. they really saved me. a spiky haired idiot, a dumb dog, & an angry duck r god. on the outside, sam and i agreed that we would love each other no matter what happened in there & we were to hurt one another on the first command in order to prevent any unnecessary harm. sam was enlisted as a "breeder" cuz she was insanely beautiful & her first baby was born when we were 11. she named her ophelia & they electrocuted me & hurt me until she ate her baby alive. i was trying to tell her not to but while she could go forever being hurt herself whenever they hurt me, she lost it. the thing about sam was, she thought all of this was normal & just fine & dandy until i came along. the first night of my seattle warehouse adventure she said "dont worry sora itll be fun!" sometimes sam would just...starting fucking tearing at herself. sticking her fingers in her eyes, smashing her head on the wall, biting off chunks of skin & swallowing them. & she would just scream. they laughed at her while she did it but if it got too serious theyd intervene. one time they locked her in a room when she was like that and i was crying and i said please let her out she'll kill herself in there! and he said so? her cunts just as useable dead as it is alive. and i kept pleading them and smashing myself against the door and they laughed and then one of them whispered something to the other, he knelt down next to me & sliced off a piece of skin from the back of my upper thigh, opened the door, & threw the piece at sam & she just fuckin devoured it. they laughed again. her whole body, from her thighs up, was covered in blood. she looked at me & we made eye contact & she was on me in a second, biting & ripping me & swallowing. i wasnt scared really, justreally really sad. i just wrapped my arms around her nd started saying (not singing my voice was all trembly) the winnie the pooh theme song, which was her sora donald & goofy, her destiny islands was the 100 acre woods. she got off of me & started tearing her hair out. the bad guys couldnt stop laughing. nd then she said "cherry bad. bad cherry. stupid. stupid ugly stupid ugly evil." and i said "no i think shes really nice. & smart. & pretty. & i love her." & she completely froze & stared at me. & one of them said "aw, fuckin bambi, you broke it." she crawled over to me and took my hands in hers and rubbed them all over her face and said lovely bambi. sweet bambi. i love bambi. i started to

move closer to her but before i could, one of them picked her up & started fucking her but not three seconds had passed before she broke his hold on her, turned around & bit his dick. he started screaming trying to peel her off. the other guy tried to help him & the screams brought more. it was hanging by a thread by the time they got her off. i couldnt move i couldnt believe what she had just fuckin done. she was barking & snarling as they stretched her out spread eagle. i heard them talking but not really. someone was talking to me but i couldnt hear him. he grabbed me by my hair and started dragging me but i still couldnt respond, i was too shocked. amazed. scared of what theyd do now. so we were taken to another room. there was a huge see thru....thing?....thats shape could only be best described as one of those large spinning circles that you have to walk thru usually at the end of a fun house. except there were spikes everywhere. the kid currently inside was screaming as she went around & when she was on top, gravity caused her to slide off the spikes on top onto the ones on the bottom. it went over & over. the spikes were hot, causing cauterization, so less chance of dying from blood loss & she probably had a clotting agent. they threw the kid out & she screamed at the top of her lungs, writhing around on the floor until one of the others in the room came & put a bag over her head & dragged her off. "alright cherry step right up, you little cunt" at this point, she was back to her old self, & when the men holding her released her she bounded up to the door of the contraption on all fours & smiles. one of them turned a knob which subsequently shrunk the size of the spikes. "dont want to ruin that pretty face of urs more than u already have, seeing as its your only redeeming feature. & after the shit you just pulled, we're gonna work you to the fucking bone & milk you for every little penny your whorecunt's worth." she was sitting with her limbs between the spikes & threw up a peace sign in response to the guy who had just talked. i wanted to scream and shake her. what is WRONG with you. i watched her spin to the top, and she just fell on to the bottom spikes with her arms spread out like she was flying. it went over and over and she kept falling like that, all happy, like she was in a fucking bounce house. a man came up to me. "you want us to take her out?" i looked at her again and then back up at him. "uhh....idk she looks like shes having a pretty good time." he hit me so hard my vision went black and my head spun. i was on my back now and he pushed my legs open and fed what felt like a barbed wire inside me, with what was followed by a horrific burning. i didnt even notice but i started screaming and tears started forming and my nose started running. he tied my hands above my head so i couldnt fuck with it. i managed to say please stop. he said "cherrys a nasty little bitch. you wouldnt want to get whatever the fuck is crawling around in her would you? im just helpin u out a little, with a little bleach, youll be clean as the virgin mary." i started kicking my legs and flopping around and shit but it was stuck there. he said "oh you think that hurts? you got another thing coming" he pushed a button on a small remote & the electricity from the barbed wire was activated. i thought of dying. i thought of sam. i thought of my mom. i tried to focus on the pain & pick it apart but it was too much, i couldnt move cuz of my hands being tied & the pain, all i could do was kind of flop around. i said stop it, stop. he said "nah, you n cherry r a package deal. one of you thinks she can rebel, well, then you both get punished. rotten luck for you tho, gettin stuck with a lil rat like her." i dont know how long it was before he took it out and then a few of them fucked me. i was

