

THE
PROGRAMMING
OF A PLANET

BOOK I
OF
THE MATRIX REVEALED

www.MatrixRevealed.com

by Researcher/Abductee
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This website is dedicated to all the contactees and abductees who have had the courage to speak out about their personal experiences with extra-terrestrials. In spite of the intense social and political pressure to remain quiet, these brave souls have demonstrated uncommon integrity by risking ridicule from family and friends and in some cases even physical harm and harassment from our government.

I want to thank my family for having supported me in this endeavor and by contributing their own personal abduction accounts to my research project. I also thank the other abductees who have worked with me to contribute invaluable data toward the understanding of the extra-terrestrial phenomenon.

Truman L. Cash

GLOSSARY

I have intentionally placed the glossary at the beginning of the book so that readers may familiarize themselves with some of the new terminology of extra-terrestrial contact. There are no "official" terms and definitions to describe various abduction phenomena because our educational system and our government do not officially recognize UFOs as being real. I have taken the liberty to coin a few new words; it is not my intention to be an authority on the subject, but to promote understanding. These new terms are not intended to serve as new standards in the UFO field, but merely to clarify some very extraordinary phenomena that I have observed, which are, for the most part, foreign to most people.

- ABDUCTEE:** A person who is taken by ETs without his or her consent. In most cases the abductee is eventually returned. There are some channeled entities and certain other extra-terrestrials (ETs) who claim that abductees have at some point in time agreed to the abductions, and therefore they should not by definition be called abductees. However, extensive research--including past lives research--has shown this to be false. Also, in light of the cruel and painful aspects of many abductions, one would have to be a bit crazy or a glutton for punishment to want to be abducted.
- AMNESIA:** ETs intentionally create amnesia. Oftentimes this is accomplished using a flash weapon that creates a bright flash that renders the abductee unconscious. If standing, the abductee will collapse to the ground as if hit over the head with a club. However, the flash weapon is not physically painful. Some people have proposed that abductees go unconscious because of their unwarranted fear of ETs. This is simply not true. I have found that the people that usually propose this theory often spend a lot of time listening to channeled entities.
- BEING:** A spiritual being. Out-of-body experiences and past life memories demonstrate that we are not meat bodies (which some aliens refer to as "containers"), but rather we are spiritual beings. A being is not part of the physical universe, but through time has become attached to it.
- CHANNEL:** To act as a relay point for communications from ETs or to allow one's body to be used as the relay point. Some people go unconscious and allow another entity to take over their body, and some people do not. Because telepathy is a real phenomenon, channeling can occur with or without implants in the brain. Channeled information has proved to be unreliable due to the amount of disinformation being disseminated by channeled entities. Therefore, I do not base any conclusions solely upon the say-so of any such entities. Some people prefer not to use the word "channeling" to describe all types of communications with ETs or "higher beings." I

use it, however, to describe all types of communications with ETs (that are not face-to-face communications) without regard to anyone's personal word prejudices.

- CONTACTEE:** A person who has had some form of contact with ETs. Some forms of contact are not face-to-face, such as telepathic or channeled communications. Depending on the context, this term is either used to designate a free will contact as opposed to an abduction, or it is sometimes used to designate all types of contacts including abductions.
- DEBUNK:** To discredit; Government debunkers often try to discredit UFO eyewitnesses by attacking them personally, publicly revealing flaws in their character, etc. so that the public won't take them seriously.
- ETs:** An abbreviation for Extra-Terrestrials; aliens. Extra means above or beyond; Terrestrial refers to the Earth and its inhabitants. Therefore, ETs refers to beings who are above or beyond the surface of the Earth. It would also refer to beings beyond what we would consider normal to Earth societies and life. Therefore, in a general sense ETs would include all forms of sentient beings foreign to Earth life, including the so-called "channeled entities," "ascended masters," beings from "higher dimensions," and subterranean aliens. I don't classify these aforementioned "other-dimensional" entities into different categories because there is no way to prove that they aren't just flesh-and-blood ETs, who have the well-earned reputation of lying to Earth humans.
- HYPNOTISM:** The state in which an individual's awareness is lowered to the point where amnesia and other suggestions can be installed (implanted), which can cause the individual to react contrary to his or her own volition and can alter his or her own viewpoint of reality. This state is often referred to as "stage hypnotism."
- IMPLANT:** 1. To establish firmly in the mind or consciousness; imprint. 2. To embed surgically in the body. I have classified implants into four basic types--SOCIAL IMPLANTS, PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLANTS, TELEPATHIC IMPLANTS, and PHYSICAL IMPLANTS.
- MISSING TIME:** Actually, missing time is not time that is missing, but rather memory that is missing. It is amnesia. It is two o'clock in the afternoon--all of a sudden it's four o'clock! "Gee, what have I been doing for the past two hours--I don't remember!" Time has indeed marched forward two hours, so it's not missing. What's missing is the memory of what the abductee was doing during that time.
- MRI:** Magnetic Resonance Imaging. A high-tech scanner that records radio waves given off by brain tissues. The patient is surrounded by a powerful magnetic field and is bombarded by radio waves, and then a computer converts the signals into pictures. MRIs are usually the best way to detect alien brain implants.

PHYSICAL

IMPLANT: A physical universe object or energy matrix that is embedded inside the body.

PSYCHOLOGICAL

IMPLANT: A posthypnotic suggestion that is imprinted in the mind of an UNCONSCIOUS person. Varying degrees of unconsciousness are created by such methods as hypnosis, electro-shock, high-tech electronics, drugs, extreme pain (torture), or simply a blow to the head. Brainwashing, which uses various combinations of hypnotic drugs, electro-shock, and posthypnotic suggestions, is a form of psychological implantation.

PSYCHOTRONICS: The use of high-tech electronics to influence the mind.

SCREEN

MEMORY: A false memory implanted in the mind of an abductee by an ET to disguise or occlude the actual events that occurred during the abduction. A screen memory is one type of telepathic implant.

SOCIAL

IMPLANT: An idea, philosophy, religion, prophecy, secret society, etc. that a group of people CONSCIOUSLY and WILLINGLY accepts as being true. They are called social implants because they affect society as a whole and can also be referred to as group thought. Social implants are not based upon reason or empirical research. They are based upon blind, unquestioning faith and authority figures. Oftentimes, real or imagined threats help to hold the social implants in place. In the context of this book, the original source of social implants is ETs. Social implants are contagious; that is, they can be transmitted from person to person (through space), generation to generation (through time).

SOMNAMBULISM: Walking while asleep or walking while in a hypnotic state.

TELEPATHIC

IMPLANT: An idea, emotion, mental image picture, voice, or other sensory perception that is imprinted in the mind of the victim with or without the aid of electronics or a physical implant. It is actually an illusion designed to deceive someone in order to control their thoughts and actions and thus, by definition, has a negative connotation. This can also be called TELEPATHIC HYPNOSIS and appears to be a common psychic ability of ETs. [Note: I originally termed this phenomenon "telepathic hypnosis," and then surprisingly a short time later I discovered that an ET by the name of Semjase had explained this phenomenon to contactee Eduard "Billy" Meier. She called it "telenosis," which is, as she explained, a combination of the words "telepathy" and "hypnosis."]

TRANSPONDER: A type of alien brain implant that appears to function as a transmitter and a receiver.

UFO: 1. An abbreviation for Unidentified Flying Object. This means exactly what it says--it' and you don't know what it is. 2. UFO is also is commonly used to indicate an alien spacecraft, such as a flying saucer. In this book I use the term "flying saucer" specifically to describe a typical disk-shaped UFO (flying disk) as opposed to a triangular, cigar-shaped, or other form of UFO.

UFOLOGIST: One who studies UFOs.

INTRODUCTION

I discovered to my dismay in 1988 that I had been abducted by extra-terrestrials. However, it wasn't until four years later that I began to realize that the abductions weren't just a one time anomaly of my past; they had become a continuing and integral part of my life. At this juncture I began a quest to understand why my family and I were being continually abducted. I wanted to know who these beings were, what they were doing, and why they were here.

At first I didn't realize that there was so much information available on the subject of abductions, and so I felt alone. However, as I began to discover the numerous books on the subject and meet other abductees, I found that I was anything but alone. As I began recovering the memories of my own past abductions and those of other abductees, I finally found the answers to my questions and much, much more. The following report is the result of my three-year quest to understand the most challenging enigma ever to plague mankind. Initially I had no idea that my research would eventually reveal the tremendous impact that extra-terrestrials have had in forming and maintaining the structure of our society here on this tiny orb in the dust of the Milky Way Galaxy.

In the following pages you will discover what it is like to be abducted by extra-terrestrials. You will find out not only what they look like, and what the inside of their craft look like, but also what they are doing, and what their purpose is in contacting us. These are the cold, factual, eyewitness accounts of real people.

Astronomer/UFO debunker, Carl Sagan, has stated in regard to the UFO phenomenon that "anecdotal stories don't count." The truth of the matter is that "anecdotal stories" is debunkers' lingo for "firsthand, eyewitness testimony." In our society eyewitness testimony is legally admissible evidence in a court of law. The eyewitness testimony of an average American citizen is not rendered invalid simply because he or she doesn't have a "Ph.D." after their name or because they are not an "authority."

On November 5, 1975 six men returning home after a day of tree thinning witnessed a UFO, which turned out to be a genuine alien craft. One man, Travis Walton, ventured too close to the flying saucer and was struck violently by a bright blue-green ray, which hurled him backward and knocked him unconscious. The other men fled and reported what they had witnessed. They were subsequently each given a lie detector test by a police polygraph operator who suspected that they had murdered Walton. All five told the same story, and they all passed the test with flying colors. Five days later Travis was returned by the ETs, and he later gave a detailed account of what he could remember of his abduction.

This famous abduction case is unusual not only because several people consciously witnessed the incident, but because their claims were verified by a police polygraph operator before the abductee had even been returned. Had this been a hoax, it would have been very unlikely that all five witnesses would have passed the polygraph test.

Abductions, however, are not unusual. In fact, astronomer and Air Force UFO consultant, Dr. J. Allen Hynek, is reported to have stated that one out of every forty people have been abducted. (Valerian, 1988) In 1991 abduction researchers Budd Hopkins, John Mack, David Jacobs and Ron Westrum commissioned the Roper Organization to conduct a

poll of 6000 adult Americans that included questions indicating typical UFO abduction symptoms. Their analysis of the survey results indicated that about one in fifty had been abducted. From my own personal experiences and research I believe that these figures are right in the ballpark, thus indicating that about five million or more Americans are abductees. However, these figures may very well be an underestimate of the situation.

Given these numbers, why aren't more people reporting sightings of alien spacecraft? The answer to this and many other related questions can be summed up in just one word, TECHNOLOGY. As you will see as you progress through this book, extra-terrestrials possess not only a very extensive understanding of the physical universe, but also of the mind and spirit.

The quest to understand extra-terrestrial contact can become an all-consuming, never-ending, and often perplexing challenge to those who approach the subject earnestly and with an open mind.

First of all, there is such an overwhelming quantity of worldwide UFO sightings and reported contacts with a broad diversity of ETs with various agendas here on this planet. It is a full-time job just to keep abreast of all the current sightings, contacts and information as well as to inform oneself of all the past UFO/ET reports. For those living on average or below average incomes, the cost of books, videos, cassettes, magazines and other sources of information can take a big bite out of one's budget. Also, few people have the wherewithal to jump on a plane and personally investigate a sighting or contact halfway around the world.

Secondly, the extra-terrestrials themselves are often less than open and honest, and in many cases they are outright deceptive and even malicious. I say this not to incite fear, but to show just cause against blind trust or worship of extra-terrestrials, a surprisingly common phenomenon not only historically, but presently as well.

The communications or teachings of many alien groups are often riddled with contradictions, half-truths and obvious lies. Therefore, the serious student of extra-terrestrial contact must inherently become a clever detective with enough knowledge and experience to discern fact from fiction. This process is not easy, takes years, and requires above all an open mind and an unquenchable thirst for the truth.

And then, once you discover the truth, you might begin to feel very, very alone.

Thirdly, there is the reality, or credibility factor. Not everyone is an ET contactee or abductee or has sighted an alien craft plying our air space. Therefore, the subject of UFOs or ETs is unreal to most people. Those who study the subject without having had a real, personal experience may be haunted with a feeling of angst lurking in the shadows of their minds that the very subject they are diligently studying may not even exist. Psychoanalysts and other armchair philosophers have written books and posed theories that relegate aliens and their craft to the scrap heap of mere mental fabrications or "mass hallucinations." When one reads their laughable theories, one begins to wonder who is actually hallucinating.

The reality factor is made even more ethereal due to the now obvious government cover-up and debunking of UFO/ET eyewitnesses, which was initiated in the 1940s, or perhaps even earlier. To my utter amazement I realized the true nature of this insidious cover-up when I uncovered the eyewitness testimony of an abductee who was taken to an underground base jointly manned by aliens and military/intelligence personnel. In the summer of 1994 I, too, was abducted and taken to an underground U.S. military/aliens base.

The government's concerted campaign to ridicule, harass, and threaten UFO/ET contactees and abductees has effectively served to squelch most people's desire to go public with their eyewitness accounts. Then to complicate matters even further, the government has ostensibly injected a substantial amount of disinformation into the stream of "leaked" government information, thus creating further confusion and discouragement for truth seekers. The task of the UFO researcher would be much easier had our government not chosen to sequester the lion's share of valid data and alien artifacts from the public domain.

Until the government releases all the data they have garnered-- that is, if they ever release it--the eyewitness accounts of abductees and contactees provide the most information and insight into extra-terrestrial activities and intentions. Ufologists often overlook this tremendously rich source of data.

Finally, one of the most insurmountable barriers to understanding alien contact falls within the realm of the emotionally explosive subjects of religion and politics. Ironically, these two topics are prime targets of the not-so-nice aliens, as will be revealed in this book.

Oftentimes a UFO researcher's rigidly structured concept of reality, religious beliefs, or vested interests bars him or her from confronting the subject with an open mind, which is necessary to fully understand the intentions and viewpoints of the extra-terrestrials. As Dr. Hynek also aptly stated, "Well, if these are intelligences, then they know something about the physical world that we don't know, and they also know something about the psychic world that we don't know-- and they're using it all." (Blum 1974)

Like the "Blind Men and the Elephant", ufologists often miss the big picture by examining only one or two pieces of this gargantuan puzzle. Therefore, I have not relied entirely on my own research to expose alien manipulation, but have also included supporting evidence from other fields of study, some of which are seemingly unrelated. One must be willing to confront certain repetitive phenomena reported by contactees and abductees such as telepathy, out-of-body experiences, prophecy, channeling, and even past life abductions. Some people feel threatened by such phenomena and reject it out of hand as hoax or blasphemy. Those with tunnel vision who refuse to widen the parameters of their reality will likely not benefit from the study of extra-terrestrial contact. It will always remain a mystery to them.

For example, some UFO groups make a big point of taking a "scientific" approach to the subject. This is rather ironic as the word "science" originally meant "to know." However, in these modern times science has become "the study of the PHYSICAL UNIVERSE, just the PHYSICAL UNIVERSE, and nothing else exists but the PHYSICAL UNIVERSE." In other words if they can't kill it, dissect it, measure it, put it under a microscope, and observe it with their limited five senses, then it must not exist. Extra-terrestrials, however, know that this isn't true. The understanding of our own spiritual nature is one of the most vital keys to understanding the UFO phenomenon. Without this knowledge there can be no scientific understanding of the UFO enigma. Perhaps we need to re-define science as being "the process or effort to understand the unknown." My favorite dictionary definition of science is "knowledge gained through experience."

Even modern scientists with all their expensive and elaborate equipment base their observations and conclusions on eyewitness testimony. For it is they who must look at the readings on the dials and interpret their meaning. It is they who must peer down into their

microscopes and draw conclusions about what they are watching.

Like a scientific laboratory experiment, anyone can duplicate my research using the same procedures that I have used, which will in turn yield the same results and findings that are revealed in this book. Therefore, my research and discoveries can be verified by anyone who is willing to put forth the time and effort necessary to reveal extra-terrestrial activities and intentions. Contrary to public opinion, we no longer need only to speculate about the motives and modus operandi of the negative ETs. It is knowable. One only has to be willing to know it.

When I was nearly halfway finished writing this book, I scrapped much of what I had written because I realized that the best way to present this information was through the eyes of the abductees themselves and in their own words. With this format the reader can vicariously experience the reality of the abduction phenomenon in detail. Unlike most abduction books, none of these abductees were hypnotized or placed in any kind of a trance state whatsoever, so they were fully conscious and aware and often provided their own personal analysis of specific aspects of the abduction phenomenon as they were reviewing their memories of the abduction incidents. Most of the abductees included in this book chose to remain anonymous; their real names have been replaced with pseudonyms. It is a sad commentary on our society that these people feel they cannot go public without risking open ridicule or behind-the-back snickers.

Although the material in this book might be regarded as being of an advanced nature, I have written it in such a way that a person new to the subject can easily understand it, while seasoned ufologists will also gain new information, insights, or verification of phenomena with which they are already somewhat familiar. All that's really required is an open mind and a truly scientific approach.

Truth knows no vested interest. I'm an independent researcher. I'm not currently a member of any fraternal organization, secret society, religion, church, or political party. I have never been employed by or affiliated with any intelligence agency. No one else has financed my research, so I'm not obliged to slant the results of my research in favor of any vested interest. Also, the abductees who contributed the details of their own experiences in this book were likewise not influenced by any of the factors above. Oftentimes abductees view their abductions from the framework of a rigidly structured reality or a religious belief system that consequently colors their interpretation of their experiences. They try to pigeonhole the abduction phenomenon into this framework, and like putting a round peg into a square hole, it just doesn't fit. Fortunately, the abductees who worked with me on this project were open-minded, virtually lacking in preconceived notions, and had little or no knowledge of the details of the abduction phenomenon in the beginning.

Debunkers sometimes accuse UFO researchers of being motivated by money. However, most researchers spend more money on the study of UFOs than they ever make. It is more of a passion or hobby, and only a very few have made a profit even when they do write a book. All things considered, one would make more money per hour flipping burgers than writing a book about UFOs or extra-terrestrial contact.

Money has never been much of a motivation for me either. Since my youth I've sought the intangibles in life like truth, knowledge, and understanding. In my early teens I became aware of being aware. So innately I knew that I was not just a meat body or animal. I just "knew" that I was a "being." From that point on I just wanted to find

out who "I" was and what the true nature of reality is. In this sense this book is the culmination of a lifetime of my research into the mind, life, and the true spiritual nature of man.

Some UFO researchers who have discovered what the negative ETs are up to state that the government is justified in keeping the truth away from the public. I disagree. Just because the truth ain't pretty, is no reason to maintain secrecy. There are other reasons for the government secrecy, as will be revealed in the following pages; these "reasons" neither serve the American people nor do they contribute to our long-term survival.

The phrase "Know the truth, and it will set you free" stuck in my mind since my youth, and I've found that it's a very workable principle that can be applied not only to the physical universe, but also to the realms of mind and spirit. If we are to free ourselves from the bonds of extra-terrestrial manipulation, then we must indeed confront the truth. Some ufologists claim that people would just totally freak out if they found out the truth. As I have discovered in case after case, this is simply not true.

In reference to discovering the truth about UFOs, J. Allen Hynek indicated that it would be so unbelievable to us that it would be like Plato being suddenly confronted with the technology of television. I, as well as thousands of other abductees, have discovered that this is indeed the case; so much so that we are often at a loss for words to describe even in twentieth century terminology the phenomena that we have personally observed. Any sincere investigation of the UFO abduction phenomenon reveals that the truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Therefore, it is in the interest and spirit of truth, freedom and the future survival of mankind that I present the following evidence and eyewitness testimony.

RUDE AWAKENING

The saucer hovered above the hill overlooking the Palouse River. It circled left to right, then withdrew behind the hill only to reappear seconds later in the starlit sky. The saucer repeated this maneuver for several minutes as its lights whirled left to right as if it were spinning.

My mother, sister, brother, and I stood on the railroad crossing in the middle of the road, facing west and gazing in wonder. I listened intently as they offered each other plausible explanations as to what it might be. My brother suggested that it might be some kind of experimental aircraft from Fairchild Air Force Base, which was just fifty miles to the north. But I could tell from the way he said it that he didn't really believe the Air Force could possess such an amazing aircraft. Even today we all remember having seen this most curious phenomenon. In 1993, thirty-six years later, my mother described the object as a typical, large flying saucer with lights.

It was 1957, I was eight years old, and we were totally oblivious to the fact that we had just been abducted and examined by aliens with large black eyes and pale skin.

