

Acknowledgment

I would first of all would like to thank my current lawyer who got me out of the system. He wrote eighteen pages. It was him who encouraged me to write a book. He is nice and smart.

Second I would like to thank my mother and father for their unconditional love. The same tanks goes to all of my brothers and sisters.

Preface

Why I wrote this book. The main reason I wrote this book was to name and shame them. Name and shame them so that they will leave me alone. If enough people believed what I say, I am hoping some of them would be journalist and politicians, they can be stopped. The second reason is they will definitely do it to someone else. They are not sorry for what they did. They keep torturing me while I am writing this book.

Does anybody take telepathy seriously? Yes, the CIA had a project in the past. It is not as farfetched as you might think at first glance. Read on and with an open mind. And also US Embassy officials have complained that in Cuba and China that they hear noises. One official said it was more painful than being shot.

The first season is the first time the voices came in force. It started in late 2017 and went on for months. In the beginning it was the Swiss heading the investigation then the Americans took over. Even though the Americans took over the Swiss kept a watchful eye on things. And other countries had spots where they would question me. The second season is the rest of the times they came back.

Before the first season the investigation was primarily through dreams and by putting ideas in my mind and seeing how I would react. For example if they say they would help me fight the EPRDF. Then I would think about it and add stuff. The added stuff is what they are interested in. This led nowhere.

The flight left Addis on Feb 16 and landed in Geneva Feb 17 2014. I was immediately taken in custody. After having been questioned by the prosecutor I spent the night in Champ Dollon, Geneva. I was transferred to Prison de la Croisée in Orbe, canton Vaud. I stayed there for three months. After going on a hunger strike I was

transferred to UCP in Belle idée for twenty days. Then I went to Prison de la Tuillier in Lonay, canton Vaud. I stayed there until December 2016. Then came Curabilis, Geneva, where I stayed until March 2021. I stayed afterward in Belle Idée, Geneva, until my conditional release in Jan 2023. I was found criminally un responsible as the expert psychiatrist diagnosed me with Schizophrenia paranoid. I was given another test and was also found to be Schizophrenic but this time undifferentiated. But between this I was diagnosed with Psychosis and Schizoid. I was sentence to Article 59.3 in May 2016. That meant I have to take treatment in a closed institution or prison. They sent me to prison.

Sutaj was an investigator in real life who was in the same cell with me and the Portuguese in 2015.

Spooky

Spooky is what they called it. It is telepathy for you and me. It is the way of transmitting information without the use of any of the five senses. I have read that the CIA had a project on the matter in past years. The general consensus is the project was not successful. I write this book because that might not be the truth. The Swiss intelligence agency has it. They used it on me and it was painful.

This is not the first time I tried to write this book. I tried it in 2017 but every time I started writing there will be this old man I met spookily who will be disappointed in me. And I had to stop. Now I have restarted I expect something like being too tired psychologically to stop me. If they don't do that they will definitely have something to say and I will include it in this book.

The logical point to start this book should be the first time I heard them. It was right after the German Wings airplane crash. *The co-pilot flew the airplane into the mountains after locking the captain out.* This happened after I warned the Swiss that such a thing could happen. You might ask yourself why I would say this and why they should listen to me. The thing is at that time I was in prison for "hijacking" my own airplane after locking the captain out. I was the co-pilot on the flight. When I was in prison I asked myself what went through my mind before coming to Geneva. And I had some pretty dark thoughts flying out into the ocean until I ran out of fuel. And then the Malaysian Airplane disappeared so I thought it could be a similar story. So I told them that such a thing was possible. They didn't do anything. Then as I mentioned last time the German Wings crash happened. The first time I learnt about the crash was when a guard told me there was a crash. He had an accusing thon. So I replied "I was here". Then a day or two later. They made me anxious. They do this so that if something slightly scares you, you will be very scared. It magnifies your emotions. In the beginning it was only

painful but then I said to myself maybe they think I had something to do with it. That scared me. Then my cellmate who was clearly an investigator said, "Oh he got scared". That was the moment the voices said "You don't have to be scared if you have nothing to do with it". That was reassuring and calmed me down.

As I said, that is the logical point to start this book but not the real beginning. The real beginning was on May 15, 2014. My brother came from the United States to visit me and he told me the United States National Visa Center was close to start processing my visa application and if the Swiss don't give you asylum, he said, we will try that. I didn't see anything in this conversation that should have been a secret. I later found out that one of the things the investigators were looking at was if I came to Switzerland as a stopover before moving on to my real destination. It will be clear in the coming chapters how I found out this for now just take my word for it. Coming back to the moving to the United States bit, that day I started hearing noises. It was painful, very painful. The whole afternoon it continued and when it was time to have dinner, I forgot to take my plate with me to the food cart. I thought, the noise made me forget. *That is not how it works.* The noise was then accompanied by dreams, scary dreams. I would wake up with my heart beating like crazy.

A Desperate Act

It has been nine years. And I have forgotten some things. I will have to look at the police report and other documents. I had thought about diverting a flight for some time then. They were making my life difficult and I had to get out. I know this is crazy talk. I shouldn't use words like "they" when I am trying to defend my sanity. By "they" I mean the National Intelligence Service of Ethiopia. I promised the voices I wouldn't write about Ethiopia but they promised a lot of things that didn't materialize. The things that happened before I came to Geneva were very clear, one time in prison, for something like an hour. It was the voices that made it clear and they took it back. Now what I remember is pieces of thought here and there. So I will do my best to make you see why I had to get out. But I promise nothing.

So how did I know I was under surveillance? Easy, they told me so. Two anti-hijackers who work for the National Intelligence Agency told me. The first was in Africa, I think Duala, Cameroon. His name was Mulugeta, ex-rebel (militant as they like to be called). He told me it was them that were following me and it was because they wanted to see which night clubs I frequent. It was bizarre. I told him the ones I go to don't allow your kind to enter. He got mad. The second time it was in Beirut, Lebanon. We were out shopping, four people. Then we were just three and the anti-hijacker told me I was under surveillance to see who was my girlfriend. It was strange but at that moment I was more afraid than anything. Now I told this to the expert psychiatrist and he said there were even witnesses and I was like "what does that have to do with anything." Despite this they said I was schizophrenic and put me on Xeplion.

Did they know I was about to do what I did? I say "probably yes". On one of the flights I was thinking about diverting the door malfunctioned and there was a third person who manned the door. This is the only time it

happened in my career and is rare. The other four or five flights the captains didn't go out of the cockpit the whole time. There was an European captain on one of these flights and he could easily testify to why he didn't go out of the cockpit but nobody was willing to do that.

One of my plans concerning leaving Ethiopia was to lock the captain out and fly to I think it was Arusha. Evacuate the passengers there and fly into the Indian ocean until I run out of fuel. I was taking this dark thought so seriously that I looked up Arusha and if it was able to land and takeoff a Boeing 767. The next day the captain and I were preparing the plane for the flight and an European captain who was a passenger came and showed us a video of an unmarked Boeing 767 taking off from Arusha. Now this could be a coincidence but should be investigated nonetheless.

The time they drugged me. This happened two times, once in Addis Ababa and another time in Dakar. I will tell you about the one in Dakar. It was the same spy who told me that I was under surveillance. He was pretty upset at the time by how I reacted to the news. He brought some peanuts in a little plastic bag and put it in front of me and told me to have some. I did. After coming back to my room it was daytime but i was fast asleep. When I woke up I realized I was drugged. Thinking back I blame myself for eating something that was offered by a spy who clearly hates me. But at that time I was under the impression that they just wanted to stop me from working for another company. This is one of the reasons I realized they mean business. I am not sure but this flight might be the one where the door malfunctioned.

The time they broke into my apartment. This was when I left for Miami. The door was alright but the window was broken. Not the glass but the handle. I filmed it but thought it was not a good idea to have evidence on me. So I deleted it.

The time I was stopped in Bangkok. While preparing to leave for Bangkok I made it look like I was hiding something in my wallet. At the airport I got through the X-ray and nothing unusual happened in Addis Ababa. But when I went out later that day in Bangkok a police man came on a motorcycle and stopped in front of me and asked for a passport. I didn't have my passport on me at the time so I showed him my brother's ID. He said it was alright and he said that some Africans sell drugs around here and he wanted to see if I was too. And leaned and saw inside my wallet. I had suspicion based on some things I did in my apartment and was told that they knew I did by a captain who was not a militant but was believed to be very close to the EPRDF. This made me sure.

The one with the Chinese. This was in Hangzhou China. I went out shopping for a camera for my brother. There was a woman following me. She didn't try to hide she just followed me. It is one of those people they call "minders". They were there to make sure you know you were being watched and not do anything. She followed me from shop to shop. When I actually bought a nanny cam. She actually came, leaned and saw what I bought. She looked surprised that I would buy that in front of her. Then I asked the shopkeeper who she was. He said she was his cousin or was it hi sister.

There were things in my phone. I think it was the data used that was increasing when I was in Europe on a flight with a layover. I told the investigators about it but they didn't do anything.

The time I destroyed the minibar. There were a problem with the electricity in Milan at the hotel. The minibar was not locked and they would have no way of knowing what I used so I took a lot of stuff for free. This is the spoils of paranoia.

