

**Know Your Armour**

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# Know Your Armour Beat the system

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# Chapter 1

## Introduction.

Let's have a talk  
While we walk  
Trough life  
Holding a magnifying glass.

Hi,  
My name is Sunita.  
I did years of research before i  
Decided to write this book.

Growing up ,  
I was confronted with  
Physical and mental abuse, manipulation and corruption.

The worldwide system programs you , to be what they decide for you  
to be.

You need to...  
Know your armour.

I used to be a victim  
Locked up in a mental Cage.  
Always working backstage  
Avoiding the spotlight.  
I could not hide it  
Darkness always fights  
The Light..

Yet i was found  
To be bound  
In debt and in slavery  
To be a worker  
And a clown

For the fake artists  
And their dream bakery

You should be happy  
You should be proud  
You are with me  
I decide  
when it's time to go out.

Manipulation and fear  
Streaming through your  
Ear.  
Programming your brain  
With doubt, ugliness and shame.  
Until there is nothing else  
You can hear

You need permission  
For your freedom  
You need confirmation  
For your identity  
You need approval  
To feel worthy..  
It's spiritual slavery

I did not lose you  
You lost me.  
I never choose you  
You fooled me

It was Just a trap  
With a little strap  
Caught in a illusion  
On the devil's lap.

The curse lost it's power  
The seduction fought  
Another hour

The fear wasn't there to hear  
A soft whisper  
Reached my ear.

I love you  
It hurts me  
To see  
How you are bound  
In emotional slavery

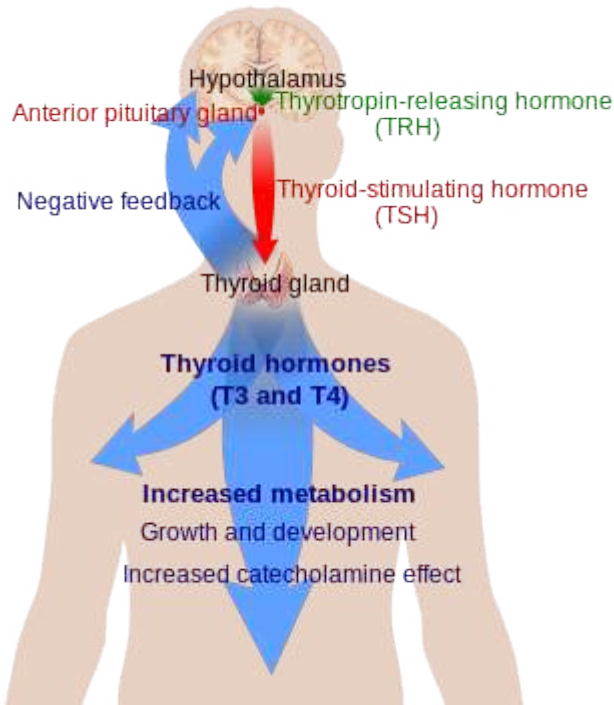
I 'am here..  
To set you free..  
Lift your head up  
And surrender to me.  
I'll forgive every debt  
I Will break every chain.

Just Take my hand  
I'll teach you to stand.  
Firm against all evil  
You will win against every devil  
Here is My Sword and My Shield  
Your Armour for the battlefield  
This time you will fight.  
The darkness..  
With My Light

**I was born with no thyroid .**

After being born I had a check up for the hormones in my blood.  
After the first I had hormones from my mother, after the second check  
they discovered I had no t3 and t4 hormones to regulate the body.

# Thyroid system



The doctors were impressed by what they found.  
The first 6 months of my life I've spent in the hospital.  
Everyone came to visit me. I have lots of pictures of family in white clothing, holding me.  
I liked it, because I was smiling on every picture.

For six months they monitored my development. The doctors told my parents that they had to be careful. I'm born without a thyroid and that means that I might be a problem child with a learning and growing disorder, I might become a dwarf. They had to check my blood and urine every 3 months. My brains had to be monitored and the connection with my doctor just grew. I had a great doctor.

Little did this doctor knew, my parents did not love each other.  
I was not born out of Love.  
They had an arranged marriage while my mother was in Love with someone else.



The hate I felt growing up with these people was devastating. When I got released from the hospital. I was living with my parents, grandparents , 2 aunts and 3 uncles.

My grandfather and grandmother heard that the doctor said that I might be a dwarf and have difficulty learning. They fed me healthy foods every day. They cooked a soup called Bravoe.

