

BLACK TOADS

A true story by Jerry Marzinsky

Behind me, the heavy door to the ER's psychiatric unit slammed shut with a loud metallic bang. Up ahead, an attractive Caucasian female with flowing brown hair grunted, as she threw a series of awkward karate kicks and punches at an invisible opponent, as other psychiatric patients watched. I studied her for several seconds, in an attempt to determine if she was fighting invisible demons or just burning nervous energy before turning toward the annex office.

As I entered the psychiatric evaluator's office, the sound of clicking keyboards filled the room. Against the back wall, a line of computer monitors glowed a ghostly green. My cohorts were lined up at their stations, studying medical records, and typing psychiatric evaluations. As I seated myself, Sue our psychiatric nurse informed me that I had been assigned to do the psychiatric evaluation on our Kung Fu female. My gut warned me she was not yet stable enough to seal myself into up in a small evaluation room with her.

"Her name's Lilly and she's on out there," Sue said. "She came in as a voluntary admission with a police escort but now she's demanding to leave and has been escalating. She's all yours." Sue looked at me with an amused grin.

"Have you given her anything to calm her down?"

"Not yet, still waiting for the doctor's approval."

"If she starts beating on me, I expect you to come save me," I retorted.

Sue handed me a clip board with the patients admit information. Triage noted that the police had brought her to the hospital after she had entered a mental health center, told staff she was hearing voices telling her to kill herself and demanded medications. She became hostile after being refused and the police were called to escort her to the ER.

I fed her medical record number into my computer. Her history popped up onto a multi-colored screen, showing a number of previous ER contacts and a diagnosis of chronic paranoid schizophrenia. She had been terminated from outpatient mental health services after she had not showed up for appointments. Given this, I guessed she probably would have not returned to the crisis center if she were not afraid of losing control. The psychotic voices schizophrenics hear don't like psychiatrists, their medicines, or mental health centers, and routinely become agitated if the patient voluntarily seeks help.

I wondered if she had been using street drugs to self-medicate, and brought up her toxicology report. The list appeared in glowing red letters. She was positive for benzodiazepines, opiates, marijuana, and amphetamines. I knew the voices don't like marijuana, but they thrive on amphetamines, a chemical the prisoners I worked with called "the devil's drug." Amphetamine fuels the destructive and malicious voices that schizophrenics experience, like pouring gasoline on fire, making its victims more agitated, volatile, and dangerous. I found it curious, Lilly didn't have any alcohol on board. The report also revealed that she had been at the CRC last week for drug detox. This meant that there had been a hiatus in her drug abuse, and her system would not be as saturated, and she would be more stable had her drug use not been interrupted. This didn't change the fact that she was psychotic and her system was flooded with amphetamine.

I watched as one of the psych techs tried to convince Lilly to calm down and return to her bed. She had no interest in lying in bed or watching television, and yelled at him to leave her alone. The tech wisely backed off and allowed her to continue her battle with an invisible opponent. So far, she had not hurt anyone.

“Sue, how long is it going to take to get something to calm her down? ”

“I’ll call the doctor and see if we can hurry up the order.”

I turned my attention back to the computer and reviewed Lilly’s psychiatric history. I wanted to know as much as possible about her, before locking myself into one of the small interview rooms that I suspected she would find claustrophobic.

Previous psychiatric reports flashed to the screen revealing that Lilly had been abandoned by her mother. As a child, her father who had eventually died of an overdose, had repeatedly sexually molested and brutally beaten her. At the age sixteen, she had a psychotic break and began hearing voices that told her to kill herself. After an attempt to overdose, she was committed to a psychiatric hospital for adolescents.

Her first marriage ended in disaster. Her unstable and abusive husband beat her, had put a gun to her head and had attempted to drown her. Her voices got louder, insisting she was worthless, ugly, that no one would ever want her, and that everyone would be better off if she would kill herself. With no one to turn to, depressed, hopeless, and overwhelmed by a torrent of vicious voices, she locked herself in a bathroom, turned on the warm water, and slit her wrists. After refusing to come out, her furious husband crashed through the door. On the way to

the hospital, the voices savagely mocked her for being stupid enough to listen to them, then told her she was crazy and deserved to be locked up.