What the voices told me about Ethiopia. There was one time where I forgot to carry my passport with me on a

flight to Tel Aviv. At the airport I told the agents about it and they were nice about it. They asked when my last flight to the city was and provided me with a temporary passport kind of document. This they voices said was the National Intelligence Service of Ethiopia trying to have me investigated by the Israelis. The American investigators also told me that they were informed that I was a Russian spy prior to my flight to Miami. But I didn't believe them.

The time my sister got in a car accident. I lent my car to my sister and her then husband. They got in an accident and the car was taken to a repair shop. This wasn't very unusual but when I told the investigators about it they said that was how they would get hold of your car and bug it.

The investigators told me the Ethiopians had the right to put me under surveillance as long as they thought I was a spy. They said this because they too do the same thing to their citizens. That was disappointing.

This one was revealed to me yesterday. I had forgotten about it. The voices told me to write it. It was in Ghion Hotel in Addis Ababa. The back story is there would be a guy who would look at me funny when I go there. Or when I come back home. The one at the apartment was the same guy all the time. I am not sure there was a guy on that day. A man drowned in the pool. The life saver tried to save him but there came no ambulance. I thought of it as a warning to me. That they could do this to me too.

Staying in America. Why didn't I stay in America. Frankly because things hadn't gotten so bad yet and also I was hoping that I could find a job and move to the Middle East.

What I can tell you is that I would find it really strange if the Ethiopians didn't think it was remotely possible that I would hijack their airplane.

Dreams

What you should know about the dreams. The ones before 2017 were theirs and they didn't act as if they weren't. But after the Las Vegas shooting they said it was my people who showed me the dreams and they said I knew what they meant. They went as far as saying it was the Russians who were giving me the dreams and they brought a dream translator who told me every dream is complete by itself. That helped with nothing. There were dreams that had several parts. I would see a dream, wake up, think about it then when I went back to sleep they would continue from where I stopped thinking about them.

The first time I found out they were investigating if I was a spy. This was when I was in Croisée. My cellmate who was clearly an undercover cop told me the Ethiopians were saying that you're a spy. But he said he thought I was their spy. The investigation could have been less painful and could have taken so much less time if I were an Ethiopian spy.

The dreams were like this, for example, I would drive all over Addis Ababa and couldn't get to my destinations and then I would wake up. My heart will be racing so much that if I was going somewhere secret it would even beat faster. I thought they would know what I was thinking by monitoring how my heart beat. That can be done in non-classified technology. But I later found out they were listening to my thoughts. I know this looks like a crazy thought but it is real and would sound less crazy if you read further.

Lions chasing me. In this dream I saw a lot of lions chasing me. I would turn right run and then there would be a lion in front of me and I will turn again and run and so on and so on. Then I woke up and my heart was racing. Then a thought came to my mind that they were investigating if I

can get scared. That sounds impossible not to be scared by anything. But I wouldn't rule it out. They probably can make people so spookily.

The Newton Brothers. I had this dream just once, where my accomplices were my brothers and we divided the loot within the three of us.

How they investigated if I was a terrorist. This was in Tuillier. They showed me in a dream an Imam and I woke up. I say an Imam because he was dressed in a traditional Arab way he might be something else. They do this. They make me think they are investigating something while they actually are investigating another thing. In another dream I saw that the Americans were looking for me. When I woke up I thought they thought I was a terrorist.

The time I saw Putin. He was crying in my dream and I asked him if he cries just for Russia but also for Ethiopians too. He looked at me with amazement.

There is a one disturbing dream I have. It is that there will be a baby so small it will fall off my hand and I would inadvertently step on it. I don't understand besides being disturbing what purpose it fulfils.

What is with food and them? There was a dream about eggs that made me stop eating eggs for a while. It is too graphic to talk about. Then there the dream about fishes. I would eat a fish and it would test disgusting. I would wake up feeling like puking.

The surfer. This is a dream where I would fly over a water body, a lake or an ocean. And I would fly so fast. Then I would wake up. I don't know what they would want to investigate with this dream.

Mayhem. This was with the Saudis in Curabilis. I had a dream where a city, I don't know what city, was burning. They said it was in Saudi Arabia and it was Iran who did it. They said it was in the Haj. So they asked me to go to Jeddah and stop it. They used the phrase "the gravity of the situation" several times. As I mentioned in the beginning it was their dream and the whole thing was an exercise to see what I would say.

Which of my friends came in my dreams. Nearly everybody. They were trying to find who my accomplices were. That is why they brought them up. If any of them were my accomplices whom I was protecting they would easily find out.

This was in Belle Idée. I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't remember where I diverted the airplane to. I knew I diverted somewhere but couldn't for the life of me remember where. I was confused for a little while but then everything came back to me. I probably would have thought I was in for example Tel Aviv if that was my original plan.

They can put memories in your mind. It was in the middle of the night. They had just woke me up. And asked me some question. I don't remember what it was but I remember my response. I told them they were saying what they said because I had picked up something from a junk yard in Cairo. To which they replied it is us who put that memory in your mind. You actually didn't do it. Then after a little while that memory was gone and I could see they were right. This shows the voices are real if they weren't I wouldn't have known that I didn't know at the moment of the conversation.

This is another example where they tell you things without actually telling you. At the time I was so much into Sudoku. I was trying to find an easy way to solve it. Then they told me, without actually telling me, you can replace

the numbers in the Sudoku with colors and solve it. They were right. I later used it to program a Sudoku in Curabilis.

One time they told me that the only one who can help me is WikiLeaks. They said that to see if I actually would try to contact them knowing well enough how that might not be a good thing to do for someone who plans to immigrate to the United States. I later tried to contact them with no luck after writing several unanswered letters to the Embassy of the United States.

Another thing they can do to you is make you figure out stuff. One such thing was that, the Ethiopians wanted me to crash the airplane in order to claim the insurance money. That I thought made sense and I said I would like to talk to Americans about it. Because the Home Land Security had previously in a letter said that I can explain what I did to them but for now I had to return my FAA pilot license. It sounded so right because they put thoughts in my mind. We called this “double tap”. Because they wanted to see if the Beirut crash had similar stories too.

BBC. I turned on the TV and it was the BBC. Immediately, it went into commercial and there were something about HIV. And one should talk to his psychiatrist. This is exactly what is called a subliminal message. A message that can only have the intended meaning to the intended listener. This message was for me not because of the content but because the investigators made me think it was. So the next time I talked to the doctor I explained why I was taking an HIV medication in Addis Ababa. I am not HIV positive for the reader information.

The time Sutaj apologized. He was acting like an Ethiopian investigator. I believe they knew I thought of him as such. He asked if I was a spy. I replied No. Then he got up and then knelt and started making his bed. I took that as he apologizing But then after the German Wings crash he took it away by making his bed standing up and clearing his throat.

Dignitaries

Why did I have to talk to all these dignitaries? The idea was I was a very deep spy who had completed a mission and purposely had forgotten who he was. And these people were supposed to say something that would make me remember myself. Another thing they said was the purpose of these encounters was that I might be a spy who will only talk to the head of his state.

I spoke to Former President Donald Trump. I spoke to him several times. Before I speak with him the investigators would tell me to dress up and wait in front of my HP laptop. Then when he comes they would tell me to salute him. Feet apart and then together or the other way around. I don't remember. One time he told me to write words that come to my mind. I do that even now. I "zone out" and write stuff as if someone was telling me to write them. Many times he promised to take me to America. He also said that I was now American and worked for them. The last time we talked he asked if his life was in danger. The investigators and I were talking and I must have said something and then they asked if the life of the president was in danger. So he asked if his life was in danger and I replied I had no idea. That was the last time we talked. I liked talking to the president because. The thing about spooky is when you talk to someone they hear all your thoughts and some of my thoughts were insults. I would say "moron" in my head when I talked to him and he was cool about it. He knew I wouldn't say that to him in real life and he would insult me back. But not some insult that hurts, something to make me at ease.

I spoke to Pope Francis. When they asked me to talk to the pope I said it was a bad idea and that I preferred if he told his questions to the investigators and I responded to them. I said this because the bad thoughts that get transmitted spookily. But they said he would understand and that I have to talk to him. I agreed and he came and said

“Good thoughts balance bad thoughts”. Which is a nice thing to say then they said to thank him. What I do to thank people was bow to them. But since this was the pope I kneeled and the ground was there so I kissed it. He went away and the investigators told me the fact that I kissed the ground spooked him out and he had to go. Why the pope? When I thought of taking control of the plane in Addis Ababa I had thought of taking it to the Vatican and then asking pardon from the Pope before landing. Now here is something someone should ask the pope. Did this happen? Did he talk to me? I don't think he would lie. [The voices said he would rather die than lie when I asked them a couple of weeks ago.](#)

I spoke to the late Queen Elizabeth. I spoke to her on several occasions and one time when we talked I used the word “clever” rather than “smart”. And the investigators commented that I was being diplomatic by using this word. When I talked to the queen I had to stand in front of the intercom but one time they told me to stand in front of the shelf. But in that place they had shown me a hallucination of a witch. After having talked to her I was having bad thoughts, insults, about somebody and I asked them not to tell this person. They replied for me not to tell the queen they made me talk to her in a place where there had been a witch. She tried to recruit me but the Americans said I had to work for them and she agreed. I think they brought the Queen because I had a similar plan to ask for a pardon from her too.

