

CHERRISH'S STORY – THE TRUE NATURE OF SCIENTOLOGY

The beginning

I am from Hungary. My parents were in Scientology since I was little. This basically just meant, as far I can remember, that my father made us attend some basic courses, and at home we used some of the basic life principles and techniques of Scientology, like assists. I didn't perceive this part of my life as bad. This is also due to the fact with a child's eye we don't always see what is going on in the background.

In 2000 I was doing the Student Hat course, which is the first step on [the Bridge to Total Freedom](#) on the training route. During this time, although I found this out only later, my mom left the family business with my dad and went to work for the Budapest Scientology Organization (Org).

(Just to make this clear early, I am not linking Scientology sites to promote them, but because Scientology uses a very distinct and unique terminology, and to most of you these don't mean anything, and the best source to clear these up, unfortunately, is Scientology itself. So clarification is my only purpose with these, and as you will understand later why, I have no intent to have anyone caught up in the sticky glue of Scientology.)

Complications

So my mom started working in the Budapest Org. There she met a guy who was kind of like her mentor, helped her to orientate in the Org and such. Later this guy decided to join the Sea Org, which is the "elite" organization of Scientology, where its members sign a billion year contract and devote all their life to Scientology. This is somewhat similar to how the priests and nuns live in the Christian community in a monastery or convent. I am not sure how it happened but the end result was that my mom also joined the Sea Org. She was mostly in Budapest, we barely saw her. Sometime during the end of 2000 or the beginning of 2001 she came home one day announcing the fact that she joined, and that she will be sent shortly to the USA to be trained as an [auditor](#).

When she communicated these news my father totally went with it, he suggested that they will get divorced, he will stay with us (me and my brother), and everything will be alright and she should just go and save the world, train herself and what not. I - who was always more fond of my mom - had no clue what this was all about - I only comprehended the fact that my mom was leaving us - I asked whether I could go with her, and to my greatest surprise, the answer was yes. The reason behind this was that inside the Sea Org there is a section called Cadet Org, where the children of Sea Org members who are at least ten years old can be, and the most of whom later join the Sea Org. I was exactly 10 at the time, my brother 5. So as a result I ended up going to the States with my mom, and my brother stayed here in Hungary with my father.

The actual travel did not take place for a few months, during which time I was a private student. My parents got divorced. My mom married the guy under whose influence she became a Sea Org member.

The journey

Our departure started out rather complicated and "interesting".

We left Budapest on September 4, 2001, first flew to Copenhagen, where László (mom's new husband) went earlier, and we stayed there for a week. On September 11, our flight took off in the morning from Copenhagen, and we were supposed to fly to Los Angeles via Washington, D.C. Well I'm sure you can guess why we were only "supposed to". Due to the time zones our flight took off in the morning, and we were somewhere in the mid-Atlantic, when the terror attacks happened in New York, so our plane had to turn back. We were not informed on any of this, why we had to turn back while on the plane. We had to land in Reykjavik, Iceland to fuel up. The plane was supposed to return to Copenhagen, but because all hotels were full in the city, and many American citizens were on board, we finally landed in Bergen, Norway. Next morning we returned to Copenhagen, as we had a place to stay thanks to the Sea Org. One week later, on September 18, when the flight ban was lifted in the US, were we able to go to Los Angeles.

When we arrived, we had another scare, as it seemed like no one was waiting for us, but fortunately it turned out that only the instructions on where they were going to wait for us were a bit misleading.

I stayed with my mom only for a few days, then was taken to a ranch about 30-40 miles out of city to the Cadet Org. The place where the at least 10 year old children of Sea Org members stayed.

Cadet Org

Everyone called the ranch, where the Cadet org was PAC Ranch (PAC meaning Pacific). Like I said this was about 30-40 miles outside of Los Angeles in the mountains.

I have very bad memories of this place. You have to know that when we went there I was only 11, I had only completed 4 grades of elementary school. You can guess my level of English language knowledge at the time. I was just about able to introduce myself, count, and name simple, everyday objects.