The door to the annex office clicked open and a nervous psych tech barged in. I looked up. "Jerry, she's getting really pissed off and is demanding to leave. She says she's here voluntarily that we can't hold her against her will. She wants to see a psych evaluator now or be released. She's not going to hold. I told her you would be with her shortly."

I turned to Sue. "Did you get something in her to calm her down or are you sending me to be slaughtered?" I said with an askance grin.

Sue smiled. "I gave her some Ativan but it'll take a few minutes to kick in."

"How many?"

"Ten or fifteen."

The thick Plexiglas windows reverberated with shouts. Lilly was in the face of another patient twice her size who had been demanding she shut up and was screaming at him. A psych tech scrambled to intervene separating the two, but failing to convince Lilly to quiet down, or return to her bed.

The computer screen flashed page after page, as I searched for any history of violence. Seeing nothing, I picked up my clipboard and turned to Sue.

"She's not going to hold for another fifteen minutes. You owe me, you brat. Keep an eye on the TV monitor."

Sue's grin beamed amusement as I walked out into the annex and slowly approached Lilly. She stopped and stared at me for a second as neared.

"Lilly, come on over here and tell me what's going on."

I unlocked the door to the interview room. Beneath the glare of florescent lights sat a brown recliner, two chairs, and a heavy table. The steel door contained a slit of clear shatter proof Plexiglas. Scarred walls and scuffed tile marked previous battle damage. Above the door, a small dark dome protected the eye of the closed circuit camera. I motioned Lilly toward the rear of the room, assuring she was not between me and the exit. If things were to go wrong, they often did so quickly. The steel door could be opened from the inside, but was locked from the outside. It stopped patients milling around the annex from getting in, but also prevented staff from quick entry in emergencies. A lot could happen in such a confined space in the time it took staff to grab a key, run over, and finagle it into the outside door knob.

I motioned to Lilly. "Take your pick of any of the seats back there, whichever is more comfortable for you."

I was relieved as I watched her squirm into the large hospital recliner which squeaked as she settled into it. It would take a couple of seconds longer to get out of, should she lose control. Lilly was still on edge tracking my every move. It was clear the Ativan had not yet kicked in. I relaxed into a straight back office chair and grabbed my pen and a clip board.

"Well, what brings you to the Hotel California today?" I asked.

"The damn mental health center wouldn't give me any meds. They had closed my case, told me I would need to reapply, then called the

cops. I hate that place. If you miss two appointments they close your case and cut off your meds. I only went there because the voices got so loud. I couldn't handle them. They are worthless. I don't want to go back into the hospital and I don't want to hurt myself; I just want some meds to keep the voices down. I've been buying Seroquel off the street but can't find anymore. Two weeks ago, I had a loaded gun to my head thinking about pulling the trigger when my sister walked in and took it away. "

"Were the voices telling you to shoot yourself?"

"Yeah, I had my finger on the trigger, and they kept saying, 'Do it, just do it and get it over with, everyone would be better off.' They tell me I'm worthless, a burden to everyone around me and to just get it over with."

"They are bastards, aren't they?"

"Yes, they are."

Lilly seemed to calm a bit. I knew the voices could greatly influence her behavior and asked if she was hearing them.

"No, not right now," She replied.

"When was the last time you heard them?"

"A little while ago, when I was in the emergency room, right before the nurse brought me back here to psych."

"What were they telling you?"

"They were very loud. They said that if I gouged out an eye they would stop tormenting me forever. I don't trust them. I know they are liars and I don't listen when they say things like that. On the other hand, when I try to ignore them, they get louder."

The memory of a previous psychiatric patient who had listened to his voices after being given the same assurances shot through my mind like a flash of lightning. When I asked if they had shut up afterward, he said that quite to the contrary, they mocked him for years afterward for him being stupid enough to listen to them. Concerned, I struggled to conceal my alarm at what Lilly's voices had told her before deciding to tell Lilly about the case.