I spoke to the King of Saudi Arabia. The reason the king wanted to talk was that I had talked about an article I read that said the Saudis helped Pakistan financially get the nuclear bomb. As they had suspicion that I was a spy they thought I learnt these somewhere else, I think. A couple of days later the former king died. This is why the king wanted to talk. Among the investigators was a Saudi one. I remember him distinctly because he used to cry. So when he thinks there is something I should tell the king he would

tell me to prepare. The king wanted to take me to Saudi Arabia and make me a prince. It is bizarre since I am a devout orthodox Christian. They said I can stay Christian but I would have to move to Saudi Arabia. The Americans agreed and the next night they woke me up and started a ceremony. I didn't understand what they were saying so I asked the American investigator what language it was? He said it was Arabic. Then I asked if he was kneeling because his voice was coming from a lower than usual point. He said that it was strange that I was able to notice that. They said not to tell anybody that I was a prince now. We called making me a prince as making me Prince of Persia, from the computer game. The last time we talked he told me to ask for him if anything about the death of the late king comes to me.

I spoke to former Prime Minister Hailemariam Desalegn. They said he was convinced that I was from the Tigrean tribe that he wanted to talk Tigrigna in the beginning. I don't remember if he actually spoke Tigrigna as he said or that he spoke Amharic from the get go. He thought there was a girl I liked in Addis Ababa and said that she was spotted several times with different guys.

I vaguely remember talking to the then President of Switzerland. He was at the TV. And he and the Italian President both gave me a full pardon. It would be interesting to see if a spooky pardon transfers to real life.

The Las Vegas Shooting

What I told the investigators before this tragedy. I have mentioned that a pilot suicide was a possibility and that it should be investigated. The disappearance of the Malaysian Airlines 777. The death of the Saudi King. And the death of Charlie Abdo. This one is particular because right before it happened I had been carving a flower from wood in the ergo therapy room. I finished and painted it. To dry out the paint I put the flower upside down in a glass. The ergo therapist, who was clearly not just an ergo therapist, came to me and demanded what it meant because in some cultures it meant something bad was going to happen. He was French. A couple of days later Charlie Abdo was assassinated.

Right around the day of the shooting I was having thoughts that included jumping from the Empire State building. And there was also another thought about guns. I don't remember it now but I had told a lawyer about it. Maybe he remembers. This they said meant I had prior knowledge that the shooting was going to happen.

I was in bed. It must have been late afternoon. A voice came and asked if I was a British spy if I wasn't that they were ready to read my mind. They have been threatening to do that for a while in my dreams. One of the psychiatrists even told me he can't read my mind. A patient also told me that the psychiatrist makes people forget stuff. This is not a reliable source but he said that and there were many "patients" who were not who they say they were. I didn't want them to read my mind so I went out and started walking in the hall. It was clear to them that I was acting as if I was. They said that is your last defense. The next few

days were strange and scary. They put me in a deep sleep when I woke up, I can hear my thoughts. These are not voices, these are thoughts I can hear. Then I went back to sleep and when I woke up I was alright.

How I learnt about the shooting. When they came I realized something must have happened so I turned the TV on and tuned to CNN. There it was being covered all day long. Then they said you wouldn't understand how awful it is until you see the dead bodies scattered through the field.

The initial interrogation. This was in the middle of the night they woke me up and started questioning me. They asked why I hated America. I said I didn't hate America. They continued and asked if I am ok with the current system where America leads the world. I said I prefer the current system where the Europeans are also involved. The questions were in English and Amharic is my mother tongue. So when I started talking and was not sure what word to use, there would come different words in my head, like a list, and I would choose one. They said they didn't care about the airplane and wanted to investigate the shooting.

On another day they said they would investigate and if the investigation got too hard I can poop and put it on the corner. That would indicate they went too far. Then the investigation started, it is not questioning, it is putting me in a painful situation. Like I would literally be in pain. As it went on I felt like I was losing grip of reality so I wanted to stop. So I tried to write "lost track" and showed them. At that time I thought they were in front of me. So I showed it to them. They said to read it. And it said "back on track" or something of the same meaning. I must have lost complete grip of reality. When I was in such pain, they would ask why don't you say you are gay and end this. When I was ready to give up and poop. They stopped.

On yet another day they started making me breathe in a certain way. They said that is how I talked to my people. That went on for some time and then they said to look on top of the shelf and that there was injera, Ethiopian thin bread. I went and looked there wasn't any.

An exercise that I remember particularly was a game. The game was to get the opponent to say "I don't know what to tell you" after having him cornered. This was from the popular sitcom Friends. In the sitcom when Monica cornered one of her employees he said "I don't know what to tell you". They got me to say that several times for many reason besides them being very smart. They knew what I would say and they can prepare for that. Another reason is they can make me think what they wanted me to think.

This one is outright funny. They would talk in this deep voice and they would say they were the Russians. They would go "You have learned some new way of speaking." It sounded like they wanted it to be scary but it was rather funny that they would that kind of voice for Russia.

Who done it? Their first thought was that it was the Chinese who did it. They thought it was a retaliation for the caricature of Barack Obama and Xi Jinping as Winnie the Pooh. Then they said that I told them it was actually the Russians. In those days I was painting pictures of some French destroyer. One night they said "Was it a change of heart" they were talking to my people. They meant their first thought was to attack the French but they changed their mind and attacked the United States.

In the first few days after the shooting they would ask me about what I wrote on a paper when I was in the first prison. They would go what does "his and hers" mean. It was towels, his and hers towels. None of the things I wrote meant anything. But they had them in record. This was important to the story because it was my lawyer who suggested that my sister brought me pen and paper.

This was around the time I was trying to get close to God. And I didn't use curse words. Now they started talking to me and I didn't reply. There were a Tigrean guy there and he said mother f****r in Amharic. I said rude in Amharic.

One thing about me that I noticed in my stay in prison was that when I get stressed I eat. I eat too much. This was a very stressful time right after the shooting. So I was eating too much they told me I should stop. I couldn't. Then said there is another way to get that out of you. They were talking about how they made me vomit the previous day because they thought I signaled to my people that I was stressed by eating too much and getting fat. After having me vomit they said to use normal diplomatic channels. They were talking to my people.

The way we talked was in my head but it was very difficult to stop my lips from moving. Or my tongue from moving. So they would tell me to smoke. They called it "taking a chill pile." I would inhale and hold my breath and speak in my head. The problem with this was that it was clear that I was talking. This was in the first season. In the second season things were more relaxed and I could even talk out loud and they wouldn't mind.

The Chief. He was the boss. Whenever I wanted to talk to him I was supposed to say "I am whatever I am. If I ain't why would I say I am. You are whatever you say you are. If you ain't why would you say you are. We are whatever we say we are. If we ain't why would we say we are." And after the last word he would come and start asking questions. He was nice to me in the beginning. But one day he had a personal problem he wanted help with. He said his wife was in the hospital and wanted to see if I can help spookily. That was when I was having bad thoughts and I blurted out she died. He got angry. But not really because all this is just an exercise. On several other times he came and I kept on saying she died. He then told

me if I ever meet her I was supposed not to tell her about this.

Another interrogator was the gay guy. I remember something that he said about Christianity and homosexuality. But this should not be published.

How I found out I got permission to stay in Switzerland. It was a Tigre sounding man who said that I like having things in spare and that I wanted an asylum in Switzerland even if the NVC was ready to treat my case. A few days later a nurse told me I get to stay in Switzerland.

In this season, first season, I would talk to them the whole day and they would wake me up in the middle of the night and we will keep on talking. Sometimes it was too much and one time I freaked out, their words not mine. When I calmed down they asked if I felt possessed. I said yes so after that whenever it feels like it was getting to much for me to handle, I would warn them that I was about to freak out.

The first black vice president. This was as stupid as it gets. They said Donald Trump has chosen me to be his running mate for the next election. I was an American at that time they said. I asked if that was even possible. That didn't go far. I, for the life of me, can't understand what they were investigating with this one.

Talking to the dead. This happened because they thought my uncle, RIP, was assassinated by the EPRDF. They offered to get me in touch with the dead. That was too scary even by spooky standard so I declined. Now do they have the technology? I highly doubt it but then I never believed telepathy existed either.

The strangest thing in this strange story. They took control of my hand. This is not a typo this actually happened. It is not like in the movies where you would move in a jerky fashion when something possesses you.

They started drawing with my hand. The picture wasn't actually anything but in the end they stopped moving my hand. I waited for them to start drawing again but nothing happened. That went on for a few minutes then I looked closely at what they drew. It was someone in a captain's hut looking out into the sea. They thought it meant something and asked me about it. Another time also they drew the map of Italy with my hand and asked where the next attack was going to happen. They moved my hand up and down making dots on the map.

There is a lot of profanity in spooky. We used words like Mother f****r, f*** you. And these were not used in the normal sense of the word they were codes. FU was a code the Americans used with the Ethiopians. The American would tell me to say FU five times to the Ethiopians and I wouldn't know what it meant but I would say it. The Ethiopians would respond and so on. At the end the Americans would explain what they talked about.

Copying from the Bible. This was the time they said I would have to sleep with a girl. They said I would see a hallucination if I did it. They even came up with a word that the girl would say to me so that I wouldn't forget the hallucination. The word was "lominata" meaning lemonade. Then they suggested I drank to relax but there were no alcohol in prison. They said to bring water in a bottle and to drink it. It would change to alcohol. I did and it tasted like a dilute alcohol and afterwards I had a headache. The thing with the girl never materialized.