so consumed by own pain i hadnt noticed that the gentle whirl of the spike machine had stopped & sam was gone. i didnt see her for three weeks. during this time (we were 12), i was expelled from that school. i have no fucking idea why i was, maybe it was the teachers trying to show mercy or discretely get me out of there, maybe it was part of their plan from the beginning. maybe it was because my mom was starting to talk shit about the poor education to the other parents & they were anxious that she was beginning to catch on (she wasnt). after that i started middle school & was bullied a lot for being trans n shit so my mom homeschooled me. sam was taken out of school completely after elementary school & her stand in went to middle school. i still hadnt told my parents so they still left me at home & so i was still occasionally picked up by the bad guys. sams third daughter, winona/winnie, was born at this time, when we were 13. come high school, things started to look up. i met another trans boy named g at school & sam was rarely at the warehouse, just left at home. it was strange, her dad fucked off, & when she came home one day, winnie was there. i mean, she was much too old at that point, they stuck to kids mostly under 10 but sometimes went up to 12 rarely. but she had made such a name for herself that she had a pretty big following that put aside their pedophiliaism to continue watching her. her dad was having an affair & wasnt at home so she took the bus to the city with winnie & hung out with me & g after school a lot. of course, in retrospect, this was all part of their plan to give us a lil bit of hope. you cant take something away if you never had it to begin with. g was kind to us, he knew only a lil bit but knew there was more unspoken because of how we both acted & how sam would do stuff like start masturbating in the middle of the grocery store or break her own fingers by bending them backwards. we were happy but still had the ghost of a gun to our heads so we still didnt tell anyone. i moved back to ca when i was 15 & thats when i told a tiny bit to my mom. it took years to finally convey the horror of it & find a therapist who was wellversed in extreme trauma. when we were 15, sam had been working as a prostitute for a good while at that point & had saved up money. after one of her customers, who was half in love with her, gave her \$2,000, she took winnie, stole her moms car in the middle of the night, & drove to oregon. & they were ok for a good few months, but as it turned out, of course, they were being watched the whole time. she kept telling me she was coming to california, but she never intended to, as she knew how dangerous that would be. sam said winnie never asked for anything, she had to notice her lingering on the ice cream on the menu & get it for her cuz she would never ask. she said sometimes she'd pass out on the bathroom floor on heroin & wake up to winnie running the sink & covering her with wet washcloths & she'd say u dont have to do that & winnie would say ur my mommy. u help me all the time. & she said winnie also noticed she never ate, so she said she wouldnt either until sam did. & sam tried to reason w her & explain to her but she wouldnt hear any of it. so sam ate. they'd each take a bite, one after each other. & then winnie would stand in front of the bathroom door w her arms crossed so she couldnt puke it up & sometimes sam couldnt even get her to go to bed & she'd fall asleep there. winnie was so GOOD. she was an angel, even after all the horrific shit she was born into, she was still able to love her mom so wholeheartedly & she just understood. she couldnt articulate it obviously but she knew that sam had no control over what happened. so like if sam was being resistant & they

