**Satan Is a Patient Fisherman**

 What you're about to read is what has actually been happening in the past few years, keep an open mind.

 While traveling through South-East Asia with my small family, we landed on an island of Koh Samui, where I got the first call. In the beginning of the year 2011, I got a sudden message from an old friend that I didn't quite understand on that time. \*Sorry the message cannot be published yet

 I wasn't completely sure what's going on, but universe seemed to know better and indeed it's all connected. I was shifted to the island of Bali, Indonesia, in pretty fast tempo and straightly after that I broke up with my ex husband and tossed good six years together away. The circumstances of that event were like planned before. It all came to me as a shock as I as suddenly alone with my five years old son on an island I knew absolutely nothing about. Everyone in my family told me to come back home, but something inside of me decided to stay and face the journey that was about to begin.

 My curiosity led me into trouble very fast. I was asking way too many questions about the Black Magic that they practice on the island of "Gods". My first unexpectedly visitor from the realms of the wicked was something very similar to Rangda (the queen witch of demons) herself. One night, around 12PM at midnight I heard weird sound from outside screaming for help. It sounded like some Caucasian (European) woman was trapped inside of a house, trying to get out. She was screaming "HELP!" and banging the door. I tried to look outside but there was no one, so I took my flashlight and went outside. First, I turned left, but there was a big black dog barking at me with huge shiny teeth, that I've never seen before. So I turned back and thought I'll take my motorbike and pass the dog. When I got to my bike there was another small and much cuter dog with dots. It was trying to talk to me and was showing me to follow him. I thought I was going nuts but I followed the white small dog. It took me to an empty yard with trash. Suddenly the dog disappeared. The voice of the woman disappeared. And there was a massive dark energy rushing trough me. I got terrified and ran home. After that there was a month or two that the nuisances took over my home. There were rats dropping to my bed, huge bugs size of my hands and weird voices every night. I couldn't sleep, I was an insomniac for the next 12 months and lost around 10kg on the way. Once I left my Skype open and when I came back, a friend that I was having a session with was scared as hell. He said that some ghost was talking with him trough Skype. I replied that yes, might be, I'm having a situation here. I'm also sure "they/she/it" poisoned my drinking water. I couldn't eat at all, even a tiny shrimp. And all that came out of my body was purple. I decided to move.

 I was living with my son in Gili Trawangan, Lombok for a while. All seemed again coming back to "normal" (well, minus one occasion when a local beach boy wanted to poison me with a fish just because he got jealous). I returned to Bali on 2012 on a search for materializing my dream. I was long dreaming of living in a community with self-sustainable solutions and funky people around. I had done my homework and was looking around for places. January took me to the island of Java. Through a mutual friend I was suggested to visit an old artist, that had a massive art space next to a world famous Borobudur temple. This old pirate looking artist had many hectares of space there, where the two rivers meet. Strangely, he was pretty alone there. He was the master of stories and such, very hypnotizing character. We seemed to connect pretty fast and in no time he told me about his old art house in Bali (the place I lived before). He only had few old photographs of the house, but many fascinating stories. He told me his wife from France tragically died around ten years ago and he didn't want to live there alone. He as supporting my ideas about community house and was offering his house to do it. My curiosity got to me and went back to Bali to see the place. Indeed, it was an amazing place.

 The place was really big and the building was a huge artist castle. It was all covered under vegetation on the time, but it just made me more and more interested about this gem of a find. Shortly I started to find how to invest this project. I managed to gather only 40% by removing myself from my grandmother’s testament. I told him that that's all I can get, so I cannot continue this deal. As our visions of making the house alive again were very similar, I believed we can have a good companionship on this and connect to make it alive as an art house again. He told me, that it's ok, I' d just pay what I can and let's see in five years what happens, promising that the price would never change. Sounded like a sweet deal, so it became. The worst wrong move I've made. I paid him and got the right to use the land. While making these paperwork, there was something terribly wrong. I wasn’t feeling like myself at all. It was like I was hypnotized. The paper that I got, didn’t have even an actual value.

 I moved in with my son and one other person on April. Soon after that, the other person in the house attacked me on the stairs for no apparent reason. Happily my son was away on that day. This person suddenly just clicked and he attacked me. He pushed me to the stairs and strangled me until I cannot breathe anymore, while pulling me down of the stairs. I punched him into face and ran out. Strangely the neighbor lady was already waiting behind the door. This person was kicked out from the house after that. Strange events started to follow. I had a motorbike accident and a near-death experience twice, where I was almost crashed by truck. I visited a Balinese healer, who told me I was hit by black magic and he "removed" it with a knife from my neck. I was sure, that whatever it was, It has must be from this guy who attacked me. I thought this issue was cleared as lots of holy water, knives and strange language was scattered around.