The time they said they were going to erase my memory. They said they were going to do it and to write something that will help me remember myself. I just wrote the phone number of my sister and the phrase call and ask who you are. So some times when I wake up I would say Hailemedhn to see if they have erased my memory and couldn't remember who I was.

“Read my lips” said Putin. I didn’t know how we got there but they thought based on something I said that what Putin really meant was “Read my mind” or something spooky.

The NSA or the CIA? Which agency was leading the investigation. I don’t know why but I thought it was the NSA. They said it was the CIA. I went the old CIA is still number 1.

Exit strategy. This also was with the Americans. They said they didn’t know who I was and they would go through all scenarios and tell me how I would get out of prison. There were a lot where I was a spy, a lot. They went through all the scenarios and the one that really applied was that I was a regular guy and waited to go out. They gave it a number but I don’t remember what it was. There was another one that I would remember if someone said Jiang Zemin to me. But I don’t think it was real.

Coming to America. There were many occasions where they promised to take me to the United States and I believed them. One time they said I have to tell the nurses I hear noises to make them think that they couldn’t help me. Then they said I would be transferred to a hospital in the United States. They said planes are not safe as I am possessed and I will have to take a ship to the United States.

The special relationship. The Americans said that the special relationship the media keep talking about is not with Great Britain and was really with Canada. They said they would relocate me to Canada and asked me to choose a new name. I chose Lucky. They went lucky to be alive.

Hallucinations. There were several kinds of hallucinations. They gave them different names. One was

vision. The first time I had a hallucination was in Tuillier. I closed my eyes and I saw Sutaj ask why does he smoke half a cigarette and save the rest for later? At first I thought it was real but then I realized I had my eyes closed. Another nice hallucination was in Curabilis. I saw Former President Barack Obama walk. He didn't talk to me. He just walked. On the same spot I saw myself climbing a stair in front of an airplane and getting to the top and looking back. There was some guy who was running on that spot. The weirdest of all the hallucinations I had was when I was talking to the criminologist. I had to talk to her to see if I was ready to go out of the prison accompanied for a few hours. We were talking and the voices were there. I don't think she knew. I looked down and then looked at her. She was in her underwear. How did they do that? Later when I asked the Swiss investigators about it, this was when the Swiss were heading the investigation, they said this is how you know someone is a Swiss spy. Another hallucination was shown to me by the Saudis. They asked me if I recognized any of the people that came on the wall. They showed me several photos but I thought I saw one in a physics book and told them so. They said to never mind. There were different hallucinations where I would close my eyes and see people, these are not dreams I was wide awake. The goal of these hallucinations, I think, was to see if I recognized any one of them. The most recurrent hallucination I had was one where there would be an insect that moves its legs but doesn't go anywhere. I wouldn't notice it and they would ask what it was and then I would realize it was a hallucination.

Whose spy? In the beginning the Ethiopians claimed I was a spy. Then the Swiss said I was an Ethiopian spy. But that was very easy to prove. They can just read my mind. Then in the dreams they investigated if I was an American spy. They went so far as to say I was not Hailemedhn and was actually Brhanemedhn, my brother. To investigate this, they showed me my sister in law and made her say awful stuff that would have been hurtful for her

husband. Then Mr. Sutaj started talking about Israel. He would say "Sharon... Sharon" repeatedly. They went as far as bringing a gas spray in the ergo therapy room to see how I would react to a device used in the Holocaust . All this was before the Las Vegas shooting. Afterwards, the Americans thought I might be their spy or a spy of any of their allies and I must have been trying to warn them about all these attacks. They said "you don't cause, you report". That is why I had to talk to all those heads of states. Then the investigators asked if I can talk in any way more secure than spooky. I had no other way. They asked if I could talk in my dreams. I said no and that I could only see dreams.

One of the things they tried to investigate was if it was the USSR that made me like Russia by putting stuff in my head as a child. The Russians came for this one. They told me the Soviets were very cruel. The American investigators asked if there was anything unusual about my childhood. I told them how I always counted 123456798 when I counted in English. I told them I was fond of Russia for no reason.

The Chinese came also. They investigated to see if I was their spy. I don't remember what they asked but when they left the light in the room wouldn't turn off. The Americans got a bit schizophrenic and said they made it that way because everything is made in China. And told me to wait and not to do anything until they investigated. Late we found out the guards had pushed on the switch outside of the cell which got stuck. Funny.

Yet another line of investigation was if I was filled with all the information I need to negotiate my release prior to getting in prison. Some many countries interrogated me. I remember there were the Israelis for this one.

Another one. They said it was a woman deep undercover who was using me to communicate with them. I don't remember why they said it was a woman. There will come two bright dots in my eyes. That meant she was

ready to transmit. Then I would go to bed and see a dream which I had to interpret.

The Japanese. This was the theory of the Americans. They thought it could be a second World War Japanese soldier trying to communicate with their superior. They said it was sad and had to be investigated.

The American. This was also the Americans. They said it could be one of their spies who planted an idea in my mind to come to Geneva and be investigated because he doesn't want to come out of his mission. There were an American captain who asked me if I knew what "ghost city" meant. I have heard of this word on The Simpson. Bart said to Homer "You are the mayor of a ghost city". There were tumble wares rolling on the street in the movie. And that sounded like it was what they were looking for. They said it wasn't.

Night Walker. This is a term I coined. It meant somebody who can interpret dreams. They said I was one. The problem was I didn't know how to interpret dreams. When they asked what my dreams meant I would try. For example if I see something growing I would say it means something good is going to happen. They said that is how a witch would translate a dream.

The Apache. In the first season there were nights where there was nothing to investigate but they only wanted to talk. On one such occasion they told me about the Apache helicopter. I know they told me about it but I have forgotten what they told me. Another time I told them about the White Swan jet. It was a Russian military jet which had a long endurance. It could stay in the air for a very long time. I told them it had more than twelve hours of endurance. They said it has never been tested.

One unexpected country that was there was Sri Lanka. I didn't understand what they wanted. I remember a conversation I had with them. This was when there would be a phone ringing and I would see who it was and we would start talking. I answered some calls and finally there was the Sri Lankans turn but I didn't hear the ringing for some time and when I did I said "who is it?" They said the Sri Lankans and that they were calling the whole day. The last time we talked they asked if I believed a night walker existed I said yes. Because it is possible to send messages with dreams and there could be someone trained in interpreting these dreams. Then they went and asked if I was a night walker. I replied I wasn't and they left.

Stupid stuff. These section deals with stupid stuff. When I was having my blood test they told me not to do anything. What can I do change the composition of my blood. Stupid. Another one was when I connected my DAB radio to my computer. They thought I was able to use these devices to talk to my people. Stupid. Come to think of it, they sometimes act so stupid for someone so smart.

All the flags. This had its sources in The Big Bang Theory. Sheldon liked flags and I was watching a lot of the sitcom. So when a head of state came and asked what they can do for me I would ask for a signed flag and they would promise to give me one signed by a former well known president like the Americans by Barack Obama the British by, I think it was Margaret Thatcher. I had a lot of promises from so many heads of states that the Swiss said they would provide a museum to house all of them. Two notable flags were the first flags of the USA and Saudi Arabia.

Money, money so much money. The promise of money started when they said that Ethiopian Airlines won't be allowed to fly outside of Africa until they pay me for damages. They agreed to pay in millions. Then there were the Saudis who wanted me to sleep with a nurse in the

hospital and promised to give us millions for the both of us. I agreed and they told me the nurse agreed to. Then the Swiss apologized for torturing me and asked what they can do to make it up to me. I said never to talk about what they did to me to anybody and that was all I wanted they said they wanted to do more. And we agreed that they gave me a house. The money was coming in all directions, hundreds of millions from Qatar, Saudi, German, Britain everywhere. I told them why they would give me money. They said so that I will keep my mouth shut about all the attacks I tried to warn them about and about spooky. They said if they give me money, fear of losing the money would keep me from talking. At the end the total was around Five billion dollars. One notable country that didn't promise money was the United States. Instead of that they said I would work for them. What this exercise was all about was trying to see what I would plan with the money they promised me. If for example I started thinking about giving it to some rebel groups they would know I was a part of that rebel group. If I thought of investing it in a certain way they would look for the money there. I didn't think of anything because I had no money. Very smart.

Not a French spy. This they found out because I told them about a story some captain told me. He said the then President of France Nicholas Sarkozy asked Prime Minister Melese Zenawi why Ethiopian Airlines never buys Airbus planes. This came up because the Doctor who asked to talk about my dreams had asked me something about Airbus and Boeing. The Americans thought this meant I was a spy of America working for Boeing. And they wanted to know how the conversation went with the doctor. I said I didn't remember all of it. So they went away and there was nobody then the conversation came to me. I think it was them finding stuff that I forgot about. Then they asked me how it went and I told them. I have again forgot about it. It might be natural or them hiding stuff from me. I don't know. They asked a question for which I replied in a way that was accusatory to Sarkozy. And the American went you

definitely are not a French spy. I should note here that I had nothing against Airbus or the French. In fact I had a family in France and they had promised to look after them when they first came right before the Americans came.

National anthem. On several occasions they said they were ready to formally make me a citizen of the United States. So they asked me to stand up and they went are you ready to defend the United States from foreign and domestic enemies. And so on. I said yes to all. Then they played the Ethiopian National anthem. What you should know is I don't know it all by heart. Then they said it was time to finalize the naturalization and play the American national anthem. But then every time they would say they don't have the CD and would post pone it to another time.