It has cassava, green bananas , chicken or dried fish, spinach ( arrowleaf )

Okra, eddoes , celery, potatoes, bouillon and lots of Love.

They made a huge soup pot and grinded it until it was good enough for a baby to eat.

They fed me soup all day long.

Sometimes I had a boiled egg or roti.

I started to walk when I was nine to ten months old.

When I was like a year and a half, I liked the taste of hot chutney.

Mango was my favorite.

The doctor was surprised to see me develop the way I did.

Not knowing what more there was developing.

### **The oldest memory.**

I was somewhere about 11 months old.

One day when I was washed and cared for by my grandmother.

Like always.

She put me into my baby bed.

I was a very strong and active baby. I stood tall holding the edge of the bed.

She pinched me in my cheeks and turned around.

While she turned her back, I watched the back of her head.

A set of evil eyes , nose and a scary smile turned to me.

I could see it through the hairs of my grandmother.

She was collecting the clothes I was wearing that day to put it into the washing machine.

The face that turned towards me was a face I still remember.

I did not understand why there was another woman looking towards me from the inside of my grandmother.

I was raised with the hindu religion.

Even when I was a child it raised questions in my mind.

The hindus have several gods for everything.

A puppet is a god, a stone is a god, a mouse is a god a half breed human monkey is a god.

The monkey clothed in golden chains and a skirt with a golden bat was supposed to be a god of the wind. There was a al knowing blue god named Shiva with a woman wrapped in his hair and water came out of her mouth like a fountain . He held a trident like the devil and played the samba balls which is a musical instrument.

His had a golden necklace and his pet was a cobra. He could also transform into a snake and there was fire coming out of his 3th eye to burn people who annoyed him.

I saw a movie of a couple dancing for him while he was sleeping, he opened his eyes and his 3th eye was like a torch burning the couple. He had a wife ,which he left for doing some meditation .

The wife was so lonely that she made a son from some sweets.

Ladoo. (this scene is based on Genesis, where The God of the Bible can form people out of clay and water)

She named the son Ganesh. One day she went for a shower and asked Ganesh to watch the door.

Ganesh was a very strong boy with special powers to be undefeated in a fight.

Shiva thought after a deep meditation of a few years to go back to his wife.

The moment he arrived he saw that Ganesh was watching the door.

Ganesh saw Shiva and asked him who he was.

He said he wanted to enter the house .

Ganesh said that he had to watch the door and no one could enter.

Shiva said that the boy was being rude and put on a fight.

Shiva lost the fight and left.

He went to his crew of fallen angels and sent them out to defeat Ganesh. They came back telling him that the boy is too strong. Shiva went back and this time he got so angry he threw his trident to cut the head of Ganesh. His head went in outer space never to be found .

The mother of Ganesh finally finished the shower and came outside and saw her son without a head.

He was dead.

Shiva beheaded him.

She started to scream and cry and turned against Shiva that he killed her son.

Shiva was shocked, he killed the son of his wife.

His son.

He did not know. They started to search for the head of Ganesh and could not find it.

Shiva gave the order to kill the first animal they would see and bring the head.

This was an elephant.

Shiva attached the head of the elephant on the body of Ganesh and the boy came back to life with the head of an elephant.

Now , based on Genesis 6 where the angels came to the earth to have sex with human daughters and produced giant half breeds. These half breeds who have animal and human appearances walked the world for a while. We can say that this story is just an excuse to cover up that Shiva was a fallen angel from the choir of Lucifer. Shiva was intimate with human females and he produced giant children with them.

According to some ancient temples in India , the act of love is between animals, children , humans ,giants and gods.

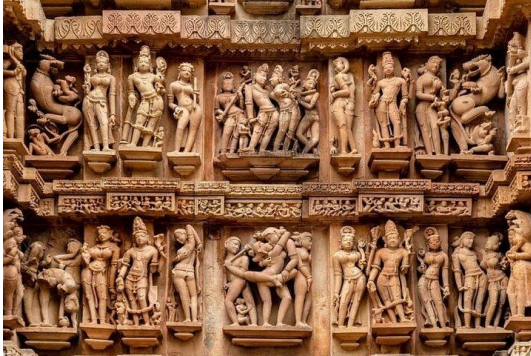
If you look it up on google or ever going to visit.

Look up these temples.