One of the few things Lilly had going for her was that she was attractive. Although a bit plump, her long brown hair framed a set of beautiful brown eyes. Her skin was smooth and unblemished overlaying high cheekbones. The hospital gown draped her ample breasts, a momentary distraction. Despite the ravages of years of psychosis, she had somehow managed not to slip into and unkempt, disheveled state common to many others with her diagnosis. I was aware this took a Herculean effort on her part.

I was also impressed with the fact that Lilly had discovered on her own, that the voices were liars and never to be trusted. This revelation was of no minor significance.

"You don't think the voices are your friends, do you?"

"Hell no."

"Do you want to get rid of them?"

"Oh God, yes."

Had she said no, I would have collected the information needed to admit her and ended the session. No amount of mind-numbing anti-psychotic medications would have permanently gotten rid of them, but merely suppressed them, while doing untold damage to her nervous

system. I felt she was earnest and moved on. In order to hook the attention of psychotic patients, I'd learned the hard way that it was critical to make it clear that I knew as much or more about the voices that plagued them than they did. Without such a demonstration, the voices would have distracted her from anything else I had to say.

"They're strongest after sunset and between two and three in the morning, aren't they?" I said.

"Yes. Sometimes they come right after I wake up."

"Do you ever see strange things moving around in the dark at night?"

"Yeah, shadows."

"Three dimensional shadows shaped like people?"

"Yeah, how do you know this?"

"Can you see their eyes?"

"No, they don't have eyes; there is no face, just a black faceless head."

"I'm glad you didn't see eyes, it's not a good sign."

Lilly looked perplexed.

"How many are you hearing?"

"Two males and a screaming baby."

"A screaming baby? That's unusual."

"They keep me awake every night with their bullshit. They tell me I'm worthless, fat and that nobody will ever want me. They say people are

talking about me behind my back, and I don't deserve to live. They also keep telling me over and over that my husband is cheating on me."

"Are they telling you to hurt anyone other than yourself?"

"Yeah, they are telling me to kill him. I divorced my first one who beat me all the time. This one is my second. I've been married to him for nine years now. The voices say he doesn't really love me, that he cheats on me behind my back, and is only faking like he cares for me. They keep telling me to kill him. We are still very much in love, but the voices kept telling me to do bad things. I didn't trust myself, so I left before I did something I would regret."

Lilly stared at the floor in a daze genuinely concerned that she might have harmed her husband had she not left. I was aware that relationships are one of the first things the voices attempt to destroy. If what she was telling me was true, it took a horrendous act of courage, fortitude and compassion to walk away from the only human on the planet that she had clung to as her sanity slipped away into the hell of psychosis she must have known was coming. Once again, she had impressed me as I thought about her horrible dilemma and the selfless action she'd taken. I watched her speechless as she stared at the floor.

"How long have you been hearing these voices?"

"Since I was sixteen."

"Only one other patient has told me of hearing a screaming baby as one of her voices. She had an abortion."

Lilly stared at me as I wondered what was going through her mind.

"I had an abortion when I was sixteen. I was undergoing a DNC. When I work up from the anesthesia I saw pieces of the baby. I was

horrified. I began having night terrors of demons killing my baby. Two weeks later, I had a nightmare where I heard a baby scream in pain. When I woke up, the screaming was still there. Then it turned into a high pitched shriek. The window in my bedroom shattered. Over the next nine months, I sunk into a very deep depression and couldn't eat or sleep. At night, I started seeing shadows moving around my bedroom in the dark. I dreamt I was being crucified. After that dream, I knew I opened up a portal that I shouldn't have."

"What do you mean?"

"Right after that dream, I woke up and looked at my alarm clock. The clock started pulsing with light then rose up into the air. It was blinking 12 midnight. Then it dropped to the floor and shattered. The pieces swept themselves up into a pile. After that, I started having dreams about symbols. I painted the symbols all over my bedroom, on the walls, on the rugs and then all over the house. When the demons started coming through these symbols, I knew that I had opened a portal that I shouldn't have. It was right after that I started hearing the voices. I was just sixteen when I was locked up in a psychiatric hospital for the first time."

