

April 7, 2018

I, Erika Meyer, swear or affirm:

The following representations are true and correct to the best of my information, knowledge, and belief.

My daughter was gifted a pet kitten she named Lion in Klamath, California 2001. We brought Lion to Portland, Oregon probably in late 2001 or early 2002. She was a healthy happy pet. This same year a musical artist named Scout Niblett released a song called "I Miss My Lion."

Lion went into heat and got pregnant before I was able to get her spayed and in June 2002 she had a litter of seven kittens. We kept one kitten which we named Princess.

In 2005 while we were living in the basement of a home owned by my parents, there were plumbing problems which led them to hire a contractor to replace pipes. We were all told the job would take up to four days; in fact, one the contractor began work, the apartment was uninhabitable for a full two months. During this time, my daughter and I stayed elsewhere, and my brother looked after my cats Lion and Princess who he fed, and which were permitted to go into his room through a window to escape bad weather, etc.

About two or three weeks into the repair work (I believe it was early April 2005) shortly after arriving at work, I had a sudden feeling of concern and worry, specifically about Princess. I called my brother's home, but since he didn't answer I left a message on his answering machine telling him I was worried about Princess, asking him to check on her and look out for her. Now that I understand that I am subject to different types of mind control including artificial telepathy, I suspect that artificial telepathy may have been the cause of my intuition.

About twenty minutes later my brother called me at work and told me that Princess had just been killed. The circumstances were unclear - he had left to go to the store, and he saw that Princess was fine before he left. He said that he had been gone about 45 minutes, and when he returned, Princess was dead in his driveway. It had rained the night before and though the concrete was dry, there was a single large puddle in Rod's driveway, and half of Princess's body was wet as if she'd been dragged through the puddle. One of the plumbing workers had arrived while my brother was away; he was there in the driveway sitting inside his car which was positioned right in front of Princess as if he had hit her. Nonetheless, he insisted he did not hit her, and that she had been dead when he arrived. He couldn't explain why her body was partly wet. This man had been told explicitly by my brother not to park in the driveway, but he did it anyway.

My brother brought the cat's body to my parents house where I retrieved it that afternoon. I brought Princess back to my brother's home to bury her, but first I tried to figure out what had happened. While I was standing there with Lion, my daughter, and the body of Princess, the contractor arrived and began to make a big show, defending her workers innocence and offering to find me a new kitten. She insisted that Princess could not have been hit by the worker's car because there were no injuries on her - in fact, we couldn't find any sign of trauma on her body except for the muddy wetness from the puddle. The



contractor then grabbed a hose and hosed down the body of my cat, because she said it would help her find any injuries. I finally made her stop the indignity and theatrics so we could bury Princess.

In 2008 I adopted a feral tabby which we named Roxy and in 2014 I moved with Lion and Roxy to apartment D13 at 305 NE 61st Avenue, Portland, Oregon. Beginning in 2013 I began to experience severe episodes of attacks with electromagnetic weapons. These got worse in my new apartment. At first these attacks seemed to be perpetuated mostly by weapon-wielding neighbors - later it seems they were perpetuated more often by drones. Often my entire apartment would be charged with strong EMF fields, driving me and my cats to seek refuge outdoors. So I know that my cats have suffered the effects of targeting going back to 2014. Nonetheless, I didn't see any indication at the time that my cats were being specifically targeted the way that I'm being targeted.

During the summer of 2016, Lion chose to basically live outside. I believed at the time it was just a quirky behavior on her part. Towards the end of the summer, she became ill for the first time in her life. I brought her inside and she recovered fairly quickly. I have a photo of her from November 2016 in which she is very fat. But soon she began to lose weight. For some time I thought she was eating less food because of painful teeth, but in retrospect this doesn't seem to have been the case. I did begin feeding her more canned food. Hyperthyroidism seems to have kicked in about January 2017. After trying several different things, I brought a very thin Lion to the vet. She was weak enough by this point that I recall thinking on July 4th 2017 that I didn't know if she would survive another week. The vet said that she likely had hyperthyroidism, but since I couldn't afford the testing, I could only treat her at that point by changing her diet, which I did. She improved, but about December 2018 she started to decline again. I brought her to a new vet, was able to get money to test her, and after beginning medication, and she began to improve much more quickly.

