An extract from Viviannes book : The Jezebel at the social office.
Available on Amazon

Her journey from Africa to Europe started with joy, hope and happiness to start her life with her fiance. After separating from her white, narcissistic husband, she landed partly on social help and partly worked as a single mother. She met a social worker who hated her daughter and her with passion. She started with financial abuse, bullying, gang stalking, to murder attempts, making her lose everything including her only child. She ended up being homeless and was labelled as alcohololic. The social worker threatened to make her life miserable. She later got alienated from her only daughter, deported to Africa, leaving her daughter behind in a foster home. Her husband later died and her daughter was left alone, while she struggled to get justice for so many years, though no one believed her. Reading her story will teach you how God protects us secretly in exchange for his love and mercy against evil people if we believe and the strength God gave her to keep going as a believer.

.....Once I had a problem with my computer and asked around for someone who repairs privately because the computer was old. I got a number from a friend and called the man to help me. On the day he came, it was the same day my ex-husband came to pick up our daughter to drive to my mother-in-law. He found the man repairing the computer, and without asking who he was, he started a fight. However, the man was smart and strong. He explained who he was, and my ex-husband got angry and left. He didn't even apologise and left with our daughter. It was very embarrassing for me.

I received a letter instructing me to take passport photos of my daughter and bring them to the building from the social office, where they also had the foreign affairs office so that she could have her passport. The next day, I went with my daughter and brought the photos, but they said they would make their own. They took some funny photos which looked too dark, and they had told me to bring coloured photos. **I never argued anyway; for me, I was Black, and someone from Black origin could identify that it's the same person.** It was the beginning of 2006, and we had a very strong winter, about minus twenty degrees. I was so tired of all the stress, problems, and the cold. I spoke to my husband that I am looking for a ticket to Africa; he immediately told his mother, who sent me one thousand dollars. The tickets were very expensive together with my daughter. I flew to Africa for one month to see my family and gather new energy, for everything was too much. I had also saved some money while working, so I thought it was nice to take a break.

I booked the flight and an apartment at a local price, where I stayed with my brothers and sisters for two weeks. Later, I stayed alone for two weeks. Time ran so fast because I had something to do every day, visiting relatives and friends and swimming every day because the apartment was right at the beach. On the way back, I was stopped at the airport to prove if the child with me was mine. It was my country, and I got very annoyed because I showed them my passport, which had her name on it. Still, they insisted that I submit more documents. I thought maybe they wanted a bribe, and I had no time for that. I called my husband immediately, who faxed our family book and marriage certificate. I gave them insurance cards and bank cards for both, but no one told me why they were skeptical, so they let me go. The flight was delayed for half an hour, and I was the last person to check in. That was something I least suspected could happen in my own country. After boarding the plane, it came to my mind, "Aha! My daughter was in the passport photo as a Black child." No wonder people are very weird. God forgive them, for they don't know what they are doing. Thanks, God, there was a fax; I could have missed my flight. **No wonder they denied adding my daughter's African name on her passport. This is the beginning of racism, I thought, but it didn't come to my mind that it was the beginning of a long-term plan.**

NOTE from team Switzerland:

In the Judicial Notices, please read up on the word “black” and “necromancy”.
We are HUE-mans, in all shades and colours ? Or men and women of all ages and sizes...