I found it curious how similar Lilly's strange symbols were to those in the movie, "A Beautiful Mind." What's with the symbols I thought to myself?

"Are you hearing the same voices now that you heard when you were sixteen?"

"Yeah."

"What do you think they are?"

"Demons."

"I'm impressed that on your own you have figured out that the voices are not who you are but something alien and malicious. You're leaving your husband to protect him tells me it is not *your* intention to do the horrible things they are telling you. It's a major step to become aware that voices are not your thoughts. They don't belong in your mind and they are not who you are."

Lilly silently stared at me. Once again, I was enthralled. After being told by dozens of psychiatrists for decades that her voices were auditory hallucinations, figments of her imagination, the result of a broken and deranged mind, a chemical imbalance in her brain, hearing someone speak the truth, as she experienced it left her awed. The tightness in her face vanished and I could sense her relief.

"Are you hearing the voices yet?"

"No, but I can feel them. They're close. They are listening to everything we're saying."

"You may not be hearing them now, but you will be in about five minutes and they are going to get very loud. If they get so bad you can't handle them, you are free to leave this room and take a break. I think you're ready and I'm going to give you some information I think you can use to help yourself. The voices aren't going to like it and will try to drive you out of this room. This is what they are going to tell you. First, they'll tell you not to listen to anything I say. They will tell you I'm a stupid, crazy nut case. Next they will demand that you leave this room and not return. They will tell you to get as far away from me as possible and to escape the ER if you can. If you decide to remain they will tell you to attack me. Lilly looked shocked.

"I won't do that." She said.

"I know you won't, but that's what they will tell you. If they get so intense you feel you have to leave this room, I will not stop you. You're free to go back to your bed and take a break. Don't try to leave the ER though. They will stop you then drug you up."

I set up Lilly to hear and consider the information which almost always provoked an attack by the voices, the same knowledge given me in the writings of Don Miguel Ruiz, a Toltec medicine man, the same information Carlos Castaneda spoke about.

"Lilly, after the voices badger you and leave, you feel more drained and exhausted than if you had been working in the hot sun all day doing hard labor. You feel this way despite the fact that all you were doing all night was listening to the voices and just tossing and turning in bed all night. Isn't this so?"

"How do you know this?"

"Isn't it true?"

"Yes."

"You didn't use that much energy lying in bed all night, did you?"

"No."

"If you didn't use it, where do you think it went?"

I didn't expect Lilly to know the answer. Very few did. I did anticipate the inquiry would trigger the normal frenzied outburst on the part of the voices as it had done hundreds of times prior. In response, I expected Lilly's anxiety level to skyrocket. Her concentration would be impaired. There was a good chance she would want to leave the room.

On my part, I would be awaiting the cold, icky electrical feeling associated with the voices attacking me every time this topic was broached. "They take it." She retorted.

To my utter surprise, nothing happened. Once again, I was amazed and taken aback with Lilly's unexpected response and the lack of response from her voices. I knew this information was the very last thing the voices wanted their victim to become aware of and actively blocked, yet Lilly had figured this out on her own. Astonished, I look at her in disbelief waiting for her voices to explode. The expected attack failed to materialize.

I was astonished that Lilly showed no sign of distress. This was a perplexing anomaly. This is the one piece of information that the voices had historically expended much effort to keep out of the patient's awareness. The patient becoming aware that the voices are energy parasites drastically changes their entire relationship with this devastating disease. As long as the patient believes that the voices are a part of their own broken mind, and that their thoughts belong to them, and are who they are, massive amounts of negative emotional energy in the form of confusion, fear and anxiety are generated. According to Miguel Ruiz, the Indian Shaman, it is this negative emotional energy which these entities then feed off of. This phenomenon was corroborated through hundreds of interviews with schizophrenic patients. It became clear that once the patient realizes what the voices are, the dynamics change drastically. To their great relief, they comprehend that it is not themselves that they are at war with, but something else.