On about April 1, 2018 while on her second month of medication, Lion seemed to begin to lose her appetite. At this time I was also suffering as I had been experiencing incidents of implant-based torture and what appears to be radiation burns on my hands, arms, and face. In late March I began to notice screws, nails, and black gloves thrown onto sidewalks around the neighborhood. I believe this indicates some type of covert behavior is afoot – but since there is always covert behavior afoot, and since the “warning” is too vague to act on, one can't do much but observe.



March 29, 2018



April 3, 2018

On April 2 Lion began to eat again, but by the morning of April 3 something seemed very wrong with her. She was panting as if she couldn't breathe. She then began to improve, but shortly after five p.m. (when it would be too late to bring her into a regular veterinarian) she began panting again. She was clearly in a severe decline at this point. I did suspect she might be under attack from a directed energy weapon, and I covered her sleeping area with thick layers of aluminum foil, but later she crawled out from that area. I was awake most of the night but I did doze off toward morning and Lion went over near an open window, presumably to get closer access to fresh air. She was clearly suffering. At about 3:30 A.M. on April 4 I noticed my sleeping computer suddenly go on. Lion was lying near the computer very still; it's unlikely she could have turned it on; it was done remotely by an outside source. At 4:33 A.M. Lion suddenly seemed disturbed, jumped up, and tried to run across the apartment but fell, spasmed, and died while seeming to gasp desperately for breath. In retrospect, it appeared to be a remote strangling like you see in the Star Wars movies.

Despite her panicked and agonizing final moments, at first I believed that Lion had died a natural death. The computer waking up an hour before her death wasn't so out of the ordinary as my computer has been regularly remotely accessed by unknown people for years now. When I went outside minutes after her death I did notice that in addition to the starlike drones that regularly seem to hover above my apartment, there was a particularly bright starlike drone stationed just beneath the nearly full moon.



Moon and Drone: April 3, 2018 4:57 am

At about 5:30 AM I tried to get some sleep but as soon as I drifted off I found myself dreaming a vivid dream in which Lion was in her usual place. I said "There's Lion, just like the old days!" and then her head began to shrink. At that point I woke myself up. I immediately recognized it as an induced dream because it was a vivid dream which I had just after drifting off to sleep, long before R.E.M. sleep should have started, and because of the bizarre (and coded) nature of the dream. I don't think I ended up really sleeping until much later.

During the day on April 4 I began to remember the events with Princess in 2005. Because of the bizarre circumstances, the bizarre behavior of the contractor, and my telepathic intuition, I had become increasingly suspicious that Princess had been killed deliberately. I then realized that just a week before I had heard from Katherine Horton that the number "33" is often connected to assassinations. She was speaking about an attempted assassination on her father, but this idea has been confirmed for me by looking at, for example, the types of images that appear 33 seconds into certain music videos.



The Beatles - Girl (Original Video 1965)
969,051 views



Nicki Minaj - Monster "Official Music Video"
1,082,538 views

The fact that Lion died on 4/3 at exactly 4:33 while appearing to run away in terror from some invisible object seemed to be an unlikely coincidence regardless of her age or any pre-existing illness. Katherine Horton has said that her grandparents both died at 4:30 exactly one year apart from each other. She believes they were both covertly assassinated.

Furthermore, in the induced dream I had immediately after her death and in the dream her head shrunk bizarrely as if someone was making a point about her. A head is coded as strength and leadership, and a shrinking head might also suggest the involvement of a psychologist ("head shrinker"). My sleeping computer had been activated ahead of time to draw my attention to an impending event, and the very bright drone which was situated just beneath the moon suggests something occult.

At this point I thought back to other cats I'd had and realized that my first cat, a black cat named Gnosos had simply disappeared at a relatively young age, and another cat, a cat named Rocky which looked a lot like Princess, had simply dropped dead in a driveway early one morning like Princess had, without any witnesses or apparent cause of death.

I know from speaking with other targeted individuals that the torture and killing of cats with directed energy weapons is in fact common. I personally have experienced what I believe to be biological attacks as well as electronic attacks affecting my heart, skin, brain, throat, legs, gut, lymph glands, and lungs. I strongly believe that my beloved Lion was targeted, tortured, and deliberately killed with directed energy weapons.

Based on a variety of subtle clues going back to January, it is my opinion that this attack was planned months ahead of time and that these plans were known to several members of the community.

I SWEAR OR AFFIRM THAT THE ABOVE AND FOREGOING REPRESENTATIONS ARE TRUE AND CORRECT TO THE BEST OF MY INFORMATION, KNOWLEDGE, AND BELIEF.

Erika Meyer

County of Multnomah
State of Oregon

April 7, 2017