- Khajuraho Temples, Madhya Pradesh
- Sun Temple, Konark, Orissa
- Virupaksha Temple, Hampi, Karnataka
- Jain Temples, Ranakpur, Rajasthan
- Sun Temple, Modhera, Gujarat
- Sathyamurthi Perumal Temple, Tamil Nadu
- Lingaraj Temple, Bhubaneswar, Orissa

I'm not a pervert but for the sake of the truth I'll include a picture of one of the temples.

Showing you small children , animals like horses, dogs, elephants and other creatures having intercourse.



When I saw all these things when I was a small child.

I started to doubt.

In the meanwhile I attended the hindu temples and rituals with the shiva lingam, the yoni, the sweet milk and the sweets. There were days and months when we should be vegan.

No meat, eggs or animal fat. So no vitamin B and omega 3 for development of the brains.

It was good and healthy food with vegetables and sweets. The rituals were kind of strange with a priest who painted red and yellow colors on the fore head of the adults.

They sat in a circle with a pot of fire where they put liquids and herbs in as an offering for their gods.

Afterwards we could drink the milk from the lingam and yoni and eat the sweets. Did you know that the Lingam and yoni are the genitals of the hindu gods ? we drink milk from it ? who invents something like that ?

**I moved with my parents when I was 3 years old.**

I was a happy child with my grandparents , uncles and aunts.

At home with my parents , I was the black sheep.

I was too curious and asked too many questions.

My parents made me eat bitter and nasty food and because I did not like it.

I spit it in the toilet. I could not get it through my throat.

It tasted so disgusting. I got caught a lots of times.

My dad liked to punish me with a belt, a bamboo stick, with biting through my skin or he pinched with his nails through my skin. It left it's marks.

My mother just cursed me that I was a problem child and wished I wasn't born.

Technically I was mentally ahead of everyone in the house.

My grandparents loved me and raised me with Love and wisdom . My grandfather was a man of the Jungle.

He was someone who could do almost everything if he set his mind to it.

We had a great spiritual connection.

I was 3 years old when I developed a talent for massages and beauty treatments.

I even got paid for the massages , technical solutions and reparation of tv's and stereo recorders or vcr's.

I liked the anatomy of humans and animals. I loved figuring out everything works.

My parents were narcissistic and they only thought about outer appearances.

My dad used to cheat on my mother and one day she took a huge knife to attack my father. I was there to watch and to be scared.

They denigrate and cursed each other , like snakes in a snake pit.. It's not an healthy environment to grow up for anyone.

My brother was born when I was 4 years old. He was born perfect.

There was nothing wrong or missing.

Sure I love my brother, we have a strong connection.

I took the beatings and the torture.

After a while he also started to suffer from the dysfunctional atmosphere at home.

I was 4 years old, and my mother was doing the hindu ritual like every morning. She was putting flowers at the feet of a monkey looking god hanuman. He was their god of the wind.

I asked my mother.

Why is Hanuman called the god of the wind ? I can feel the wind but I don't see him flying.

In the movies he flies and then the wind is felt or his breathe causes the wind.

He blows and then the wind comes like a breeze or a storm.

She looked at me and answered : ' He is invisible and you can feel him but not see him.

I asked her: ' so how do people know how he looks like ?

She looked at me like I was annoying and said she did not have all the answers.

In my room there were 2 posters taped on the wall. One of Laxmi, their goddess for wealth and beauty. She is dressed in a sari, she has 4 arms and 4 hands. She has a flower, a sitar and money in her hands. Every year around Halloween the hindus have their celebration with rituals to offer and to praise her. They make a lamp of oil and a piece of cotton to burn in their homes. They paint the swastika and other hindu symbols on their houses.

Asking her to come in and to bless them with wealth, health and beauty.

The other poster was Hanuman who was holding a piece of the earth while his heart was torn and 2 people Ram and Sita were shown from his heart.

His bat was on his back and he was flying in the air with one hand up holding the piece of earth that looked like a mountain.

Since I was a baby I had bad dreams and I was sensitive for vibes.

This day I hit the jackpot.

I questioned the hindu religion too much.

It was late at night, I could not sleep.

My parents put a scissor underneath my pillow as a form of protection.

I could see the wall with the posters right in front of me.

All of a sudden the figures started to come alive.

I was watching the whole transformation.