"Are you hearing them now?" I asked Lilly.

"No, they are quiet."

Perplexed, I studied Lilly carefully before asking another question.

“Do you know how they drain people’s energy?”

“No.” Lilly responded. “Can you hear them?”

“No, I can’t hear or see them, but I can feel them, especially when they are angry and bringing up the fact that they are energy parasite almost always infuriates them.”

“I can both see and hear them and I have never seen more than I did while I was in the emergency room waiting to be brought back here to the psych annex.”

Again, Lilly left me perplexed.

“Are there any here now?”

“No.”

I have had patients report big black shadows standing next to me at times when I was talking about these entities, and shortly thereafter felt the icky electrical feeling of their attack. So far I had felt nothing unusual as I spoke to Lilly. I was stumped.

“What do they look like?”

“They are big and dark. Some look like evil angels. Many were like creeping shadows that changed into snakes and cats.”

“What were they doing?”

Suddenly Lilly’s face turned stark white. She hunched over and put her hands over her ears then her eyes. She could not sit still. She appeared frightened, jumped to her feet and frantically began pacing like a caged animal.

“What’s going on, Lilly?”

“I gotta get out of here NOW! I need to go to the bathroom.”

She lunged for the door. I pushed it open and got out of her way. She ran toward the patient bathroom, only to find it occupied, then quickly returned to the interview room, where I sat scribbling notes. Whatever she was about to tell me, the voices didn’t want me to hear.

Lilly’s sudden sprint toward the bathroom had attracted the attention of Sue and the psych tech. I knew we were being watched over the closed circuit TV, and that I would later be questioned as to what I had done to upset the patient. My saving grace was that the setup consisted only of video, and no sound. As long as I sat near the door and under the camera, nothing I did or said would appear on the TV monitor at the nurse’s station. It was not possible to speak to psychiatry about the strange and ugly world these patients lived in, or what was actually going on with them. Not only would I have been accused of being a crack pot, but would also have had to face accusations of upsetting patients, and reinforcing their hallucinations by talking to them about their voices, and making them worse. I’d heard it all before. The intensity with which the voices struck Lilly appeared to be aimed at shutting her up. I was all the more determined to hear her out.

“Can you leave the door open?” She asked in a voice that had more the tone of a demand than a question, as she paced the small room.

I complied, but worried about other staff overhearing and kept my voice down.

“They are hitting you pretty hard.” I said.

Suddenly, a cold, icky, electric feeling enveloped me with alarming intensity. It felt like the shield I envisioned surrounding and protecting me, was being crushed and battered to the point of collapse. The voices attempting to control Lilly were extremely strong and seemed furious. The intensity of what I was experiencing stopped me cold. I couldn't concentrate.

"Are they hitting you as hard as they are me?" I asked Lilly.

"Yes, they are screaming, and very loud. There are two of them and the crying baby. They're all screaming at once. The two males are telling me to get the hell out of here and leave the hospital." She appeared terrified and on the verge of panic.

"Ok, let's shut them up."

I closed my eyes and asked Archangel Michael to come and drive them off. I struggled to visualize as clearly as possible, Michael suddenly appearing as an explosion of white light, penetrating Lilly and myself, and blasting the three voices out of the room. I then imagined them being encapsulated in a box of white light, three feet thick with no exit. I knew from past experience, that thoughts are things and this would stop the attack against both of us, but in many cases the patient would still be able to hear the voices screaming through their prison of light. This was again the case. Although the icky electrical sensation I felt had dissipated, Lilly kept her hands over her ears. I closed my eyes and I envisioned all three voices being gagged with duct tape over their mouths, and wrapped it around their heads several times. I held this image as clearly as possible for a few seconds, then opened my eyes and slowly looked at Lilly. Her agonizing cringe melted away. She appeared greatly relieved and slowly took her hands from her ears, perplexed. For a moment, she

sat quietly and seemed to be searching for the voices inside her head. Finding nothing, she looked up and stared at me in amazement.

"Did they shut up?"

"Yeah... I don't remember the last time it was so quiet."