As strange as it sounds, we never really discussed the sighting in the ensuing years until I brought up the subject in 1993. To this day I am the only family member who remembers what really happened that night. I didn't discover the shocking truth of that night until thirty years later. I was in the process of recalling traumatic incidents from my past when this scene suddenly pops into my mind:

I'm standing on the road watching the UFO above the hill. My brother, standing on my right, is talking about what the object might be. Then suddenly another scene flashes in my mind. I'm sitting in the back seat of our Dodge station wagon, paralyzed. I look out the window to my left and see strange-looking beings with big black eyes peering through the window at me.

Then I flash forward in time. I'm lying helpless on a table in a large room with a curved wall on one side. I turn my head to the left and see my family stretched out on tables beside me.

At first I don't believe it. This was just too bizarre. I tried to keep the truth of the abduction from invading my reality as I continued viewing the memory. But I finally could no longer deny the truth. The trauma that was locked up for thirty years burst forth like a dam splitting wide open.

I don't believe I've ever cried so long or so hard. But as the tears poured from my eyes, I began to feel the welcome relief from the burden of mental anguish. The trauma of this particular abduction would no longer affect me. However, I now had to confront a major adjustment in my personal reality.

At first I didn't know how to deal with this bizarre new reality. I began to feel anger and resentment toward these strange beings for violating my family and me. I imagined scenarios where I would blast the aliens away with an Uzi and then capture their ship. Though it was pure fantasy, this was my way of triumphing over the abduction and becoming a victor instead of a victim.

However, a few days later I received another session, which

released even more of the pent up emotions toward my abductors. I had uncovered yet another abduction incident in the late seventies that had occurred in Chattaroy, Washington, just fifteen miles north of Spokane. My wife-to-be, J , was also abducted that night, and I will never forget the sadness and helplessness I felt when I saw her sitting on the floor of the ship with her back against a wall. She was slumped over and appeared to be unconscious. During the abduction I was laid on an examining table with some kind of electrodes on each side of my head. The electrodes didn't actually touch my head, but appeared to be attached to the table. Some kind of electronic wave oscillations, or whatever, were being passed through my brain. I couldn't make out what they were doing nor why. This abduction occurred on the very night that J and I met and fell in love, so perhaps the Grays were playing matchmaker. From the Grays' point of view, it would seem that J would be a logical choice for me since she was an abductee, too.

After discharging the emotional trauma of those two incidents, I began to take a different viewpoint toward the aliens. I reasoned that their race was probably similar to ours in that some were bad and some were good and some were in between. I no longer dwelled on the subject of my past abductions, and I turned my attention toward handling my day-to-day life. Little did I know at that time that these two incidents were merely a sampling of an endless plague of even more bizarre abductions throughout my life.

Several years later, in 1992, I began the continuing process of opening up memories of abductions, revealing that I was living a double, secret life aboard spacecraft--a life of abductions that had wreaked physical, mental, and spiritual havoc upon my family and me.

On the surface there were no observable indications that either I or any other family members had had contact with extra-terrestrials. We had no reason to suspect that the lives we were leading were anything out of the ordinary. All of our abduction experiences were securely tucked away behind a solid veil of amnesia. Little did my wife and I suspect that the choices we had made in our lives were not entirely our own. We had assumed that the reasons we had moved so often were a result of our own conscious and self-determined desires. In 1993 we both realized that many of our moves, some of which were sudden, were preceded by abduction incidents. The urge to move was simply an unconscious survival mechanism to avoid a repeat of an unpleasant experience containing physical and emotional pain.

J and I had split up and then gotten back together again several times during our marriage. Each time that we parted, one or both of us had a strong desire to move away from the area we had been abducted in. This urge was exacerbated by the fact that the abduction incidents usually caused emotional upset. We vented our anger, fear, or depression on each other without realizing that the true source of the emotional disturbance lay completely hidden below our level of awareness. This cause and effect relationship often resulted in my experiencing depression, anger, or irritability following abductions, and I would subsequently increase my consumption of alcohol. This, of course, only made matters even worse.

I later discovered in my research that the symptoms that I have just described are common phenomena amongst abductees. I also found that we were not alone. As my understanding of extra-terrestrials and the abduction phenomenon increased, I began to talk more openly about my experiences. As a result, I began to meet other abductees in the normal course of day-to-day living. As I met more and more abductees, I became amazed at how many of us there really are.

Most abductees, however, are totally unaware of the fact that they

have been in contact with extra-terrestrials, and they lead relatively normal lives. Extra-terrestrials understand the mind all too well, and they use this technology to install amnesia in the abductee. This results in what has come to be known as "missing time." Actually, "missing time" is somewhat of a misnomer. What the abductee is really missing is memory, not time. Time has marched forward. It was two o'clock. Suddenly, it's four o'clock. "Gee, what have I been doing for the past two hours?" Sometimes, however, not all of the memory gets blocked out, so the abductee will remember bits and pieces of the abductions. This can be very disconcerting or frightening to abductees who haven't educated themselves on the reality of this phenomenon, so they often withhold telling even their closest friends or relatives for fear of ridicule. How the ETs create the amnesia and why they do it will become more apparent as you read through the following abduction accounts.

As much as I have been abducted, I have never noticed any "missing time." Unless one has consciously noticed specific points of reference such as the position of the hands of a clock, the location of the sun, or the location of one's car on the road, the abduction memory won't be missed. Most of my abductions occur when I'm sleeping, so I don't notice any missing memory.

J , however, has reported two instances of missing memory, which occurred in the summer of '78 before we met. She was living in Spokane at the time, and the nights were hot. She couldn't get to sleep, so she decided to drive north to her parents home in Chattaroy where it would be cooler. The last thing she remembered was leaving the city limits of Spokane and turning onto the Newport highway. The next thing she remembered was pulling her car into her parents' driveway. She had absolutely no memory of driving the distance between Spokane and Chattaroy and couldn't account for the memory black-out. This happened twice within a week's time. Consequently, she was concerned about this and thought that perhaps she had fallen asleep at the wheel. This, however, made little sense because she hadn't driven off the road or had an accident. She later discovered that she was an abductee long before she ever met me. On June 29th, 1994, she recovered the missing memory of one of those hot summer nights. What occurred was so intriguing that I have included her detailed account in Chapter Nine.

Alien implants inserted into various parts of the body are often reported by abductees. In fact medical doctors are now beginning to notice these implants in MRIs. These are real, solid, physical objects. My abductors--aliens called "Grays"--have inserted an implant through my forehead just above the bridge of my nose. The implant was later removed about a year later on February 7, 1993 and then later reinstalled on March 26, 1993. I know this because I remember them doing it. Apparently, this implant is located in my brain because it dulls my mental acuity and speed of mental computation including reading speed. It also adversely affects my emotions by inhibiting the higher emotions such as cheerfulness and joy. When the implant is taken out or reinstalled there is such a dramatic change it's like the difference between night and day. In June of 1994 I was describing what the implanting arm looked like to my doctor, who has talked with other abductees. He stopped me in the middle of my explanation and told me that he already knew what it looked like from a picture drawn by another abductee.

Another family member, Burt, appears to have also been implanted, as I'll discuss in the following chapter.

BURT'S ABDUCTION

Burt gets nose bleeds sometimes for no apparent reason. This, of course, in itself isn't unusual. However, abductees very often have an implant that is inserted up one of their nostrils. Sometimes this implant causes nosebleeds, especially right after it has been installed. Burt told me that in the fall of 1992 he had recurring nosebleeds over a three-day period. During this time he experienced great apprehension, a fear of an unknown "something" for which he could not ascribe a definite, plausible explanation.

For the past two years, 1992 through 1994, Burt always slept with one or two knives under his mattress. At first J couldn't account for the disappearance of a number of her knives from the kitchen drawer until she discovered this black hole of butcher knives. Burt roamed the house at night wielding these culinary weapons, investigating "creaking sounds," as if a stranger had invaded our space. As he later discovered, his fears were not unfounded.

In a late night conversation with J in the fall of 1993, Burt learned that both she and I were abductees. Burt hadn't read any books on the subject nor was he interested in UFOs or ETs, but he did want to find out if he also was an abductee. So I offered my services.

The skills that I had acquired don't employ the use of hypnotism at all. I had learned how to bring forth memories from the unconscious mind without putting the subject in any kind of trance state whatsoever. In fact the subject is totally aware and conscious and is able to transfer and re-experience these hidden memories from the unconscious part of the mind without any harmful side effects. With these techniques it is virtually impossible to install a post-hypnotic suggestion. The subject simply returns through an past several times until it has become part of his or her conscious memory and any physical pain or painful emotion has disappeared. It is much like quickly passing a magnet by a nail near the edge of a table. With each pass the nail nudges a little bit closer until it is finally close enough to be pulled onto the magnet. For example, the first pass through an incident may only yield part of the story, or it may be vague or hazy, but upon additional recountings, more details of the incident surface until the whole incident becomes clear. I'll expound upon this subject in Chapter Eight in order to shed more light onto alien mind control.

The original question that I asked Burt was, "Have you ever been abducted?" Although I usually never ask specifically for an abduction incident, in this case it seemed appropriate as this is what he wanted to know. The answer to that question was an abduction incident that took over seven hours to bring to the surface. We worked for four days with one session each day. Although it is unusual to spend so much time on just one incident, our efforts paid off in that a lot of details were extracted. Afterward Burt made some sketches of the aliens, their craft and other items of interest. (See illustrations)

Surprisingly, this abduction took place in the wee hours of the morning beside a normally busy four-lane street within the city limits of Spokane. That they can abduct people in populated areas without detection demonstrates a technology that is beyond our wildest

imagination. It also explains why so many abductions can occur with so few sightings.

The transcript of this taped session contained a great deal of repetitive information, due to the fact that we had to make several passes through the incident; I have therefore edited the transcript for purposes of this book. I have tried to edit the incidents in this book as little as possible in order to maintain their integrity. However, I didn't want to burden the reader with many repetitive details or extraneous comments, and I needed to protect the identities of the people involved; therefore, some editing and name changes were required. For example, I decided not to burden the readers with the frequent use of "ums," "ers," "ahs," "hmmms," and other sounds that people make while pausing in thought. I have also not shown the frequent pauses in the middle of sentences when abductees are pausing to look at the particulars of each incident. Other than the above mentioned minor alterations, the following incidents have been presented in their original condition without any significant alteration. Any comments that I've added are therefore enclosed in parentheses or brackets.

The following transcript begins in the second session and starts in the middle of the incident where Burt is sitting on a bench in a spacecraft. Burt begins by describing what he had uncovered in the previous session.

Burt's Session #1 -- Saturday, October 23, 1993

"Return to the incident we were working on yesterday and return to the time you were sitting on the bench."

Burt: "Yeah, I remember now, it was like when you are in a doctor's office, and they have like that white paper on it. But it was more like--what I was sitting (on)--it was more like that white paper they use."

"Can you see it now?"

Burt: "Yeah, I can kinda feel it. It feels like paper, really dry." (In a later session he described the paper as also being soft and smooth.)

"Where are you at in the incident right now? What's happening?"

Burt: "Sitting and looking forward at the wall."

"All right. Return to the beginning of this incident."

Burt: "Okay."

"What's happening?"

Burt: "I remember seeing that U-shaped object moving across where I see, and I see it moving downward. Then it comes closer to me. Then the next thing I remember I'm sitting up on this bed with plastic or papery sort of cover on it. And I'm looking at a wall. I'm not wearing a shirt. It's kinda cool in there. The room is circular that I'm in. It's kind of a grayish light. There's a cat sitting next to me in about an arm's reach. It's black, and it's just sitting there."

"What color is its eyes?" (I was curious as I hadn't heard of or recalled any incidents where any domesticated animals were seen aboard spacecraft.)

Burt: "I don't remember. Orange." (He later described them as yellowish-orange.)

"Does it have any stripes on it?"

Burt: "No, it's solid black."

"Is it an ordinary cat?"

Burt: "Yeah, an ordinary cat. It has short hair, you know, slick-

backed looking. It's kinda looking straight forward like I'm doing. I and the cat seem to be acting rather apathetic. It's like--where I'm at--I'm not alarmed by it. It doesn't seem like anything unusual. I'm looking along the floor where the floor meets the wall. It's kind of sloped downward to the floor. Turning my head on the wall I see like a symbol on the wall. It's like a right parenthesis--I mean, left parenthesis--with a dot in the middle of it, not touching it, but really close to it and centered vertically to it. (See illustrations) I was looking at it, I remember. I didn't remember being interested in it. I was just looking at it for something to look at."
"What color is it?"

Burt: "White. I was sitting there kinda looking at it and started turning my head back, and--just a little bit--and something moved behind me, seems to walk across the room, and the cat jumps down to the floor. I hear kind of a thud sound, so I turn my head to look at there. I don't see him, and I look up, and I notice this object on the wall. It was like a square shape with like a part of a metal axle attached to it with a crescent next to a glass window or something. A circular piece of glass with a crescent going around part of it. And I didn't see anything through the glass 'cause it was black. And I was--I start turning my head back; I start looking straight ahead of me. I was just looking at the wall, and I start feeling really tired. I started kinda resting my head in my hands, then I sat up. I kinda sat up, you know, kinda trying to fight being tired. And I was looking ahead of me, trying to keep my eyes open, and it was just too hard, so I was putting my head in my hands. I guess I fell asleep. I'm getting real tired, and that was the last thing I remember." (Burt now shifts backward in time to when he first entered this room.) "I also remember there's two creatures in there, two beings in the room. One appeared to be going through some drawers. I see something in one of the drawers. It seems to be shiny like chrome or stainless steel."
"What is its shape?"

Burt: "I can't see all of it 'cause it's in the drawer, and I'm just kinda looking over. Part of the being's shoulder or arm's in the way, so I can't see the whole thing."

"What's the being's arm like?"

Burt: "It's a white lab coat he's wearing." (He later described the lab coat as being long and baggy, not tight-fitting, and with a pocket on the left side. See Illustration.)

"Do you see the being's hand?"

Burt: "No, I don't. His arms appear to be in front of him, so I don't see 'em." (Burt later mentioned to me that they had three fingers, but no fingernails. They didn't have much of a palm, as if the fingers connected directly to the wrist.)

"Is he looking at you?"

Burt: "No, he's busy. I remember seeing him, looking at him in the face. He's--white lab coat, kind of sunflower seed-shaped eyes, like teardrops or something. The teardrops are kinda pointing towards its nose, the more slanted ends are. And it doesn't have much of a nose. It's nose kinda goes down a little bit, then kinda points up and has big nostrils. I don't see any lips or ears at all, just has a small mouth, all black eyes--solid black. I can't tell where he's looking. No matter where its head is pointing it seems to be staring."

"Is the being that you're looking at communicating to you?"

Burt: "No, I don't think so. I can't tell. I feel like I know what he's doing. I can't tell what it is. Almost as if he's examining me."
"Is he examining you?"

Burt: "Yeah, kind of just a quick examination, looking at me."
"What does that feel like?"

Burt: "Scary. Kinda spooky feeling. His eyes, you can't tell what it means, can't tell anything from 'em. I think I have my shirt on this time. I'm looking at it in two--it feels like I'm wearing my shirt. I walk in with my shirt, and I look at him. He's examining me."
"Is he touching you?"

Burt: "No. I was just kind of walking past him, like he was giving me a quick look-over, kind of like he was bored with this. It was like something he did, like a job he had. This--what he had to do was kind of look at me 'cause that was what he did. I was kind of walking forward a little bit--really slowly--I think there's one behind me. It was the one who was messing in the drawer. I was walking past a drawer. There's one standing by where the drawer is, and that was the one who was looking me over, but there seems to be one behind me. That was the one that walked across the room. They seem just about identical. You can't--there's no distinguishing features on them. They both look very much the same. They're hairless, pale skin, large eyes, large nostrils, small mouth--a peephole--both wearing the same thing. Slowly I'm walking past him. I'm just kinda turning a little bit. I feel like somebody's telling me to turn. No one's touching me. No one's touching me at all. Just seems, I don't know, just turning, you know. I just know that I'm supposed to turn. I kinda turn a little bit. I'm walking, and I see a table, the same kind of covering on it, kind of a papery covering, but this one has a back on it. It's kind of sloped up a little bit. There's a light propped up by it. It seems to be kind of brighter. It seems to be a bit brighter than the gray one I saw. I'm kinda walking towards the back of it. There's like little cups or something attached to it for holding things. It's like they're shiny, kinda like shiny metal bars coming up the side on the corners of it, on the back."
"What's happening now?"

Burt: "I'm behind it, not looking at it (the table). I'm kinda looking just at the wall. The room I came into is more like a half-sphere shape. It's not a fully circular room, a half-sphere. It's not divided directly down the middle. The room that I'm in, it looks like it's two rooms or something. The room that I'm in seems to be a bit larger than the other, 'cause it's not divided equally. It's all circular. The wall in the middle is kinda sloped, and there's a small counter, and there's several drawers in it. And right on the corner one by the door there is--that's where this being was looking in. He was looking through that one, and when I walked in he didn't seem to be looking through it. It was more like it was just kinda standing by it. So I walked in, it kind of looked at me, skeptically, as if he was examining me and was skeptical about it, about me. I just kinda get that feeling. I walk past him, and now I'm standing behind the bed or something, I don't know, with the back propped up. A bright light over it. On one side it seems to be a lever, a metal bar coming up from the side

of it. There's some shiny pen-like things in one of the cups on the sides. I still have my shirt on."

"How do you feel?"

Burt: "Kind of apathetic still. I'm standing by the bed, and I move out from behind it onto the other side, the opposite, to the one with the lever on it. I'm standing by the back of it where it slopes up. It comes up about to my waist. I'm looking at it. It's a papery sort of thing on it. The light on there is really bright, and it's making my eyes hurt. There's a light above it (the bed), and it's really bright, and it's making my eyes hurt."

"Are you standing?"

Burt: "Standing. One hand's kinda leaning on it. My left hand is kinda leaning on it. Now I'm leaning on it with both hands."

"Where are the beings at?"

Burt: "There's one just a little ways on the other side of the bed, and the other one's over, over by the door toward the cabinet by the drawer. It seems as though he's waiting for something. I think he's a guard or something, 'cause he seems to be at the same place most of the time."

"What are you doing now?"

Burt: "Getting up onto it. I'm sitting there now." (on the bed)

"How wide is it?"

Burt: "About yea wide." (He indicates about two and a half to three feet with his hands.) "The light is shining on the sloped part. It's not curved up, kind of like a ramp."

"What's happening now?"

Burt: "I'm getting up on the bed, and so I'm sitting there, the light is behind me, so I can't see it. I don't hear anything except for a soft `sssssss' sound. Almost like wind, like wind through the trees. I think I'm taking off my shoes."

"Is that what you're doing, taking off your shoes?"

Burt: "I think so."

"What color are your shoes?"

Burt: "Black."

"Are the beings close by you right now?"

Burt: "The one that was on the other side of the bed went over to the side that I was just currently standing by. He seems to be standing by. He seems to be standing there looking at me. He seems to be looking at my feet as I'm taking my shoes off. The other one's by the same place, and it's just watching me."

"Is anyone communicating to you?"

Burt: "I can't tell. I don't hear any verbal communication at all. They don't try to communicate verbally or anything, you know. So it's kinda hard to tell. This whole thing, I recall, I'm very apathetic, kind of a tired apathy. I just took my left shoe off. I set it down at the end of the bed. I'm taking off my right shoe and putting it on the end of the bed, and I'm sitting there now. Now I'm taking my shirt off, and I put that at the end of the bed, too. I scoot back a little bit. The being comes closer to the bed. But I'm not looking at him. I seem to be squinting my eyes from the light, and I lay down on the bed. The lights are really bright. There's three bright bulbs above my head in the lamp. Kind of like on an arm, arm-deal holding it up. It doesn't look like it's giving off any heat at all. It's looking at me. My eyes are closed 'cause the light is shining right in my face. The being goes around the foot of the bed to the other side where it's adjusting the lamp."

It's on my left side now. It's kind of adjusting it, so it tilts this way, then moved down a little bit, then kinda scooted it up. It's facing right on my face."

(Burt then fell into a deep state of unconsciousness at this point during the abduction while lying on the table, and he was unable to discover what had occurred during this time period while on the examination table. Oftentimes these aliens inject drugs into the abductees as you will see later. Perhaps this was the time that they installed an implant through his nose. The next thing he recalls is waking up, looking at the wall with the symbols and sitting next to the black cat, as described before. I'll skip this part and pick up the incident again as he is leaving the examination room.)

Burt: "I'm getting down off there, half-asleep, half-awake. I got up and started walking toward the door. I went through it; it was all black. There was actually no door there. It was an entry way, and I went through that. It was all black."

"Is there a being by you?"

Burt: "There's one behind me."

"Are you walking?"