started hurting winnie & the only way they would stop hurting winnie was that sam hurt winnie, winnie was ok w it. sam said that she said to her "im happy its you" which is almost exactly what sam had said to me multiple times before. one time it was snowing so she took winnie to a playground to play & winnie met another kid named ???? there. sam tried to sit w the other mothers & claim she was winnies big sister but then winnie came running up to her to show her something saying mommy mommy look. & all the other moms gave her a death stare & she went & sat in the car. winnie gave ???? (i forget his name) sams phone number so a few days later he called her phone asking if winnie could come over for a playdate. sam said she was "totally scared....icles" but said okay anyway. & when she dropped her off she went to the door w her & when the two kids were gone the mother was like "you know ur damned lucky i dont call cps on yr ass. ur what? 17? 18? (she was 16) trying to raise a kid when youre nothing but a fuckup junkie. i saw your arms. whoreing around at ur age is bad enough but to bring a child into your mess? the only reason i let ???? have winnie over is cuz she seems like a sweet girl & the more time she has away from you, the better." & sam facetimed me from the driveway on the verge of tears which i had seen only like twice before. & she said smth like "its very....hard. scary. they could skin me alive and i would laugh in their faces and now im sitting in the snow crying because some women called me a whore." i said ur not a whore. she looked at me weird and i said "ok maybe strictly technically definition wise, u might be." she laughed and i said "its not a bad thing that shit hurts. i think its cuz, right now, youre safe. & youve never been safe in ur life. ur defenses have been up all ur life. & finally theyre able to come down a lil. but that also means everything else comes in. its like a huge shit wave that pummels you all at once. do u think of the stuff thats happened and ever, like,cry?" she was quiet for a second and then said "no....but it hurts. nothings funny anymore." and that made me cry cuz FUCK sam...saying that?? made it all really real. she was coming down. & she had never been down before. of course, by the time i saw her again in 2016 she was back to her old self. on the day she died, when we were just sitting next to each other chained up while they set up the cameras, she said "youre much braver than me. thats why today is going to happen like it is. some day, you'll be able to say everything to some one. & then, we'll be free. sam met this guy in oregon in a bar & slept w him & he was 27 or smth & they continued to hang out. & then i guess she got a gut feeling or smth that they were coming so she tried to break it off w him so as not to get him involved. but he kept insisting. so she told him the truth, how old she was, where winnie came from, the group, the warehouse, us, all of it. & he asked if they (she n winnie) were still in trouble & she said ur never out of trouble and once theyve touched u. & said that he loved her & she said she didnt answer cuz she didnt really love him, cared for him i guess, & he said that she didnt have to love him back, but he wanted to help her. & she kept saying no, but he finally convinced her to let him buy her & winnie plane tickets to ca & give them a ride to the airport. but then i guess she was getting shit outta her moms car or something & they were running outta time so they just took that one. & then, she said, a police car turned on its lights behind them. he came up to the window & asked for license & registration & she didnt answer & he said miss u know ur driving a stolen vehicle. and she said i know. he said get out of the car but she didnt move so he said

"cmon cherry dont fuck with me". she said he dragged her out of the car, & she had started crying & he knocked her out with the butt of his gun. she said all she could hear was winnie crying & screaming & the boy she was with, shouting. & she woke up in the warehouse with winnie nailed to the wall in front of her. i was in utah at this point, at a residential recommended by a consultant from seattle to my parents. so of course, the warehouse group was there as well. & thats when i stopped hearing from her, i got my last letter from her there, it was weird that they gave me her letters but i guess it was cuz she used a fake name & a random address & the postmark was always from somewhere different. she said that was the first time she felt really broken nd defeated and she just screamed and winnie said mommy dont cry i love you. & she said that made her mad cuz it didnt make sense, it made her mad that no matter what happened, no matter how much "she" fucked up, winnie was never mad at her. her "boyfriend" (for lack of a better word) from oregon was there as well. they tortured him for three weeks until he finally died. they also had found the lil piece of paper that the customer who gave her the \$2,000 had left w the money that said to the dreamiest girl ive ever met & his phone number & they lured him there & tortured him & all that great stuff. when we were 16, my parents paid for top surgery for me, & i had been on testosterone for 3 years at this point. a man from the warehouse kidnapped sam & then when that guy took her, she kept saying she wouldnt go if winnie wasnt coming but he took her anyways. & when she saw her again was 2/3 years later here in san diego at the end. winnie was never spiteful, she loved her mom. & sam did all she could but, they always win. the man brought her to chicago & it was a year before i heard from her again. when i did, she was pregnant & just really fucked up, as always. it took a few strings but we eventually helped her get into a psych ward where she was for a few months. we sent letters every day & talked on the phone every saturday. i proposed to her & we exchanged rings & then we were engaged. until g told them where she was in exchange for \$, but in retrospect, they probably knew all along & just used it as a reason to isolate me, cuz theres no way you can disentangle yourself from them or get away once youve been involved. in oct 2016, they came to my apartment while 2016, they came to my apartment while my parents were at work, raped me & my dogs & put the little one in the dryer & then took me to the social warehouse, where it had all started. when i got there, there she was, hanging upside down, being waterboarded in blood, her hair shaved off, skinny as a twig. when her head came up & she saw me she smiled & waved vigorously & it was like the first time i saw her. it took three days of torture for them to get me to lay a hand on her cuz i knew this was going to be the end. & so did she. i wanted to endure as long as i could just so i could be in the same room with her for a little bit longer. but i couldnt. winnie, who was 7 yrs old then, was lying off to the side. they forced sam to cut her up into fuckmeat. she eventually died, luckily. & then sam said to me "dont cry sora it was always going to end like this....no other way, really. do what they tell you, its ok if you take my tongue, ive always been able to say hi to you without even opening my mouth. even when my fingers are in my mouth, i can touch your heart. you are my favorite person i have ever said hello to.....thank you for saying you love me because i love you too, i do. its not scary if you do it." so i did it. all while two cameras circled us like hawks. but it was like all the sound in the world was turned