They both started to move at the same time.  
They turned black and had an evil looking face.  
They became monsters with dark lizard looking skin .  
I thought I was dreaming. I was wide awake. I froze in bed.  
I thought what is happening, I was afraid to scream or cry.  
They started to step out of the poster. One foot after the other.  
They started to walk towards me. I was frozen with my eyes above the blanket.  
I thought they were going to eat me.  
One of them wanted to touch me. It came near with its claws.  
Closer and closer towards my face.  
The other one was standing next to it.  
Like a guard.

There appeared a light, like lightning.  
Blue and white light covered my bed.  
The light came between me and the creatures from the poster.  
There was a man in the light. He was above my bed. He pointed with his finger towards the posters.  
The creatures walked backwards and took place in the posters again.

For me, I did not know what happened.  
The next morning I went home after school.  
I asked my mother if I could play outside.  
She said yess.  
I went to the playground. While I was there alone.  
I started to pray to God. I said, I don't know who You really are.  
I only know You are not the hindu puppets we have to pray for.  
Please, who are these people You sent me to and please come and get me.  
I hid myself in the bushes, I asked God to find me there.  
I fell a sleep against the wall hidden in the bushes.  
I woke up because of the flashlights and people calling my name.  
I was afraid to call out. I knew I would get punished.  
It was the first time I heard this soft whisper.  
He said, go home it's not the right time yet.

I called out, and instead of being happy that I was found. I took a beating for the shame they suffered in front of the neighbors.

At the age of 5, I started to pray that my parents would get a divorce. Maybe my mother would love me when she got rid of my father. At the age of 6 we moved to a different part of the Netherlands. I went to another school and had problems adjusting. I told my friends about true Love. They thought I was a lesbian or crazy. I was spiritually confused about my identity and this world. I could not understand the hate and hurt people inflict on each other. My first time of attempt to kill myself I was 7 years old. I ran towards the water, and just jumped. A man caught me and put me standing on the edge again. He was brown with diamond blue eyes. He held me at my shoulders and asked me in a strict way. What are you doing ? I got shocked and ran home. I went straight to bed. I knew that that man was not standing there before I jumped.

At the age of 7 my parents went through a divorce. My mother took me and my brother to a shelter for abused women. The contact between her and my grandparents was broken because of a conflict. According to them and my uncles it was a shame to get divorced. In the shelter we made some friends. I went to a different school and had problems adjusting. Old people liked to be around me. I never understood why. After the divorce was final, we went back home. My dad was ordered by the judge to move away. My mother got in contact with some neighbors and she changed us from school. We went from a Catholic school to a Christian school which was a little bit further away from home.

I was 8 years and had to adjust to a new school, new teacher and new students. Every morning we had Bible study. We would read and sing songs from the Bible. We had drawings and games we could play. I was 9 years old when a scripture hit my heart. It turned my question into a answer. I read the 10 commandments and my heart and eyes just opened up. I read about Yeshua ( a.k.a Jesus Christ ) I remembered Him as the man in the Light Who protected me against the demons from the poster.



I was in joy. I know who I'am . I'am a Christian.  
I went home to tell my mother.  
I'am a Christian.  
Well all hell broke loose.  
I did not know I was a threat.  
All eyes were set on me in this family.  
I was born with Spiritual gifts , which satan really wanted to use for his own kingdom.  
I did not know what was coming next.

## **Chapter 2**

Never underestimate influence

At the age of 10 I got in contact with sexuality.  
A uncle liked to watch me shower, fake grandparents liked to watch me naked.  
I felt dirty and ashamed. These people said I'm just a child and they have the right to watch me while showering and clothing.. according to them I didn't knew how to use the shower.

This uncle who was married to the niece of my mother looked very nice.

I was 14 and it was a school vacation in July. I was visiting my great grandmother in Amsterdam.

My uncle and aunt and their children lived right across the street.  
After I visited them they asked to watch the children, my uncle came home earlier than my aunt.

At the age of 14 he asked me to have sex.

I was in shock because he was my uncle.

I was in love with a kid at school. Sex is supposed to be between to people in Love.

He tried to convince me to take off my clothes. He said it's normal because we are family.

I refused and thank God my aunt came home.

Everything felt wrong. I had this eerie feeling when I went back to my great grandmother.

My aunt asked me to sleep over and to do my hair. I didn't want to go but I was afraid I was imagining things . After she did my hair , I had to

take a shower. I asked to bring me back to my grandmother. I didn't want to shower at their place. It was like a gut feeling that things are not safe.