I was always very alone, I was not able to talk to anyone. My only luck was that there were two Russian girls at the ranch, and because my mother is from the Ukraine, I was somewhat able to get myself understood by them. Somewhat. But in overall I was very much excluded by the others. I cried a lot, which of course did not help with my situation, fitting in. I did not have any friends. By the time I somewhat learned English this situation has consolidated and I was not able to do anything about that.

By the way we did everything at the ranch. From cooking, cleaning, to feeding the animals. We were totally self-sufficient. The 3-4 adults at the ranch only did administrative stuff and the teaching in the school.

About 2-3 weeks after my arrival my mom suddenly came to visit me. I ran to one of our supervising adults and asked her to let me off work to spend time with her. She asked if I wrote a CSW

(Completed Staff Work - sort of like a petition which you write if you want a day off for example). Naturally I had no idea what it was, or how to write one. The woman said that I can't go of course. I started crying because I wanted to I really missed my mom, wanted to see her, she was there and I couldn't go, when the only reason I came to the States in the first place was to be with my mom. I also remember getting my first menstruation there, I had no idea what was happening with me, and I had no one to ask. I tried calling my mom at that time, and she wasn't even asked if she wanted to take my call, they just said she was in the course room and cannot be bothered.

Joining

In January 2002 my mom was transferred to the Sea Org base in Clearwater, Florida (Flag, FLB - Flag Land Base). Judging from my previous experiences I decided that I did not want to go back to Cadet Org here, as I suspected that I would be in similar circumstances and I would only be able to see my mom about once every 2-3 weeks for a few hours. So I also joined the Sea Org at Flag in the hope that if we work in the same area we would be able to meet more frequently. I still wasn't totally aware what this whole thing was all about and what I was getting myself into, my mom had concerns but the recruiter hushed her saying that I was just as much of a [thetan](#) only in a smaller body and that I was able to make my own decisions. There were several kids around my age who were working there, although all of them were at least 1-2 years older.

The [Sea Org](#) contract is for a billion years. This is because in Scientology they believe in reincarnation so you tie down more than one of your lives... supposedly. They also believe that you will remember this obligation in your lives to come. To join the Sea Org you have to complete the EPF (Estates Project Force), which consists of a set of 5 introductory courses and hard manual labour, like helping out at construction sites, cleaning out large dumpsters, doing dirty work in the galley and such. I finished this really fast compared to others, I even got to graduate from my Student Hat course, which I started before we left home. As odd as it may sound I kind of enjoyed this part of the Sea Org. I was pumped with ideas of world salvation, and that this was the best possible choice I could have ever made from every aspect, and how much good I can do in the world. The problems only started after this.

Flag Readiness Unit - a bit more of training

After the EPF at Flag you have to do another set of courses to become a full pledged Sea Org member and that is the Flag Readiness Unit (FRU). Here instead of hard physical labour you have to help out in administrative tasks at various points of the organization. This basically means that you have to run around running errands like a maniac at the place you were assigned to, like filing, the HGCs (Hubbard Guidance Centre, this is where the auditing is delivered), etc. I was assigned to the Recruitment Office as a receptionist. Needless to say that it was very hard for me meet the expectations considering that I had only been in the States for about 5 months and although I was able learn English enough to get myself understood in person, if all else failed with "sign language", talking on the phone was a completely different matter... let's just say it was catastrophic. Beside this it was my job to start a slide show for new potential candidates, but to do this I had to leave the

reception desk and during this time I could not answer the phone for which I was yelled at a lot. I was trying so hard to comply but at a lot times I felt like the impossible was asked from me. Of course in their eyes I was counter-intention and not even by accident is their approach faulty.

First impressions

So I was placed in the HGCs at the Fort Harrison, more specifically I was appointed as the Board I/C (In-charge, the person who tracks, coordinates which auditors are in session with which preclear (the person being audited), calls the next preclear (PC) for session (this is when the auditing is happening) so that he/she is there on time so that the auditor doesn't have to wait in the given HGC) of HGC1. This was a high responsibility job, but because they didn't have anyone else to do it, and the D of P (Director of Processing, the supervisor of the auditors) of HGC1 was helping them out with this beside her own job, it didn't matter that I had zero experience, they put me in this position. The only catch is that HGC1 dealt with low level auditing which as available at any organization around the globe so why would anyone come to Flag the Mecca of auditing to get the same thing at double price? So obviously we had a constant lack of PCs, low total hours of auditing, and low other statistics too. As a result I was always the one getting yelled at, despite the fact that getting new PCs was not in my job description, my job was to get the PCs who have already signed up for auditing into session most efficiently. This was my job for about 3 months and by that time I was really fed up that the whip always snapped on me, which complaint I verbalized. Not a smart thing to do in the Sea Org...