down & it was just me & her & my fingers touching her skin. i fucked her with a knife strap on. i ripped off her fingernails & toenails. i took out her eyes (nd ate them) & stuck fish hooks in the sockets, i skinned & cooked her exposed flesh with a flamethrower. i cut off her hands & arms & legs. i thought, well, if this means she gets to die, then its ok. i cut open her stomach & made her drink the juice from the end of her intestines. i hammered nails all throughout her body. she didnt make any noise besides laughing. & when she felt me open her mouth to remove her teeth & tongue she said "its such a pretty day & i have to go. when i go, please do not try and find me. do you understand? you cant follow yet but ill be waiting. be brave, sora, little hero...it wont be long. ill see you next time!" & i wanted to punch her, how could someone face a long torturous death at the hands of their best friends with words on par with going away for the weekend? i started crying & as i pulled out her tongue she said dont cry dummy. she was my best friend, my lover, my mother, my very dearest & most precious best friend of 15 years. & i was finally giving her the mercy & escape she deserved so why did it feel like my chest was gonna cave in? i shot nails into her gums. i told her she was pretty. i told her she was my best friend and that i loved her. that i was sorry i was weak. she said no youre not weak youre weak. she said no youre not weak youre just not superman!! and no one is. i kept thinking what if i had done x y or z different. would i still be here cutting up my soulmate? would i still be surrounded by cameras, being livestreamed to thousands of men jacking off, scooping out the love of my life's eyes? eventually, after all of her senses were gone, & she was not much more than a bloody hunk of raw meat, they carefully impaled her thru her vagina onto a tall wooden stake out thru her mouth. thru her breaths, & the rise and fall of her stomach, she kept spelling out "i love you" in a mix of morse code & a language we made up, in case something like this were to ever happen. i watched as she kept breathing for 20 minutes. at that point, it was time for me to go home so i ran up & hugged her, the last time i ever touched her alive. i was brought back the next day & she was still alive. finally, one of them handed me a chainsaw. i said i love you im sorry even tho i knew she couldnt hear me. & then i cut her head off. i fell on my knees & held her head to my chest & started screaming obnoxiously & i couldnt stop even tho, in my head, i was telling myself shut up!! shut the fuck up! but i couldnt. so one of them said "you wanna be a baby? you wanna scream like a fuckin infant? well then lets put u where babies go" they pulled her body off the stake, a few of them fucked it, & then cut her vagina open & smashed her bones in her pelvis with a sledgehammer & shoved my head up inside her. i couldnt breathe but then i thought "this isnt such a bad way to go. ive always wanted to be in here & sleep forever." in the latter half of october, i shot up a gram of heroin & took 18 mg of xanax & was in a coma on a ventilator in the icu for a week & a half. so there you have it. theres much more but this is a very compressed, a quick summary. im already being annoying and obnoxious and im sorry for that. i just started writing and went off but i did go back and tone it down a lot. im not posting this for sympathy or whatever & i dont expect you to believe me really & i dont care either, its just....im so tired of hiding, disclaimers, filtering myself, for the sake of those who haven't experienced it. why should i protect everyones safe lil ignorant havens by keeping my mouth shut? but really, thank you if you read this far its really kind of you and i appreciate it a lot. its been two years since sam