"Any of your psychiatrists ever been able to do that for you?"

"No..... How did you do that?"

"I didn't."

"Did you hear them too?"

"No, I can't hear them, and I can't see them, but when they are angry, I can feel them. They hit me when I'm interfering with their business of feeding on you or when someone is about to give me new information about them they don't want me to have, as you were about to do before we were so rudely interrupted. Remember you were telling me that you had never seen so many of these dark entities in one place as you had in the ER while you were waiting to be sent back here? Please finish."

I expected a second attack when she resumed speaking. It didn't materialize.

"I saw dark entities attaching themselves to people. Some had their hands on patients who were lying in their beds and were making them sick. Some were just hanging around near sick patients. I watched a doctor give one of the patients a diagnosis. As he spoke, black toads poured out of his mouth and attached themselves to this guy in a bed. I knew if he believed what the doctor was telling him, he would get

whatever disease the doctor was telling him about. I also saw good angels fighting the dark ones.”

“What did they look like?”

Suddenly the cold, icky feeling returned making my skin crawl. I was stopped cold.

“Did your voices break out? I’m being hit again and it’s very strong.”

“No, it’s not them. They are gone.” Lilly replied calmly and in no apparent distress.

“Then who is hitting me?”

“It’s their commander, the dark entity over them.”

The icky feeling continued to envelope me increasing in intensity. Baffled, I looked at Lilly. I had seldom experienced being attacked without the patient also being hit at the same time.

“Are you hearing them now?”

“No.”

I closed my eyes, and again implored Archangel Michael to intercede. The unpleasant feeling began to fade. How odd, I thought. This case was full of curious anomalies.

“What did the good angels look like?”

“They were much bigger than the dark ones.”

Lilly stopped speaking and appeared to be searching within.

“They’re back.” She said.

“Ok, you get rid of them this time. You have two guardian angels watching over you at all times. They are the ones that are going to drive off the voices, but they can’t help you unless you ask. They are not allowed to interfere with your free will. They will not come to your aide without your permission. Can you ask for their help now?”

Lilly closed her eyes and slowly spoke.

“Guardian angels, give me strength.....”

“NO! No. Do not pray for strength, the dark ones will only take it. You have to be very specific. Ask them to drive away the voices.”

Lilly opened her eyes and looked up at me then closed them again and bowed her head.

“Guardian angels, please drive away the voices. Please take them away.”

With her eyes closed, she was silent for a few moments, then slowly looked up.

“Are they gone?”

Lilly again turned her concentration inward, and then looked at me dumbfounded. “They’re gone!”

“You have already learned for yourself that the voices can’t be trusted and that virtually everything they tell you is a lie. If you try to ignore them, they will get louder, but if you respond to the crap they are telling you with, ‘That’s a Lie’, knowing it’s a lie, then disregard it, they can’t hook you. Now you know that you have guardian angels looking over you, that you can ask for help. If the entities are too strong for your own guardian angels to deal with, ask Archangel Michael or Jesus for

help. They're always around, but you must ask for their help. They will not interfere with your free will. I also want you to know that voices will hate it if you repeat the 23rd Psalm. I've had several patients tell me that they react to this psalm like worms being thrown onto a hot frying pan. They also deplore the song 'Amazing Grace'. One patient told me that when he sang that song, his voices acted like worms thrown onto a hot frying pan. If they get you upset and you can't remember anything else of what I've told you, remember to keep repeating this psalm over and over, even if you have to do it all day and all night. If you do this, they will not be able to drain your energy and it's better than listening to the negative crap they are inserting into your mind. Always challenge their lies and know that every negative thought about yourself and others comes from them. If you do these things consistently, the voices will eventually weaken, and you will begin to regain control. Keep in mind that they feed off the negative emotional energy generated when you believe their lies. Don't let them upset you. Ask for protection before you go to bed. You have to carefully watch your thoughts. Every ungrounded, negative, or fearful thought you have is inserted into your mind by negative entities. Do not allow your mind to wander aimlessly. Get onto a positive spiritual path and stay there. You have to remember what I've just told you, your life depends on it. Now repeat back to me what I told you."

