

Dante's Eighth Circle

While in the middle of these stressful moves, I met with two Quebec SQ Intelligence Agents (Sûreté du Québec) who wanted to interview me and see the documents I had from Narconon.

I was asked what I was wearing and given directions to a gas station where I was told to wait for an 'unmarked' gray van to pull up to me, then jump in the sliding side door and sit in the back. The driver pulled out of the parking lot and headed down to a restaurant and parked. We just sat there for a couple minutes with the two Agents looking around until I was told it was OK to get out of the van and follow them.

We walked into a restaurant with a few customers sitting here and there and stood near the entrance for less than a minute before one Agent said, "No, we're not going to stay here, David, we have another place not far away from here." The next place we walked into was a mediocre, run of the mill Mom and Pop restaurant with only one or two customers sitting off to the side. "Ok, this will do fine, let's sit over here, David, where it's quiet," directed the Agent.