I almost had it

We had huge fights with my direct supervisor Sonya, who was the HGC Admin, in charge of all four HGCs. Because of this and because I was implicated in another matter - which they later found out that I had nothing to do with, but it was too late - I was sent to ethics, and stayed there for a good month. In scientology ethics covers an assortment of techniques designed to try to keep you on the right track, like you have to write out your wrong doings and things you keep from them on a paper, interrogation style things (Sec Checks), things called conditions (too complicated to get into, if interested you can find stuff about it online).

The base line is that I got away from the HGCs for a while. While in ethics I was assigned to help out the Course Admin (she handled the course materials and supplies) by course rooms in the Coachman Building because she was handling 3 course rooms on her own. To tell you the truth I enjoyed this work, there wasn't so much pressure, the supplies lady was really nice. Just when I thought that everything is going to be alright, Sonya showed up, asking me to go back to the HGC, and that everything is going to be different, I wasn't going to be in HGC1, but in HGC3 and I will be a Tech Page and not a Board I/C. (The Tech Page is the one who physically goes to find the PC before session so that they get there on time.) I told her that I don't want to go back, but she said that I really didn't have a choice, she was asking nicely now but as a Sea Org member you can be placed wherever you are needed with no appeal.

HGC 3

For a short time it really did seem like everything is going to be different. I did not have to stand in one place all day, as a Tech Page my job was to go over to the hotel area of the Fort Harrison and other areas of the base for the PCs and get them to session.

But things took a turn for worse again. You have to know that my boss, Steven, and the other Tech Page at HGC3, Brian, were big buddies. They always goofed around, hung out together during lunch break. I don't know anymore how it started, but they basically made a sport out of teasing and herassing me, the joked around, made fun of my name, that I was Hungarian, and after they drove to me to or near tears, they even made fun of reaction. And this got only worse and worse by the day. After a while I started to avoid the HGC as much as I could, so that I wouldn't have to see them. This went on for at least 2 years.

General stuff

I would like to talk about some stuff that was less my own personal circumstances but more general conditions and things that happened.

One of these is that everything is about the statistics, to "produce" more than last week, totally independently from whether further growth is possible, real or not, or whether the statistics accurately represent your performance or not.

And if things didn't turn out the way they expected it from you (many times independently from you), than have sanctions are in order. This could be on a personal, group, department, division or even on org level. These are some heavy ethics sanctions, like you have work your way through lower conditions, write out overts and withholds, they can say you can't go to lunch and/or dinner (sometime not at all, sometimes you can only eat rice and beans), and they can extend your work hours, you can't go on liberty (libs, day off). The work hours were already crazy long by default in the Sea Org. "You dedicated you life to scientology so why would you need free time right?" The tech staff worked from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M., the admin staff from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. We had half an hour for lunch and 45 minutes for dinner, but the mess hall was in another building so in this time frame you had to get there, eat and get back. Now imagine that when the mealtimes were revoked one person went and got food for everyone in the group and returns with a huge stack of meal boxes (10 or even more) in a big tower in their hands, and everyone eats in a big hurry (I am to this day a very fast eater, which is not exactly the best for your digestive system). Your other option was to buy something in the expensive public canteen, because there was no staff canteen in the FH, from your ridiculously small pay (\$50 a week, but less for some, like me who got only \$34 because I got my pay through the Cadet Org as I was underage, or people in training only got \$25). And many times during low statistics after hours we went to the folder warehouse - I don't know how many square feet of an area - where many thousands of folders were containing the auditing notes, to organize them into alphabetical order, because for some odd reason or another they were not kept like that to begin with.

P.S: in the next posts I will try to write about some general stuff like this, than I will write about the outcome of my personal story.