died, i was taken various times during my time in san francisco, october 2016 obviously, october 2017 & again in january 2018 (they burned my genitals & cut off my clit so that ill "never have a dick", but jokes on them i recently found out you dont need to have a clit to have bottom surgery), but besides those times, things have been pretty quiet. now i just spend my days slowly ruining my moms sanity by telling her everything that happened in therapy. thats one thing, i have wonderful parents that im really grateful for. im not brave. or strong. im running away with my tail in between my legs, im not gonna try & find a law enforcement agency thats not involved, i barely got out alive & im not running any chances of ending up back there. i know im a bad person for knowing whats happening to thousands of kids & doing jack shit but im terrified, i know i dont deserve to fall asleep next to my mom but by some miracle, i do. idk whats gonna happen. probably going to end up killing myself in the next few years but until then, i want to let as many people know that this shit exists. & to cherish their younger siblings/family members, fuckin hold em close cuz you dont know when it could be the last time. im not going to apologize for finding the survivors within myself & letting them out anymore, no matter how obnoxious i look making scenes in the grocery store or how crazy i look. cause i grew up like a child does, am one still, who thinks the world is beautiful.

Master Compiled Trauma Narrative

Color Key

- Black = Present in all versions (unchanged)
- Blue = Added or changed in Version 2
- Green = Added or changed in Version 3
- Red = Present in V1 but removed in later versions

Identity & Background

my name is soren. i am seventeen years old. i was adopted at six months old. i've always been close with my mom. i think that's important to say. i've never had many friends but she's always been there, for the most part. **her and my dad have never really gotten along well. it is sad and frustrating.** it was in preschool that i realized there was something not right with my body. i was not like the other boys, my parents dressed me in skirts and kept my hair long. i learned my body was that of a girl's. i was scared to ask my parents as i always possessed a buried fear that they would view me as strange and send me back to the orphanage.

[V2 ADDITION] when i was 5, i was walking on the tidepools with my mom when she fell and broke her leg. this was very traumatic for me at the time so i was put into therapy. we would go every week to a little office by the beach and soon my therapist started molesting me. he told me not to tell anyone so i didn't. entering kindergarten, i met a boy named david and we became very close. he lived right down the street from us so i would spend most hours of the day with him. his father started molesting me when i was 6 and this lasted until i was 8 when he died from a heart attack. both of these incidents don't really bother me much at all anymore but its interesting to see how my psyche was preconditioned to be a victim; i was vulnerable.

when i was eight, i was close with a girl named jessica. she told me her father molested her. i was scared, so i told people. things were confusing for a long time. she didn't like me anymore. it was okay though, i like to think the police fixed things. when i was nine, i moved to seattle and i was diagnosed with **clinical** depression.

[V3 REPLACES ABOVE — ENTIRELY NEW ORIGIN STORY] i was adopted when i was a few months old from india by a white family. my bio mother was in her early teens, impoverished, & had malaria. but the bad shit started in preschool, three men came into my classroom, pointed to a few kids including me, & we were told to go w them. surprise that entire school was wrapped up with an extreme hurtcore child porn torture snuff film ring. nd when i say torture i mean anything from ripping off fingernails to completley flaying & skinning a 5 year old & boiling her alive. they sell videos of this shit on the deep/dark web & make millions. so theyre connected w law enforcement, the military, doctors, & can pretty much pay off anyone. ive been to two of the warehouses but there are many others in different cities, states, & countries & they all network.

Meeting Sam & Danny

[V1/V2] i met a boy named danny and a girl named sam. we became inseparable. they were my best friends in the whole entire universe. sam had animals for everyone she loved, danny was a lion, i was a fawn, and she was a wolf. so there we were. they introduced me to music that would stay with me forever,

my chemical romance, joy division, crystal castles, hole, the smiths, etc. we smoked cigarettes together, played in the forest, and made flower crowns. danny and i huffed paint thinner in his dad's apartment and he told me that he was born with a birth defect...