Did they have a camera in the cell? I don't believe there is a need for that. I know if there were I wouldn't find out about it. They said there was and to prove it they told me to walk backwards to the door and they would tell me to stop when I got close. I did it and they got me close to the door. But I wasn't convinced. So how do they see what is happening in my cell. This I found out one day when they were talking to me and I was looking at some books cover. I wasn't aware I was looking at it my mind was with them and I was concentrating on the conversation. Then they said Nicholas Zakas. That was the name on the cover of the book. They later explained they see everything I see. They hear everything I hear. That was strange because they were accusing me of talking to the Russians but if they hear everything I hear wouldn't they have heard them speak.

Deals. The first time I made a deal was when I realized my family was in danger in Ethiopia and had to be evacuated. The investigators thought it was a good idea if they went to Germany and told me to lie down. Then the Germans came and apologized for not listening to me when I tried to warn them about pilot suicide. Then they agreed to take my family in if I agreed to keep this to myself. Another

time the Germans said they would help my family was when I had a bad thought which made the Saudis angry. And the Germans said somebody might hear of this and try to get back at you by hurting your brother and his family. They said they would get them out of Abu Dhabi.

Orion. I am not sure about the code word here but it was something that sounded like this. It was the Saudis who told me about it. My brother was coming to visit. I had to ask him because I wanted to tell him that one of my sisters was in danger. So the Saudis said to tell him to tell one of the flight attendants on his plane to pass on to the captain the code word "Orion". That was supposed to make the captain divert to Geneva. It was crazy and I never told my brother about it and he in the end had to cancel his trip.

What the heck was happening. Sorry for the language. They wanted to see how I thought spooky worked. I had some imaginative answers. I said it was all a dream and I would one day wake up and realize it. There were others but I forgot. Another thing they said was that it was only the United States who had it. It deployed agents on every embassy and that is how the Swiss were able to investigate.

I am an American and It is Right for me. This was from a cold war era sitcom. I would be talking to the investigators and I would see these circles. They said it was "them" trying to hypnotize me. They said to stand up whenever this happened and say "I am an American and it is right for me". I used to say that and it would work. But the thing is it was them that brought the circles and it was them that took them away.

Who killed the King? This was a question they weren't sure they wanted to know the answer to. One thing they were investigating was if it was the Russians trying to get back at the Saudis for making the price of oil so low. They thought they did it spookily. Another was the crown prince who wanted to get the job. All this could easily be an

exercise to see how I would react. I don't know the cause of death of the king.

The time the Swiss made me walk naked. This was in the middle of the day and I had just woken up from a dream where they thought the Swiss was going to be attacked. The investigators asked who it was that was going to attack. I didn't reply because honestly I didn't know. But I put on a jacket, the jacket I used to wear whenever I talked to Donald Trump. They thought I did it intentionally and was trying to say it was the United States who was going to attack them. They got angry and made me spit on the table and lick it. Then they told me to get necked and walk in a circle inside my cell.

July 25 2023

What happened last night. They woke me up around midnight and asked me questions like if I wanted to be one of them? That means if I was willing to join them and be their spy. Nothing new they always ask this question and I respond I didn't want to be one of them as they torture. But this time they said it was the only way I can prove that I am not a spy and as long as they have suspicions that I was they wouldn't leave me alone. Even if I went to another country they will follow spookily. So I agreed to be one of them. What they want is to see if there was any way I would say yes to being one of them and not actually make me one of them. I asked them to stop making me bite my tongue. I explained that it was scary that they don't know how cruel it is to make somebody bite his tongue. They promise to stop. This is definitely an empty promise. They asked me why I would write this book. I told them I wouldn't publish. They said ok. But they knew I was lying. We talked about how unsecure my Google Docs password was and that everybody would have a copy of my book before it got published if I keep on using Google Docs. They suggested I get Microsoft Word or atleast made my password more secure. We talked about how the day I diverted the airplane

my brother was feeling so anxious that he had to leave the house and drive wondering what was making him feel so. I had always thought it was the intelligence service of UAE trying to see if he gets scared. Which he would have been if he knew about my acts. He worked as a ground technician in Abu Dhabi. The investigators said it was a bad idea. One other thing they wanted me to mention was I had the same feeling of anxiousness when I was in Ethiopia. I remember waking up from a nap in the day and being so anxious for no reason. I never thought what it meant until the investigators asked me about it in 2017. They said it was the National Intelligence Service trying to see how you would react afterwards. The investigators, who were Swiss now, asked me to write this in the book.

July 26

I suddenly can't concentrate my head feels funny. I thought I should write about it but I felt it was nothing. It can easily be them.

Another time I had a message on TV was when they thought my brother was a spy. I called him. When it was over and I got back to my cell and turned on the TV. There was a message that said something like "I hope it was fun for him too. You f***d up". Then the voices came a few minutes later and told me it was alright.

Another proof the voices are real happened in UHPP. This was a hospital in Curabilis. I had a tobacco injecting machine. I used it regularly in prison. I took it with me to UHPP. When I asked to use it they brought it to me. When I looked closely the metal part was missing. One can easily fashion a Knife out of the missing part. So we were put in lock up mode. The investigators told me that if I have made a handle for the metal I would be in trouble. They were right If I did that I would get in trouble.

So where are they? One time they used the pronouns there and here in a way that sounded it wasn't

intentional that let me figure out where they were. It was something like “Are you ready to go there to the United States?”. But I don’t remember it now.

We don’t end a sentence with a proposition in English. I do that. I end sentences with a proposition. But it wasn’t me who committed this error it was them. They would go like “Let’s talk” then I would reply “About what?”. But when I say “Let’s talk” they would reply “What about?” If it was me talking to myself it would have been the same phrase in both cases.

Do you have someone who can collaborate your story? This is a question that came up repeatedly in the interrogation. I had no one. I didn’t tell anybody that I was going to do this. I think they asked this question so that they know how to handle the situation and there will not be anybody who would question how they handled it.

I don’t remember why the Israelis were there. But I remember the Israeli investigator was Habesha. She spoke Amharic. All of them spoke Amharic when they had to and understood me when I talked in Amharic. Nobody had accent just me. I remember they were acting like friends with Amy. The three of us would talk and they would say something and had to be fixed. She had a catch phrase. She would say “Ahun gebagn ahun gebagn” which meant “I now understand”. And she would lay out her theory about the issue of the day. One time she had a problem she wanted my help with. She said “My friends call me uptight. What should I do?” I said something pretty smart that made her realize if her friends say these words about her they were not her real friends.

Did I hear the voices of people I know? Yes, the voice of one of the nurses in Curabilis and a friend’s voice. I don’t think they were somewhere talking to me. I just think that the investigators can mimic their voices.

Who else? Myself. This was in the days after the Las Vegas shooting. They would talk in Amharic and English. And I would ask them to talk in French. They would ignore the request. But one time they played what must have been a recording. Because the voice was mine and the thing I said was what I said in French class when I tried to read an essay.

There was a lull when nobody talked to me. But then the Nashville bombing happened and they couldn't find a motive. So they came to me and asked questions. It wasn't as intense as the Las Vegas shooting. It lasted a single night. I asked them to make me one of them. They said I really have to want it to be one. A few months ago my father had a heart attack in California and was treated in a hospital. I had that in mind so I asked them if they had anything to do with it. They said no.

The time they applauded. This was as stupid as it gets. One of the goals of the conversation was to find a more secure way to talk. And when I was in Tuillier I had a conversation with a prisoner where I mentioned we said "neuf" to mean a lot in Amharic. They knew about this so they must have asked a question for which the answer was a lot that I started to count steps until nine. Then they put two and two together and said they got my answer. They were very happy. Not really they just wanted me to think so. They told me if I have more ways like this to use them.

Missing sleeping. This was in the second season. They said I was talking to my people in dreams and that whenever they made me a good person "them" would change me back to evil. So they said I can't sleep. The first day I slept for less than an hour. The second and third day I didn't sleep at all. The Fourth day I slept for less than an hour. When I asked them to let me sleep. They said why? They had a point. I didn't feel sleepy. I just missed sleeping.

Another secure way to talk was Train Of Thought. The name has its origin from the popular sitcom The Big Bang Theory. Where Sheldon talks about his train of thought and get to trains. The idea is simple you start with something like for example I used to start with my home town Bahir Dar. And then the stadium which is found in the town. And go on jumping from one thing to another until you get to an answer. They said it was secure because we don't even talk spookily they just kept reading my mind until I get to an answer. I would know they were following because they would read my mind out loud.

Words that sounded similar. This was used to predict an attack and not to communicate. You can use any language, English, Amharic, French, any language. For example it would go "tt smt mtt tertet tete" the first four are in Amharic but the last one is in French. While I do this if I get to something suspicious they would they that they would investigate. I got to "smt" which they thought meant a submarine was going to be attacked. I didn't know how this thing worked and I was giving them false leads, you should know everything is a false lead, they stopped it.

Launch Canceled. I saw a dream where a launch was canceled. It wasn't clear what launch. But the USA was at that time using the Russian Soyuz and thought it meant there would be problems in the next Soyuz launch. They said they would share this information with the Russians for an ejection seat technology they had their eyes on, which was supposed to be better than what the Americans had.