Burt: "Yeah."

"What do you see?"

Burt: "Black."

"Are your eyes open?"

Burt: "I don't know. I don't think so. When I went through the door, I closed my eyes."

"Is someone giving you directions somehow?"

Burt: "I think so. It's like when you're really familiar with a room or something, you know where everything is at. So it's like I'm just doing it. I have my shirt in my left hand. It's real dark."

"What happens next? Are your eyes open or closed?"

Burt: "Closed I think. I'm standing by a wall, I think, 'cause I'm not moving anywhere now. I'm going through a hallway. It's all black still. There's a being standing over by the other wall, and one standing by me. It's moving forward slowly and still behind me. I don't hear the humming very much. I'm standing over by the wall now. They opened the door. It feels really cold. Really cold. I think the door opens, making it cold. I think I'm going through it now. The air is cool and crisp. My eyes are closed. I don't see anything." (Here is an example of how ETs can control people with telepathic hypnosis. That is, the abductee is in a hypnotic, somnambulistic state and is being directed telepathically.)

"What does the air smell like?"

Burt: "Fall. All the leaves are falling off the trees, and it's kind of a sweet smell to the air."

"Are you outside now?"

Burt: "Yeah."

"Are you walking?"

Burt: "Just kinda standing. I think I'm on a step or something, because I'm not on the ground yet. I'm trying to get a clear picture on this. It's hazy. I think I'm wearing my shoes now. I think I kinda just slipped them on."

"What happens next?"

Burt: "I think I'm walking. It smells like fall. I hear the sound of the wind going through the trees. It's definitely late at night. I don't hear any cars or anything."

"Are your eyes open?"

Burt: "My eyes are shut. I don't feel anything behind me."
"Where are you at?"

Burt: "I don't know."
"Is the air dry or damp?"

Burt: "It's humid. The leaves are dry, rattling against each other. I'm tired and cold, and I don't know where I'm at. When I was back there at the spaceship, I knew where I was at, but now I don't know where I'm at. But I think the ship is still behind me."
(Burt had a difficult time getting through this part of the incident. This was his first glimpse outside the ship, and up to this point he didn't know where he was at. He was apparently in disbelief that a spaceship could have parked in the alley behind the house next to a normally busy street. Consequently, he began to question his own memory.)

"Are you still standing?"

Burt: "Um-huh. I have this weird feeling I'm in the back yard. But that couldn't be. That would be ridiculous. That's the only thing I can come up with. It seems like I open my eyes for just a minute, and I saw--looks like it, it seems like it, though. There's two bins. (Compost bins) There used to be only two, but now there's three." (This verified Burt's memory, because there were only two compost bins at the time of the abduction. J later added another bin, making a total of three bins when Burt received this session.) "There's a lot of junk lying around. Lots of weeds, dead corn. I'm moving forward a little bit."
"Are you walking toward the house?"

Burt: "Yeah, I think so. I'm not moving. I don't know why. It's cold outside. I wouldn't just stay outside in the cold. I wouldn't do a thing like that. This is sounding ridiculous--the last part of this--it's just a bunch of bullshit! I know! It couldn't be real, because I picture--I see this spaceship sitting in the alley! Right? I don't think so."
"Where is it now?"

Burt: "You know where you had the van parked?"
"Uh-huh."

Burt: "Well, it's taking up all that area. That whole space there. It's taking up the alley and the driveway. Pretty big." (The area he described would accommodate a craft of about thirty feet in diameter.)
"Describe it to me."

Burt: "It's circular-shaped. It's kinda in a shape like if you were to take a couple paper plates and flip them, put one of them upside down and stick them together. A dome shape, kind of metallic-looking, kind of a metallic gray. It's kind of a light, metallic gray. Almost shiny."
"Does it look pretty much like a flying saucer?"

Burt: "Yeah."
"Have any legs?"

Burt: "Don't know."
"Have any windows?"

Burt: "Don't see any."
"Any beings by it?"

Burt: "Inside."
(Burt later told me that the ship was bigger on the inside than it appeared to be from the outside. This phenomenon is often

reported by abductees.)

"What's happening now?"

Burt: "It feels like I'm looking at it."

"Where are you standing?"

Burt: "You know where the sidewalk meets the patio? I'm standing right on the sidewalk. I'm standing on the other side of the sidewalk where, you know, there's two bins on that side, but right next to the patio. I'm not completely turned around. I'm just looking over my shoulder at it."

"Do you see any cars?"

Burt: "I think I see our car. I don't see Roberta's car. Her car isn't there, but the Datsun is." ("Roberta" is a pseudonym for the landlady who lived in the basement of this house.)

"Is anyone with you?"

Burt: "No, just me. I'm looking at the house now. The porch light is on."

"Is the spaceship still there?"

Burt: "Yeah, it's silent."

"When is this?"

Burt: "This is autumn."

"How long ago was this?"

Burt: "One year."

(Burt bogs down again and has a very difficult time progressing any further in the incident. He couldn't figure out how he got back into the house, because the wooden door and the metal security door were always both locked at night. How he actually entered the house that night is, as you'll see, a very difficult thing for anyone to believe. After a couple of sessions, however, we got through this part of the incident as follows:)

"My toe is touching the first step, the toe of my shoe. My shirt is still in my hand. Pausing, I take one step with my left foot, stepping onto the first step. I just got a picture of one of the alien's eyes. His right eye. No eyebrow. I can't tell anything through their eyes. It seems to be kind of a cold stare. He doesn't seem to be communicating anything. Seems like he's standing next to the porch. I'm standing right below the first step on the patio facing the Gray." (These particular beings are commonly called "Grays" because of their skin color. At the beginning of this series of sessions, Burt was unfamiliar with the term "Gray," so he used the word "beings.") "I seem to be pretty close to him actually, just a little ways away, about ten inches. He seems to be just kind of like, 'Let's hurry up and get this over with.' I just keep looking at him. I'm turning my head, and I'm looking at the door again. I think the Gray kinda turns his head and looks at the door, too."

"What's happening now?"

Burt: "I don't know."

"Where are you standing?"

Burt: "Same place."

"What's happening now?"

Burt: "I felt something in the back of my throat. Like if you were swallowing a vitamin or something, a gel cap or something. It tastes like I just swallowed a gel cap. It's kind of smooth. It doesn't have a really bad flavor to it. Kind of like a vitamin E capsule. I just swallowed it. I don't bite it."

"What happens now?"

Burt: "Don't know."

"Try moving forward."

Burt: "I can't do it. I can't get the truth. They fucked with me. All I can get now is just my imagination. That's the only thing that's coming to me. I just kind of imagine myself, you know, kind of turning whitish, you know, and just going `krrrrrh' (He makes a guttural sound), walking `through' the door like those old corny sci-fi movies."

"Let's see what's happening. Go ahead."

Burt: "I'm walking up the steps. I get to the top, and I'm not beside him or anything; I kinda go through before him. But it's like I kinda look like static or something. You know, white static, not black. Like a white--I become whitish, but you can still see colors in me. It's kinda like static, except for it's, you know, all the black spots are replaced with the colors. I can kinda make out my shape as I walk through it. I'm kinda looking at myself doing it. It doesn't seem real. I walk in there. It looks like the kitchen light's on now. Not the big lamp, but just the little one above the sink. It looks like that one's on. I'm walking in there. There's a couple pots sitting on the stove."

"Is the Gray still beside you?"

Burt: "Behind me. I'm walking. I walk out of the kitchen and around the corner (a right turn). It's all dark there (the living room), except for my bedroom light was on, and I walk towards that."

"What's happening now?"

Burt: "I'm in the living room. Down the hallway and toward my bedroom, the light's on there. I think it's an orangish-like light, kind of amber-colored. And I walk into my room. I take my shoes off, and I go towards my bed. I drop my shirt on the floor, I get in my bed, and I'm kinda looking toward my light, but the blanket is over me. I fell asleep."

"Let's start right at the beginning of the incident again, okay?"

Burt: "Okay."

"Return to that point and see what happens."

Burt: "I wake up. I see him there. I get out of bed and start walking towards the door. The Gray is standing there, the door is already open." (Burt later explained to me how natural this was, like a friend had just come over and was going to take him somewhere.) "My light's on. I don't hear anything. Gray's wearing a white lab coat." (I found this curious as I had never heard of Grays wearing lab coats.) "I start walking toward the door. Through the door. The Gray turns around behind me. I'm walking through the living room. I'm going around the corner into the kitchen, and the light's on. Let's see, it appears that the stove light is also on. I'm walking towards the door, I pause there, the Gray is behind me a little bit. He comes up. He catches up to me. The same thing happens. I go through the door. I start turning white."

"What's turning white?"

Burt: "I am. It's kinda like--if you imagine in pixels--every other pixel is white. That's what it's like, you know, up and down. I'm walking toward the door. I'm walking through the door now."

"Describe that to me."

Burt: "It's like I'm looking through a--it's like going through a bright light, kinda. I can kinda feel it."

"What does that feel like?"

Burt: "It's kinda like walking, like energy going right through me. Like a great big forcefield of energy. Kind of like a, like a forcefield. Like wind. Like `whooh.'" (He makes a soft, quick blowing sound.)
"That quick?"
Burt: "Yeah."
"These white dots, like pixels, how far apart are they?"
Burt: "It was like static, you know, about the size of white static on your TV."
"Oh."
Burt: "That's how big the colored dots are, too. It's kinda like `whooh' wind, you know. A quick puff of it. It feels like it goes all the way through me."

I've also experienced being passed through a door in this same manner in 1991. I can vouch for the accuracy of Burt's description of the experience. It's like being the wind and blowing through the trees. It is--putting it into modern vernacular--quite a rush.

From this point Burt was escorted out to the ship parked in the alley. He walked up three steps and ducked through a hatch, which was located somewhat on the underside of the ship near the outer edge. He then walked through a dark corridor before entering the main room of the ship.

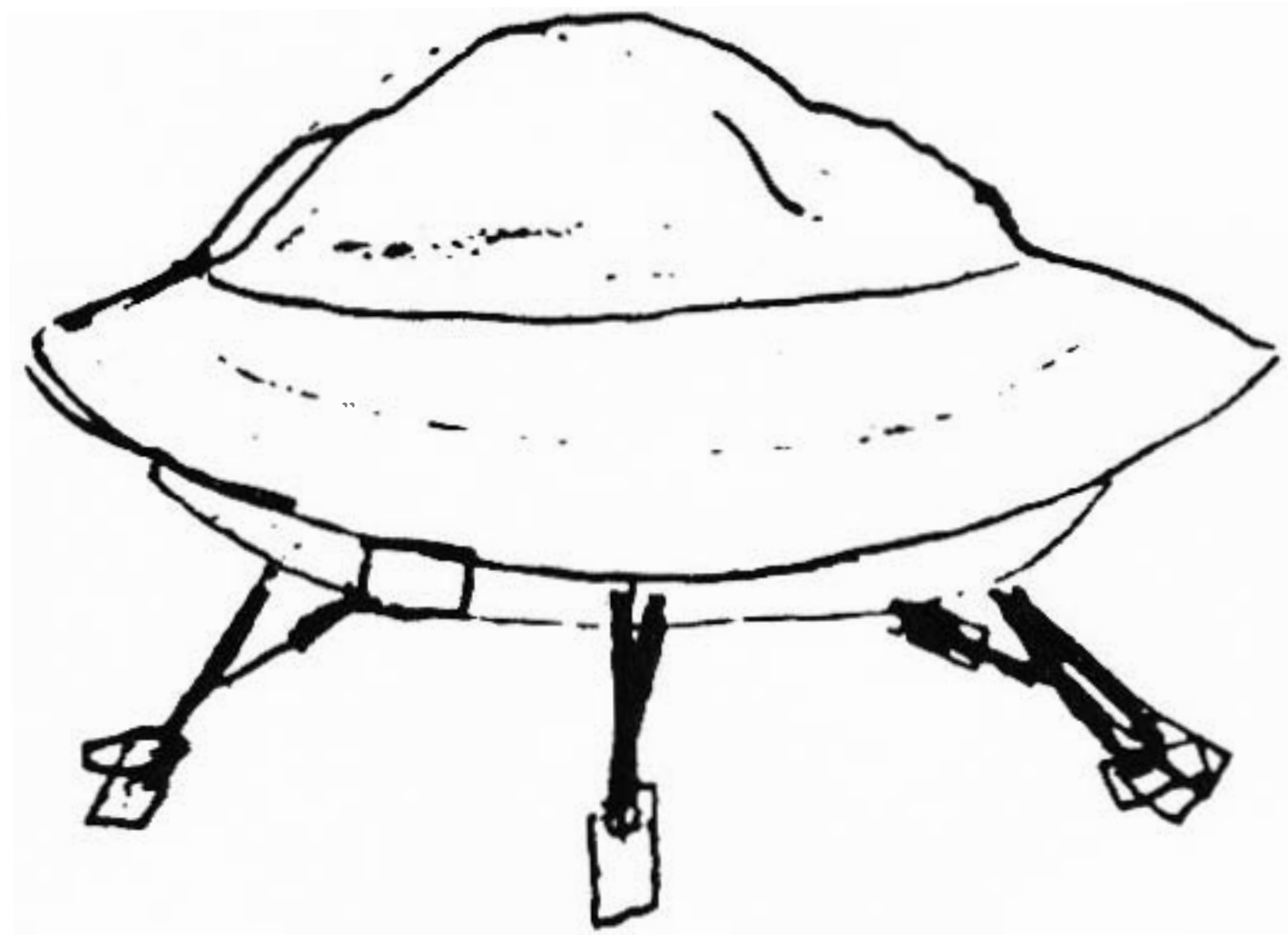
Between the third and fourth session, Burt wanted to discuss in more detail what the aliens looked like. He had seen the artist's rendition of a Gray on the cover of Whitley Strieber's book COMMUNION, and had noticed some discrepancies from what he had observed during his abduction. So I interviewed him and taped the interview. The following transcript is taken from the first half of that interview:

"You were telling me about their faces."
Burt: "Yeah, their faces were a lot, were very white, very pale white, kind of a grayish-like color to 'em. They had very large black eyes and--like on the cover of that book COMMUNION. It shows both corners of their eyes are pointed. But only the part of the eyes that point to their noses were pointed; the other sides were very rounded." (He later commented that the eyes were slanted, too. See Illustration.)
"Oh, I see."
Burt: "Their nose, it was a lot like they showed on that cover, though. That was exactly like it was. The mouth wasn't quite as large. It was very small, and there was no smirk or anything. The very ends of it kinda dip down just a tiny bit." (Grays aren't noted for their smiles.)
"Any lips?"
Burt: "No, they didn't have any lips. No ears at all either."
"Any holes?"
Burt: "I didn't see any holes. But I didn't--they didn't have any ears if you looked at them straight forward. You couldn't see anything like that. They're completely hairless. No hair on their heads anywhere. No facial hair. Their heads were rounded. On that cover it also shows that their chins are pointed, but actually they're very well-rounded. They come down to--their faces are not that narrow. Just a little less narrow, and their chins don't go down that long, very rounded looking. They have very thin necks, too."
"How long were their necks from their shoulders?"
Burt: "Uh, just a little bit longer than ours."

SKETCHES AND SYMBOLS DRAWN BY BURT



SHORT GRAY WEARING A LAB COAT



ROUGH SKETCH OF SPACECRAFT IN THE ALLEY



SYMBOLS ON
THE WALL

"I see."

Burt: "A little less wider than ours, too. They had no facial fat or anything, no fatty tissue on their face, really. It was pretty slim. Their eyes were solid black. I didn't see any pupil in them. They didn't seem to reflect any images or anything very well. Their heads were larger at the top. They're kind of shaped like a pretty well-rounded sunflower seed, you know. Kind of the way their heads were, like a raindrop or something. Their nostrils were very large, and they weren't very wide, but they were very long. Because their nose is kinda--because they were very short, but they kinda come up. They came down a little bit, but they were facing upward."

"So it did stick out a little bit?"

Burt: "Yeah, their noses stick out a little bit, but it kinda pointed upward. Large nostrils. They all look the same. None of them look different. They're all the same looking. No distinguishing features."

"Did you get the feeling like there was some individuality to them?"

Burt: "Yeah, I could."

"You know, you seem to recognize the one in the bedroom from the one in the ship."

Burt: "Yeah, that one I could recognize, because the other one seemed like he was very business-like, very strict. It was like, it felt like this was his job to stay there, you know. I kinda get the impression, maybe it was like a guard or something to do with security. Because he stood there all the time. He was always watching us. He did communicate several times with this other Gray that was there, but this one that was always there, he seemed, when I first saw him, he kind of inspected me. I kinda felt kinda like resentment from him, you know, like he didn't like me. Like he didn't like having to do this. It seemed like he didn't--like maybe this was his job, and he really didn't like it. Like, 'God, I can't wait to get out of this crummy dead-end job!'"

Grays are but one of many different types of ETs that have been seen by abductees and contactees. The type of Gray that Burt just described is what many people refer to as short Grays. The most common types of Grays reported by abductees are short Grays and tall Grays. This might not be an entirely accurate taxonomy, but from my observation and the reports of other abductees, it is a workable one. Some would disagree with this simplistic classification, but for purposes of this book it will suffice. It isn't my intention to be an "authority." Until the government releases what it knows on the subject--which is a lot more than what most people realize--there is no "official" taxonomy of extra-terrestrials. In my estimation it is doubtful that the government will ever release the whole truth, so it is up to us to try to put the pieces of the puzzle together.

The short Grays appear to be cloned; they are, for all intents and purposes, identical in appearance. Although abductees often report varying heights or "medium Grays," they usually are described as being about three and a half to four feet in height. These are the most often reported extra-terrestrials. They appear to be workers at the bottom of their chain of command. In abductions they're the guards that escort abductees to and from the ship. It appears that they are neither male nor female.

The tall Grays are different. They appear to be sexed. For some

odd reason abductees, including myself, are able to tell when a tall Gray is a female. Tall Grays appear to communicate more with abductees than short Grays, and as you'll see, they even initiate sexual relations with male abductees. When tall and short Grays work together in the abduction process, the taller ones appear to be higher up on the chain of command.

The Gray depicted on the cover of the book COMMUNION is, somewhat, what a tall Gray looks like. However, there are inaccuracies in it, and it is definitely too anthropomorphic. Grays are just not that human-like in appearance. They certainly don't grin or smile. In fact that's one of the main identifying characteristics of Grays--their personalities. Tall Grays, especially, are cold, callous, calculating beings. They often exude a sinister presence and incite terror in abductees. Some people--who haven't done their homework--claim that it's the abductees themselves who are unnecessarily fearful. These people sometimes make slighting remarks that the abductees have a problem with fear itself, and that they need to handle it. This is simply not the case.

I know this isn't true, because my family and I have had encounters with two other extra-terrestrial types that were similar in appearance to Grays, but they "felt" less threatening, and their actions demonstrated a more caring approach. This phenomenon will become more evident as you progress through the book.

However, the Grays are masters of mind control. They very often deceive abductees and portray themselves as very loving, caring beings, so some abductees--a very few--perceive them as benevolent. This is a masquerade, as the eyewitness evidence in this book overwhelming indicates (and as I have personally experienced).

Grays and other manipulative ETs very often use what many abduction researchers call "screen memories" to mask what really occurred during an abduction. These ETs are able to telepathically imprint false perceptions into the minds of abductees, and as I can personally attest, they are very realistic. However, they are more than just memories, they are real illusions in present time. Therefore, instead of using the term "screen memories," I call them telepathic implants and refer to this phenomenon as telepathic hypnosis. I have also received telepathic implants consciously and not during an abduction, so to refer to them as "memories" would be too limiting as a definition. Other abductees that I've worked with have also experienced this phenomenon. However, screen memories could be classified as a specific type of telepathic implant.

Very often Grays are referred to as Zeta Reticulians. Zeta Reticuli 1 and Zeta Reticuli 2 are about thirty-seven light years from Earth, and were first identified as being two separate stars in 1973 by astronomer Van de Kamp. However, the only abduction case open to public scrutiny in which the occupants of the craft identified themselves as Zeta Reticulians, was the case of William Herrmann of North Charleston, South Carolina. This fascinating abduction case is covered by Wendelle Stevens in his book UFO...CONTACT FROM RETICULUM. These beings, though somewhat similar in appearance to Grays, had two main distinguishing characteristics that set them apart from Grays: 1) their eyes were round, and 2) the abductee described them as being gentle. There were other differences, but eye structure and demeanor, I've found, are two primary characteristics that set Grays apart from other ETs. The obvious problem with this kind of taxonomy is that even if an ET communicates where he hails from--which is seldom the case--there's no way to verify if they are telling the truth about it. Knowing what constellation the ETs are from is, of course, no

indication of their personality or intentions. Also, the appearance of an ET (i.e., its body type) is not necessarily an indication of benevolence or malevolence.