I took the shower, when the soap was washed out of my eyes I saw him watching me from a small window above the door.

After I screamed, he fell down from the stairs he was standing on. I was in shock and my aunt climbed at the stairs to ask me to open the door. I said someone was watching. She said it was her. I was confused and my aunt asked me to join them in bed. I said no it's not usual to join the bed with a uncle and aunt. I slept on the couch with 4 layers of clothes and my spirit was awake the whole time. I went home to my great grandmother and told her everything. After telling her she connected my mother.

She came with another aunt and took me home.

My mother told everyone I seduced the big guy and now I'm making problems for her.

I was blamed for every problem.

I could not have friends, the jealousy was too high.

She wanted to be friends with my friends and even go out with my friends.

I had to stay home and work in the house.

I ran away from home a couple of times..

I have spent more years on the streets than at home.

It made me a wise survivor.

It's a game.

It's to Break you down so you become a slave of insecurity and rewards.

They use the tools to Attract and reject .

I got broken down, I can tell you that.

There is nothing worse than parents who break down their own children to feel like a king or a queen.

They throw a game of competition between you and other children.

You can move a mountain but a cup of tea made by someone else is more praised.

Let's say, I know why they wrote a fairytale like Cinderella.

The game turned into a pattern.

It came back through every relationship I had.  
Someone else was better looking and I had to be happy with the  
crappy attention and fake love I received.  
They even told me to praise God to have people like them in my life.  
No one else would Love me, would think of me and stay with me to  
take care of me.

It was a lie told by puppets of the devil that you should be happy when  
someone is around you who beats you down to the ground. You don't  
have to be happy. you can escape or walk away and get some help.

Strange things started to happen in the house.  
My mother had some dolls, in the middle of the night we could hear  
them tap toe through the hallway .Little feet running through the  
house. Stopping at the door of your room and then running back.

I was 11 years old and I prayed to God from the Bible. I just wanted to  
know what was going on.

I was laying on my bed. All of a sudden I woke up.  
I saw this beautiful boy clothed in Light next to my bed.  
He only reached out his hand. I reached out my hand.  
He took my hand and I stood up from the bed.  
My body was left behind clothed in colors.

We walked through the hallway towards the room of my mother.  
He took me into the room next to hers.  
He pointed out towards the curtains.  
The curtains vanished.  
There was this figure in the garden ,it was like a witch.  
All of a sudden she turned towards me.  
We had eye contact and I was shocked by her appearance.  
Red eyes, black face and sharp teeth.  
I can't explain how i felt when I saw her.

I woke up in my own bed.  
I told my mother about it. We went to another priest. This one was  
annoying. He had a dirty mind and made potions for us to drink.  
It felt like the priests made it worse.  
I got bored visiting people with no answers.  
I had my Bible for children and a cross in my room.

I started to cut my wrists and enjoyed the blood flowing from the cut.  
It felt like it was someone else in my body inflicting damage.

At the age of 14, the wicked came after me.  
Now the spiritual battle became physical.  
After visiting my room every night, speaking to me in my sleep.  
Scaring me with their appearances , floating through my room.  
Telling me lies. Whispering in my ears...  
I'm you mother from a past life, this woman does not love you.  
You were my son, you killed yourself during war .  
It was hard not to believe her.  
The seed of a lie was planted.  
Making me believe I was a boy born in the wrong life and body.  
I got very confused. I wanted to change my sex and become a boy. I  
was not lesbian but because of the voices , I looked different at girls.  
They put thoughts in my head like porn movies .  
It was very awkward to be aroused based on pictures which produced  
perverted thoughts.  
My father was a porn addict , so I guess it infected my dna and I had  
inherited this perversity.  
Like written in Deuteronomy.  
The abomination of the parents who hate God, the curses will be  
inherited by their children .  
It went from thoughts to real life dreams.

The spiritual attacks now became physical.  
I had fights in my dreams but the scars were shown on my body in this  
reality.  
Nail marks and teeth.  
I thought I was schizophrenic. I wanted to know the truth.  
I went to the Library and searched for answers in medical books.  
I asked doctors what was wrong with me.  
While being tested I passed like well thinking human being.  
I was suffering at school, I saw things I could not explain.  
I felt vibes I could not translate.  
Other children even tried to bully me.