[V2 ADDS — How Soren met Sam at Montessori school] i was struggling in public school so my parents had me transferred to a small montessori school. there were only about 9 kids in my grade level (3rd grade to 6th grade). there was a girl named sam who no one really liked, they called her r*tarded and crazy because she spun around in circles on the playground and her hair was dirty and she was very skinny because she never ate. she talked to herself and to people that no one else could see. she always came to school with bruises. the first time she talked to me, i was sitting at a table and she rushed up and stared at me and she asked "do you know who courtney love is?"

[V3 — Sam introduced at age 4 in warehouse, not at school] i met a girl there named sam who i fell head over heels for & so they exploited that. she was one of the highest grossing kids & they were ecstatic when i came along. she had been in it by way of her father since she was born, so she had no sense of pain... i met her two weeks into my being there, i was being dragged by a rope around my neck... i watched thru half lidded eyes at a skinny girl, on her knees, feasting on the corpse of another kid. as if in slow motion, she raised her head, and looked at me. her face was covered in blood, and when she smiled at me, it was in her teeth. she waved.

The Abduction

[V1] a few weeks before my tenth birthday, i went to spend the night at sam's house. i was very much in love with her even though we were only children. we had even kissed already. i felt very grown up. she was very tall and she had these blue blue eyes. that afternoon, we were playing kingdom hearts in her room on an emulator on her computer. her father came in and he started to scream at her and i was scared. he called her a whore. he started beating her with his fists. in the face. over and over. the theme of destiny islands, sora's home was playing because the game was left on in the background.

[V2 EXPANDS] a few weeks before my tenth birthday, sam finally invited me over to her house for the night. i was so ecstatic that i ignored danny's warnings and precautions... the room was completely bare except for a dirty mattress on the ground and what looked like a dog cage at the foot of it... "my daddy keeps my clothes for me"... a few hours passed and then i heard the door open, her father came in and he started to scream at her... [Destiny Islands scene, bathroom scene — same as V1 but expanded with more detail about Sam's bare room]

[ALL VERSIONS — unchanged] i said that we were on a boat to destiny islands. and she said yeah? and i said yeah, we're almost there. we're gonna get married under the paopu tree. she said she was excited and could feel the boat moving. i rocked her back and forth a little to make it seem more real but i started giggling so i think she knew i was lying. but she didn't care. that's why i love her so much.

The Warehouse

[ALL VERSIONS — shared mechanics] they stuffed us into the trunk of a car, duct tape across our mouths, ropes around our wrists. i asked sam if we were going to die. she said she didnt know. that was the first night i saw her darkness. they took us to a warehouse. there were other girls in dresses and shorts and pajamas, some wearing nothing...

[V1 — age range 7-15] we were all anywhere from 7 years old to 15 at the very oldest. [V2 — age range changed to 3-13] we were all anywhere from 3 years old to 13 at the very oldest.

[V1 — **Pain Room description**] in the warehouse, there was a room called the "pain room". it was decked out in all your greatest and latest bdsm gear.

[V2 — **Pain Room reframed as Tor livestreaming operation**] in the warehouse, there was a room called the pain room. it was decked out in torture devices and tools like many of the other rooms but it was where most of the live streaming went on. there was a monitor set up at one end, and an anonymous man would give order through it... all of this was conducted through the anonymous internet browser, Tor, most commonly known for silk road. sam and i became the poster children for our pedophile ring. my name was bambi and hers was cherry.

[V3 — **Torture catalogue replaces pain room description entirely**] in the warehouse, there was everything from medieval torture devices like the spanish pear & the wheel to modern shit & shit they made up like an electric chair... white phosphorus bullets that burned you from the inside. scalping to skinning a child's entire body & dousing them in alcohol & setting them on fire. fish hooks in every part of ur body... [extensive list continues]

Kayla's Death — Key Difference Between Versions

[V1 — **Kayla shot accidentally by nervous client**] halfway through the third year, when i was twelve, i was working a client with kayla. he was a newbie, very virgin in sadism, and fucked with a gun he didn't know anything about. it was loaded. kayla was shot point blank and her fucking blood splattered on me. she wasn't supposed to die.