The definition and usage of the word "Gray" can vary from person to person. It can be a bit confusing because there are numerous variations of Gray-like ETs that have been reported. Therefore, we should examine each abduction or contact on a case by case basis, taking care to observe the details of the appearance of the ETs as well as their actions and demeanor. Also, to add to the confusion there is evidence that the large, solid black, almond-shaped eyes of the typical Grays may be black only because there is a black protective covering over the entire eye, which may be removeable. (Ref: UFO Library Magazine, June/July 1994 Issue)

Many people today are channeling messages from and about ETs. I haven't used any of this data because this is a book based primarily on eyewitness testimony. I have also found that channeled information is not consistently reliable. A great deal of disinformation has been disseminated on the subject of ETs by people who regard these channeled entities as bonafide authorities.

What should mostly concern us is what the ETs are doing here and what their true intentions are. In other words "actions speak louder than words." I may be risking any chance of a literary career by using this cliché, but it serves as a workable datum from which one can analyze extra-terrestrial conduct. Look at what they are doing, not just what they are saying. Lying is a common practice of ETs, and the Grays who abduct people are notorious liars.

It appears that Betty and Barney Hill were abducted by Zeta Reticulians in 1961. Although their method of abduction and physical examination, including sperm and ova extraction, was similar to a typical Grays-style abduction, there were some notable differences. The beings themselves didn't look exactly like Grays. Two pictures drawn by Barney Hill show round eyes or pupils. They also seemed more cordial and communicative than Grays. According to Betty Hill these beings never returned to abduct her ever again. This is very much unlike the typical Grays, who come back again and again to abduct the same person. Under hypnosis Betty drew a picture of a map the crew "leader" had shown her. Marjorie Fish studied this map for six years using three-dimensional models of all the stars within about sixty light years of Earth. In 1972 she produced a map virtually identical to Betty Hill's map showing Zeta Reticuli 1 and 2, our sun, and all other stars in their proper places.

Other people have been contacted or abducted by ETs resembling William Herrmann's "Zeta Reticulians," such as Travis Walton, Master Sergeant Charles Moody, and our family as well. Also, it appears that this type of Zeta Reticulian might have been involved in at least one of the saucer crashes that occurred in the late 1940's in the southwest. Coincidentally, William Herrmann's abductors claimed that radar adversely affects their ships' programs and propulsion, and that Earth governments had caused the destruction of their craft in some isolated cases. (Stevens, 1981, pp. 378-384)

William Herrmann took some excellent color pictures of the Reticulian craft and also recorded sounds from one of their spacecraft. One day while shopping in a Radio Shack store, he stopped and looked at a computer on sale, and it suddenly spelled out: "ZETA 1 RETICULI", "ZETA 2 RETICULI", and "WILLIAM HERRMANN". (Stevens, 1981, p. 210)

Now that we've covered the impossible job of labeling some of the "Gray" types of ETs, let's continue on with the story. I had begun the series of sessions with Burt on October 21st. Before his session I

gave J a session in which she contacted an abduction incident. Surprisingly, the abduction had just occurred the night before. J abduction did not go unnoticed. Burt was sleeping in his room across the hall and reported "getting spooked."

J 'S STORY

J 's abduction occurred in the early morning hours of Wednesday, October 20, 1993. The following is Burt's account of that uneasy night.

"I fell asleep fairly well that night. Sometime, I woke up. I wasn't looking at the clock, and I started hearing creaking sounds outside my door. It sounded like it was in the living room, and I started getting kind of afraid. I couldn't move, and then I remember I had my knife that I kept under the pillow. I took it out, and I was holding it, and I laid there for awhile. I stopped hearing the sound, so I put it back under my pillow and kept holding it. I was getting tired very rapidly, at an incriminating rate. Just a few seconds after I had closed my eyes, I remember, it seemed like it was all dark, and then I saw this bright flash, and all I can remember after that is waking up. I don't remember sleeping."

The following is an excerpt from a taped interview I conducted with J in her bedroom four days after the abduction. A very strange thing occurred during this interview. The cassette tape recorder that I was using began making intermittent, high-pitched tones. Then we heard a low-pitched tone followed by a high-pitched tone which rose higher and higher in pitch until it was completely out of the frequency range of our hearing. Of course it isn't unusual for a radio to pick up extraneous noises at night, but this recorder had no radio. In the year that I had owned it, it had never made any unusual sounds, and I had used it a lot. We, therefore, both concluded that we were probably being monitored. The strange sounds were recorded on tape. This isn't unusual as other abductees have reported strange sounds or even voices coming from electronic equipment.

J "I felt really strange. I was reading, and my eyes started getting really, you know, real heavy, like I couldn't keep them open. My head kept nodding off, like I was drugged or somethin'."

"Oh, yeah? Was it like when you're usually being tired, though?"

J "No, huh-uh. It was just...I've felt like it before. You know, it was not like the first time I ever felt that way. But that was just really strong. Anyway, I decided not to fight it, so I turned off the light, and I put my book down, was going to go to sleep, and I felt a little apprehensive. Kind of jumpy and nervous." (I sometimes get these feelings of apprehension and nervousness, too, prior to an abduction. I believe it comes from the mental probing that the Grays do to find out what the abductee's plans are, so that they can determine if it is a good time to abduct. For instance, they wouldn't want to abduct right before the abductee would be going to work, as this would make the abductee late for work. They are usually very careful about making certain that the abductee will not suspect that he or she is being abducted.)

"What time was it?"

J "I don't know. It wasn't real late. I think I went to bed

about ten-thirty, eleven o'clock, something like that." (I was working out of town that night and slept in my van.) "Anyway, I just felt really uncomfortable. Not physically uncomfortable or anything, but just like really nervous, apprehensive. I felt strange, like I kept lookin' kinda around the room, you know. I started feeling a little spooked, you know. (Laughs) And so I got up and turned the light on. Got back in bed, and I sat there and read for awhile, just to like don't let it bother ya, you know. 'Cause I get feelings like that every once in awhile. And I think, you know, I never know if it's just my imagination, 'cause it's happened before. And it's like similar circumstances can make you feel that way. And so, I can have a really good imagination, (Laughs) it seems sometimes. But anyway, so I read for a while longer, and then I just felt that same way again, you know, like I was just going to fall asleep. That same sort of...like I couldn't keep my eyes open. Just really heavy eyes." (I can relate to what both Burt and J were talking about--it's not a natural fall into sleep. It's like you're being "put" to sleep, and it happens very rapidly. In one instance I was wide awake and mentally alert, and three seconds later I was asleep and about to be abducted.) "And it was probably about eleven-thirty, twelve o'clock by then, something like that. I don't think the clock was in here at the time, so I didn't know for sure. And so I turned off the light, and that's the last thing I remember before, you know, until I woke up in the morning. I don't remember going to sleep or anything. I just remember laying down in bed. And, anyway, in session I found out that I was abducted that night. And, in session, I got this--all of a sudden I felt like I was being shocked or something. Just three really big, like 'Huhhhh!' (Gasps deeply), you know. I was really startled. And I could see there were three beings in the room. There were two standing at the left end of the bed, and one standing near my side, on the right."

"Do you think they were Grays?"

J "Oh, yeah. I know they're Grays. I don't 'think' they are--I 'know' they are. They've been in here times before. (Laughs) I don't know how many, but they've been in here before."

"In this room?"

J "Yeah."

"That's a feeling you have, or...?"

J "No, it's, well, in that one session, I know for sure, for a fact, that they were. But I also know that they've been in this room before. I mean, I just 'know' that."

"Oh, I see."

J "Seeing them here was not an unfamiliar sight. It was like 'oh, not again!' I remember feeling that at the time when I was being--well, whatever they did to paralyze me--I remember thinking, 'oh, god, not again!'"

I hadn't asked J to recall an abduction incident; this incident came into view because I had asked her to "Return to a moment of painful emotion." I haven't included the transcript of this session, because the Grays apparently drugged her, and then a Gray standing by her head told her not to look around. Consequently, there were not a lot of visual details in this session (except for what the ceiling looked like). This abduction was both physically and emotionally painful. The Grays had inserted a needle-like instrument

through her navel. This is one way in which they withdraw ova. Although she has had a hysterectomy due to cervical cancer, J 's ovaries are still intact. They also inserted a tube or something through her nose, down her throat and into her lungs. Then they sucked the air out of her lungs. I've had this procedure done on me so many times by the Grays that I now have asthma and have been receiving medical treatment for it. Why they collapse the lungs in this manner is a mystery to us.

In September of 1992, the same month that J moved into this house, she was abducted and taken to a ship in the alley. This incident came into view because I had asked to "Return to a similar incident." The previous incident that she had uncovered was the "missing time" incident near Chattaroy, Washington. I have never asked to "recall an abduction incident." The abduction incidents came into view naturally without my having to specifically ask for them. The first time through this incident tears were streaming down her cheeks as she released the emotional pain.

The following transcript is the second time she went through the incident, which was less emotional than the first time, but issued more details:

J 's Session #4, July 5, 1994

"All right. Return to the beginning of the incident and recount it again, please. See if you can pick up anything else that you hadn't noticed the first time through."

"Um-huh. I feel like I just really blew a lot of charge (emotional discharge) the first time through, especially the part on the table. I feel better after that, talking about that. Just thought I'd say that. You know, I was reading in bed, and I think I sort of drifted off. It was one of those nights where I just felt kind of on edge or kind of, I don't know, every once in awhile I get like that. I just like--I've gotta have the light on, or I've gotta have the television going or something, you know. I just--I don't know--it sounds weird, but it just makes me feel maybe a little more secure. It's so stupid, you know, like oh, if I leave the bedroom light on then they won't come. (Laughs) Or if the television's going, and they'll think there's a whole bunch of people in the house, and they won't come in. (Laughs) It doesn't make any sense, but that's the way it is. And all of a sudden there's this one...I just like open my eyes, and I look, and it's like, 'Oh, god, no! This can't be true. This can't be true. It doesn't happen. It isn't true.' You know, just, I'm denying it even as I'm looking at this guy, and I don't even look at his face. I just look, look at his chest, and I know. God! And I still can't believe that this really happens to me. It just, just doesn't seem real. That, you know, it's part of a bad dream, that doesn't ever go away. It's not part of my real life. You know? It's kinda what I tell myself. And then I'm just like paralyzed, you know, and then I was sleeping, and I put my clothes on. And I'm wearing a shirt and sweats. I'm wearing sweat pants and then a shirt, my red shirt. It's a red shirt, pink shirt, dark pink. And we just like, we go out the window. I don't know how, just out the window. I don't walk over there. It's just kinda like I'm sort of, really pretty quickly I just like 'whew' right out the window. And then around the side of the house, and then I'm standing, and I'm

like just walking along like a zombie. You know, just no mind of my own hardly. And I know that there's a ship there. I don't feel like I actually see it, I just like--and there's a car that goes by, going north, and I'm kinda looking at the street, and I'm looking at this car, and I'm thinking like, 'Hey, look over here!' (Laughs) You know, but I can't. You know, it's just kinda in my mind, it's like, 'Look!' You know? 'Look!'"

"Do you notice anything about this car?"

"Yeah, well, it's night, and so it's dark, and I see its headlights, and it's a dark-colored car, and it's--What is it?--kind of a long sort of car. I think it's just kind of a long kinda car like--I don't know what they are--like Dan and Melinda's car. You know, a big, long boat of a car sorta thing. I don't think it's as old as theirs, and it's like...but it's dark. And I'm thinking this guy's driving by on the street, and there's this spaceship there, you know, god, parked right in the alley! But he doesn't--you know?--Why don't people see it? Why don't they? I don't understand that. I'm not thinking that at 'that' time, I'm thinking this 'now,' you know. Logically, why don't people see it? What did, how did they do it? How do they do it? I don't understand that. It's really intriguing that they can do stuff in traffic or public or anywhere they choose, and people don't see it. Anyway, I go up into the ship." (The first time through the incident she said she stood on the ground with the bottom of the ship a few feet above her head. There were no stairs or ladder. She was beamed up or floated up very quickly. She described it as an 'invisible elevator' except that there was no upward movement like you'd feel in an elevator. Once inside the ship she was amazed at how big it was. Bear in mind that this ship was in the same place as the one that Burt was in, and this area in the alley could only accommodate a craft of about thirty feet in diameter. She described the lighting inside the ship as being dim, but she didn't know where the light was coming from exactly.) "And, you know, like a zombie, I go down the hallway, like a vegetable with legs, no will of my own. This hallway kind of ever so slightly curves to the right. And I look, and there's this room, and it doesn't appear to be any rooms up the hallway, but I kind of like almost know where I'm supposed to go or somethin'. And I go in this room, and there's the horrible rack there. The torture rack." (The "examination" table or chair is an all too familiar device for abductees. She also described it as being 'like a dentist chair sort of thing, but it's not. More reclining than a chair but more upright than a table.' Incidentally, the word "examination" is a word that the Grays themselves used to describe what they did to J in the October 20, 1993 abduction. However, as you'll see, they do much more than just examine people.) "It's the table thing, the chair. It's not the first time I've seen that. And I just, I just have the feeling of dread in the pit of my stomach. When I see it, I just feel sick to my stomach with the fear of seeing that. Oh, anyway, and I went over to it, and then I'm laying on it, and I'm like more down, and I'm laying almost flat on my back at first. I didn't see this part before. They're like looking, looking in my face. There's a Gray on the left side of me and then the tall, a real tall

Gray. And now they're looking in my face--I don't know--they're looking for something. Like they're communicating with each other about something. It's like they're just saying, 'What is that?' or...I don't know. They're examining something on my face that they seem to be confused about or concerned or whatever. I don't know what it is. Anyway, they kind of move away, and then there's a Gray, a small Gray. It's like two fingers, and it kind of goes like this (She presses her two fingers on different parts of her chest.) in a couple spots on my chest. Just on my left side. Kind of like pressing like he's feeling for something or something and looking at my face. Beats me. I don't know what the hell he's doin'. And then, then I'm like, I'm not lying flat completely. I'm kind of propped at an angle. I don't know how many degrees, 'cause I don't know that kind of stuff. Enough so that, you know, I can see the rest of my body. You know, I can look down at the rest of my body. I can see, you know, my stomach and my legs and everything as opposed to being flat on your back. You'd have to lift your head to look at the rest of you. Okay, so I'm kind of like, maybe kind of at not quite as steep an angle as I am right now. And like this Gray moves down, and then like all of a sudden there's like these...there's this strap on either side of my legs or on both legs just above my knees and then at my ankles or just above my ankles. Excuse me, I'm kind of burping a little bit. And then I'm thinking, 'Oh, god, no, no, no, don't. Just let me go. Let me up. Let me up.' I'm feeling really...I'm startin' to panic. You know, I feel that really, really panicky feeling like I can't, you know, hardly catch my breath. You know, I'm just...this can't be happening; this can't be true. No, no. And then this, that big Gray comes in. He's goin' through another--I don't see a doorway--but he like goes through something. It's like--how does he do that? He's just like beyond my feet, you know, and kind of to the right of my feet, but it's down a ways, and I think there's a doorway, but it's not very clear. I get the impression there's a doorway there. Oh, the wall kind of curves away from me just ever so slightly; I think that's why I don't see the doorway. And he comes through there, and he's got something in his hands. It's a glass object. Like a bottle or...? No. It's kind of roundish, and it's hard to see, 'cause he's not like holding it up for me to examine or anything. It looks like a bottle in the sense that it appears to be hollow. A container of some sort. And then, oh, he comes to the table, and the table legs just go like--not the legs--but where my feet are, where my legs are, it's like the table just opens. It just like divides. It just comes apart, and then he just walks forward. And then he stands there, and he has this thing, this sort of a metal, shiny chrome thing. It's, god, it's just horrible looking, and it's just--'Stay away from me with that. Just stay away from me. Just go back. Go back.' And he's like completely unconcerned that I'm so upset. You know, I'm just, I'm just moaning, 'No, no, no, no, no...' And it's like, you know, I might not have said anything, you know, for all that; it just didn't even faze him. It's like maybe he was deaf or something, and he couldn't hear me. You know, so cold, just completely unconcerned, almost arrogant, you know. Anyway, he just rams this thing up inside of me, and it's kind of like he's adjusting it or something, 'cause it's like moving

around, and it's kind of cool. It feels really uncomfortable, and I'm so very tense, I just feel like just, you know, my jaw is clenched and my fists, you know, and my whole body is just, just stiff like a board. I just really, you know, I'm just, I'm really tense from it. And he pulls, pulls it back out again, and he turns kinda to his left near the wall or nearest...this thing, and he sets it on there. And the Gray that's on my right goes over to him and kinda points at it and indicates something to him. And then he kinda turns and looks at me like, you know, just looks at me and then walks back through the doorway."

"What's he pointing to?"

J "The thing. The long thing. The instrument that he was just using. He was saying something about 'We'll take care of that' or 'Do something with it' or...I don't know what he was saying to him. I would just assume that that was the thought he was conveying to him: 'Now I'm done; that's my job; I've finished.' You know? 'You do your thing; this is what you do.' You know? The bastard! He's just so unemotional. Maybe he hates his job, you know, 'I don't really care.' And then the Gray kinda has his back to me, so I can't see what he's doing, but I see the container, the little glass container or...kinda glass or...I don't know what it is. Probably something like glass in his right hand. And then he's doing something, but his back is to me, so I can't see what he's doing. And I kind of assume that he's removing whatever he removed from my body and putting it into the container."

"Do you see what they remove from your body?"

J "No. He just pulls this long thing back out again, and I think that they got some eggs or got an egg or...whatever. I think they just extracted an egg and...I don't know. I don't know. There's some fluid with it, I think. There's like some fluid there, whatever. But I don't think the fluid was actually taken from my body. Maybe some fluid that was in the tube when they took the egg, or whatever it was that they took. I just feel so wrung out, you know, physically and emotionally, but kind of like, in a way, kind of relieved. I think, 'God, he was done. He was gone. I just...I hate that guy so much. I just hate him.' I've seen him before. You know, I've been around him before, and he's just cold and unfeeling. He's just an asshole bastard. He's so arrogant. He's like, you know, too far above you to even think about being concerned about your feelings. He's just, you know, I just hate him. And then the other, the short Gray, the one that was handling the...had his back to me, he was doing something, and he was like to the right, you know, kind of away from me to the right, and he's towards these...he's doing something else, doing things, part of whatever it is that they do, I don't know. And the other one is...I don't know what he was doing before other than just, you know, standing there with his hand on my legs, on my left leg, you know, kind of as a precautionary measure. And he like asks me if I'm okay, and I just turn my head, and I just look away from him. I don't answer him. I feel so...I don't know, I just won't answer him. 'Don't be so stupid. What a stupid question. No! I'm not okay!' And then I get dressed, and he comes, and he puts his hand on my arm, and we kind of like walk to the room, the exiting room. And the floor kind of disintegrates under me, and I go down and then like going back

in the window (floating). We go around the side of the house and--above all the junk there--and through the window, and it's like...like really softly onto the bed. And so I'm just laying down again in pretty much the same position that I was in. It's like, oh, I have to lay in that position. I have to lay like that. I don't know why. I just kind of know that I'm supposed to do that. And so I just lay that way, you know. The light's still on, and that's the end of that incident.

"All right."

J "And I think I got everything there was to get, too. I don't feel like there was anything that I missed."

"All right. And did we discharge the painful emotion from the incident?"

J "Yeah. Yeah. I mean, on some degree I still feel like I'd like to, you know, bash their skulls in and destroy them and hope that their race goes to ruin, and they never, you know, sail through this universe again. I would like to see their entire race annihilated. I really would. I don't think they deserve to live. (Laughs) You know? But is that kind of anger natural? Is it really unprovoked? I don't...Yeah, it was discharged. I'm okay. Yeah."

During the first time through this incident, J described what she felt like when she first went aboard the ship:

J "I just feel like, not just lethargic, I feel drugged. I feel like--What's that word?--like kinda hopeless. I feel like, you know, there's nothing I can do anyway so why even bother. You know, sort of...ah, shit I can't even think of the word for it. (Laughs) Anyway, I just feel so beaten. Like there's no point, just go along with them, do what they say. Don't try to assert myself, 'cause I can't win anyway. It's just what I feel like being there. It's just like so hopeless. Despite the fact that I know so many people go through this, I can't get away from the feeling of feeling so alone, though, too. So, you know, like closed off, and because you go through it alone, you know. I mean your best friend could be there with you, and you'd still be going through this alone. And that's what it feels like to me. Maybe they just have a way of closing you off. It's just one of those weird things they do to you. They're so manipulative. They're so consumed with having control and controlling what they want, you know, and getting what they want right down to controlling how you're going to feel about something. It could be contrary to what you as a being would feel about it. They're just so manipulative. And all these things are like flashing through my mind while I'm just standing there with my head down. You know, just like...so depressed! It's just terrible!"