Some general, some concrete, that's what you get today

As you can tell from the previous posts there was a lot of pressure, much more than what even an adult can handle, let alone a 14-16 year old (there were 3 of them beside me in the HGC, and I was only 12-13 at the time).

To tell you the truth, I couldn't really cope with it, I was a nervous mess. I had constant fights with my supervisors, which resulted in getting KR's (Knowledge Report - it is written to ethics about things you see other people do or in general about things that you think are out-ethics or not okay), and as a result I was a frequenter in ethics, which just added fuel to the already not so pleasant work relationships (I am really curious about that file that accumulated about me). The thing got so out of hand that my boss's boss's boss's boss the Tech Sec (Technical Secretary, a head of division 4, where all services are delivered, the chain of command was like this from me: Tech Page (me) - Board I/C (Steven) - HGC Admin (Sonya) - DTS (Director of Technical Services, Monica) and then came the Tech Sec (I don't remember her first name anymore, but her face...)) had to step in and ordered me that as a minor I had to go home one hour earlier (at 9 P.M.), and eat at every meal regardless of sanctions, so that my "rudiments" would be in (hard to explain what this means, these are the things that would have to be checked before auditing too, like eating, sleeping enough not taking any drugs so on, the point is they thought if I ate and slept enough they would have any problems with me). Despite this there were many instances when I got direct orders, to stay at the HGC and wait for an auditor to go into session during lunch break, or that although I was permitted to go to eat, I had to bring lunch back for everyone (you know stack of 10 or more boxes...). And of course there were the times when we went to the folder warehouse to alphabetize and they never wanted to let me off those dispute the order above. In the end whatever I did went against one order or another, which I of course mentioned to them, but it didn't lead anywhere except to more ethics trouble. It is impossible to meet a double standard, but as a 12-13 year old I only saw it as my fault, especially that all I heard in ethics is that I was no good.

As a child I had no idea what I was supposed to do about it. I felt like I couldn't turn to my mom for help, because I thought it was her dream to be there and become an auditor, and after begging her to come with her I felt like had no right to ruin this for her, however much I was suffering. So at the rare chances I saw her I did not tell her anything about my troubles. I tried to enjoy the time I had with her.

In 2003 I wrote a petition to the Senior HAS FLB (she was a really high ranking officer the HCO of the whole base was under her, the recruitment, communications and ethics departments all belonged to her, of course it is much more complicated than that but I don't want to get in too deep into the scientology organization chart), that I would like to request my transfer back into the Cadet Org as I felt like I did not meet the Sea Org expectations. I don't remember exactly what my argument was, but it was a good 2 page long letter to her. The denial came as a little scribble at the end of my

original letter, that if she was able to be a Sea Org member since she was 11 years old then I am capable of doing the same.

School

What do you think how much does a minor working in the Sea Org actually go to school? Well practically not at all. To be exact once every week on Saturday or Sunday.

This also meant that I had to choose between school and libs (of course because of the ethics troubles most of the time there was no decision to be made, as in theory Sea Org members got one day off on Saturday every two weeks, if their statistics were going up and they are not under ethics handling). As a result it was very difficult to arrange a day when both my mom and I had libs, in total about 3-4 such days happened during the 2,5 years. I didn't really have much more days off, and I usually chose school anyway.

We were going to the school of the Cadet Org, where education was in scientology course style, for every subject we had a checklist of things to be read or done in order to learn the curriculum. If this was finished we had an exam at the end. The teachers were only there as supervisors, they only came to help if you got stuck.

My luck is that I am a very fast learner, I have a great memory and as a result I learn much faster than others (back home in elementary school I was usually bored by the pace of the class). By the time we came home in June 2004 (the circumstances of which I will write in a later post), I was almost at GED level. I was completely done with math and history, only the natural sciences and English subjects I was "lagging behind" in. In reality I was about at the level of which was expected of my age, but I had 12 years less to get to that level. So at the age of almost 14 I was about half a year away from getting my GED.

The funny thing about this is that when we came home I did not know more than an 8-9th grader. So I was enrolled into 8th grade as my age would suggest. So after I took special exams for the 5-7th grade it was like I never left, at least education wise, except I knew English very well compared to my peers.