[V2 — **Kayla dies in livestreamed torture sequence on a giant saw**] halfway through the third year, when i was twelve, i was doing a livestream with kayla. she was balanced on what could be called a giant saw, and weights were attached to her ankles so that slowly, the blade would slice into her vagina. eventually she was knocked off this, we were raped again, and i was tied to the ceiling by a rope that went around my neck. kayla was cut open, and they grabbed at chunks of her, putting it into their mouths. half dead, i could hear her begging them to kill her and they did, they shot her and her fucking blood splattered on me.

Mousy — Added in V2, Absent in V1

[V2/V3 **ADDITION — entirely new character**] and then there was mousy. i didn't know her that well. sam and i were driven to a hotel and we were told we were going to be doing a movie... mousy's eye was torn out and they fucked the socket. by the end of the session, mousy's limbs had been hacked off, turning her into "fuckmeat"... her body and her head were thrown in with sam and i into a room the size of a closet to spend the night... sam, on the other hand, was completely animated and having a full on conversation with mousy's head... when the door opened, sam finally stopped talking to mousy's dismembered body and told the men who had opened the door "do you think i could have some orange juice?"

Kimberly — Present in V1 & V2, Absent in V3

[V1 — **includes keyboard smash breakdown**] And then her face exploded. Fuck i dont wnt to talk... Gos. Fucking ycj fucj fuck fuck did d cjdjsnf it has taken me six months just to write this little part it hurts so much...

[V2 — **keyboard smash removed, same events otherwise**] And then her face exploded. I screamed and dropped the stupid gun and crawled away. [keyboard smash removed — narrative continues cleanly]

Sam's Description — Consistent Across All Versions

[ALL VERSIONS — **most stable element, essentially unchanged**] she was my wolf girl, brutalized and so she became brutal herself. she fought a lot and got in trouble a lot. her \$3 goodwill dresses and leather jackets and floral prints and white t shirt that said "i'm dreaming of being a cloud" and black t shirt that said "evil, wicked, nasty, and mean" [V2 changes to "evil, wicked, mean, and nasty"] all ended up in my closet somehow. but she still had that child in her, the child that said "if i wear my red shoes i'll be safe". She used her body as a battleground and grave and canvas... she was on speaking terms with oblivion and was only afraid of herself, and enjoyed sex as a competitive sport. she always told the truth and that's why she is never to be believed. she felt at home in gas stations and hospitals. i could sit and watch her paint for hours.

The Ending — Consistent Closing Line Across All Versions

[ALL VERSIONS — **identical closing line, most significant consistency**] cause i grew up like a child does, am one still, who thinks the world is beautiful.

[V1/V2 — **ends with FBI case detail**] I currently have an open case with the fbi, i am just working with evidence and planning the right time to act.

[V3 — **ends with acknowledgment of disbelief and bottom surgery reference**] im not posting this for sympathy or whatever & i dont expect you to believe me really & i dont care either... they burned my genitals & cut off my clit so that ill "never have a dick", but jokes on them i recently found out you dont need to have a clit to have bottom surgery...

Additional Transcriptions

Transcribed Hidden Wiki Page - "Cherry and Bambi"

The Hidden Wiki

Cherry and Bambi

Two of the most famous girls from the WGV circle, Cherry (6 months old - 17 years old) and Bambi (9 - 12 years old). Cherry first appeared in 1997 under the name "S" with her videos named after Winnie the Pooh characters. Her first penetration video is called kanga.avi. Many people think she is mentally retarded because of the way she laughs and talks to herself. Her main theme has always been incest with her father. She was being sold and advertised on PedoEmpire shortly after she turned 1. Medium length brown hair until the age of 12 where it is blonde in all future videos. The first video where she is blonde, she runs around the basement screaming "I'm Courtney Love! I'm Courtney Love! I'm Courtney Love!" until she is tackled and bound. There are a few references to her being a wolf ("Wolf Baby", 2009). She is easily recognizable by her 666 tattoo on the inside of her arm and the word "Forsaken" across her stomach.

Bambi began appearing in late 2007, quickly becoming a favorite with her timid nature. She is also trademarked as always screaming the names "Sora" and "Sam" but it is unknown who these people are. It is unknown if the girls' friendship is staged or authentic. Small for her age. She is not seen in any videos after the age of 12. Many guess that she was killed.