Another time they thought they had a lead for something big. This started when I blurted out "Limpopo". They asked what it meant. They ask this not because they don't know or couldn't find out themselves, but because they want to know what it means to me. The I said it was a river in Southern Africa. They asked more questions and concluded something was going to happen in the region. A few days later they toppled President Mugabe. I think the Zimbabweans promised to give me asylum if I ever wanted

to live there. This reminds me of the time I drew the picture of former President Mandela. After I finished drawing it I showed it to my cellmate. This was in Croisée. Then in Curabilis the South Africans asked to find out where it was. But I still don't know where it is.

The god Ware. This was when I was trying to pass the time writing little stories. I was writing about how one can know what somebody was thinking by monitoring their social media posts. The first time I started writing they took away the paper the second time I was in a hospital and they took that time too. They were interested in spooky and would want to know what I knew.

A joke. I dreamt of a joke it was a little child who said "My two mothers are up to something." It was funny. There is no use in the investigation but was a clue that my dreams were different.

What happens if you stop thinking? I don't know but I had an experience very close to it. I woke up from a nap one day and didn't remember where I was. I was confused then things started coming back to me. I don't understand why people want to stop thinking. It is not a pleasant experience.

Cool? No so much. This was when an insect flew into my cell. They said it might be a robot insect. How would you find out if it is. Think about it. It is not an easy thing to come up with the right way to find out. But for them it was straight forward. They told me to trap it a glass and see if it dies. Which it would if it needed oxygen to live. And I trapped it an ash tray. They said to leave it alone for some time and check later. But later on when I checked to see if it died. It had escaped through the gap where you put your cigarette.

Woopicaca. This is a word I heard on a sitcom. It isn't the exact word but it sounded similar. We used this word to talk about things that I come up with which don't make sense. For example the Corona Epidemic was actually caused by the USA. I said they infected migratory birds and sent them to China. These kinds of things. But one of my woopicacas was that the Russians would attack Ukraine in the hope of reconstructing the USSR. Strangely they never asked me about it after the war between these two nations started.

The woopicaca about the Hypersonic missile. The missile was blue in my head there were stuff I came up with but I forgot.

Cat Fish spooky edition

Her name was Amy, after the character in The Big Bang Theory. The first time we talked she was at the back of my neck. That means if I concentrate there, she would talk. I concentrated there by accident and she went like "I am very dangerous. Never come here." The second time was on purpose. There was talk of me going to see a hallucination if I slept with a woman. I said I would sleep with one. I was starting to believe that I was special and my dreams and hallucinations meant something. I suggested a prostitute so that there would be no feelings hurt. They said that I was shy and would have a hard time talking to a woman. Then I was taking a break in the smoking area and Amy came and said "You will not have a hard time talking to girls. You are alright". Then when I got back in my cell Amy volunteered to be the girl in the deal. We talked for some time and I started to fall in love with her. Now, what you should know is that her voice is that of a woman but she changes her voice when she investigates me and sometimes it is that of a little girl. So she could be anybody. But then they promised that I would see her in a dream but that never happened. One of my conversations with her

was memorable. She kept asking me if I was alright with being with a girl who had read my mind. I said it was not a problem. But she kept on asking me and I said "There would come a time when I would wish you would read my mind". Romantic No? Another one was that when they said I was infected and was contagious that means if I say certain words to people they would be possessed too. One more back story before we get to the second most romantic phrase I said spookily. Tegucigalpa is the capital of Honduras. But I didn't know that. The word came to me and I said Tegucigalpa. For them it must be clear that it was the capital of Honduras. But they kept asking me what it was. Who told me? They even asked me if it was Spanish. And I didn't know. So Tegucigalpa was being investigated. We use it when we want to end a conversation. In the middle of a conversation I would go "Tegucigalpa" and whoever was talking to me would stop. Coming back to Amy. As I mentioned they were saying I was infected and I was talking to Amy as an investigator. Then I asked her if I could infect spookily. She said yes then I said "Tegucigalpa to protect her from myself". She found that selfless and she did something similar after a little while but I don't remember what it was.

The fight with a hallucination. I don't remember what the fight was all about. But it probably was because of a fake number she gave me. I said I didn't want to continue with her. Then she said she would call my brother and tell him that she was my girlfriend. I asked "how would I know you are telling the truth?" And we agreed that she would ask him the name of the forest where we used to play as kids and also the name of my grand-mother. I had forgotten about both of these names. So she went away and came back with one of the answers. When she told me I remembered it. So we made up. So where did she get the name? I think as I used to know it they read it from my mind previously and just referred to it this time.

Fixing. This means changing somebody's mind to the better. When one of the investigators says something inappropriate they would be fixed. The only one who didn't

get fixed I think was the Chief. More about him later. Another meaning of fixing is making someone fall in love with someone else.

As things went along I asked to have Amy's number. They gave me a number. I called it and it wasn't a real number. They did this several times promising each time was different and would work that time. But it never did. They finally said it was impossible to give numbers on spooky.

As I am writing this book I am also preparing for an interview that might come up. And they are giving me the feeling that I am wasting my time. I expected they would make me tired. They do that but now it is something else.

They said Amy could come to the prison as a guard or as a nurse. They would go like "Do you want Amy to come as a guardian or as a nurse?" I believed them and thought she was coming. But nothing happened. The relationship was going nowhere. So I was getting nothing out of it. The promise of her coming to see me never materialized. One time we were talking in the hall and I went like "Let's break up". She said "ok". I immediately regretted it because I expected she would say no. Then finally she said she can't be with me because she was a hallucination. That did it. We broke up. It was very hard to get over her. I started talking more with the nurses in the prison. I listen to a lot of music. And with time it got better.

At one point the Americans said they wouldn't trust anybody to be married to me only Amy. They said I had to propose to her. That was funny even to me. But I agreed and kneeled on one knee and proposed. I don't remember her response.

On another season when she came back and I started being flirty she would remind me how difficult it was getting over her the first time.

At the end of the first season there came a group of investigators we called the "clean up crew". They told me what to do in case the "them", the people that hated the

west, American and so on, started to possess me. I don't remember much. But they would make me feel some sensations and I was supposed to tell them when it became noticeable. At that time I would talk to Amy and wouldn't notice that there were the sensations.

When I was in Belle Idée the question that was asked repeatedly was, "Who is in your head?" They recently asked me to write this one in the book. I would say "You are in my head." I just hope this book finally answers this question once and for all. I am not a spy.

What happened in the plane.

As soon as the captain left the cockpit, I stood up and locked the door manually. The door would close automatically and electrically. That means it can be opened from outside if you entered the correct code. But the way I closed it, it can't even be opened with a key. Then as I had thought they might be expecting me to do this I changed sits and sat on the captain's seat. Why I thought that is explained in the first chapter. Then I dropped the oxygen mask. I picked up the mic and told everyone to sit down. There was a pilot, not part of the crew, he started to bang on the door. That's when I started to depressurize the plane. I told them how low the pressure was getting. I told them to sit down again and they sat down and I pressurized the plane again.

What I am feeling when I am writing this. Getting too much into what I am writing. They do this when they think I am about to say something interesting.

I kept my oxygen mask on and got the airplane miss-trimmed and was flying it manually. I was ready to crash if anybody got into the cockpit. This is the second most awful thing I did in the plane. I flew the airplane up and down side to side in the hope that everyone would listen to me. I called the flight attendant on the intercom and told her that I was going to go to Rome and there was nothing to fear. I then entered the code for an airplane hijacked. It was 7777. Right after everything settled down I started thinking about my brothers and sisters and how they would be worried. That got me emotional. When the controller asked if I was still going to Rome I told him I was diverting to Geneva. The company kept on dinging on selcal. It was unnerving. One thing you should know about how I planned the diversion was that I should be drunk to be able to do it. I asked for a whiskey to go to hotel with but they refused. It would be interesting to know why they did that. So when it was time to make my demands I was too scared to ask for money which was my original intention. I felt I should ask for money after I noticed all my plans ended up with me crashing and Ethiopian Airlines getting the insurance money. I said to myself if they don't let me work I would leave with all that I would have made working. So I told the controller I only wanted asylum in Switzerland. The flight over Africa was uneventful after the initial take over. I flew direct to Geneva I must have realized that would save fuel.

I don't remember how I knew there were jets following me. It might be spooky. But I knew and changed the setting in the altimeter, the instrument that tells how high one is flying, that made it look like I descended. At that moment the jet that was escorting me turned his transponder on. That meant I could see him on my screen.

When I got to Swiss airspace they said I wasn't allowed to land anywhere in Switzerland. I told them I could go to Paris but I didn't have enough fuel. Then they started giving me orders to bring me down to land. I went as far as the airport and told them I would circle until they gave me asylum. They took so long and I thought they were trying to get me in trouble for flying the airplane in unsafe condition.

So I landed. Right after I landed I went out through the window using the escape rope. This, I found out later, was the main reason they said I was schizophrenic.

The holding cell was very small and I didn't sleep the whole night. I told the guard I was claustrophobic. He left the door open just a little bit to make me feel better. That day everybody kept telling me to eat something to drink water. So in the holding cell I came up with my defense. When they took too long finding an interpreter I told them I can speak English. They said they preferred to wait for the Amharic interpreter. When it was time for the interrogation I recounted everything that happened in the airplane jumping intentionally and unintentionally things that would get me in more trouble. The only question that was worth asking that they asked was how much I depressurized the airplane and if it would have been dangerous had there been old people? I said it wouldn't have been. Then they informed me if I lied I would risk twenty years in prison for the next question and said had there been accomplices on the airplane. There were none. Then they asked if this was a suicide attempt. I said no. They didn't ask tough questions I believe because they were confident they would find out everything with spooky and there was no need to cross examine or anything.

