Case #2 Salish Human Foot Discovery

\*DISCLAIMER\* *I in no way represent or work with either* [*Missing 411*](http://www.canammissing.com/page/page/8396197.htm) *or* [*David Paulide*](http://www.canammissing.com/page/page/8396197.htm)*. I am a priest of Palo Mayombe and a concerned individual inspired to help find answers. These are spiritual and psychic investigations done by me using authentic spiritual/magical/religious methods. These methods where passed down to me by my Godfather. These procedures are not found online or in any book. You must have the proper spiritual initiations, license and training to preform them. As these are indeed only spiritual and psychic investigations they in no way serve as actual evidence or proof of anything. For legal reasons, and I am sure other reasons as well, my findings must be considered as entertainment only.\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\**

[](http://1.bp.blogspot.com/--UYG0QOuFqQ/Vc6zExDEt9I/AAAAAAAAAFA/QUg6vtgaOTs/s1600/salishhumanfootdiscovery.jpg)

This is a topic that has haunted me (in varying degrees) for years.

While I have never heard David Paulide talk about it (maybe he has and I just don't know) nor mentioned in conjunction with Missing 411 (maybe it has been and again I do not know), I none the less feel eerily drawn to the phenomena.

I recently began dreaming of the situation again.

I was floating in an orange-red sky over an endless black ocean filled with served human feet and bloody human teeth. A gigantic three-headed shark with human eyes staring at me, circling around among the visage and darkened water.

I woke up and I was immediately fixed on the phenomena. I found it impossible to go back to sleep, so I preformed a both a spiritual and psychic investigation of the matter.

We will start with some main-stream background regarding this event.

In August, 2007, severed human feet began washing up on shore a long the coast of the Salish Sea in British Columbia, Canada and Seattle, Washington, United States. Of the feet discovered, the majority are the right foot, and feet belonging to men.

There has also supposedly been "hoax" feet found as well.

I personally will contest this main-stream accounting.

Being from and living in Southern California, I remember in the late 1980s and early 1990s human feet washing up along the California coastline. I also remember these where quickly attributed to shark attacks and the issue never reported on again.

Even today criminal investigations into the severed feet washing up on shore seem to me trite at best.

The occurrences are acknowledged by the media, but little else *(I can not say I am surprised, nor shocked*), both news and law enforcement agencies attribute it to the most banal mindless explanations, mainly people falling off boats, and fish eating all but the one foot.

Which seems to be a logical "enough" answer to satisfy a largely self centered, self-entitled, and consumer driven society.

Drop the mention of a hoax attributed to the matter, and now unless the washing up on shore of severed human feet interferes with Monday Night Football or ordering a 20 piece chicken McNugget from McDonalds most people could easily make the stretch that if there was at least one hoax then the whole thing could be hoaxed.

I decided I would take two occult approaches.

First as a Priest of Palo Mayombe, I would go to my M'paka (*an animal horn, filled with sacred secret ingredients, and capped with a round mirror*) to preform what is called "Vititi Congo" or Sight of the Congo. I will ask an M'pungo (*a deity level spirit from the Congo of Africa*) or a spirit of the dead to go look into this situation and I would see through their eyes.

I can also call spirits of the dead through the M'paka to ask questions of since the M'paka is also a portal.

Second I would preform a magical divination with the daemons (*daemon being the original word meaning a "strong spirit" and not the later twisting of the same word into "demon" which is a Christian invent used to label anything they did not like and could wage war against)* of the Goetia (*probably a Greek word meaning "summoner" that has now become synonymous with a configuration of seventy-two daemons/spirits of which a Goetia might summon*).

The dream of the three-headed shark carried profound meaning for me as something truly sinister and formidable.

I decided I would go to the ultimate expression of true primordial oceanic prowess... Leviathan, and ask her to take me on a spiritual exploration of the ocean.

Its true that there is (*almost*) always a bigger fish... however, Leviathan is the biggest fish around anywhere and no matter how horrific that three headed shark might be, it's a guppy compared to Leviathan.

I began my spiritual investigation with the M'paka.

I asked both my Nfumbe ( *a spirit of the dead all priests or priestess of Palo Mayombe make a blood pact with*) and my spiritual father in the religion Zarabanda (*Nkosi Mukumbe his Congo name*) to go look into the circumstance surrounding the severed feet.

I then got into the right type of trance for remote viewing using the correct application of inhalations- exhalations of tobacco and eye fixations on candle light. Once that state of trance had been achieved I began directing my attention to the M'paka.

I was first shown the pages of Stephen King's novel "Misery" when Annie Wilkes takes an ax to Paul Sheldon's foot.  I could near read the pages word for word.