 So there I was, in a huge empty house all alone with my son again. But I'm fearless, so I continued my dream to make it into an art house / community space. The next person, friend, arrived straight after that with a tale, that was very disturbing as well. For instance, he arrived to the house in 10-15minutes (from a place it usually takes few hours). I didn't seem to pay much attention to that in the beginning and I focused on the house only. I was obsessed to make it alive again. I started to put all my time, effort, energy, money and love into the place starting from basics such as water and electricity. As I'm not a rich person, I decided to do all by myself and with the help of friends and some couchsurfers. They helped me with pretty much everything from painting the walls to gardening. Little community was born.

 On an seemly normal evening, when I was painting a small room upstairs, my friend came and started to open up to me. What he said was rather crazy. He told me he is the caretaker of the new planet earth on the age of Aquarius, something similar to Jesus (or Antichrist, heh krhm). There are chaotic circumstances that are taking place right now, such as the sons of demons taking over and raping everyone and making terror to the human species. He said he is here to marry me and he will give me everything I'd ever desire. I would never work a single day in my life, I would have private jets, I could travel anywhere and I would have never ending supplies of money. This person also said he's here to protect me from all evil and all this nonsense. In the middle of our conversation, suddenly a huge black spirit-bat, size of a big man, appeared smashing it's wing to the window, it's almost like he brought it there with him. It was some sort of like an etheric shadow creature. Half formed, half transparent. I freaked out a bit, but tried to find a logical answer for all of this. While my brain was doing hyper loops, I decided to visit my family and returned to Bali with my son on autumn of 2012. I was fortunate enough to keep my friend from following me back, but I was alone again as all my couchsurfing activities were on pause. My another friend kept me company sometimes. Then along came Yogjakartan guy. He was an Yogjakartan artist, who was supposed to live in the small house in the property.

 The community started growing and there were usually people living and contributing in the house. It was all going fairly well for a while, except in my room, which was like a wormhole to another dimensions. The people came across the globe and it became like a university of Universe. On 2013 things started to change again. The house was doing great and most of the broken things were fixed. It started to look really nice with paintings from all over the world. But this owner of the house, the original artist from the magic rivers, became more greedy. He wanted more money and fast. Lots of it. I also understood that he's now taking care of the first guy who attacked me, in his magical rivers in Magelang. The pressure started to rise.

 Just then I shockingly understood that our agreement with this owner of the land: I could lose everything I've built so far. The artist started to threaten. I was supposed to have 5 years, but instead I had around 1 year. I was trapped and brought back to the reality that nothing is as simple as that. So I panic and started to find how to keep it safe. Stressed up as hell, I finally found a way on autumn 2013. I took a bank loan with my family. Me and my mom started to pay together the bank loan every month. The house and all my effort was saved - I thought. We made a proper notary paper, with lot of trickiness included from him, all sorts of bullshit. But I got it safe.. kind of. That was all that mattered.

 Straight after I thought I could now breath, the shit hit the fan again. This Yogjakartan artist, who had moved into the house, had an transformation to become “the owner” look-a-like (as before him too, all shape-shifted into wearing dreadlocks, sarongs and a bandana) and went insane in the house. He was crawling on the rooftops and doing all sorts of crazy things. Stealing eggs from the fridge one by one and screaming "Revolution, all foreigners must go! I hate bule! I'll bomb you!" in his sleep. Also I saw his eyes changing and he said: "You think you're an eagle? You think you can see everything?", later turning into “You’re the first that can see me”. I called another healer. A Javanese man with a multidimensional contact methods came along into the house. Yet again I was told that there was black magic involved and that this Yogjakartan guy could not see me. But he wouldn't tell me the rest as he said it would hurt me. Nothing on my world was ok. I was trying everything possible under the sun. Lot of incense as burned, salt threw on the floors, Hindu mantras, Muslim rukiyahs, Finnish shaman drumming, Ashrams, fasting.. God, I tried it all. From the walls started the dark matter appear and they wanted me to sign a book. It was an old book without any words. No, I didn't sign it. (Just to later find out, if I signed, I’d be dead).