What went wrong with the system

When they thought I may know some secrets about Ethiopia my lawyer told me that Ethiopia was a powerful country and I should keep the secret to myself. But the real reason was that they can read it from my mind. I just have to remember it.

Show trial. The trial was a joke. They never asked me if how I pleaded. They might not do that here in Switzerland. But maybe also it was because I had what they called "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures". The interpreter kept telling me this is something they don't want me to translate. I didn't know what was going on. The prosecutor even mentioned that I claimed to have been tortured but he said also that I claimed I was force fed also. I no more think they force fed me there is no need for that. They can make you really really hungry.

The «Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures » was strange. The first time I learnt of the existence of "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures" was when my cellmate told me I should get one in Croisée. I asked a

guard about it and the guard said it was like admitting to everything and pleading guilty. That was not what I wanted. But in Tuillier when things got so bad, I started wondering why they were being so cruel for. So when my lawyer told me the President and the Ethiopian Ambassador were there at the control tower. I thought to myself maybe if I apologized to the President they would be less cruel. So I told this to my lawyer and he went back and said the president was worried and concerned but was not at the scene. Then a prisoner told me to get "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures", then I thought if I get the "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures" they would leave me alone. So I wrote to my lawyer and asked him to get me a "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures." He replied because of the way you were treated you can't be given an "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures." But then right after the German Wings crash he came back with "Exécution anticipée des peines et mesures." He never checked with me if I still wanted one.

My lawyer did nothing to stop the torture. He just said to talk to the doctors. He never tried to contact the media or some NGOs. Not even the Grand Council.

The doctors were involved in the investigation and the torture. The first doctor in Tuillier said the sensations were because of being in prison. The prison was not that bad we were just three in a big cell with three windows a fridge and a satellite TV. He asked about my dreams without me mentioning anything about the dreams. The subsequent doctors kept asking me about why I hijacked the airplane. In Curabilis the torture got so bad that I told the investigators I will tell everything in person to the nurses if they would leave me alone. They said they will and I told the nurses who brought a doctor and I told him too. Another time the torture got so bad too that I made the same deal and wrote a letter to yet another doctor. Then after the Swiss investigators said to lie and stick to the first story. When I did nobody asked why I changed my story.

What was painful.

I mentioned that I started hearing noises on the 15 May 2014. That was pretty painful. But at night they would burn me. I say burn because like most things they did and do to me there are no words to explain them. I felt hot on my groin, back and head. It was an intense sensation. I didn't know what to do so I went on a hunger strike. Then they transferred me to a hospital. There I continued the hunger strike but then I stopped having them agree to send me to another prison. I didn't know about spooky at that time. I thought they were able to do this in Croisée only. How I was wrong. When I got to the second prison, Tuillier, I told the psychiatrist about the sensations I was having, which were painful but nowhere as painful as before. He said it is the fact that this is your first time in prison stressing you. And the stress manifests in this manner. BS. It was just a torture designed to make me talk. But talk about what and to whom? To the Portuguese cellmate. I promised the investigators I wouldn't mention his name. In a dream I was instructed to tell him everything. Now about the psychiatrist,

right before he left the prison. He asked if I was ready to discuss my dreams. As I mentioned before, my dreams are investigations. I asked which ones? To Which he replied the recurring ones. I said ok but in my dreams I do stuff which I wouldn't do in real life. He then said he didn't have time then and that we would talk another day. Now this psychiatrist is clearly spooky. But he testified in court that I wasn't schizophrenic and that the expert psychiatrist was wrong. How twisted are things?

This used to happen in Tuillier. I would wake up from a deep sleep and would be so tired I can't move. The only way I can explain it is I was between life and death. Then they would tell me it is to see if I knew the feeling of overdose. One time it happened the Portuguese was having a "melt over" so right after this episode between life and death, they took me an Sutaj to the shower and locked us in. Then Sutaj went why don't you do it in prison? He meant drugs.

Another sensation that was painful was in my fingers and right eyebrow. The doctors asked me what it was and I wasn't able to describe it. It started in 2015 and I still have it. It had of course gotten less painful but it is still there. They said the one in my finger was because of a nerve and an operation would fix it. I didn't agree to the operation at first because I knew it was them. But then I agreed and the doctors said an infiltration would solve the problem. I had the infiltration but it didn't help. They let me have myself injected by a foreign stuff knowing well it wasn't going to do anything. I couldn't understand it. But I later found out they were so much worse, so cruel.

One time right after having lunch I was cold. So cold even my heart felt cold. I went to the shower and took a hot shower that fixed it. Then a thought came to me that they thought I had been diabetic in Addis Ababa. This happened the next day and that day too, the shower made me feel

better. After more than a year it happened again in Curabilis. This time it was the Americans. They said it was very dangerous and they wouldn't do it again.

One of the scary moments was in Tuillier. I felt like I would go crazy the next morning. My head was feeling funny. There was nothing I can do to stop it. I thought I am going crazy. This, I believe, was them scaring me into doing something before I went crazy.

This one lasted a couple of minutes. I woke up one day in Tuillier and was convinced I was paralyzed and didn't move. But then I realized I wasn't and moved my legs. It was scary while it lasted.

The time I got depressed. This happened also in Tuillier. I say depressed because that is what they said I was. I knew I felt very bad and didn't know what to do. I would lie down on my bed and couldn't turn over. If I did it was painful not in my body rather in my mind. That one was awful. Then when I went to the doctors I begged him to inject me with something that would make me feel better. He said he would only give me a pill. I couldn't control my tears. I begged him to give me the injection I asked for. He was caught off guard. He didn't even offer me a tissue. Then he tried to calm me down and promised the pills would act fast and I would feel better. I started taking the pills and I was less depressed but depressed nonetheless.

This one was just cruel. They made me unable to urinate or defecate. I would feel like peeing when I think about going to the toilet they would say you can't pee we won't let you. And I couldn't pee. That lasted around a day and then they let me go.

What I am feeling while writing this part. I can't concentrate.

The years I was anxious. As I mentioned before they make me anxious when they have some lead they are working on. For example, there would be an attack

somewhere and they would try to see if I got scared. The anxiety magnifies your fright. It got so bad that if I hear somebody drag a chair it would scare me and I would actually feel something very painful. And there were many occasions where chairs were dragged. I remember especially in the prison church. Sometime after coming to Curabilis in 2016 I was always anxious. I went on several hunger strikes but couldn't get them to stop. It finally went away when I got to Belle Idée.

The years I was impatient. I would find it hard to sit still or stand still. This was especially true when I talked spookily. Everyone understood and let me walk and talk. I was walking so much that in 2017 I had blisters on my feet but had to keep on walking with the pain. It started in 2015. When it started I found eating sitting still very difficult. They gave me Akineton for it but it didn't help. I still have it but it is manageable.

The years I was crippled. When I was in Tuillier I could study the whole day. I would go through the New Testament in a week. I studied JavaScript, computer science generally. I was very motivated. I was always happy to go to the ergo therapy sessions. I got into the bible so much that they thought it was making me radical and instructed me to stop reading in a dream. Sutaj would ask the Portuguese what exactly got me to do what I did. What verse in the Bible. He knew I was listening. I would wake up from a dream where I was reading a book that looked like the Bible. I wouldn't realize in the beginning that I was reading and all of a sudden I would and would be startled. They investigated everything and couldn't find out anything about the books. So they made me hate doing stuff all together. I didn't like reading anymore. It was so bad. There was this book my brother sent me which I wanted to read but I couldn't read one page. If I received a letter I would just put it in the box. I was nowhere normal but was much better in Belle Idée. I asked the doctors and the psychologists when it would go away. They all said it was the hospital that made me like this and that it would go

away once I left. Now I am happy to report it is 99% gone. I am able to write, study once again. But for how long.

An eye for an eye. There were several nights both in Tuillier and Curabilis where I woke up from a deep sleep because I couldn't breathe. They had closed my air pipes. After a few seconds they would open them. I know I might deserve this. But it was not a pleasant experience at all.

They hate me. They really hate me. I know I have done a bad thing. But it is up to a judge to set my punishment, not the Secret Service. There are laws to what you can do to someone. They made me bite my tongue on a regular basis. How sick is that? When I went to see a doctor about it, he said there was nothing he could do to help but if I got myself to stop biting he would take out the two balls that formed on my tongue. Now when did it start? It started a few days after the Las Vegas shooting. That is one of the reasons I say it is them. Another reason is, I wasn't taking any kind of medication when it started. But the doctors tried changing treatment in the hope that it would go away but it didn't. The main reason I say it is them, is because one time I was eating and they gave me a thought in my head where they said bite and I bit my tongue. These people really hate me and are cruel. e

These are the things I can say without the risk of my mother getting mortally depressed. The rest is between me, the Swiss and God.