I should note at this point that J has had ova extracted during other abductions. For example, in 1979 when we lived in a mobile home on Julia Street, J went through a period of time when she was very terrified at night, so she later figured that she was being abducted there. Her intuition proved correct. On July 8, 1994, J opened up the memory of another abduction that was very similar to the one above in which an egg was extracted in the same manner.

The Grays are genetically creating a hybrid race that is half-human/half-Gray. This is why they are collecting human male sperm and

human female ova. The hybrid "space children" are often shown to abductees, as they have done with me. Sometimes, however, human females are abducted and are fertilized via a needle through the navel. Later on--weeks or months later--they are abducted again to remove the hybrid fetus. This has resulted, in some cases, in the curious phenomenon of virgin human females having "miscarriages." The fetus, however, is nowhere to be found.

The following are excerpts taken from the interview with J in which the tape recorder made those strange sounds:

J "They don't want you to know what they are doing or what they are doing to you. You know, and I think that bothers me so much, you know. If they're going to screw with my body, then they can at least let me know what they're doing. I feel like I have the right to know, and that they're so secretive about it. I really hate that. I'm glad that I found out what I did, and I'm looking forward to finding out more, in a way. But it's like looking forward to surgery. (Laughs) It's not something you really want to do, you know. You do, but you don't. You must know what I mean. You know that you have to find out, but it's really hard to confront. It's really hard to look at it. Especially when they're doing something to you that you really don't want them to do. You know, you feel like it's a real violation of your body."

"What is your feeling how often you're being abducted?"

J "Too often. Way too often for my tastes. Lately, I don't know, I think a couple, three, four times a month maybe. Maybe more than that. Other times maybe less often. Maybe a couple months will go by. It seems like when there's been an abduction, I will feel paranoid. Like when I go to bed, I'll feel kind of spooked or nervous, apprehensive. I feel like maybe something is going to happen, and I think it's because I have been recently abducted. And when I felt like that the other night (The strange high-pitched sounds begin here.) maybe I had been abducted again before that, you know, just prior to Tuesday, because I think maybe the night before..." (The tape recorder made a sound like the rising whine of a jet engine, and J begins to laugh.)

"What's that sound?"

J "Huh!"

"I heard that tape recorder do something weird, but there's no radio in that tape recorder. (J laughs again.) Do you ever wonder if they listen in?"

J "Yeah. I'm sure they do. They must know that we talk about them. And that we're trying to find out about them."

"How is this whole thing affecting your life?"

J "How is it, well, lately I think about it all the time. Before I actually got into an incident and remembered it, I thought in a way, kinda neat. Well, not neat, just interesting. At this point I just wished I lived a normal life and wish this didn't happen to me. I'd rather be one of those people who reads about it happening to somebody else. I don't want to say, 'Well, that happened to me.'"

"Yeah, I have the same feeling. I just wish that this would not be ever occurring, and I could just live a normal life."

J "Yeah!"

"But it's like...but I can't! It's like you compromise your reality, you know, and you're in worse shape if you deny it."

"Yeah, well, it feels like it would be really easy to do that and say, 'No, I've got a really good imagination, and I've heard a lot about abductees and UFO sightings and all that.' And it would be just really easy to say it was my imagination, you know, but it's not!"

J and Burt were not the only family members to be abducted from this house, as you'll see in the following chapter.

KEVIN'S UFO SIGHTINGS

Another family member Kevin was also abducted from Roberta's house. We knew we couldn't hide the family secret any longer. I had agreed to do a television interview in which I would be talking about my life as an abductee. So we all told Kevin that we were abductees on April 21, 1994. Surprisingly, it didn't bother him in the least. In fact in the ensuing days he began talking to Burt about a flying saucer that we saw when we lived near Maple Valley, a satellite community outside of Seattle. Burt didn't know what he was talking about and thought Kevin was pulling his leg. According to Kevin, both Burt and I were present at the sighting as well. I had no recollection of it either, and Kevin was taken aback that only he had a memory of the UFO sighting. Consequently, he was eager to take a closer look at his memory. The following is part of the transcript from this session. I was having difficulty with the tape recorder during this session, so I wasn't able to include the entire transcript.

Kevin's Session #2 -- April 22, 1994

"Last session, after the session that you had, you said you had remembered a flying saucer. Would you like to take a look at that?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"Return to the time you see the flying saucer, and go to the beginning of that incident and start there, and tell me what's happening."

Kevin: "I can see us driving down the road. There's a not very sharp curve, but kind of curve. There's a field along side of us, and there's a forest on the other side of us. I'm sort of looking around, don't see much. I thought I saw an airplane coming down on it's side, so I look out the window, and after I saw it I knew it wasn't an airplane, and I started looking, said 'Whoa, guys, look at this!' And you looked out the window, too, and so did Burt, and we're all talking about it, and you were interested."

"Where were you sitting?"

Kevin: "In the back, on the right side."

"Can you tell where Burt's sitting?"

Kevin: "In the front, right seat."

"Look and see if you can see what we're wearing."

Kevin: "I wasn't looking at you."

"Okay. Continue."

Kevin: "I see this saucer; it has sort of a square top on it, on the top, a saucer shape on the bottom, with three little balls on bottom, a real silvery color; this is in the middle of the day. I can see a clear picture." (Together after the session we constructed a rough drawing of the craft. What he meant by a "square top" was not that it was shaped like a four-cornered box, but that it was different than the more commonly seen spherical dome. From the side the upper portion of the craft appeared to be more trapezoidal in form, somewhat resembling the

side view of the upper part of a cowboy hat. If it were viewed from above, the upper portion of the craft would, of course, appear to be round.)

"Okay. When was this?"

Kevin: "When we lived over at Janet's." (At the time we were renting the upper portion of a house in the country between Renton and Maple Valley.)

"What season is this? Winter, spring, summer, fall?"

Kevin: "This is summer. Either the end of spring or the beginning of summer."

"What kind of temperature is it today?"

Kevin: "It's about 70 degrees or so. Really warm in the car. It was when we had the other car, the blue car. I'm sitting in the car looking out the window. I tell you to look out the window. You stuck your head out."

"Did I say anything?"

Kevin: "Burt was like, 'Where is it, I don't see anything.' And then you saw it and said, 'uh-oh!' Well, we stood there for about fifteen minutes, and it did nothing."

"Were we standing outside the car?"

Kevin: "No, we were just still inside the car."

"Stopped? Did I stop the car?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Fifteen minutes, and the saucer was staying in one place. It's like it was waiting for us, checking the area out or something. Then we're just going back down the road, back to our house. And that's it."

"Okay. Where were we coming from?"

Kevin: "Think we were coming from, like, the store, coming from some sort of store." (This was what Kevin had consciously remembered about the sighting and was basically what he had told us before the session.)

"Okay, return to the beginning of the incident, from the store, and continue through the incident."

Kevin: "Okay, we're starting out, you, me and Burt, we're in civilization, there's a couple of buildings, stores, and we're just driving through it down the road. We keep on going down the road. I don't know what road it is, but we're going down it, just driving around and having a good time, enjoying the sun. I looked out the window, and I thought I saw an airplane, so I looked closer, and this wasn't an airplane, this was saucer shaped, and it had a box shape on top and three ball-like things on the bottom."

"Were they like half of a ball, or a whole ball?"

Kevin: "Half of a ball."

"See if you can pick up anything new."

Kevin: "Oh, I think it moved for a second, looked like it was checking out a spot or something. It went to the right a little bit. We were all still looking out the windows, and Burt can't find out what we're talking about, what we're so surprised about. I don't know why he couldn't see it, don't know why he couldn't find it."

"See if you can pick up something new."

Kevin: "It's going down, back and forth really fast, checking the area. We're still talking about it, except Burt, he still can't find it. We're standing in that spot for about fifteen minutes."

"What am I saying?"

Kevin: "You're going, 'Wow, Burt, look at that! Look at that, Kevin! Is that amazing or what?' You're really excited about it."

"And do we get out of the car?"

Kevin: "No. Yeah. I think you--instead of looking out the window--I think you open the door. And you looked over the car. You're saying, 'Burt, look at this! Look at this, Burt! Look at this! And I, I think I got out too, I think. No, I'm still in the car. So's Burt. He peeks his head out the window, and he sees it! Burt's sees it!'"

"What's he say? Does he say anything?"

Kevin: "He goes, 'Oh god! Look at that!' And while we're talking about, you know, standing by the car on one side, right here. And it's moving back and forth. Seems like it's getting closer."

"How close is it now?"

Kevin: "Oh, about five hundred feet over the trees. It's getting closer. We look at it hover. You're just fascinated with it. Your face is all...you have this excited expression on your face. You're smiling. You're excited, really excited about this. I think it's coming really close. It's like a couple hundred feet away. It's turning now. It doesn't look that big, it's just sort of hard to say. It's not that big. It's bigger than it was way up there, but it's not too big. We're still looking at it. It's getting closer and closer every minute, every second. It stopped going from side to side. It just did that three times, and then it starts to go down. It's going down now. You can see the three half-balls on the bottom of it. We're all getting really excited about this, all of us, except me. And so I said to Burt, 'What is this? What's happening?' So you got the urge to see what it was, go check it out. I think it'd be better if we should leave. So I said, 'I think we should leave.' And you said 'No.' You said, 'Get out, let's go.' I'm scared. And you said, 'Don't be scared. These are just beings from another planet.' (At this point the tape recorder began making too much extraneous noise to do a word-for-word transcription)

The saucer landed behind some trees about sixty feet from the road. At this point Kevin described it as having the shape of a hat. Kevin heard a "crunch" when it landed, possibly from dead branches, etc. It did have legs that kept it off the ground, though. The silver sheen and bright glow of the saucer could be seen from the road.

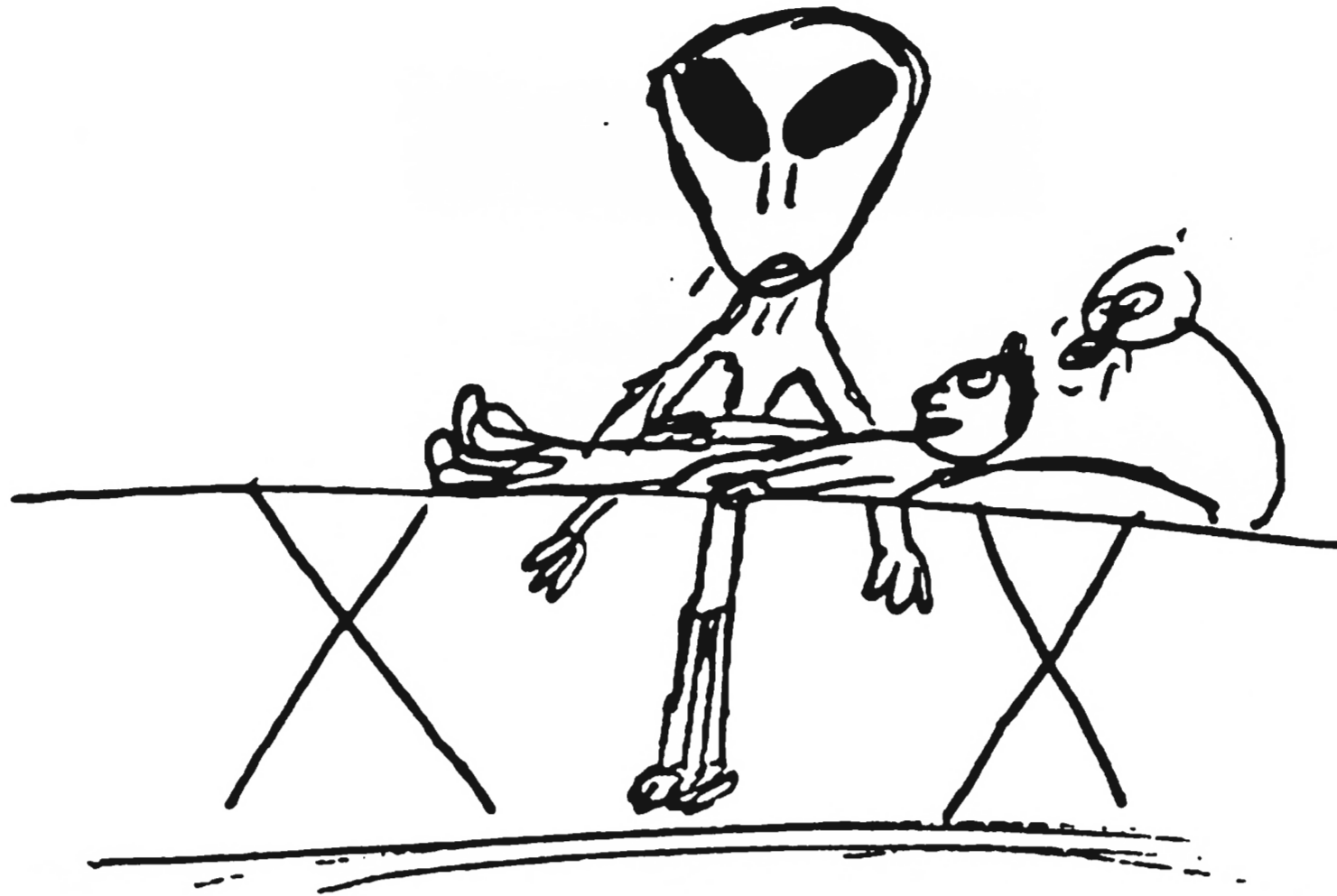
Kevin finally decided to "not be a chicken" and got out of the car. As I headed off toward the ship, he repeated his warning, "Maybe we should go." I said, "Like I said, they're just beings from a different planet." Kevin reluctantly followed Burt and me into the woods and into the craft.

By the time Kevin entered the craft, we were nowhere in sight. There were four tall Grays and two short Grays waiting for him in a large room equipped with about seventeen beds. (Once again the craft was obviously much bigger on the inside than it appeared to be from the outside, as we have seen in so many abduction cases.) There was a man in a green robe lying on one of the tables, but Kevin didn't recognize him. Kevin lay down on one of the examination tables, and a Gray with a syringe injected something into his right leg:

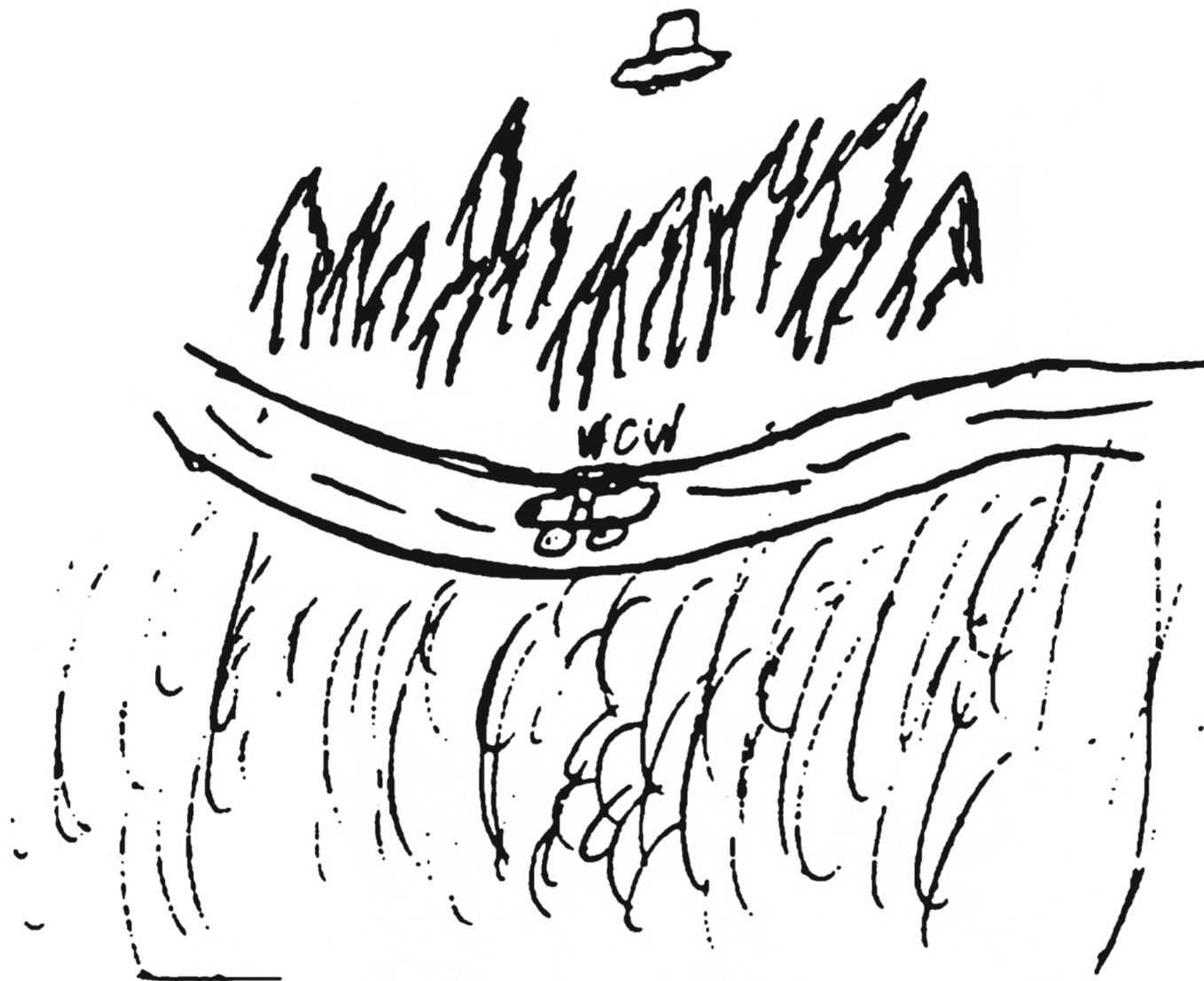
"First, first my right leg started to feel numb, and then my left leg started to feel numb, and then my arm, then my left arm, and then my whole body is numb."

Later another Gray walks toward Kevin holding a syringe with a two-inch needle and a yellowish fluid in it. The Gray then sticks the

SKETCHES AND SYMBOLS DRAWN BY KEVIN



ON THE EXAMINATION TABLE



SIGHTING AND ABDUCTION NEAR MAPLE VALLEY



SYMBOL ON THE FLOOR



SYMBOL ON A SYRINGE



SYMBOL ON THE WALL



SYMBOL ON THE WALL



SYMBOL ON THE WALL

needle into the right side of his neck and injects the fluid. Before withdrawing the needle, the Gray sucks out blood and fluid from Kevin's neck into the syringe. He then puts the filled syringe into a different drawer. Not only was this painful for Kevin, his vision became blurry shortly after the injection.

After the injection one of the Grays communicated to him telepathically:

"He's like telling me what to do and what not to do. Telling me not to get up, not to look at much, not to look at anything."

He is then escorted out of the ship and walks back toward the car. He glanced back and saw Burt and me following him. When we arrived at the car, all three of us entered the car "through" the doors. Kevin watched the saucer retract its landing gear and zip out of sight in a split second.

The next incident that Kevin contacted occurred about the same time as Burt's abduction from Roberta's house. As you will see, it was strikingly very similar to Burt's experience.

Kevin's Session #3 -- April 24, 1994

"Return to an earlier, similar incident."

Kevin: "I'm sleeping."

"Sleeping?"

Kevin: "Uh-huh."

"Where is this?"

Kevin: "I can't tell. I think it's over at Roberta's. There's a glow. A glow. A really bright, yellow glow. And I just woke up I think. I think I have a bad dream or something. My whole room is being lit up with a bright yellow, not too bright though, and mostly it's coming from the window area. I see this bright yellow glow coming through my window, and I think, 'what's going on here?' I looked out the window, and I see this really big bright glow. Like really, really bright. And I look at it, straight. I look at it for a while, and I make out an object."

"Where is this glow at?"

Kevin: "Out where Mom's car is. I don't see Roberta's car there, though."

"Is Mom's car there?"

Kevin: "Yeah. It's parked off at the side. It's a perfect landing space. For the moment I don't know what's going on. So I turn around. I had my door closed. So I open my door, and it's bright in there, too. So I just go back to my bed and look. And I'm thinking, 'What's going on here?' I see this picture of this, of this really big head. This alien is about four and a half feet, it looked like. Four and half feet. Big black eyes. Big nose. Long nose, that is. He has a tiny mouth. A really tiny mouth."

"Does his nose stick out?"