But to tell you truth my case is very rare. I read many accounts of ex-scientologists and ex-SO members, who got in as a child and who said that their chances for higher education were ruined for life, many even of them didn't even get to take the GED.

So I believe my success was more due to my own personal skill than to the scientology learning tech, because I am able to study with no or almost no supervision, not slowly at all, but many are not like this.

The only positive feedback I can remember

There was one case when both of my colleagues, Steven and Brian, were in ISO (Isolation, if someone is sick they are put here), and I was alone in HGC3, I had to manage the whole thing by myself, run

after the PCs, and be there at the board at the same time. If I remember correctly this state lasted for 3 days, and Sonya helped me sometimes with staying at my board while I ran to get a PC. I got a written commendation from the boss of the Tech Sec, I unfortunately don't remember the Flag version of this position, but in normal scientology organizations it is called OES (Organization Executive Secretary, who is the boss of Division 3 (Treasury), 4 (Tech) and 5 (Qualifications, which is like a quality insurance division). BUT this somehow did not compensate me for the 3 days of madness and yelling.

ISO - an interesting self-contradiction

It looks like this is that kind of a day when the words are just pouring out of me. At least I can make up for the lost time when I didn't write. I hope you understand that it takes a certain state of mind to go back places like these in the past, and I don't always have the mood for it, especially when I am happy, which I don't want to ruin with this.

So today's topic is ISO (Isolation, sick room, call it what you like). The interesting part is that scientology sort of denies the existence of bacteria and viruses, in the sense that they argue that not bacteria and viruses are the primary reason for someone to get sick, but if the person becomes PTS (Potential Trouble Source, someone who has an SP, suppressive person in their lives) in this vulnerable state you "pull-in" these illnesses or any other negative thing for that matter (no "nonsense" about immune systems...). So basically they believe that yes bacteria do exist but you will only get sick if you are PTS. (At least this is how I understand this thing, maybe I am wrong.) But if this is the case why does the person have to be isolated in a separate room and cannot heal in their own room? and why does the MLO (Medical Liaison Officer, the person you have to turn to if you are sick, but he/she rarely does what their name implies, they usually just send you to ISO and not to a doctor, and tell you to take vitamins), so why does the MLO go around with a spray disinfecting the workplace of the person who went to ISO from the doorknobs to telephones and desktops and everything?

So whatever, I don't want to dwell on the question longer just thought to mention it as a peculiarity. Most Sea Org members will avoid being put into ISO at all costs, because if you are sick it means you are PTS, which equals ethics handling, which in turn means no libs for example. So most will try to hide that they are ill, blame it on allergies if they can.

I remember a big flu outbreak when many Sea Org members got sick, so many that they couldn't even fit them in ISO they had to open a new room for this purpose. In the HGC all Tech Pages were out, only I was left. That afternoon I got a fever too and I went to the MLO and notified Steven about it. He basically flipped out saying how dare I get sick when I am needed the most. The twist in the story is that I was receiving auditing at the time (every Sea Org member is supposed to get 12,5 hours of training or auditing a week), and had just attested the previous day (at the end of auditing you have to go an examiner and hold the e-meter and your needle has to float, if it doesn't you still have to get auditing), and if you get sick shortly after this you get a "red tag" on your folder and have go back into session within 24 hours.

At this point I only had a fever of around 38 °C (100.4 °F), and they wanted to get me into session as soon as possible, but my auditor was in session with another PC and I had to wait for her, but

because I could be around people that had me sit in an outside alley. However hot Florida can be, sitting outside on the cold stone feverish is not a very good pastime. I waited about 1,5-2 hours for my auditor but by that time my fever went up to 39 °C (102.2 °F), and however hard they tried I just wasn't auditable, so it was very short, and my needle didn't float afterwards either (how surprising...). They were very nervous and angry about it of course, because there is a rule that a red tag has to be gotten into session within 24 hours and has to be handled, or the division loses its statistics for the day (in case of public it is division 4, but staff auditing belongs to division 5). By evening I had a 40 °C fever (104 °F) and they had to give me febrifugal medicine, which meant that next day I wouldn't be auditable (there are rules for this, like sleeping, eating enough, no drugs (psychotropics), and for them febrifugal medicine fall under this category too). I don't know if they lost their statistics in the end, or solved it with replacing my red tag with a purple tag (which means the PC is ill, and has to be handled but no 24-hour rule).