I was then shown a young African boy being help down by French colonialists in a diamond mine and his foot being chopped of with an ax.

This was a common practice by the sub-human monsters who ran the diamond business in the 1800s (t*he De Beers family is proof scum and excrement can congeal in a dark gutter and give birth to human looking servants of Mammon*), instead of killing slaves attempted to escape, they cut off their foot so they could still work but not run.

I was then shown a flotilla of a few yachts and barges.

I was given the strong impression that these are in international waters.

I was then shown what was inside the barges.

They seemed to be big floating heroin production centers.

Armed men stand watch over a large group of mostly naked men and women with one of their feet removed and chained to a table. These men and women are kidnapped slaves, kept and worked until they die.

I was then shown something that disturbed me even further.

Their teeth had also been removed, or knocked out. They where feed what looked like a cheap protein drink through a straw.

I can speculate on some possible advantages their captors might gain from this but none that seemed to make sense when weighed against the effort of teeth removal.

A protein drink could be administered without removal of their teeth even if the protein drink did make meal preparation cheaper and easier.

The captors looked like steroid fueled Frankenstein's monsters so biting them seemed useless, and you can't chew through chain.

Next my attention was taken to I think an earlier time, maybe back to the 1990s where a number of slaves would commit suicide by biting their own tongues off and bleeding to death.

That seemed to indicate why the teeth where removed, they wanted you alive as long as possible.

I was then shown what was on the Yacht.

Drugs, alcohol, sex slaves, dog fighting, all manner of entertainment and opulent distraction.

The reason for this I believe is maintaining the mental stability of the captors (assuming you can call them mental stable in the first place).

Even for the most depraved individual, being around that much abject human misery can wear on the vilest minds, and full immersion into human vice and debauchery would be needed for cathartic release.

I began to feel as if I was approaching my limit.

I slowly began to pull myself back to my body and come back into my own normal consciousness.

I thanked my Nfumbe and the M'pungo.

The very next night I began my preparation for going before Leviathan.

I began making a special scrying bowl in order to look to psychically view through the eyes of Leviathan.

The process of making this bowl is unique to the Goetic tradition I inherited from my Godfather and is secret to my spiritual/sorcery practice.

I can say a vessel is filled with water and salt, very specific perfumes, a long with that gold and silver are added. The other ingredients are secret but the mixture creates a direct reflection of the entire ocean and is suitable for communication with Leviathan.

I do not practice "New-age", "Neo-paganism", "Wicca" nor any eclectic mish-mash hodge-podge.

The magical religion traditions I have inherited are pure in linage and dangerously serious in their implications, as such they will never ended up in a book or on a internet website.

I have taken blood oaths, made pacts, and have received secrets of which I tremble at the very idea of betraying.

I began with the appropriate incantations followed by the precise art of obtaining the Goetic trance appropriate for the specific daemon.

Leaning over the bowl I could begin to feel Leviathan enter in through the back of my head and I am mightily projected out of my body, my astral body sent hurdling down the astral corridors into the astral layering of the earthly ocean.

I am engulfed in complete darkness, and feel a vast herculean expanse of space, however I am merged with Leviathan so I am unable to conceive of fear.

I hear the whisper that I am at a great depth in the ocean.

I feel her colossal body unfurl and lengthen to full potential.

Leviathan is epic in scope.

We course through the ocean depths untouched sunlight for a very long time. I almost forget the purpose for which I have initiated this working.

Now in front of me is only what I can call a submarine craft, extremely large and of a design that I cannot find openly admitted too.

There where big lighted windows

Through these windows I could see well dressed people sitting in luxury, eating, drinking, laughing and using i-pads which projected 3-D holographic projections  from them.

They where being attended to by both men and women, naked, and wearing collars. These men and women looked young and had body modifications that seemed absolutely outlandish making them appear extremely aesthetically bizarre.

So much so I can scarcely believe they could be socially functional in main stream society.

Leviathan told me I was seeing the second tier of the most elite of lifestyles, the first being orbiting space stations, and that these people lived far outside the bounds of normally accepted human society.

These attendants where indeed mind controlled slaves.

Their body modifications purely for the perverse delights of the elites, and most (but not all) where bred from other slaves and most did not know life even existed beyond this sub aquatic vehicle or others like it.

Every so once in a while people are kidnapped from the surface to interbreed with the other slaves to bring in fresh blood and contribute to certain genetic traits.

It was about here I had reached my limit and Leviathan speedily returned me to my body and gingerly detached from my consciousness.

I laid on the floor for quite sometime before I could get enough of my awareness back that I could get up and walk.

I am greatly bothered by my findings.

I wonder what if anything can be done to validate my findings and even if so, what could be done to stop this.

I will revisit this case after I have recovered.

-Papa Crocodile