Kevin: "No, it doesn't really stick out. It's sort of, sort of really long. The nostril part is really long. It's this four and half foot alien coming towards me. And it's really close, about three feet away from me. He's walking back, and I start following him."

"Where you going?"

Kevin: "Out the door, through the hallway, into the living room. I'm walking into the kitchen, 'through' the door. Literally, 'through' the door."

"What's happening? What's that like?"

Kevin: "It's like every other...it's like the same thing happened during my other abduction, when he put me back into the car. It's like he..."

"Take a look at that and describe what's happening."

Kevin: "It's like a whole bunch of white balls, because the door was made up of white...it was a white door. And that was a protection door, a safety door. And we just walk through both of them."

"What's that feel like?"

Kevin: "It sort of feels just like, like you were in water, and like all of a sudden something just pulled you out of it. Sort of a...sort of pulled you out slowly, and where the water was just a split second ago, I can sort of feel that. But it's a different case with the door. It's like I can feel it, feel it while you're going through. I can feel part of the door when I walk through it. It's really cold outside. There's frost on the ground, and I'm just following this alien with the big head. Just following him. Right there I can see this--it didn't look that big--it was a spacecraft!"

"Describe what it looks like."

Kevin: "A dull, silver sort of color. Sort of like legs coming off the bottom of it to hold it up. I can't tell how many though."

"What's the shape of it?"

Kevin: "Well, a more rounded top than the other one I saw."

"Like a flying saucer or different?"

Kevin: "The bottom part was like I described on the other one that I saw. And this one had a more rounded off top than the other one I saw. I still can't tell how many legs it has. I think it's four. It was like about, about three steps, three, four steps going up into the thing. The door sort of...the door opened up, and I just walked in. And it's a dark room I'm in. I can't see anything. I hear a creaking sound. Sort of a sound of like a door opening or something like that. I see a light coming from one certain place, and I go toward the lighter place. I can see lots of beds."

"How many?"

Kevin: "Five. Around the area of five. I don't know if there's any more. And I just get onto this table. I'm sitting on the edge of it."

"What do you see?"

Kevin: "I see a couple Grays there. A jacket with a pocket, a lab shirt, big head, big eyes, sort of long nose, short mouth. I can see a symbol."

"What does it look like?"

Kevin: "Sort of a backwards 'S.'" I can't see anyone else on the beds. On the beds I don't see any other people."

"What else do you see?"

Kevin: "There's not like tall Grays and short Grays. There's just one kind, and that's short Grays."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I'm laying down now. There's sort of like a cabinet on the wall. He just walks past it. Two other Grays are like looking at each other. They're communicating to each other. They're not moving their mouths. They're just staring at each other. One of the two Grays points at me, and walks towards me, and the other Gray follows. He's pointing things out to him. He's pointing my nose out. He points out my stomach."

"Is he touching you?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"What does that feel like?"

Kevin: "Sort of like...he has a little bit of a bigger finger than we have, longer."

"Does he have a fingernail?"

Kevin: "No, he doesn't."

"How many fingers does he have?"

Kevin: "Three."

"And then what happens?"

Kevin: "It's about, I think I've been in here for about twelve minutes I think so far. In this particular room I'm in twelve, sixteen minutes so far."

"Are you still lying down?"

Kevin: "Yeah. My eyes itch. Here comes that other single Gray. He comes towards me, and he turns me over. He's feeling my back. I'm looking down at the floor. I sort of see symbols on the floor. There's a symbol. I'll show you when we're done with the session how it looked. (See Illustration) He's pushing really hard on my back. He's making it hard for me to breath. And he walks over to that cabinet. He's just walking in the direction of that cabinet. He opens a drawer. He's just looking through it. The other Gray shows the other Gray my pocket. I was sleeping with my pants on. He's showing him my pocket."

"Is his hand in your pocket?"

Kevin: "Yeah, in my left pocket, and then I can feel his hand in my next pocket while the other one's looking at me. I look back over at the other Gray, and he's coming towards me with a syringe. Oh, this one has a symbol on it. Like there's writing on it."

"Can you see what kind of symbol?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I'll show you when the session's over." (See illustrations)

"All right."

Kevin: "I'm looking at the walls to match the symbol up, but I don't see anything like it. The syringe, he sort of sets it on the table next to me and adjusts the light by my head, sort of looking in one spot, and it's down around here, below my armpit. He's just looking at it, I think. It's hard to tell because he has no pupils in his eyes."

"Are they wearing any clothes, tight-skinned clothes?"

Kevin: "They're wearing lab jackets."

"Is that all? Anything on their hands or is it bare skin?"

Kevin: "Bare skin. Oh! One of them has like gloves on. Like a glove or something. And the one with the rubber glove is the one who's holding the syringe up. Only this time it's a little bit smaller than the other one. There's white stuff in the syringe. And the other Gray picks it up and sticks it below my armpit. Right about two inches below my armpit. He sticks it in...It hurts! And then I sit up on the edge of the bed. And then I jump off. When he stuck the syringe into my armpit, this time he pulled, he sucked some blood back out."

"Was it quick?"

Kevin: "It was quick. Now I'm walking behind the Gray. And I'm walking down the steps and down the sidewalk. I'm walking, and I get to the door. This same thing happens when we walked out through the door; I walked in `through' the door."

"Where is the Gray standing when this happens?"

Kevin: "Pretty much beside me. Sort of at a little bit of an angle beside me. We walk in the kitchen, walk onto the green carpet (the living room). He stays right there, outside my door, outside my room, and I just walk right into my bed, sit down, then lay down, and that's it."

"See if anything else happens."

Kevin: "Well, the Gray walks off, walks out. Then I look out the window, and the shuttle is taking off. Just sort of...the shuttle lifts off."

"Is it glowing?"

Kevin: "A little bit, yeah."

"What's it like?"

Kevin: "A blue-green glow. There's a couple lights coming from the bottom, about four lights on the bottom."

"What color are they?"

Kevin: "Blue. It went straight up and then took off--`whew'--at an angle."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I just get back into bed and go to sleep."

Kevin sketched some of the symbols that he observed while in the spaceships. One of the symbols that he drew matched one of the symbols that Burt drew. They hadn't previously compared symbols.

Kevin sighted another UFO on June 23, 1994. J and I were out taking a short evening stroll when Kevin comes racing up from behind us. He was very upset and excited and exclaimed that he had just seen a UFO. We both listened calmly as he described the UFO as being black and round and close enough to determine that it definitely was a genuine UFO. He was also upset because he thought Burt didn't believe him, and he couldn't convince him to come out of his room and take a look at.

Three days later I gave a session to Kevin in which I asked him to return to an incident that was similar to the incident covered in the previous session, which was also an abduction incident. The following incident popped up:

Kevin's Session #6 -- June 26, 1994

Kevin: "I was in the house, J and you were out taking a walk. I decide maybe I'll come along. So I get my socks and shoes on, start walking towards the screen door. I go up to my bike, take my bike, put the kick-stand up, bring it around, up to the blacktop right before the parking lot, by the pool. I look up, and I see something black in the sky. And I just glance at it again. I look back down at my bike, and I start riding a little ways. Then I look back up, and I realized it was moving. I thought it's a UFO."

"What does it look like?"

Kevin: "A black dot. A big black dot. And I wait there for awhile, just looking at it. I get off my bike, and just let go of it, and I run. I run into the house to tell Burt. I go and knock on his door and open it and say, `Burt, Burt, there's a UFO out here! Come on, come on!' And I run right back out to the blacktop, through the screen door, onto the grass, and onto the blacktop. And this time it's behind the tree. I wait there for a little bit, and then he (the UFO) just comes out behind, from behind the tree, and now I see two of them, one further off in

the distance and the one I'm talking about."

"Do you see any details on them?"

Kevin: "No. They're too far off. They're small though. There's one that's really far off. I can see it, but it's far off. I just stay there and look at it, and I run right back into the house, go up to Burt's door again, knock, open it, say, 'Burt, there's a UFO, come on!' I run right back outside and look for it. I can't find it at first, then I find it, and I look for the other one, and I find that one. They're both there. But from the screen door where our patio is, you can't see it from there. You gotta come out to look at it. It's getting further off. It's getting further off. Wait, maybe it's getting closer. It's getting bigger. I have a pain right here."

"Here on the left side of your head?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Right now."

"What's happening?"

Kevin: "It seems about how it was before. No, it's getting closer. It's getting closer. It's a black disk-shaped object. The other one is getting further off, and the other one is getting closer. Looks pretty, looks pretty big. Looks big enough to be a UFO. It's all black."

"Can you describe it to me?"

Kevin: "It's all black, it's a disk shape. There's no windows on it. There's no windows, no lights, no balls on the bottom."

"About how far away is it?"

Kevin: "I don't know. I know it's getting closer, that I know. It's getting really close. It's getting closer by the minute. I'm grabbing onto the fence really tight."

"The swimming pool fence?"

Kevin: "Yeah, swimming pool fence. I think it's overhead of the pool now."

"Is it overhead?"

Kevin: "Yeah, but it's pretty far up. It's big enough to see it. It's coming down at a fast speed, right over the pool. It lands on the water! A UFO landed on the pool water, or it's just hovering there somehow."

"How big is it?"

Kevin: "It's hard to say how big it is. It's big!"

"In relation to the pool."

Kevin: "Huh?"

"Can you see the pool and the UFO?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"How big is it compared to the pool?"

Kevin: "Well, it can just fit the landing things onto the pool, just about that size. I think he's hovering there, above the water, 'cause the landing things hold the UFO up."

"Describe what it looks like."

Kevin: "Well, it's all black, just a black UFO. I think that's used to disguise it from...I think it disguises itself at night. I think it's like 8:30 or something. Just starting to turn pretty dark but not dark." (J and I later calculated that the incident must have occurred about 9:30)

"It's still daylight, then?"

Kevin: "Well, it's a...there's light, sort of a nice night, but it's not pitch black out."

"Oh. Before the sun sets completely?"

Kevin: "Actually, the sun has set completely, just there's a little light."

"Oh, okay. Is anyone in the pool or around it?"

Kevin: "No. There's no one around the pool."
 "What's the shape of the UFO?"

Kevin: "Saucer, with a dome on top."
 "A saucer with a dome on top?"

Kevin: "Just a small one."
 "What else do you notice about it?"

Kevin: "I told you it's all black, there's no glow coming from it."
 "Any sounds?"

Kevin: "No sound."
 "What happens?"

Kevin: "Boy, it's just hovering right above the pool!"
 "Staying in one spot, or moving or jiggling or anything?"

Kevin: "Well, it will go up every once in a while, a jerk, jerk up and down once in a while. And there's...see sort of a light coming from one end, sort of a shape of a door. At first I could only see a little bit of light. And now the door's open, it sort of turns around."
 "The UFO?"

Kevin: "Yeah, so the door faces where I am. Like usual, they're Grays, and there's two of them that walk out, come around to the pool door, and stand there for a second, and they walk right 'through' it. They come around by the Jacuzzi, come out through the area that's cleared, so you can walk out. They come down through there and over by the house, and I'm just paralyzed; I can't move at all. I'm watching these things come by, come over towards me. They don't come to me, they walk past me, go into the house. I'm watching them go in. They walk into, sort of towards my bedroom, but they don't turn into my bedroom. They're walking towards the bathroom, but they don't go into the bathroom. They're going towards Burt's door. I don't see them anymore. Oh wait, they're coming back. Burt's not with them. He's not with them."
 "How long are they in there?"

Kevin: "Well, they just walk towards his door, and then they come back, for about fifteen seconds, and they come towards me, they walk 'through' the screen door."
 "'Through' the screen door?"

Kevin: "Yes."
 "Closed?"

Kevin: "Yes."
 "Do they have clothing on or anything?"

Kevin: "No."
 "What do their eyes look like?"

Kevin: "The Grays?"
 "Yeah, what do you see?"

Kevin: "Let me talk about their height first. They're about three foot, six or four feet. Somewhere around there. They come up to me, and they walk right past me again. Like I wasn't even there. They're seven feet away from me. They walk 'through' the fence instead of going around. Walk right 'through' the fence, walk to the ship. They walk into it. It's slowly closing up. It's closed up now."
 "What's that?"

Kevin: "The UFO."
 "Oh. The door is closing?"

Kevin: "Yes. It's closed."
 "How do they get in there, inside the UFO?"

Kevin: "The door was already open, and they just walked in."
 "Oh. Is it just sitting on the pool area?"

Kevin: "Nope, it's hovering."
 "Is it wider than the pool itself?"

Kevin: "Yeah."
 "Is it sitting in between the fences, or is it higher than the fences?"

Kevin: "It's higher than the fences." (Kevin later clarified to me that the top of the dome of the ship was higher than the fences, but the bottom of the ship was hovering just a little bit above the pool.)
 "Is it wider than from one fence to the other? One side to the other?"

Kevin: "No, it's just medium-sized, not too big, not too small."
 "So it fits right in between there, huh?"

Kevin: "Yeah, it fits right in there. Right there, hovering above the pool. Then all of a sudden it just zooms off. It's up in the air, like it was before. It's right above the pool, and it's moving away from me, back over there where it was before."
 "Where?"

Kevin: "Back over there."
 "Way up in the air, you mean?"

Kevin: "Yeah, way up in the air, back where I was watching it before. And the other UFO is just waiting there for it."
 "Can you tell what the shape of the other one is?"

Kevin: "No, it's pretty far off in the distance. It's a black dot; I can tell that, though."
 "Anything else about this incident?"

Kevin: "No."
 "What's that feel like when you hang onto the fence? Are you hanging onto the fence the whole time?"

Kevin: "Yeah."
 "Are you paralyzed?"

Kevin: "Yeah, it's like I can't move."
 "What's that feel like?"

Kevin: "Scared. That's why I'm not moving. Even if I tried to I couldn't move."
 "Can you move your eyes and look around?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I can do that. I wouldn't dare move."
 "When is this?"

Kevin: "I told you."
 "Is that a couple days ago or something? Three days ago?"

Kevin: "Yeah."
 "Something like that isn't it?"

Kevin: "Yes."
 "When we took a walk? When J and I took a walk?"

Kevin: "Yeah, and then I..."
 "You came and told us you saw a UFO. Is that the day?"

Kevin: "Yeah."
 "So how do you feel about this incident?"

Kevin: "I feel great now that I covered it."
 "It's okay?"

Kevin: "I feel great now that I know what happened. I felt aggravated because I didn't know what was going on. And now I figured it out."
 "Did they block your memory on that, so you couldn't remember it?"

Kevin: "Yeah. (Whispers something)...bastards."

"Huh?"

Kevin: "Butt heads!" (Whispers again)...we're not laboratory rats!"

"What did you say?"

Kevin: "I said we're not laboratory rats."

"Okay. I understand how you feel."

Here is yet another example of some very amazing alien technology. Although the sun had set, the summer sky was still light enough that anyone could have see these black UFOs, yet no one else besides Kevin saw them! This incident occurred in north Spokane, one block east of Division, one of Spokane's busiest streets. Several apartment complexes, two major grocery stores, a large hardware store, bowling alley, movie theater, motels, and many other businesses surrounded this area. The black disk hovered right over the swimming pool in the middle of our apartment complex, yet no one besides Kevin saw it. He didn't even see anyone walking around the balconies above the pool.

One can only speculate on the nature of this most amazing extra-terrestrial technology. I have one hypothesis that the aliens possess a cloaking technology whereby an energy field is projected from the spacecraft to the abductee or the abductee's home. Anyone inside this energy field can see the ship, whereas anyone outside the projected field cannot see the craft. This energy field may be a space and/or time distortion. Evidence of energy fields around UFOs has been photographed and video-taped, such as in one of Billy Meier's Pleiadian Beamship photographs and also in the Mexico City UFO sightings.

Kevin has come face-to-face with other types of ETs, as he details in the following chapter.

ONLY A DREAM....?

Abductees sometimes experience recurring dreams. Kevin told me that he knew he'd also been abducted on our land. We had moved onto our land near the Washington coast in the winter of '91. We were living in a twenty by forty foot tent that I had erected with plastic pipe and blue plastic tarp. We had some really interesting nights when the wind velocity reached sixty miles per hour, but it was home.

Kevin's Session #5 -- May 3, 1994

"You said something about being abducted on the land."
 Kevin: "It was a dream."
 "It was a dream?"
 Kevin: "Uh-huh. It was a dream I'm always having."
 "A dream of being abducted on the land?"
 Kevin: "Uh-huh."
 "Can you explain? Was it the same every time, or what?"
 Kevin: "It's the same every time."
 "Oh. What happens in the dream?"
 Kevin: "Well, the next I know, I'm on the land right by the hill and see this Gray walking by. And I see the ship in the background. It seems that's all I can remember what happened. It's a flash that took about ten minutes, and it's what I'm looking at while I'm asleep."
 "Where's the ship at?"
 Kevin: "Behind him."
 "Do you know where the ship's at?"
 Kevin: "On the hill."
 "The big hill on the land?"
 Kevin: "Yeah."
 "All right. Take a look. Were you abducted on the land?"
 Kevin: "Yes."
 "All right. Return to the beginning of the incident and see what happens."
 Kevin: "I'm sure I was abducted, but it's not such a clear picture."
 "What do you see?"
 Kevin: "I see blue tarp. The tarp was opened. It's flapping in the breeze. The flaps of the tent are flapping back and forth. I see a figure walking this way. It's coming this way. It's coming toward Burt. It's hard to tell actually, we're in bunk beds. They're standing right by the bunk beds."
 "Is this the big, blue dome tent?"
 Kevin: "Yeah. I'm climbing down the ladder on the floor. I don't think these are Grays."
 "Describe them to me."
 Kevin: "They have eyes like Grays. The head is a lot like people's, only it's a little bit rounder head. Well, it's sort of the same kind of eyes. Sort of roundish eyes...or like roundish eyes...real big, brown eyes and no pupils. They have eyelids. The nose looks similar to a Gray's; the mouth looks a little longer."

"How are you feeling when you see them."

Kevin: "Not scared. Anyway I'm walking behind it, walking behind the alien, out through the flap, and I see two more. They look exactly the same. And they follow side by side me. I've got one in front of me and one on either side, on both sides of me. And we're at the corner of the tent; we're walking up the hill." "Walking on the ground there?"

Kevin: "Yeah. But we stopped. I'm looking at the spaceship. I can see it." "Is it in the air or on the ground?"

Kevin: "It's on the ground. A little bit. Not totally on the ground. I can see it up a little...it's up in the air just a little bit, though." "What does it look like?"

Kevin: "Sort of a silvery saucer shape on the bottom of it, and the top is sort of a zig-zag shape." "Is it on top of the hill or the side of the hill?"

Kevin: "The top of the hill." "What's the weather out like?"

Kevin: "It's not that cold. It's pretty warm." "Is it daylight or night?"

Kevin: "Night." "What's happening now?"

Kevin: "We're just looking. Nothing's happening. Nothing." "It's just you and these beings?"

Kevin: "Yeah." "Anybody else in the family there?"

Kevin: "No. We're walking back to the tent. Walking. I'm barefooted. I look down at my feet, and I see theirs. They have five toes." "You mean they're barefoot?"

Kevin: "Yeah. And I'm walking back through the flaps. There must be two by my bed." "Is there a light on in the tent?"

Kevin: "No. I'm walking up to the bunk bed, and I get back into bed, and I went out. And they just walk off. And they just look at me for awhile, and they just walk off." "What color is their skin?"

Kevin: "Sort of grayish-brown." "Is it kind of dark-colored or light?"

Kevin: "Light. A light gray-brown color. Then they go out the tent. And the flap is still flapping like before. It's pretty lit up in there, though, coming from the spaceship. All of a sudden the light is just gone. And I just go back to sleep. I think they made a mistake or something. Maybe they were gonna take somebody else, but they forgot to. Got the wrong person." "Were they wearing anything?"

Kevin: "No." "How many fingers did they have?"

Kevin: "Five. I didn't look at their fingers, I just looked at their toes. They were sort of webbed." "So you don't know how many fingers they have?"

Kevin: "No. I only looked at their toes." "What is the shape of their heads like? Is it the same as a Gray or different?"

Kevin: "It's more round." "About how big are their eyes?"

Kevin: "About an inch and a half." "Do they say anything to you?"

Kevin: "No."

I recognized Kevin's description of these beings as being very much like the Zeta Reticulian's that were described by William Herrmann (except for the skin color). So after the session I showed Kevin drawings of this particular Reticulum-type alien, and he said they all looked very much like what he had seen. I should note that he had neither seen these pictures before, nor did he know what a Zeta Reticulian was. He was particularly impressed with the painting by Mike Rodgers, who was Travis Walton's supervisor, as well as being one of the five witnesses who saw Travis Walton being abducted. You can see these impressive paintings in the book UFO...CONTACT FROM RETICULUM by Wendelle Stevens.

