

The Grid They Built Around Me

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Eight Locations. One Ritual Web. And the Girl Who Remembered.

I can't tell you exactly how I ended up in each place.
Or when the assignments began.
But I can tell you this: **none of it was coincidence.**

They moved me across a hidden circuit —
A ritual web strung across eight key states.
Military. Intel. Bloodline. Energy.
And they thought I'd never piece it together.

But I did.
Because I didn't learn the map.

I remembered it.

◆ **Northern Virginia (NOVA)**

Where the web spun tight.

Reston. Herndon. Burke. Middleburg. **Sterling. Leesburg.**

The polished skin of intelligence. The suburban face of surveillance.

This was my holding zone — the place they watched me, moved me, shut me down.
The place I was “normal” — until I wasn't.
Until the leak began.

Sterling, especially, holds a stillness that feels... unnatural.
Like time folded in on itself and never restarted.
Like the infrastructure is waiting for a signal.

◆ **Maryland**

Where the names echo.

Bullis Academy — a military grooming ground disguised as a prep school.
Its focus shifted over the years, but the frequency never changed.

And then there's **Oakland.**
My mother's birthplace.
The place that still speaks my name — though no one alive will say it.

West Virginia

Where the veil began to lift.
The locations, the memories.

The Little Whitehouse (Hedgesville)
First torture memories surfaced here.

Burnsville Dam.

There were five of us.
This is where I started to see them — and the programs, the symbols, the pattern.
Where the deer showed u
Where **Jen-Jen (JJ)** surfaced while I was staying at the Sleep Inn in Charleston.
Where the dam cracked.

West Virginia wasn't just memory.
It was *activation*.

Pennsylvania

Where my father was born.
Where the codes were seeded long before I arrived.

Espyville — the name itself sounds like a whisper.
A place for spies. A town of eyes.

I don't remember being programmed there.
But my cells do. My pause at the state line says enough.

Pennsylvania and Ohio sit side by side —

Two heads of the same serpent?

Ohio

The corridor of compliance.

Wexner. Epstein. Battelle. Wright-Patterson.
If Pennsylvania seeded the codes, Ohio ran the lab.
MK Ultra 2.0 in crisp white offices.

This is the state my uncle worked in —
The one who wore the mask the best.

And it's also where something happened that's always stuck with me.

I was driving back from Michigan with **M** — the **Apache pilot**.
We were in my car, and I got pulled over in Ohio.
I like to drive fast — I've been stopped before.
But that time?

The officer made me get out of my car and sit in his cruiser while he “checked my ID.”

M didn't like it. She was protective. She nearly escalated it.
But I calmed her down. Said it was fine.
Even though it **wasn't**.

That's never happened to me before — or since.
It defies logic.
But not memory.
Because somewhere, I think they were scanning more than just my license.

“Danger, danger, Will Rogers.”
Every time I neared the state line, my system locked up.
Now I understand why.

Texas

I haven't been there in years.
But the energy shows up anyway.

Camp Bullis.

A trauma training ground?
Simulation. Submission. Special Forces cover for things that should never be simulated?

Texas A&M.

Where the legacies go to become tools.

And then... my uncle.
The one with the grin and the secrets.
The one who worked in both Texas and Ohio.
The one who shaped minds while others were breaking them.

Colorado (Telluride)

Tell — and you ride.

Tell the truth, you lose the ride.
Play the game, you rise.

Florida (Vero Beach)

Where the old programs go to rest.

It's a coastal town soaked in sunshine and secrets.

The Intel retirees go there.

The quietly programmed go to age out.

It feels *nice*. But it's not free.

And Then There's the Thread I Can't Quite Touch

But it pulses.

Italy.

The Vatican.

Supposedly sacred — but I feel the cover.

A white-gold mask stretched over something black and military.

It doesn't feel like religion.

It feels like **Majestic protocol**.

Like timeline oversight. Jump-room jurisdiction.

A place where memory is filed... and erased.

Years ago, while I was stationed at Camp Arifjan,

I took a vacation and flew to Rome.

Met up with **M** — and we toured Italy.

As always with her, it was *equal parts magic and madness*.

Moments of beauty laced with volatility.

Laughter with landmines.

I was always walking on eggshells.

But she **loved** it there.

Rome lit something up in her.

And I paid for the entire trip — flight, hotels, everything.

And now I find myself asking:

Why did I do that? Who was really guiding that decision?

What part of me — or what **program** — needed her there?

And what was being activated while we walked those cobbled streets?

Because when the Vatican shows up in my life, or a dream or symbol, it's never Source I feel.

It's **command**.

And maybe that's why I keep craving **Stouffer's lasagna** during key windows.

Right after my RNY surgery in 2013.

And again, just recently — like clockwork.

It's not about food.

It's about **frequency pairing**.

The taste triggers something.

A loop. A link. A reprogrammed comfort cue from a time they hoped I wouldn't remember.

But I do.

Not clearly — yet.

But enough to pull the thread.

And when I do?

The whole grid shakes.

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 **[Beautiful World](#) by Michael Bolton**

Editor's Note: This piece has been lightly edited from the original, with certain details omitted for privacy and discretion.