



# FREE SAMPLE CHAPTERS

## SYNOPSIS

*Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) – commonly referred to as Multiple Personality Disorder – is typically a result of traumatization and helps a victim to avoid horrific memories. The condition is characterized by the presence of two or more distinct personalities, each with a unique name, history, and other characteristics. (Source: Mayo Clinic)*

Meet Pat...and Suzie, Trish, Tracy, Heather, Cath, and Anne. *I AM WE* delves into each of their backstories as they progress on their path to healing from Satanic Ritual Abuse. Admittedly, each personality has chosen what to share on the pages of this book. In an attempt to be transparent and honest, even the youngest of the seven speaks up and often surprises Pat's storytelling venture with both happy **and** tragic memories of old.

You are encouraged to keep an open mind about what you read here. Furthermore, you are asked to set aside what you **think** you know about DID based on the media's negative portrayal of the condition. *I AM WE* is *Pat's* unique story, and it took a great level of wherewithal to tell it while collaborating with her other six personalities.

It is the author's hope that through the sharing of her story, you will come to *embrace* those with DID...not run away from or shun them.

## “WE” CHOSE OUR INDIVIDUAL COLORS

I'm not sure when colored felt-tip pens began to be used. Was it my idea or Maike's? Or did it just happen naturally? I do remember that instead of Maike coming on home visits, I started going to her office because there was more room. We used a large table with sheets of paper where we could write. During the process, each of us chose a color, so Maike would know who was communicating with her. Writing seems to have always been a good way to express ourselves. For those of us who did not talk often, we found it easier to write. Not only did we use different colors, but we all have different styles of handwriting.

Our color choices were as follows:

- Blue - Pat
- Pink - Suzie
- Purple - Trish
- Green - Tracy
- Brown - Cath
- Black - Anne
- Yellow - Heather

Curiosity leads me to wonder why Heather chose yellow, as she suffered a lot of abuse from my grandmother and her friends. Why did she choose a bright, cheerful color? I can totally understand the choice of brown and black by Cath and Anne. It's interesting, too, that I personally don't like wearing brown, black, or yellow, though we do now have one yellow jumper and jacket in the wardrobe. I do know that black and red reminds us of ritual abuse situations.

I would sometimes write emails to Maike and then, when reading them back, noticed that other personalities had written bits as well. There was one email that was quite long. I remember sitting with Maike, using the colored pens to mark who said what. Often, more than one of us would agree with a statement that had been written. For example, only Trish and I admitted to seeing the burning heads. Was that true, or was it that Cath, Tracy, Anne, and Heather were still lacking in trust? Suzie, Trish, and I thought we had made a mistake by talking our way out of the place of safety immediately after the train incident. The others made no written comment. The simple fact is that Trish talked her way out of the place of safety by appearing calm and rational. Most of the time, in cases like that (including trips to Accident and Emergency), it is her that does most of the talking, although I am there nowadays for some. Considering Trish has always been known as the "angry one," she can also be extremely calm and rational, even when fury is burning underneath. I think she feels she is protecting us so we can get home.

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One day, Trish wrote a page of what she was feeling. As usual, she started by saying she was 'absolutely furious' (it seems she is not too keen on giving up on her reputation of being the 'angry one'). However, she went on to write that she was upset. About what? She said she felt:

- Invalidated.
- Scared (a new feeling for her).
- Wasn't managing to protect us in the way she used to.
- She had come out from behind her barriers, and life had started touching her emotionally.
- She was struggling with trust.
- She didn't feel like the fighter she used to be.
- She felt she was failing every one of us.
- Admitting to needing help was making her feel inadequate.
- She admitted that she never talked to professionals properly when she actually needed to.
- She admitted to being tired of keeping the barrier between Suzie and me, and the memories of the other four personalities – that knowing more of our story was 'doing her head in.'

Today, we continue to use colored pens. I tried keeping a journal but found that not all of us were willing to participate. The use of the pens at home turned out to be easier than I would have thought. We could express what we were feeling or wanting by using the pens. For example, over Christmas, there was a note in pink saying that two Paddington films were on TV, along with the times. Because of that, Suzie was able to watch them. With her pen, Trish left a note saying, "*Christmas tree lights only allowed on in the evening, not during the day.*" I would leave notes saying, "*Stop spending money online*" (aimed at Suzie). Trish also leaves notes about what needs to be done in terms of paying bills. Cath, Anne, Tracy, and Heather seldom leave notes, except to express in one word what they feel, which is always negative (i.e., unworthy).

Just before Maike left in 2019, she asked us to write what we would like to do in the future. The answers were both interesting and positive.

- Suzie wanted to:
  - Paint
  - Read comics and fairytales
  - Be on a farm with animals
  - Walk in the woods
  - Garden in a place where she felt safe and could act like herself
- Trish wanted to:
  - Make things, but not sure what yet
  - Do things with people where we can all be "us" safely
  - Go to Wales and go out on the motorbikes
  - Talk about DID to people, such as professionals, who don't know about it

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- Pat wanted to:
  - Make friends, as we don't have any here who accept us as we are; we only have acquaintances
  - Move from the area
  - Attend a writing class in a safe place
  - Attend art classes in a safe place
  - Have all of us be friends
  - Do Equine Therapy
  - Go to new places with people
  - Do something on a farm, too
  - Do some kind of exercise
- Cath wanted to:
  - Get out from behind the wall and learn to live in the world
  - Start with animals because they are safer than humans
- Tracy wanted to:
  - Play badminton and golf
- Anne wanted to:
  - Learn how to love herself
- Heather wanted to:
  - Do some of Suzie's things because, as her twin, she has the bad memories
  - Do fun things

## “WE” VERSUS THE TRAIN

**I**n October 2018, things were not going well with all of us. I got a memory from Anne that I couldn't cope with. I discovered she had been trained to take over a position in the cult once held by my grandmother and mother. I hated her and wanted her out of my mind, along with her memories. I still don't know all that she was involved in, and although I want my whole story, I am terrified to find out the details. The memory I got was too horrific. I felt as if I was losing the plot big time.