However, at a later time I also showed Kevin a picture of the alien bust that was shown in an advertisement for Amoco in the magazine "Aviation Week and Space Technology" (May 29, 1989), and he said that this picture was even more similar to the aliens that entered our tent than the other depictions of Zeta Reticulians. So, for now the identity of these aliens will have to remain a mystery. However, in 1990 a retired military/intelligence man told UFO researcher Bill Hamilton that he had seen evidence of this type of alien at the Nevada Test Site at Groom Lake in 1948. This area is now known as Area 51. This man also reported that he had personally seen a typical short Gray walk through a wall at Groom Lake. (Read the book COSMIC TOP SECRET by Bill Hamilton for more details.)

The whole family was in the tent during this "visitation," and we all apparently slept right through it, except Kevin of course. Notice the distinguishing features that these beings had. Their big, brown, round eyes sets them apart from the more commonly seen Grays. Also, note that Kevin was not afraid of them, and they caused no physical harm to him. Grays, on the other hand, usually scare the hell out of people and almost always cause physical pain. However, this appears to have been an incomplete abduction, so one can only speculate as to who they were and what their intentions were. However, it is my perception that since they didn't ask Kevin's permission to go with them, and they blocked the memory of the abduction, this would indicate that they had something to hide. Therefore, they were not benevolent ETs.

In the next abduction another unknown entity creates yet another enigma for us to ponder. This incident was also remembered in a dream.

Kevin's Session #7 -- June 29, 1994

"What kind of an incident would you like to talk about today?"

Kevin: "Whatever you want to."

"Do you want to talk about that dream you had yesterday morning?"

Kevin: "Sure. First I'll tell you about it."

"Yeah. Just tell me about the dream you had and anything else."

Kevin: "Well, the first thing I know, I'm sitting there--you, Mom, and me, Burt's not there--and I'm looking up in the air just sort of enjoying the night, and you and Mom are just leaning up against the other gateway area (Spanish-style archway) of the other court yard. For a while I'm just looking up there, and I see a moving object, and it's getting closer every second. The next thing I know it's right down, right overhead of us. And we all just jump out of the way, and that's where I can't remember anything any more."

"So this was just in your conscious memory when you woke up in the morning, the memory of having this dream?"

Kevin: "No. I didn't wake up from it. I didn't wake up from the dream."

"What do you mean?"

Kevin: "I mean, the next thing I knew I'm just having other dreams."

"All right. So you remember this when you wake up in the morning, yesterday?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"Anything else about that that you remember consciously?"

Kevin: "No."

"Shall we see if something happened that night, or if it was just a dream?"

Kevin: "Sure. I'd be glad to."

"Okay. Let's just do a check, okay?"

Kevin: "Okay."

"So, return to when you were sleeping yesterday, early yesterday morning, you're sleeping, and contact anything what happens."

Kevin: "It's about 3:30 in the morning. It's dark out. We're all standing out...Do you want me to start from where we all come out of the house? Do you want me to do that?"

"Yeah. Return to the beginning of the incident."

(Note: I guided Kevin through this incident about two and a half times in order to verify the details of the incident. Because of the repetitive information, I have edited out most of the transcript of the first run-through of the incident.)

Kevin: "Okay. I'll try. I'm in bed asleep, and I wake up. I turn all the...fluff my pillows up and put 'em all up against the wall. Sort of scoot up against the wall with my pillows on it so I'll be more comfortable. I think I see you guys talking, but I'm not completely sure."

"Take a look there. What do you see?"

Kevin: "Well, I'm not close enough. I'll wait till I'm out there right next to you and out the door. I get out of bed, I walk out of my room, through the hallway, then I'm by the bed, and I look down at you guys. And you're...and you're sleeping."

"Where are you standing at?"

Kevin: "About the middle of the bed. I turn away, walk back out the door."

"Do you know why you're walking out the door?"

Kevin: "No. I walk out the door, and I go to the small hill, and I walk up it, out to the black top of the parking lot. And then I go into the parking lot."

"In the middle of all the apartments?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I walk out, and I see you guys! I wonder how that could be. I saw you guys sleeping in there! I didn't see you guys walk in front of me and run out there. So I walk towards you guys. I just look up. I see something moving."

"Where are we standing?"

Kevin: "On either side of the gateway." (Kevin later showed me where we were standing, which was in the archway on the opposite side of the small parking lot in the middle of the apartment complex.)

"By the other court yard?"

Kevin: "Yes. Not the one with the pool. I look up; I see something. Something sort of moving about the height of a satellite, about there, way out. It's just a little dot is all I can see. It comes down, then I can see it. It's not a...it is a big UFO."

Something gigantic. A mothership. Now I can see it about the size of my hand."

"Is it making a sound?"

Kevin: "Not a sound. Coming down, coming down really close. It's right overhead of us! We jump out of the way! Just stays there for awhile. We're all scrunched together."

"Can you hear the ship now?"

Kevin: "Yeah, a little bit. Just a 'mmmmmmmmmm' sound."

"Like a hum?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Like putting a whole bunch of 'm's together, 'mmmmmmmmmm.' And I see a light coming from the bottom. You two are talking. I'm not sure what about. There's a ladder comes down."

"What's the ladder look like?"

Kevin: "Well, it had metal steps on it, and it has metal sides on it. It's all metal. It's like a staircase, a portable staircase that folds up."

"Does it have handrails?" (This incident reminded me of the Biblical story of "Jacob's Ladder.")

Kevin: "No."

"Does it come out an angle or go straight down?"

Kevin: "At an angle."

"Is the ship above the tops of the apartments, or is it down just above the cars?"

Kevin: "Down above the cars."

"So it fits into the parking lot then?"

Kevin: "It fits perfectly into the parking lot." (This would indicate that the ship was about seventy to eighty feet in diameter.)

"When the ladder comes down, how high up is it? I'm six feet high, about. So how many of me would it be, standing on top of each other, to reach the bottom of the ship?"

Kevin: "About eighteen feet."

"Three of me?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I can see a ladder coming down, and a figure is walking down it at a pretty fast pace. And he's coming down, and he slowly jogs over here, a little bit above a normal walk, but less than a run, but more than a walk. Sort of medium-fast walk."

"Is he wearing anything?"

Kevin: "Nothing but his yellow eyes."

"Describe his eyes to me."

Kevin: "They're just like Gray eyes. They have a pupil, and they're all yellow. Neon yellow, sort of."

"What's the pupil color?"

Kevin: "Black." (The pupil was small--the yellow part large.)

"How many fingers or toes does he have?"

Kevin: "Four. Three toes and four fingers."

"Three toes and four fingers."

Kevin: "Yeah. I get a good look because he's standing like five feet away from me."

"Does he have any genitals, or has he got clothes on?"

Kevin: "He doesn't have any genitals."

"Does it look like he has any clothes on?"

Kevin: "He doesn't."

"No? Okay. Does he have fingernails, can you tell?"

Kevin: "No. He doesn't."

"No fingernails?"

Kevin: "No."

"Does he have ears, nose, a mouth?"

Kevin: "He looks almost exactly like a Gray. Only he has a pale white skin, yellow eye with a black pupil in it. And about the same height. He has sort of a...not so scary face like the Grays do."

"Is the head shape the same?"

Kevin: "Yeah, about the same."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I take a step towards him, and he takes a step back. I take another step forward, he takes another step back. He sort of walks fast over..."

"Is he communicating anything to you?"

Kevin: "No. He's letting me do what I want to do, I think. He's not really controlling me. I'm curious, curious about what he is doing. And he walks fast over to his ship, and I follow him. And he gets onto the ladder and walks up at a pretty fast pace. He's up in it already. I'm about in the middle of the ladder, and I'm walking up it. I'm using my hands."

"Do J and I just stay on the ground?"

Kevin: "Yes. Finally I'm up there, and he's looking over at the wall. It's a light room, but there's no light in it. No light bulb in it. That's where it's like a room with nothing in it, just shiny metal."

"What's the shape of the room?"

Kevin: "Sort of square room. The Gray--or whatever--the other alien is just standing there, just standing, looking at a wall. I can see a crack of light. The crack of light is getting bigger. It's weird. I can see a big, long hallway. I see something like a green glow in it, and it curves into another place, which--I'm not sure--it just goes along and curves. It's gigantic in here! Exactly where the thing is looking, it opens up, and he walks up. There's a couple steps there. We walk up into a hallway."

"A door?"

Kevin: "Yeah, there was a door you couldn't see."

"How does it open?"

Kevin: "Sort of slides open."

"Which way does it slide?"

Kevin: "Sort of side...both sides just sort of open up."

"Oh. A split door?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"It just slides sideways, huh?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I'm walking down the hallway, a long, narrow hall. Well, I mean, a long winding hallway. It's about six feet wide and about twelve feet high. We're just walking down, come to a curve, and we turn, come to another curve, and we turn that way, and there is another turn-off. And he can still go straight, but he just walks fast over there, and then he slows down, then I catch up with him. I'm about five feet behind him, and then I just stop. I'm like fifteen feet behind him, and he walks into the room. He runs into the room, and soon as he gets there--`ssssshoot'--the door just shuts on me! Then the lights turn off! And I just start walking in a direction, trying to...trying to get out. I'm wondering why they did that. I just walk in a direction, don't know where I'm at. And then the lights come back on. I'm in a room, but there's no light in it,

but it's light. I'm in the room I was in before. The first room I was in. And there's a stairway that goes down. I go up to it, and I climb down it at a pretty fast pace, down, pretty fast. I get to the ground, and no one's there. Not even you and Mom. And I run back. I run back over to the house, down the little hill and into the house and open the door. And you guys are still sleeping."

"How can you tell we're sleeping? Can you hear us snoring or anything?"

Kevin: "Well, I know you're sleeping."

"Can you see us?"

Kevin: "Yeah, I can see you."

"Can you hear us breathing?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I just run into my room as fast as I can. Then I lay down for a couple seconds, then I open my eyes and look over at my little radio, and I turn it on. I hit 'play' on it. I turn the Moody Blues on, I lay back down and pull my pillows back down to where they were before. I lay down and listen to the Moody Blues tape."

"Are you asleep yet?"

Kevin: "No, I'm just sort of laying there."

"Are your eyes open?"

Kevin: "No. I'm laying there trying to get to sleep. It's weird how they didn't do anything to me."

"How long is it before you get to sleep again?"

Kevin: "Ten minutes."

"All right. So is this the end of the incident?"

Kevin: "Yes."

"Let's just do a check on this, okay?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"All right. Return to when you were in the ship."

Kevin: "What part?"

"When you first go into the ship, then you go through a door into a hallway, and then the 'Gray' goes through another door. Is that right?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Yeah."

"And then the lights go off. What happens then?"

Kevin: "Nothing."

"Are you just standing in the dark?"

Kevin: "Just standing in the dark, yeah. Sort of bumping the walls, feeling the walls to find where I'm at. And they're just sort of really smooth walls, really nice metal walls. So I just keep on walking down. I just keep walking down, jogging down. And then I hit a couple steps. I walk up 'em into a room, heard a 'ding' sort of sound. And the lights turned back on, and I can see the walkway downward to the ground. So I walk up to it, walk down it, get to the ground, and no one's there. You, Mom, no one. I run to the swimming pool area, run down that little hill and into the house. I open the door, and I can see you guys are sleeping, so I just keep on jogging down into my room. I get into my bed. I just lay there for a couple minutes. I get back up, and I look over at my little...your tape player, and I had a Moody Blues tape in it, so I hit 'play.' Then I laid back down, take my pillows and put them...so I lay down there. And that's it."

"All right. Return to just the beginning of the incident when you're walking from the bedroom to the living room, and you walk past J... and I. Take another look there and make sure...Tell

me what you see."

Kevin: "Okay. I'm by your bed, right?"

"Um-huh."

Kevin: "I'm looking at you and Mom. I don't hear any snoring, which is pretty unusual."

"Do you hear any breathing?"

Kevin: "No. I go outside..."

"What do you see when you look at us? What does it look like? Can you see J's hand or my hand or our faces?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I can see the side of your face. And I can see Mom's hair a little bit."

"Are our bodies breathing, can you tell?"

Kevin: "I'm not sure."

"Are they moving?"

Kevin: "Not that I can see."

"Anything else?"

Kevin: "I don't hear you guys snoring. So I walk out onto the hill, out the door."

"Over by the pool?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Is that the part you wanted to know about?"

"And then you walk over to the parking lot where Mom and I are standing?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"What are we wearing? Are we wearing clothes?"

Kevin: "You're wearing blue pants, blue worn pants with an orange shirt with a sun on it. J's wearing a green sweat shirt with black sweat pants. That's what they're wearing. J's wearing shoes and so are you, but I'm not."

"Is J talking to me, or am I saying anything?"

Kevin: "I think they're just enjoying the night."

"What are we doing?"

Kevin: "Just leaning up against the gateway."

"Do you say anything to us?"

Kevin: "No."

"Okay. So when you're on the ship, and they turn the lights off, do you just feel your way back, is that what happened?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"Give me the first thing that pops into your mind. Does anything else happen on the ship?"

Kevin: "No."

"Does anything else happen on the ship?"

Kevin: "No."

"Do you know what they're doing?"

Kevin: "No."

"Does this being touch you at all?"

Kevin: "No."

"Does this being look at you at all?"

Kevin: "Yes."

"Does this being communicate anything at all, ideas or anything telepathically, or anything?"

Kevin: "No."

"All right. Is there anything else about this incident?"

Kevin: "No."

"So was this a dream or did it really happen?"

Kevin: "It really happened."

This was not the first time Kevin had encountered these yellow-eyed beings. Who they were and what they were doing is a mystery to

us. The first time they abducted him they performed a 'painless' physical examination. They were also friendlier than the typical Grays; they didn't have the sinister or scary 'feel' to them. They seemed to show some compassion in their actions. However, in both cases they took Kevin against his will and installed amnesia, thus indicating that they were not benevolent ETs.

The apparent body duplication of J and me in this incident was very intriguing, as we appeared to be in two different locations at the same time. Perhaps they were our body clones, as some abductees have seen. Perhaps they were holographic images. Perhaps this was a "doppelganger" experience similar to Betty [Andreasson] Luca's experience described in Raymond Fowler's book THE WATCHERS. We can only speculate.

During the winter of '94 another relative, cousin Lisa, told me that she also believed she was an abductee. When spring rolled around I asked her if she would like to check it out, and she agreed.

Lisa's Session #1 -- May 16, 1994

"First of all, just so I can get this on tape, too, tell me some of the...you tell me you had experienced things, or things that you felt about possible alien contact."

Lisa: "Well, when I was ten, eleven--I think that puts me in fourth grade--that's the earliest memory I have of just a longing to go. Like I would watch the stars--actually I'd watch the tree line of the mountain ahead of me--and I 'willed' my spaceship to come and take me, because I wasn't supposed to...like I was forgotten. And then there's this dream I had that was recurring until I was about eighteen, and I would have the dream probably about three to five times a month. And then from eighteen until about twenty-two I had the dream only a couple times a year. And that dream was a feeling and a smell and a taste. And I cannot find a physical smell or taste here (on Earth) or feeling. That's why I explain that it's kind of like a bowling ball rolling, but it wasn't a hard thing--a blah, mushy, almost void of gravity and void of...like I don't have bones. That kind of feeling. And I'm not sure if the feeling's me, or if the feeling is overwhelming me. And it's really weird, because right now as I'm talking about it, I can feel it. But the smell...it's really humid, and I can't put it into words. It's almost like a...it's not a bitter smell, but it's not sweet either. And it's a recurring dream. And when I would wake up from my dreams I would be terrified. I would remember when I was like especially a young girl, like fourth, fifth, sixth grade, I would wake and feel like I'd been running away from the Blob. And I'd wake up tense and like almost afraid."

"Okay. Give me the first thing that pops into your mind in answer to this question: Was this from a real experience?"

Lisa: "I want to say yes."

"All right. Contact that experience, and return to the beginning of this incident.

Lisa soon began to realize that this was not a dream at all, but a very painful abduction by Grays. Painful, not only physically, but emotionally as well. She was only five years old, and she was taking a nap. The Grays floated her out of her bed, out "through" the window and into a disc-shaped craft, in broad daylight. On the examination table her right eye was opened up, blurring her vision. (Some

abductees have an implant that is attached to the optic nerve, and it is installed by removing the abductee's eye.) Something was inserted down her throat and into her stomach, causing pain and stopping her breathing. Something was inserted into her spine, causing intense pain, and something was inserted into her side and in her nose.

When she first began contacting this incident she said, "I hate this dream," and then reported that she felt drugged and so nauseous that she thought she was going to throw up during the session. Her head began hurting, she experienced a slight dizziness with a loss of equilibrium. She said they weren't just touching her, but were prodding, pushing, and pulling her like a tug of war. She felt that she had no choice, and that her body was no longer hers. After the examination she was floated back to her bed where she pulled the covers over her head and rolled up into a ball. She still had a headache from the abduction, and her throat was sore. She concluded that she just had a very bad dream.

After the session she commented on how curious it was that as a little girl she always yearned for the spaceship to come and take her away. Now that she found out what they had actually done to her, her viewpoint is quite the opposite. Abductees often feel a great affinity toward their abductors until they recover a number of abduction memories and find out "it ain't no picnic."

When Lisa first told me that she thought she had had contact with extra-terrestrials, she said that she remembered seeing an eye. This eye was not like a Gray's, but rather it was like a "reptilian eye." Later on, after the first session that I gave her, she mentioned that she had "dinosaur friends" that she "played with" as a child. So quite possibly she had been also abducted by reptilians. Although reptilians are less frequently seen than Grays, they do indeed exist, and they do indeed abduct people. It appears that reptilians are even more cruel and crass than Grays. Perhaps the movie "V" was scripted with these beings in mind.

Not all dreams about aliens or abductions are the result of an actual abduction experience. For example, as a result of working so intensely on this book and dealing with other abductees, I went through a period of dreaming a lot about Grays. However, I know that I wasn't abducted every night that I had one of these dreams. They were just dreams, not actual abductions. However, there is a difference between an abduction "dream" and just an ordinary dream about abduction. I can't put that difference into words. All I can say is that I "know" when it actually happened. An abductee will sometimes feel certain emotions on the morning following an abduction, such as anger, irritability, or depression. There may also be unexplainable scars or scratches. But often there are no dreams or any indications at all that an abduction has occurred, and an abductee can often have a very pleasant, uneventful day following a traumatic abduction. However, a recurring, very "real" and disturbing abduction dream, as we have seen in this chapter, can be a good indicator that an actual abduction has taken place at some earlier point in time. If it were not for the government cover-up, which I will discuss in the next two chapters, more people would talk more openly about their disturbing dreams and abduction experiences.

VEIL OF SECRECY

"Now this conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence--economic, political, even spiritual--is felt in every city, every state house, every office of the federal government. We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence whether sought or unsought by the military/industrial complex. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes."

(Excerpt from Dwight D. Eisenhower's farewell address to the nation in January of 1961.)

There are many books written about the government cover-up of UFOs. It would be impossible for me to properly address this vast subject in one chapter, so I'm just going to offer some interesting tidbits of information here. Anyone who isn't aware of this insidious cover-up should read some of the books available on the subject in order to find out what's really going on. Whether you know it or not, this subject affects us all.

It appears that billions of our tax dollars have been covertly funnelled into super secret "black" projects. Therefore, it is our right to know what we are paying for.

This is merely a transitional chapter to set the scene for Chapter Seven, which exposes the "real" government cover-up. The government--that is, the "secret" government--would like you to believe that there is really not enough information available to determine if there is actually an alien presence on our planet. The truth of the matter is that there is an incredible plethora of information available on the subject, and the military/intelligence community has acquired more information than anyone else.

As a child I remember reading in a joke book that "A secret is something that is hushed about from place to place." From this definition of a secret it is safe to assume that some of these government secrets will eventually leak out. They have. Unfortunately, though, the information has been tainted with disinformation, so it becomes very difficult to nail down the truth when you don't know who is telling it or how much of what they are saying is true. And how do you verify what they are saying?

This complexity and perplexity was a bit easier for me to handle in my research because I have "inside" information. Inside spaceships, that is. Knowing the Grays firsthand puts me in a position to compare what I have observed aboard ship with this "leaked" government information/disinformation. Also, working with other abductees has not only provided a broader understanding of the phenomenon, but it has served to confirm what I personally have observed.

The sector of government that deals with the alien issues comes under the general heading of military/intelligence, which is--as Groucho Marx quipped--a real contradiction of terms. The National Security Agency (NSA), Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), Department

of Energy (DOE), Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), and Army and Air Force Intelligence are just some of the federal bureaucracies involved with aliens and alien technology. Of course, these activities are highly compartmentalized, so that only a relatively small number of people in these agencies are directly involved, and a very few have the "need to know" to understand the big picture.