The end of the story part 1

I will now tell you my last 2 days in the Sea Org and in Florida. Maybe later I will remember some other cases and stories about my time there and will share them with you later, but I think it's time for closure. And I'm sure there will be more "after story" posts, where I will talk about my time after coming home, what happened and how this whole thing affected me. So it is June 2004, a Tuesday to be exact, and I know it was a Tuesday because every Tuesday there was LRH cassette listening in the auditorium of the Fort Harrison, which was mandatory for everyone and they check if you are there with a roll call.

So it is Tuesday and this is a week when the statistics were low, so there is even greater pressure than usual, and they wouldn't let me to go eat despite the fact that I was supposed to go at these times too, whatever self-contradiction, there was plenty of them, I wasn't even surprised. So as a solution I went to the public canteen in the FH building (it didn't have a staff canteen, and the public canteen was more expensive), and from the leftover money I had for the week (which wasn't much) I bought the cheapest thing I could find which was a small cup of ice cream (I don't know how much ml but it wasn't much) and that's what I had for lunch, because simply there wasn't anything else. Sonya (you know my boss's boss, HGC Admin) saw this and when I got back to the HGC she started to argue with me about it, that how dare I don't eat properly when it was given in order so that I am not grouchy, etc., etc., etc. I told her that this was not fair and how am I supposed to do that when the direct order was to not go to lunch, and if I went then that would have been the reason for her yelling, and that I had no money to buy anything else. She slapped me on the face and told me to not to backflash at my superior (in scientology they call talking back backflashing).

At this point I lost it, I don't know what happened it was as if something just completely teared in me, this was the last straw I could take, and I basicly jumped at her. I hit, scratched, pulled what I could reach. Of course the consequence was ethics.

I had fallen into complete depression, I had no idea what was going to happen to me. The two ethics officers (Cosima, Andy) were furious with me of course, they could not believe what I have done. I was expecting the worst punishment a Sea Org member could get which was the RPF. This is a program, which is far more brutal than EPF that you had to do as a newbie and is basically impossible to get out from. If someone is interested I am sure you can gather details about it on the internet

from the official standpoint and from the accounts about the reality too, but I will not be getting into that.

By the time we got to this point in time, for 2,5 years, all I heard was how good-for-nothing was I, that I was just trouble and worthless. With this case that image only deepened in me and I saw no out from this situation, at least with the head of a 13,5 year old. So after about 1,5-2 hours in ethics I asked to go to the bathroom. I went by the MLO's office where I knew there was a scalpel in the first-aid kit and locked myself in the bathroom.

The end of the story part 2 - attention only for people with strong nerves

So I locked myself in the bathroom with a scalpel. Yes, you guessed right - I wanted to cut my wrists. To put it simply, I did not see any other way out of that situation where I could not trust anyone, could not turn to anyone and where I did not see any kind of possible solution for my problems. I felt that I could not go on living under such stress anymore.

I was in such a horrible state of mind that I did not even feel anything when I cut myself with the scalpel. And I did that multiple times. I only managed to cut my skin though as I did not have the faintest clue on how to do this "properly" and I missed all the arteries. But I was bleeding for a while. I do not remember how long I was in there, but no Ethics or HGC personnel were looking for me. Not until my absence from the tape listening was noticed.

It was getting late and dark, the lights were already off, and only the bathroom light was on. Therefore Cosima, the Ethics Officer found me relatively easily. She asked me why I had not shown up at the tape listening and did not even notice what I had done. I told her that I could not go down and turned my arm a bit to show why. She did not notice that and repeated the question in a menacing tone. I showed my hand to her and she finally realized what I had done. She was horrified. She immediately dispatched the guy who accompanied her to find my mother and took me to the OSA Office (Office of Special Affairs - they handle all the legal stuff of the church and any other stuff too, but it would be difficult to explain what they do, but to put it simply they are like the intelligence agency of Scientology). They had me waiting until they brought my mother there. I was then hooked to the e-meter and interrogated about the incident, asking why I did it and so on. Up to that point, I just received a temporary bandage to prevent any further bleeding. After the interrogation was completed, I was escorted to a doctor, who I think was also a Scientologist, to stitch my wounds. I was instructed to say a plausible lie - that I accidentally cut my hand with a loose iron bar while pulling a drawer from a metal cabinet.