My mind was full of the flashbacks, my stress levels were through the roof, and I truly felt I couldn't carry on with the knowledge I now had. It didn't matter what the professionals told me; I could not accept it. In theory, I could understand that Anne had no choice, that she was brainwashed and controlled, and that it wasn't her fault. If it had been someone else's story, I would have been more understanding, but because it was part of my story, I had no sympathy for her at all. I guess my attitude towards her made things worse. She must have felt utterly alone and unloved – well, *HATED* would be nearer to the truth. I was in self-destruct mode, and Trish was feeling guilty about allowing the memory to surface.

I had always wanted to be co-conscious and to know what happened to the others. I've wanted to piece my life together, but that was a piece I didn't want. I got in such a state, Trish had to take over. She went to the pub for a couple of drinks to give her courage and then took Anne to the railway tracks so she could jump in front of a moving train. (By the process of elimination afterward, I figured that was the course of events). Ann is never out in the outside world, and Trish would have been the only one to have gotten on a bus and taken her there.) The next thing I knew, I was standing under a bridge three feet away from the railway tracks, totally unable to move.

I was frozen in place. I kind of agreed that waiting for a train just might have been the best idea, but then something in me went into a panic. I wanted to move away, but try as I did, I couldn't. I checked my pockets and found my cell phone in one of them. I managed to get my hand to dial Maike, and, thankfully, she answered. For once, she wasn't with a client or driving. I told her I was three feet away from the tracks and couldn't move. She asked where I was – an answer I knew because I already had about four railway tracks I thought of when thinking of ending my life. She told me she was hanging up and would ring me right back. A couple of minutes later, she called and asked

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if I had seen any trains. “No, I hadn’t,” came my reply, “and I still can’t move.” She said that the police were on their way and kept talking to me. A couple of minutes later, a policeman came running down the embankment, roughly dragged me away from the tunnel, and pulled me halfway up the embankment. (I can’t say I was overly impressed with his roughness.) When we made it to the police van, I had a seat on the back with another policeman while the first phoned Maike to tell her I was okay.

I recall both policemen trying to get me to talk and laugh. One of them asked what Maike’s favorite cake was because I owed her **TWO** of them. When I asked why, he said, “Because if she had not taken action so quickly, you would have been dead a minute later because the draft from the train would have pulled you under.” He then went on to explain that he was so rough with me because the train was almost at the bridge. (I didn’t even see the train and found that hard to believe.) He said that particular stretch of the track allowed for fast-moving trains to roll through, and they hadn’t managed to get the train to slow down enough to stop, hence the urgency that translated to “rough.” Apparently, it did stop further up the track, and the driver shouted, “*Is everything okay?*” To this day, I have no recollection of seeing any train in the area. As I sat on the back step of the police van smoking my cigarette, an ambulance approached with its blue lights flashing. I didn’t even realize we were on the main road and that in all probability, people from my village were driving on that road. I guess I was in shock but tried doing my usual and act as if everything was calm, at least on the surface. Sometimes, I remind myself of a duck; calm on the surface but paddling like crazy underneath.

The downside of the event was that the police labeled me as needing a mental health evaluation. They took me to a place of safety to be interviewed by three ‘professionals.’ Then, the warning bells really went off! Being interviewed by three professionals could end up with me being sectioned and put into a hospital. No way! Again, Trish came to the rescue and, after being interviewed, they decided it was okay for the police to take me home. That decision probably had something to do with the shortage of hospital beds, but at least I got to go home!

Another downside was that the police had to take a photo of me for the British Transport Police’s records. *I hate having my photograph taken.* Shortly after that was a meeting of professionals, which included the police to discuss the incident. As I wasn’t allowed to attend the meeting, I have no idea what was discussed. It was a professionals-only meeting. When Maike arrived for our next appointment, she gave me the information from the police about what to do should I find myself in the same

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predicament, along with information detailing that I could be arrested for trespassing on the railway. It was all a bit frightening, considering it wasn't even **ME** who went there.

The experience was a solemn reminder about the dangers of having DID. One personality can decide to kill themselves and all of us end up dying when we all don't want to. I think this fact is especially terrifying for Suzie, who I think is the one who wants to live the most.

The whole situation did nothing for my self-confidence. Even now, it scares me to know that when I am not in charge, I can get myself into life-threatening situations and be totally unaware. For me, this raises the question about mental capacity. If I decide to jump in front of a train, I suppose I do have mental capacity because I am choosing to do it. BUT, if another personality tries to do it, then do I—as Pat—have mental capacity at that point? *It could really be a bit of a grey area...*

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# END OF SAMPLE

I AM WE – One Body, Many Parts

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