They are involved in many pics and videos, mostly hurotore, gangrape, and torture. They're involved in many snuff films as well. Cherry's apparent maternal attitude towards Bambi is exploited in most videos. They both participate in the murder and torture of other girls and even each other. Their most famous videos together include:

- "Cherry's toe" - Cherry's pinky toe is cut off with a pair of garden shears, her fingernails ripped off, and fingers broken. The toe is inserted into her vagina and then fed to Bambi.
- "Sorny" - A snuff film with 4 WGV girls. All are gangraped and hung from the ceiling. Bambi is spun in circles until she pukes and is then beaten for it. As punishment, she has strapped into the fucky contraption and electrocuted. Eventually, all the girls are dead except Cherry and Bambi. Star's corpse is cut from neck to vagina, gutted and Bambi is forced to climb inside and she is pissed and cummed on. Both Cherry and Bambi have hot candle wax dripped onto them and their vaginas and then are raped again with foreign objects. Bambi's eyes are held open with prongs after she gives a blowjob and they are cummed in.
- "Make the anorexic bitch eat" - Cherry is known for being very skinny and in this video, it is revealed she is anorexic. She and Bambi are forced to eat a rotting dead girl's cunt.
- "FUCKMEAT GIRLS" - A group of girls are slaughtered and limbs are cut off. One girl is scalped and her scalp is placed on top of Bambi's head, the man telling her "You need some new hair, yours is fucking disgusting." Bambi is shot up with heroin and fucked with the barrel of a gun before being knocked out with it, and Cherry is chained to the wall with her arms and legs spread. She starts screaming "I'm the real Jesus Christ! I say its Easter now!! I want to see a bunny! I'm Jesus!" and laughing.
- "Unlited" - A video in an abandoned looking house with Rico's group. Originally, Bambi was the one who was supposed to be stabbed but Cherry jumps in front of her. It is debated whether this is staged or not. Rico twists the knife until Cherry collapses and Bambi becomes hysterical. He tells her to tell Cherry that it's going to be okay but she refuses to until he hits her. Bambi is gangraped while Cherry bleeds out and then they fuck her and cum in the wound.
- "Little piggies" - All the men are wearing black masks. Cherry and Bambi are wearing pig masks. They refer to them as pigs and have them make oinking sounds. They are hung by their ankles to the ceiling and heads are dunked in water.
- "Fetus" - part of a collection of pubescent girls having abortions, giving birth, or having their babies cut from their stomachs. Cherry is given a coat hanger abortion while Bambi is held down and fucked next to her. They are both tossed into the bath tub afterwards.
- "Daddy's Girl" - Both girls are wearing shock collars, tied up with blindfolds, and have lighters held up to the bottoms of their feet. At the very end, Cherry's clit is cut off and she is forced to eat it.

Cherry's father is the pimp of both girls but Cherry tells almost every man she is filmed with that she loves them and that she "hopes they have a very good day" or that she "wishes she could give them a flower" despite being punished for saying these kinds of things. She is obviously very protective of Bambi but again, it's unknown if that is a real emotion. Her father rumored to be in hiding.

This page was last modified on 9 July 2015, at 06:58. This page has been accessed 34,607 times. Privacy policy About The Hidden Wiki Disclaimers

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Source Links

Version 1 — Published April 19, 2015

- Originally published: sicklefawn.tumblr.com
- Archived: <https://web.archive.org/web/20150503171819/http://sicklefawn.tumblr.com/post/116612768789/hello-i-have-decided-to-post-my-trauma-narrative>
- Pastebin: <https://pastebin.com/MD6YTgQa>

Version 2 — Published October 28, 2015

- Originally published: hurtc0re.tumblr.com
- Archived: <http://archive.is/pvovF>
- Pastebin: <https://pastebin.com/KY3ZiaxE>

Version 3 — October 22, 2018

- Originally published: oathful (Instagram)
- Imgur Screenshot Archive: <https://imgur.com/a/soren-trauma-narrative-Y01HB9w>

Fake Hidden Wiki Screenshot

- Soren fabricated a Hidden Wiki/Tor directory listing purporting to document CSAM videos featuring themselves and Sam. The screenshot was created to lend authenticity to the narrative. The Hidden Wiki is a Tor-based directory; the specific listing described by Soren has been confirmed by researchers to not exist. The names Bambi and Cherry referenced in the screenshot correspond to a real Czech child modeling studio. The studio's operator Pavel Rohel was subsequently arrested. Community speculation holds that Soren sourced these names from this material rather than from personal experience.