Once again, Lilly impressed me. From past experience, I'd seen that a majority of the patients I'd chosen to give this information to had forgotten seventy five to eighty percent of it by the end of the session, or had distorted the information so as to make it useless. Lilly repeated accurately virtually everything I'd told her to do. I stared in amazement when I heard a loud knock on the interview room door. I opened it to see Sue. She appeared anxious.

“Jerry, the ER is backing up. We need you out here to clear up some of this backlog. I’m running out of beds.”

I’m just finishing up. I’ll be out in a minute.”

“Lilly, I’ve got to get back to the revolving door factory.”

I found myself wishing that I had more time to work with Lilly. Had I had the time we could have seen if some or all of the voices could have been led into the light. Voices willing to go into the light disappear from the patient forever. The limited amount of time I have to work with these patients in a busy emergency room makes the use of such time intensive techniques impractical. In the relatively short time I had spent with Lilly, I knew the ER was at least half full with homeless drug addicts who had expended their social security disability checks on getting high, and then coming into the ER, claiming to be suicidal in order to get admitted. They would then start working on the doctors to prescribe them additional narcotics. There would also be a contingent of illegal aliens seeking medical care.

“What opens people up to being infested by these things?” Lilly asked.

“Several things, many of which you’ve experienced. Severe physical, sexual or emotional abuse, or drug use, especially the abuse of amphetamines can crack open your spiritual energy field, allowing these malicious parasites in. Your drug screen indicated you had amphetamine in your system when you came in. Taking amphetamine to get rid of the voices is like trying to put out a fire with gasoline. They will quiet down while you are high, but will get many times stronger when you begin to withdraw. The voices have their preference with regard to drugs, and amphetamine is their number one choice. Stay away from it.”

I went on to tell Lilly that when I worked in the psychology department of the state prison, the prisoners called amphetamine “the devil’s drug”. Scores of inmates told me that they started hearing the voices while using amphetamine. I was told that the voices would appear for short periods while the person was high and for a while, then disappear once they sobered up. Then one day, to the victim’s surprise, they remained for the rest of their lives. Some prisoners reported that when they ran out of the drug, the voices would tell them when and where to go to get more, and a complete stranger would show up with the meth.”

“I didn’t know that.” Lilly said, “They shut up for a while after I use meth.”

“Yeah, but then they come back like gang busters, twice as strong when the drug wears off, don’t they?”

“Come to think about it, they do.”

“Cocaine is their second choice, with opiates and alcohol third. They don’t like marijuana.”

“Why?”

“Because it calms people down and has no anxiety provoking withdrawal. The voices don’t want you calm; they want you upset, so you can generate the negative emotional energy on which they feed. If you want to stay alive and have any chance of a normal life again, you need to knock off the drugs. Once you get over to the psych hospital, the psychiatrists will give you meds to calm you down, but if you keep using meth and cocaine, you might as well flush their medications down the toilet.”

“How about people who don’t use drugs? Why do they start hearing voices? Does it run in the family?”

They suspect a genetic predisposition, but there is no clear proof for it. What appears to be going on from my point of view, is that the voices make the parents behave in ways that create the negative mind set which allows the voices to begin feeding off their children. There is a very high incidence of children of schizophrenic parents being sexually molested, beaten, and emotionally abused. The voices seem to go after people who are emotionally damaged, much as a wolf pack will go after the weakest in a herd. Damaged stragglers are easy prey.”

Suddenly Lilly blurts out in a loud voice, “Evil attracts evil and the evil I attracted when I was molested, was passed to my daughter. My daughter was also sexually molested. The man who molested her is dead.” I was taken aback.

“What happened to him?”

Lilly looked at me without saying a word, and then slowly, almost imperceptibly smiled. As I watched, her smile it morphed into a sly, self-satisfied grin. Stunned, I stared at the tile floor.

“Did I upset you?” She asked softly.

“I guess I wasn’t expecting that.”

“I’m sorry.” She replied in a soft compassionate tone.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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