 Around November when I had enough of all the craziness and all the ghosts and sleep paralyzes I was starting to get in the house, so I called my close friend to take me to Amed to clear my mind. So came along my future husband. We left my son in the delightful care of Ananda and Siddartha in the house, and headed to Amed with lava running down from a volcano as a background. We took 3 days off, while this Yogjakartan was sending us threatening messages to come there and beat us up and what not. When I got back home the hell rushed trough. My future husband was gone and I was alone in my room. Everything turned into fire and it started whispering "Don't trust him, he's a devil". It was insane, I could clearly see the fire. It became so real, almost touchable. I thought I'm going completely insane. I called him and asked if he's a demon, and well, of course, as you might guess, he answered "No". At the same night the local village police called "pecalang" came in flashing their flashlight asking money of course. I was shaking like a rabbit. The local Manggu (a priest from the neighbor temple) helped me out a bit and took care of explaining my project to the village. The community was still running good and many good people came along. The spirit kept strong. Gladly, the others din't really even know what's going around me. The energies kept balanced.

 On the meantime Mr. Yogjakarta, who was already out of the house, started to make more genius plans to destroy us. He rented a room next to our house and was keeping a close eye on us all, also he told the neighbors highly uneducated thief of a son to block my road into the house, he would even provide all the bricks needed. His eyes turned blind and completely white and I could literally see his vampire like succubus-teeth manifesting in front of me like hologram crawling into reality of this space-time continuum. Total, during this story, there had been 27 of these kind of “people”, but to keep it simple as possible, I concentrate on the main line.

 I was living in non-stop pressure, while I was trying my best to take care of the artist community of love and light. The neighbor also had a great idea to do some kind of a ritual in front of the door by putting rotten eggs there underground. Brilliant. The sabotage had begun. The pipes of the water pump were lifted at night and there was plastic inside of a closed water tower to close all our water. Everyone around seemed to have an agenda of their own, mostly coming to the point that they want the house.

 There was more stories about the history of the house as the veil started lifting. Stories of the wife's sudden death and many other weird synchronities. The puzzle was shaking. This artist had bought the land from the neighbor just on time when the neighbor’s husband was very sick, so he got a good deal about the price and the neighbor’s husband dropped dead after the deal was made. That was 19 years ago. The wife of the artist had paid the whole fun of the huge colossal building and got terminally ill fast after that. She got a lung cancer and died pretty much after the house project was paid and done. There was also a creepy story about the artist’s brother, who was supposed to build a swimming pool on the land while the couple was in France. But the brother got all sneaky and put half of the money into his own pockets and built a pool that cannot hold water. He got mystically killed right after that by a mirror falling down and cutting his neck.

 Back to the end of 2013 and beginning of 2014. Out went the Yogjakartan, and along came the Sumatran Sultan. In the end of 2013 I met a innocent looking person from Sumatran Sultanate. He called himself a prince, who had been in Bali for a while and had already opened a learning center for the village kids to promote self-sustainability in the village. I was fascinated about the program, so in the very beginning of 2014 a new group moved in and a Yayasan (NGO - Nonprofit organization) was made. I thought it's going to be great! I can help the whole community trough this. The house started to have free English lessons for the local kids (34 of them), do workshops for them (including art, dance, Balinese games, gardening, chocolate making etc).

 On this time there was few healers involved with this as well, including two wise men . One of them would reveal later that "my partner" is somewhere in Indonesia and I need to leave Bali and the other man warned me about "them" (that's the word used as it is) trying to take the house, he also said that once the compass starts to twirl, there is no stop for it. It certainly is. Just like that.

 While the house was doing good with its Yayasan, the Manggu - village priest and the biggest business man of the village - became jealous. He made a police report on us just to make a mess. So one morning at 6am we all woke up with dazzling 10-12 big guys from pecalang (village police), banjar, police and army inside the house. The next two weeks we spent going back and forth to the police office explaining ourselves while the neighbor lady with her son used their time stealing small stuff from the house and telling ridiculous stories how they own everything. On that time I got to know the real Manggu behind the mask. This priest was running a huge prostitution center almost next door, "importing Javanese women for 50ooo Rp (5$) per fuck.