After my wounds were attended to, me and my mother were escorted by an ethics officer to a hotel in Tampa for the night. I do not remember much from the night as I fell asleep rather quickly. The next day we were transported to our berthing and we had one hour to pack everything and then we were brought to the airport and put on the first plane in the direction of Budapest with multiple lay-overs.

Home-coming

We called my dad from the Tampa airport that we are coming home. Unfortunately he was not home, only my little brother picked up, but he was very happy from the news and I am sure that he relayed the message to my dad.

The plane flew from Tampa, Florida to Cleveland, Ohio, from there to London, and the next day from there to Budapest (I told you they put us on the first possible flight).

Next day at the Ferihegy airport in Budapest no one was waiting for us. We called my dad from a payphone, he said that he did not believe that we were really coming home and that is why he did not come to pick us up. We asked if he will now, he said that he will not. So me and my mom were stuck at the Ferihegy airport with 3 suitcases and two handbags, while I could not use one of my arms. With the help of two friendly strangers we somehow managed to get to the central bus stop in the city (called Népliget).

We called my grandma (my mother's mom), who welcomed us with open arms in Székesfehérvár, she was really sweet.

The next day we went to Pécs where my dad lived at the time. I told him about what happened with me, he practically called me a liar, said that no such thing could ever happen in scientology. We took my brother with us, and he moved in with us at grandma's.

My Mom/Father

I am sure there is a lot of interest in the role my mother and father have played in this.

First of all, let me state that I do not blame my mom for this (not consciously anyway) and I am not angry at her.

When we travelled to the US, I wanted to go with her and originally I was to join the Cadet Org, not the Sea Org as a proper staff member. We did not know that it was located at such a remote location in California.

When we arrived to Florida, my mom was very much against the idea of me joining the Sea Org.

We were living in separate apartments for a long time; only for the last couple of months did we manage to arrange to live in the same apartment block and even then it took some more time to arrange that we could live in the same room. We did not see each other much, especially without any stress, and could/did not go much on liberty together either. She was always worried about me but I never told her what I had been going through. As I mentioned earlier, I felt that I could not destroy her dreams, since I forced myself on her. Or at least that's how I felt at that time. It was probably a twist of fate that I tried to protect her so she could do whatever she wanted.

Even if she knew about everything she would not have been able to do much about it. We did not earn enough money to ever have enough for a plane ticket home. Additionally, it also looked hopeless to arrange anything through the official channels, and she would have found herself on Ethics lines in the end anyway. The official way out of the Sea Org could have taken up to 2-3 years.

When we came home to Hungary, she immediately disconnected from Scientology and sided with me and she is still on my side. Officially, I was the one who was fired from the Sea Org — my mom was sent on a 'leave of absence' to take me to Hungary and find someone to take care of me properly and then she was supposed to return to Clearwater. They kept calling and harassing her to go back, but she did not want to. She even changed her name :)

On the other hand, I am quite angry at my father, and for numerous reasons.

First of all, he refused to take any responsibility for his own part in the whole story. He was the main reason why my mother joined staff at the Budapest Org and he was even happy to see her joining the Sea Org, as it gave him the opportunity to divorce her. He never showed any resistance to the idea; he even pushed my mother in that direction.

He was never against the idea of me going with my mom to join the Sea Org either. Apparently, somehow our status as Sea Org members made him very "proud", even though he never ever wanted to join staff or the Sea Org. He was always a public, and never really knew what was going on behind the scenes. He still idolizes Scientology. I think you can guess what sort of relationship we have now — we speak 2 or 3 times a year, and about "the sky is blue and the grass is green" type of topics.

And do not let me get started on what my younger brother had to endure while we were in the States. He had to go to school alone in Budapest as a 6-8 year old as my father was too busy to take him there every day. And when he meet with his current wife and they moved together, my brother had to contend with an even more unimportant role in the family, falling behind the son of that woman in the pecking order.