What did I do to stop the torture. I told my lawyer about it. But he refused to help and said I should talk to the doctor about it. When the doctor couldn't help he still refused to help. Then I started writing different NGOs all didn't reply but the Red Cross replied saying they have all their resources tied up in conflict zones. The one that helped was talking to the Grand Council. I told them about all the torture I was having. I did this despite being told by

Mr. Sutaj not to talk to them. I felt better for a few weeks but everything came back. I also tried to contact WikiLeaks.

What is the scariest thing of all this, is the fact that I am possessed. That means I sleep when they let me. I breath because they let me. I remember and forget things on their command. My very existence is because they let it. What makes it less scary is that it is the Swiss Secret Service and not outright the Devil. They could have killed me and said I committed suicide but there is a limit how cruel they are. That is what you should keep in mind if you decide to ask questions. They might possess you and make you think it is crazy talk but they won't kill you. The only one whom I trust to have this much control over me is God and no one else.

Trembling with hot. They woke me in the middle of the night. It was in the first season. I was trembling so I put on a jacket it still continued. Then they explained what was going on. They said this is how I will be at old age if I told anybody about spooky. They used to say that this is not going to be a Hollywood film. I promised to never tell then that was it.

What wasn't painful.

Telepathy wasn't painful at all it was just like talking to people in real life. But they put pain in to make it look like I was schizophrenic or maybe they were torturing me to get more information. I don't know. I still talk to the Swiss but it is not at all painful anymore.

The time I got in trouble with the prison. This was when I was in Curabilis in 2017. Sometimes there would be things that needed talking in person with the representatives of a certain country. One such time was when they said I should write to the American Embassy about the possibility of pilot suicide. But it was the Americans who made me write a lot of letters to the embassies of different countries. They told me what to write. They said it was subliminal and only the addressee would understand it. Another time they asked me to write to the Saudi Arabian Embassy asking them to send me some money and I told them I would write it myself. The problem was I didn't know how to write a subliminal letter and the letter was a plain text. The prison read it and told the judge asked me about it. Another time they got me in trouble was when I asked them if I can get a cellphone into the prison.

They said it was ok. And that they would have use for it. They went as far as going to a different place and talking. I thought they were sure and I tried to get a cellphone in and was caught. Another time was in the height of the investigation. We were talking and I got the feeling based on what they said I was going to have a bad dream and I asked them to promise me that they wouldn't. They said they couldn't and the only way out of this was to fake a heart attack. So I did and was taken to a hospital. But then at the hospital I calmed down and told the nurses I was alright and got back to the prison. What I remember on the ambulance was they kept on talking to me. I asked them how they did it. They said it wasn't that hard to imagine and that it could be like cellphones. Then I went on to ask who they were. They replied "We are children of God". They are not.

Coping mechanism.

I used some innovative ways to stay sein over the years. The first was the Bible. I read it. I tried to become a better Christian. I listened to gospel. I would go through the New Testament in a week.

Inventing abbreviations. This kept my mind busy. I had a couple which were not bad. CUBA. Closed Unfairly By America. DHL Don't Hate, Love. POLICE People Of Low Income Creeping Everyone.

Giving names to my cellmates.

Programing. I studied programming starting from Tuillier to Curabilis. I got descent at it too. I had this computer science book which I must have read a dozen times.

Walking. This is after my faith that helped the most. They say it was that I was impatient. Whatever caused it when I walked I felt better. In the first season I would walk so much when I talked with the investigators that my downstairs neighbor complained I was making a lot of noise.

Listening to music. Be it gospel or some other kind helped me pass the time. Ed sheeran, Mariah Carey, Bob Marley these were some of the artists whose music got me through tough times.

Math. When they wake me up from a dream and wanted to see what I would think about. I would do math in my head to stop myself from thinking about the dream. How stupid. One night I was doing this, rather counting and got to nine. The somebody in the next building said "neuf" nine in French.

Cigarette. I don't regret taking up smoking. It got me through hard times. I smoke every thirty minutes. Reading the bible and smoking these are the most effective way I got through the torture. I would read through five pages of the Bible before it was time to smoke. I now have given it up.

Shower. I used to take three showers a day when I was in Tuillier. That used to bother Sutaj. When I felt anxious I would go take a hot shower and they would show mercy on me and remove the anxiety.

What they say these days

What they do now a days. A few days ago I decided to try to move to the USA. I had enough of the torture. It wasn't going to end until I left. I reasoned the Americans have done their investigation and would not be concerned about me. So I called my sister in the middle of the night, day time in California, and told her to start the process. The next morning I woke up feeling very anxious. Then they said I had to stay in Switzerland. I agreed and they took the anxiety away. But later that day they said I can go there if I want. And I started the process. I hope they accept me. Another reason I would like to go to the United States is to see if anybody wants to investigate everything I mentioned in the beginning of the book. Not spookily but in real life. Yet another reason is to see if there is anything the Swiss made me forget.

The question they ask is if I knew who was in my mind. I say it is you. But there was this time they asked for my help. Which was more an act of desperation than anything else. Putin has said that he would stop supplying oil to Europe if they didn't pay in ruble. They asked me what they should do. That was the time of woopicacas and I invented something. I told them they had to act tough or else if he sees any sign of weakness he would ask for more.

Micro sleeps. These are temporary states where I would close my eyes and sleep for two or three seconds and see a dream. Then my heart will race to see what I thought of what I saw in the dream. I don't remember what it was because I don't know what they are.

Last night they told me not to write about Abu Dhabi and how they made my brother anxious. Apparently I didn't hear their them.

Conclusion

What should happen to spooky. Spooky if used for good can be a very powerful good thing. Maybe it is possible to talk to people in coma. Maybe we can talk using hallucinations and won't need cellphones anymore. There are medical benefits too. For example for PTSD patients. But these people have clearly demonstrated that it can be used for bad too. Torture is wrong under any circumstances. You might say they were pressed for time. But they continued for more than nine years.

What I wish is that nobody had the technology. But that is too late. The second option is that everybody should have it so that it will be like the nuclear bomb. There would be rules to when to use it. As a last resort. But that also is not up to me. The third option is to declassify it and let the people vote how and when to use it. I know we are a long way from this ever happening but I hope this book has laid the ground for the people to start the long journey.

If there is anybody who wants to study this in anyway, I am ready to answer your questions.

What is the main evidence for spooky? it is not the proofs that are mentioned throughout the book. But rather the whole thing. The fact that what they talk about makes sense and is sometimes about current events. That is the evidence for spooky. That is the evidence for telepathy.

So can they read minds? They said they had read my mind the whole thing on several occasions. I think they might not have the technology. They can only hear my thoughts. One time they said they read my mind and saw a picture that was disturbing. They asked me about it. But that image comes to me several times a year. I think they saw it when I thought of it. Another disturbing image I had was smudged after they found out about it. It was as if they actually got hold of the image and smudged it.

Am I safe to interact with? It is clear that I am possessed. And I admit it. But possessed by the Swiss. I wouldn't trust myself to fly an airplane. Because I don't know what the Swiss want to do to some country. Other than that I am safe to interact with. More safe now everybody knows that they possess me.

Am I schizophrenic? I believe no one can answer this question about themselves. But I can tell you this. I didn't hear voices or noises before I got to prison. The fact that I say I was under surveillance in Addis Ababa is corroborated by witnesses. Even if they deny every reason how would they explain the dreams. Besides the people who know me the best, the investigators, told me I wasn't. It stupid to take their words but they wouldn't have investigated for this long if I was. The expert psychiatrist saw me for an hour the first time and then I said I wouldn't talk until they stopped the torture. With a conversation that lasted an hour and where I mentioned the anti-hijackers he found me insane, schizophrenic paranoid precisely.

So why did they say I was schizophrenic. I don't know but I can tell you that I was institutionalized for nine years. That wouldn't happen if I wasn't found insane. They couldn't say it was the disease when they started talking to me spookily.

Then why do I keep taking the treatment? For one reason so that they wouldn't have a reason to make me sick again. As long as I keep taking the treatment I would be fine.

So why did the investigation take nine years? First of all it is still going on. And there is no telling how long it will take. They still ask questions and give me instructions. I don't follow them all the time but they still give them to me. They still make me bite my tongue. So then why this long. Because I am not schizophrenic. They think I am a spy. They recently said "We don't think you are a spy we think you are a deep spy who doesn't know he is a spy."

I don't have anything against the Swiss people. The Swiss people I met, and I haven't had the opportunity to meet a lot, were very nice. Some were patients like me and some were health care people and all of them were nice. But I can't say the same for the Swiss investigators. They tortured me in ways that it will leave a scar way after it passed.

I am not bitter. I was accused of being insane and drugged kept in the system for nine years, tortured. I say all this wouldn't happen if I came in different circumstances. But when the Swiss asked to make me one of them I told them I would but I would have to sell my soul to the devil first. I explained I wouldn't work for somebody who tortures. It probably was an exercise but it felt great to turn them down.

Is there a risk I would do this if I got the chance? How would one be sure about this. One way in a dream. I have this recurring dream where I was back in Addis Ababa and was free and they would see if I would do it. I don't remember if I did it. But this is a sure way to find out not the Commission de dangerousité

Am I sorry for what I did? The simple answer is very much. The long answer is I don't know how much. There

were days when I couldn't get out of bed because I felt so sorry for what I did. But that was not all me it was them making me so. Another reason was they made me forget pieces of the information the first few years but I think most of it has come back. They were occasions when they would threaten me with reminding me of what I did. I would beg them not to give me the feeling of regret too.