 Then this Sultan, who made the Yayasan, showed his true intentions. He wanted his name on the house certificates so he started his part of the show. He raped me in the house, bit me, threatened to deport me (as his "Royal" family seemed to control all, including the immigration) etc. It was the biggest shitstorm of my life. I started to see him as he is. A demon. Or possessed into the maximum. His whole shape became very, very ugly, half of the face dripping down with one eye ball nearly unattached sometimes… and many times his eyes were changing into snake eyes in front of me (When I said I can see him, he just replied "So what?!"). He also knew the talent of telepathy and mind control. He said to me he's superior and I can't do anything because he controls my son (who really liked this person). For all of you theorists out there who are looking for demons, reptilians, nephilims, iblis or annunaki or whatever you wish to call these guys, come to my home. He made all my biggest fears into reality. All of them. I don't even know where to start with this guy. He's manifestation of all perversion, control and bad things that you can imagine being in one biomechanical body. Fortunately my angels or guardians are very busy with me aswell. The Sultan was trying all he could to make me surrender to his will and as well to sign my life to his palm, but I decided to go to the mosque instead.

 This Sultan was pure evil, I don't know how to else put it into words. It got so bad, he forced me and my son to a car to drive to Sumatra, but kicked us out on the streets of Pati in East Java, while being fully loaded on LSD, weed and alcohol. On that night he also called the police on us and we were taken to hotel for safety. The next day me and my son headed to Yogjakarta on a bus, but the game wasn't over yet, as this Sultan had my passports, bike papers and savings that he stole from me the night before. I was afraid of my life and most importantly, my sons life. I couldn't tell anyone, as I was so paranoid about everyone at this point. And who would believe me anyhow? On same day prince charming was having loads of fun with prostitutes, with my money, in same area. He had a hobby to take trophy pictures of his accomplishments. There has been lot of rumors about this guy and I can assure you, the worst ones are all true.

 We stayed in Yogjakarta for a while with our good friends and visited a new part of the puzzle. Another healer. He told once again, hat every healer had been telling, there was "black magic" involved. He said it's someone who used to be nice to me. He put his hand inside of my stomach and pulled something dark out. After that he's been closely involved with the process of the house. After a while in Yogja, I gathered my strength and went to Jakarta to get my passports back from this Demon Sultan. It was a cat and mouse game with a lot of victimizing involved, I was tossed around, screamed at, almost set on fire, and me and my son had to sleep on the floors of local villagers but I managed to get my passports back and escape him once again.

 On October 2014, being completely mentally, spiritually and physically absolutely exhausted, I dropped from the floors of local illegal villagers of Mt. Bromo to my friends doorstep in Bandung, West Java with my son without any shoes and carrying a broken bag. The real healing begun. We stayed pretty underground for many months while my now husband was taking care of me and my son. Everything started to make sense now. The puzzle seemed to be putting itself together and the confusion started to fall off.

 Meanwhile in Bali, the neighbor was terrorizing the people in the house even more now that I was gone out of the way. They invented all kinds of scare-tactics and stories and were threatening again to block the road. Every day they came up with something new. They even came in at night to steal some mattresses and scaring everyone off. The neighbor’s son, who was in prison before, even threatened to strangle one girl in the house. It's amazing how evil all of these people are. Since the day one, I had helped this neighbors family, helped them to open a warung (small Indonesian kiosk) etc. Neighbors from hell. It was taking a heavy toll on me.

 On the beginning of 2015 I was still on the edge of a total breakdown. The neighbors just didn't leave me in peace even for a day. I gave them bunch of my furniture as I decided to stay permanently in Java. But they decided to go to my room and take all my personal belongings as well as my sons. They said they kept the best and burned the rest! I started to figure out what's really going on behind this utterly insane and complicated cosmic mess.

 My husband took me to a wise oldman. This wise man had never seen me, and didn' t know we're coming. He told he saw a strange bat a night before, with my face, who had visited him two times before I came and said that the black magic had trapped me into this spirit animal. He had already scribbled some interesting signatures to interrupt with the contract made by a certain individual in this story with a demon/genie/dark forces. I was supposed to be sacrificed to the demon and die. Seemed legit as any this insane story could, as my surrender had been the main issue in the house with the black matter with book to sign and the snake-eyed Sultan with his own methods of surrender. The whole episode of my life was/still is like a materialized war between good and bad. It felt like God and Hitler are having a fight for my soul. It's a rather confused state of mind. It's one thing when people tell you to raise your frequency and be love and all that, and one thing to actually do that when there's another worldly curse upon your existence. My whole existence became a rebellion on this planet.

 We were on a next mission, to fight against it, against all these negative energies that had surrounded us. My husband got a list of what to do from the oldman and headed to do the requirements and the ceremonial rituals. I was starting to feel better. My family tree also started to open up, with symbolic missing links from the past. One of the missing link was named the same as this houses previous owners dead wife. Everything is connected to everything. Micro and macro.

 The deal is simple. A person makes a deal with a demon/genie/spirit for money or revenge mostly (in this case money, as if I would die, the previous owner would get the house and the money as well). On the deal, the demon must have a sacrifice. This guy killed his own wife. I'm number 3 of the women in his cycle. It's more usual here in Indonesia that you'd like to believe. People even sacrifice their own family members for wealth and dollars. The people just suddenly die. As did this pirate artist’s wife, his brother, the neighbor’s husband and more recently, the neighbor’s newborn baby. My name was on that list. My soul was supposed to be taken by "a black bat”. This story is not new. It's been around for quite a long time now. It the matter of fact, this story is ancient.

 We got busy. The house was now completely empty after last members of the community-family had left because of the intensifying pressure and strange headaches in the house. The neighbor took advantage straight away and broke the door and stole absolutely everything inside. Everything. They also built illegal wall to block the access and they were blackmailing us for 300million rupiahs (roughly 23 000$) on top the fun. Welcome to the real Bali everyone said. Island of demons.

 On May 2015 we finally went back to Bali trying to finish the chapter. I saw a vision again, well, a sleep paralysis in action. With shape shifting demons/spirits that were threatening to take my son if I don't give up and give them what they want, but in the dream we crossed the ocean and they could not harm us. We left the island fast. Everything about Bali made me want to puke. It's a true island of demons. Even the Island itself has its name from a King of demons in Hindu called Bali. Some of the things they are worshipping are no gods. The biggest ceremonies and offerings are made for demons.

 The neighbors list was growing: Robbery, blackmailing, braking property and illegal building and they're still arguing. Karma tends to be a bitch though. They just had a baby, with a serious condition called "Cleft Lip Palate". It looks like a monster and cannot eat or drink properly. The condition goes throughout the whole mouth and all around the throat. Don't take me wrong, I feel really bad for them and their newborn and I did offer to pay the poor baby's operation, but they refused. After terrorizing me for one more month each day asking for 200 million rupiah.

 That riddle of the illegal wall on my road got jammed for a quite a long time. We headed back to Java and tried everything. Nothing seemed to work with these people and all things were pointing into the root-cause of all problems; the land lord from the magic rivers. My bodyweight had dropped below 39kg again due to the stress/post-traumatic-stress/hypertension-mix-ups that I was battling with in my head.

 On January 2016 my husband had found a friend that works in a law firm to help us with the case. We started to make a plan again. After visiting the oldman of the mountains for advice and another Sundanese healer that bottled some genies from my back (yes, really), we headed to the magic rivers, to the roots of the problem. The lawyer could speak the language. We were ready to get him out. But not that fast.

 We were supposed to go back for his final signature of releasing me from this mess he had put me into. I stayed in my friend’s house. While staring at the clear sky, my friend made a funny remark. The lawyer and my husbands uncle had left their cups of coffee there from yesterday. And in the lawyers coffee was a dead cockroach. The greed had drowned the poor bastard into the lawyers cup. And so did the lawyer. The artist got into him. He switched sides and came back to hunt us with a bunch of leather jacket guys and a paper that was nowhere near what I asked for.

 Autumn 2016, we’re still stuck. The spiritual intervention is still coming like pop up windows. Sometimes faces shapeshift, sometimes it comes out as vomit or centipedes out from the body, sometimes the spirits threaten everyone near me. Most of my time while being a hermit goes to block those and studying the underworld, and all of the rest of the tree of life, local rituals etc. Path of spirituality is not about happiness and joy and the pretty pieces of sacred geometry and white clothes. The path of spirituality tears you apart. It rips you into pieces and burns you in purification fire. It's a depressive and a black place at times. It has to have it all. You have to know the darkness to know the light, to know your true self.

 I don't really care whether you believe me or not either. The ball only hurts when it hits you in the face and in the end person can only understand trough his/her own levels of perception and experience. I'm here just to share an experience, and shed a bit of light to those who have been eyeballing my journey for a while now, which hopefully will keep someone else safe from such an unnecessary suffering. Watch your steps. I’m still in this mess.

*~ The Memoirs of Phaedra ~*

*~ Still alive and kicking ~*

*25.09.2016*