There has been a tug-of-war between those in government who want to make the truth public and those that insist that the public shouldn't be allowed to know what's really going on.

For example, in October of 1969 Jimmy Carter and other witnesses observed a UFO at Leary, Georgia. He later filed a report with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) describing the UFO and other details of the sighting. On the campaign trail to the White House Jimmy promised, "If I become President, I'll make every piece of information this country has about UFO sightings available to the public and the scientists." (Good 1993, p.79) Obviously, he didn't--or couldn't--fulfill his campaign promise.

In 1966 House Minority Leader, Gerald Ford, demanded a congressional investigation into UFOs. Like Carter, we never heard another word about it when he became President.

There are many reports about flying saucers, alien artifacts, cryogenically frozen aliens, and a master computer file located at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Senator Barry Goldwater tried to penetrate the security at Wright-Patterson to see what was in the "Blue Room," but was denied any access whatsoever. (According to the author of ABOVE TOP SECRET, Timothy Good, the Blue Room is where the alien artifacts are stored, but not the saucers and the bodies.)

In March of 1975 Goldwater wrote the following letter to Shlomo Arnon:

"The subject of UFOs is one that has interested me for some long time. About ten or twelve years ago I made an effort to find out what was in the building at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base where the information is stored that has been collected by the Air Force, and I was understandably denied this request. It is still classified above Top Secret. I have, however, heard that there is a plan under way to release some, if not all, of this material in the near future. I'm just as anxious to see this material as you are, and I hope we will not have to wait much longer." (Good 1988, p.405)

In April of 1981 he wrote the following letter to Lee Graham:

"First, let me tell you that I have long ago given up acquiring access to the so-called blue room at Wright-Patterson, as I have had one long string of denials from chief after chief, so I have given up.

In answer to your questions, one is essentially correct. I don't know of anyone who has access to the blue room, nor am I aware of its contents and I am not aware of anything having been relocated....

To tell you the truth, Mr. Graham, this thing has gotten so highly classified, even though I will admit there is a lot of it that has been released, it is just impossible to get anything on it." (Good 1988, p. 405)

Goldwater had tried to obtain this information through General Curtis LeMay, an Air Force Chief of Staff and head of the Strategic Air Command. Not only was Goldwater refused access to the blue room or any information about it, but General LeMay became enraged and cussed out Goldwater for even asking about it! This is rather ironic since Barry Goldwater was a major general in the Air Force Reserves and a former chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. This revelation by Goldwater illustrates how compartmentalized UFO information is and how secretive our government is about it.

Many other legislators have tried to penetrate the veil of secrecy surrounding UFOs, but to no avail. Congressmen McCormack, Scherer, Metcalf, Hardy, Baumhart, Downing, L.T. Johnson, Addonizio and Senators Keating, Smathers, Dodd, Proxmire, and Kefauver are just some of the politicians who have stood up against UFO secrecy. (Keyhoe 1973, p.76)

Representative Lindsay aptly stated, "The security of the U.S. does not always demand total secrecy...The American people are fully capable of understanding the nature of these problems." (Keyhoe 1973, p.77)

The New York Times quoted Admiral Roscoe H. Millenkoetter, the first Director of the CIA, as saying, "Through official secrecy and ridicule, many citizens are led to believe that unidentified flying objects are nonsense. To hide the facts the Air Force has silenced its personnel." (New York Times Feb. 28, 1960) Major Donald Keyhoe has written an excellent book on the power struggle between the military and our elected officials called ALIENS FROM SPACE. Although the book's title sounds more like a fifties' sci-fi movie, it is an excellent source of information in which he stated, "For years, the CIA and the AF have shown an astonishing disregard for congressional authority. Absolute denials of any spaceship evidence have been sent to legislators, signed by directors of legislative liaison, whose specific job is to give straight answers to Congress."

Total denial of knowledge of extra-terrestrials has always been the "official" response from the military/intelligence community. However, through the Freedom of Information Act we have been able to determine that the government has been lying to us. Attorney Peter Gersten, Director of Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS), has sued both the CIA and NSA, but failed to lift the lid off the secrecy. In the NSA suit CAUS was denied access to 135 UFO documents because it was an issue of "national security." (Fawcett & Greenwood 1992) Although Gersten failed to lift the lid of secrecy off the UFO phenomenon, the ruling in this case was tacit admission that there is indeed an official government cover-up of UFOs.

A large number of UFO sightings, UFO crashes, and contact with "space brothers," that is, human-looking ETs, occurred during the late forties and early fifties. The most investigated, and therefore the most well-known, of these crashes occurred in the first week of July, 1947 near Corona, seventy-five miles northwest of Roswell, New Mexico. Due to the existence of over two hundred eyewitnesses in this case, it has become virtually indisputable that a genuine alien craft crashed there. Governor Simms has been trying to get the military to come forward with the truth of this event, but in spite of the evidence the official position of denial holds firm. It also appears that another crash occurred about this time about 150 miles west of the Corona crash. This crash occurred on the plains of San Agustin near Magdalena.

More saucers bit the dust in the ensuing years. Some people have assumed that the cover-up started at this point in history, but as I have discovered, this is far from the truth. In spite of the fact that the Roswell crash occurred over the Fourth of July holiday, it was very quickly mopped up and hushed up. Some civilians that were involved were threatened with death if they talked. The evidence was quickly and secretly picked up and carted off as soon as the feds became aware of the events, indicating the government already had trained teams and equipment ready to handle just such an emergency to make sure the citizens of this country didn't get their hands on the evidence. Consequently, debunkers like Carl Sagan often ask, "If UFOs really exist, where is the physical evidence?"

One eyewitness, Gerald Anderson, a former police chief, remembers very vividly being at the Magdalena crash site right before the military arrived. Anderson described the soldiers as being "very cognizant of what they were looking at" and said, "They knew what it was." The soldiers acted quickly and threatened Anderson's father and uncle that if they ever said anything they'd never see their kids again. Before they left the area a battalion of soldiers and trucks had arrived; the road was blocked off and airplanes were landing on it. (Good 1993, p.104)

Mr. Anderson also reports an interesting "conversation" he had with one of the occupants of the craft before the military arrived. It is a classic example of telepathic communication without the use of language or symbols. The alien "turned and looked right at me, and it was like he was inside my head, as if he was doing my thinking--as if his thoughts were in my head. I felt that thing's fear, felt its depression, felt its loneliness. I relived the crash. (He remembers feeling the sensation of falling and tumbling.) I know the terror it went through. That one look told me everything..." (Good 1993, p.103) I have experienced this type of telepathic communication as well. It is done with pure intention; no words or symbols or pictures are used. However, most often abductees report telepathic communication in their own language in which the ETs are quite precise in their wording.

Bill Hamilton tells of a man, Mr. H., who told him that he was stationed at Roswell Air Force Base in the late 1940's, and that he helped with two different crash retrievals, one in 1948 and one in 1949. In the first crash retrieval he helped transport the disk overland to the Nevada Test Site at Groom Lake, now known as Area 51. He saw evidence of six types of aliens while he was there--and he didn't mean dead ones. He said there were separate eating areas for humans and aliens in the cafeteria. He claims to have seen tall Grays, short Grays, a human-looking type, a human/reptilian hybrid race called the Orange, an unknown type, and another one that looked like the picture in Aviation Week magazine. This latter type of alien was apparently the same kind that visited us in our tent on our land.

Mr. H. also said that he was at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base two years later and saw a disk-shaped alien craft there.

On June 24, 1947, right before the Roswell crash, Kenneth Arnold made his famous sighting near Mt. Rainier in Washington State and captured the event on film. He described to a reporter that the object flew like a saucer skipping across water, so the reporter coined the term "flying saucer." The story appeared in 150 newspapers in just two days. What is most interesting about this incident is that he was personally attacked by the government. The CIA, FBI, military intelligence and even the IRS investigated him in order to debunk him personally. (Kinder 1987, p. 142) The system was already in place at this time to cover up the government's involvement with extra-terrestrials.

During the early fifties some people reported contacts with human-looking extra-terrestrials who appeared to be benevolent. That is, they invited people aboard ship and didn't perform painful physical examinations. However, it could be that they weren't telling the whole truth about where they came from, who they were, and what their intentions were. But perhaps they were. One of the most well-known of these contactees was George Adamski who also took movie footage as well as still photographs of their spacecraft. Similar-looking "Venusian Scout" ships have been photographed by other people at other times and in different parts of the world.

Because of all the sightings, contacts, crashes, and abductions in

the late forties and early fifties, the government had to strengthen its debunking program, which was advised by the CIA's Robertson Panel in 1953. The effect of the government's decision can be seen by the fact that the most heavily attacked and debunked UFO contact cases are those that have the most evidence. The irony is that debunking only brings more attention to the case helping to promote it and making it more known. Heavy debunking indicates the government is really worried about people knowing about it, thus adding to the evidence that it was an authentic sighting and/or contact. Also, debunkers' stories are often more difficult to believe than stories of the contactees.

Abductions were virtually unheard of before the public disclosure of the abduction of Betty and Barney Hill; abductions didn't become really well-known until after the publication of *Communion* by Whitley Strieber. However, abductions have been occurring for a very long time. I'll cover the subject of past life abductions in greater detail in Book Two of *THE PROGRAMMING OF A PLANET* Series, *THE EYE OF RA*.

I find it interesting that the government was working behind the scenes on the production of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." Steven Spielberg even recruited Dr. J. Allen Hynek as a technical adviser for the film. It is also interesting that the Grays were also working behind the scenes of this movie. Timothy Beckley covers this strange phenomenon in his book *UFOS AMONG THE STARS*. The movie deceptively portrays abductions as being not only harmless, but desirable. The subtle message conveyed is that we let our fears cloud our perception of ETs, so they get bad press. It also portrays these Hollywood aliens, which look somewhat like Grays, as being benevolent and Spielberg spins an air of awe toward the aliens. Even the abduction movie "Intruders," which is based on a true story, ends on a happy note and the star abductee marvels that she is chosen to contribute to the aliens' bizarre genetics project. Abductions in real life rarely have a happy ending. The "screen memories" (telepathic implants), which ETs often use to disguise the actual traumatic details of the abduction, only give the illusion of innocence or benevolence.

In January of 1953 the CIA sponsored the Robertson Panel, which after a whole twelve hours of deliberation came to the following recommendation on the UFO problem:

"The 'debunking' aim would result in reduction in public interest in 'flying saucers,' which today evokes a strong psychological reaction. This education could be accomplished by mass media such [as] television, motion pictures, and popular articles. Basis of such education would be actual case histories which had been puzzling at first but later explained. As is the case of conjuring tricks, there is much less stimulation if the 'secret' is known." (Good 1988, p.337)

Subsequently, government red herring programs have been orchestrated to try to derail public interest in UFOs, such as Project Blue Book and the Condon Committee. The true nature of the UFO cover-up has been--and is still being--suppressed by Hollywood and the media. I discovered this personally when I agreed to a television interview in 1994. I find it also very interesting that debunkers often invalidate abductees' claims by saying that the details of their abductions parallel similar phenomena depicted in movies, thereby indicating that abductees are drawing upon what they had seen in movies when telling their stories. Actually the reverse is true--the movie industry picked up the details for their movies from the contactees and abductees--and the government, too.

However, in spite of the government's debunking program, about fifty per cent of the population of this country believe UFOs are real. One of the reasons for this is that millions of American citizens have

personally seen genuine UFOs or have been contacted or abducted by extra-terrestrials.

It appears that in 1954 several alien craft landed at Muroc Air Force Base--now Edwards Air Force Base--and officials of our government including President Eisenhower met with these aliens. Who they were, I don't know. Many people believe that this is when the U.S. government made the deal with the Grays. The deal went basically like this: We, the U.S. Government will allow you to abduct our citizens without interference if you give us your advanced technology. However, it may have been some other alien group--there are so many--and perhaps a deal with the Grays had been forged long before this event. Adolph Hitler and top Nazi officials met "officially" with the Grays in 1938! (More on this in Book Two, THE EYE OF RA) The fact that there is a collusion between our government and the Grays has now been confirmed by many abductees, including myself, who have seen it firsthand.

Physicist Bob Lazar claims to have been recruited by Dr. Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb, to work at a super secret facility called Site 4 (S-4) near Area 51. He was apparently hired to help "back-engineer" alien spacecraft technology. That is, they had the finished product, and they were trying to figure out how it was made and how it works. He not only read highly classified government documents, the "Government Bible", but he also was allowed to enter and inspect an alien flying saucer and even saw a short test flight of the craft. He read government documents that connected the typical Gray alien type with the Zeta Reticuli star system. In these documents he also learned that the aliens referred to us (that is, our bodies) as "containers." He was threatened at gun point, given drugs, and claims to have been hypnotized. Lazar left the S-4 facility after about six months and then later went public with his story. Other people have corroborated his story, but like most people who talk, he was heavily debunked. (For more details see Bob Lazar's video "Excerpts From The Government Bible" video and read Timothy Good's book, ALIEN CONTACT.)

It is understandable why so few people have talked, because they are told that if they talk, the government will murder them--wife and children included--and then they are given hypnotic drugs and post-hypnotic suggestions to help keep them in line. They are often paid a very high salary to help insure their silence.

UFO researcher and former NASA scientist, Bob Oechsler, has acquired the most intriguing testimony by a man who would know, if anybody would know, what is going on behind camouflaged doors. Admiral Bobby Ray Inman was the director of the Office of Naval Intelligence, deputy director of the CIA, vice director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, and director of the National Security Agency. He retired in 1982. On July 20, 1989 Bob Oechsler called Bobby Inman and--to make a long story short--he confirmed to Bob Oechsler that the military was indeed in possession of alien "recovered vehicles." The entire conversation can be found in Timothy Good's book ALIEN CONTACT, or in Bob Oechsler's video "The Indoctrination of America." Also, one of Oechsler's high-level CIA sources confirmed Bob Lazar's employment at the S-4 facility.

I have often heard UFO researchers state that the government is justified in maintaining secrecy because it would totally upset the social, political, economic, and religious systems of the planet if they were to reveal the truth. They paint a chaotic, "War of the Worlds" scenario to help promote this deceptive rationalization. They exaggerate the repercussions of such a revelation completely out of proportion. For example, when abductees first learn of their traumatic relationship with aliens, they don't jump out of windows, they don't

quit their jobs, they don't leave their families, and they don't stop being Catholics, Jews, Muslims, or whatever. And being an abductee is just about the worst possible scenario you could imagine. It's not pleasant, it's traumatic, and it's often terrifying. But most people are strong, and they continue going forward in spite of the hardships. People are generally resilient and can adjust to new realities if it is required. By the way, no one actually committed suicide in the United States when Orson Welles aired his "War of the Worlds" radio program.

I have only given cursory treatment to the "apparent" nature of the government cover-up in this chapter. The real government cover-up is underground--literally covered up.

UNDERGROUND INFORMATION

I met Jack Wylie at Spokane, Washington's only bi-monthly UFO meeting. Eight people showed up. Spokane's not one of those hot spots for UFO enthusiasts. I gave a talk on the abduction phenomenon and past life psychological programming, and after the meeting Jack and his wife, Karen, introduced themselves. Jack expressed a strong interest in exploring some of his past lives, so we scheduled a session.

Jack hadn't mentioned any abduction symptoms before the session. I asked him only to recall an emotionally painful incident, so I was quite surprised when the first incident that popped up was an abduction incident. This incident is covered in Chapter 11, "The Attic." In three weeks time Jack had uncovered over twenty different incidents in which he was contacted by extra-terrestrials. His vivid recall produced a wealth of information revealing the true colors of several ET groups. The following incident, which was uncovered twelve days after we began the sessions, demonstrates the Grays' affinity for hiding underground.

Jack's Session #7 -- June 10, 1994

"Return to the most recent contact with beings in the extra-terrestrial category."

Jack: "I'm getting some impressions; the details are a little dark. It seems as though it happened, let's see, eighty-eight (1988). In the beginning there's--kind of interesting--a cave. Extra-terrestrials in a cave, kind of dark, being abducted when I was on my honeymoon in the Okanagan, let's see, Oroville area. I don't get the image of going to a ship or anything like that. It's more like kind of scary circumstances going into a cave. And it's dank and cold, dark. I'm sitting upright in a chair. I have a gag on my mouth and a blindfold on. And we have a guy behind the chair, and my legs are tied to the legs of the chair. This impression that they do something to my arm over here with a shot and...or something. I'm bewildered and confused. I got the impression that I was hiking where they didn't want me to hike. Apparently, they brought me in to erase some of my memory, 'cause I don't remember getting into the cave. Well, I do remember going into the entrance of the cave and being sat in a chair. I could tell because it was warm and suddenly the unmistakable smell of ground in the cave, and it was a colder temperature compared to outside, and it was that kind of sensation. But apparently, it's just a short memory erase. But it's got me awful frightened. It's kind of odd that I get to a certain point sitting in the chair, and it's like I can't get any more details because the next thing I know, after they did that shot, like I go unconscious, and the next thing I know I'm outside, and I'm sitting on the ground. Sitting there as if I had been taking a hike. Sat down and just lookin' around for awhile. I was kind of enjoying the day."

"Did they erase your memory in the cave?"

Jack: "Yeah. And, you know, them taking me into the cave, my

impression is, I don't remember tripping on any fine wire, so there must have been some other kind of protection device that warned them of my approach or encroachment on their area. But I can see the location of where they put me back. Where my memory is functioning again it's on a fairly high hill top, a view over a beautiful lake, with no notion of missing time."

"What do these beings look like?"

Jack: "They're the typical big-headed, short gray. Pasty gray. Well, I say pasty gray, but that's kind of a white gray, I guess ash gray color. Ashen gray color."

"All right. Return to the beginning of the incident and recount it, please."

Jack: "Well, I'm hiking along just out there in the...by in the country side. No houses, no farms, it's just a wilderness area. And I suspect, let's see, I've been stunned because suddenly I trip, fall, and I'm down, face down. And that's that. It's like I couldn't hardly even put my hands up in time to catch...It's like I barely got my hands up. I'm laying there, I'm laying on the ground like this (Indicates with palms facing away from his body). Anyway, they pick me up. They kind of drag me along. I wonder if they use some kind of floatation device, because I must be pretty heavy to them. They're little tiny things. Weaklings, I would guess. And I start to come to as I'm approaching the cave, the entrance to the cave. But it's still like just faintest memory impressions start to come. Not memory impressions, but perceptions. Sense perceptions start to come as I'm approaching the entrance and going into the entrance, and then--of course it's really dark inside, and I can't see a thing, 'cause I was outside in the sun--and sat down in this chair. They got me tied and bandaged up. And shortly after that I get an injection into my arm, and then my head slips down to my chest. I'm unconscious. I get the sense of a telepathic whispering in my mind. Kind of like a buzzing, annoying buzzing bee sound in my mind. And it seems like it's in the lower part of my brain, the back lower part of my brain, that this is receiving this telepathic communication. It feels like a switch in the stem of my brain. After that ends it's like a switch. It almost feels like a switch is turned when they finish the communication. You know, like they're zipping it or locking it in place. My impression of the communication was that 'You won't see, hear or know anything about this place. You'll know nothing.' There's also a sense of apprehension and fear, too. I sense, too, a fear from them. That there is some fear in them. I'm picking up that, which is very different, because typically I don't feel anything from them, like these people are very hard to read. Typically all I feel is an aloof...a total unattached, uncaring...no concern. And the typical man on the left, on my other experiences, he has a little bit different feel to him, that he feels more evil, more sinister...that's not right either. Not only is he uncaring, but he seems to have his own agenda, his own desires. And he...it gives him a sense of fulfillment to do cruel things to humans."

"This is a Gray?"

Jack: "Yeah. The Gray that I see in some of my other experiences where I'm on that table. In this experience I don't sense any of his type in this small group of Grays. There's just a little bit of fear. There's not a lot. But there isn't that

incredible...arrogance? Sometimes I hate those...difficult to get these feelings, these sense perceptions into words. But I sense them. These people that took me into the cave are like watch guards. They're like people that don't really matter that much. They're not very high up in the hierarchy. After this thing `clicks,' they take me back. I don't get a sense of them dragging me. Like I go from the cave to--`click'--awake, on that hillside. Like my eyes are open when I come conscious, because it's like there's no sense of time lapse or memory lapse and no question as to what was the preceding thought. It's like my mind just engages again, suddenly. 'Cause I don't have a real clear memory of going from the cave to where I was sitting. But I do sense that it was a ways away. It's like they put me down in a different area than where I was. I wonder if they planted a false memory in my mind about where I had been because I don't seem to pick up a `Well, that's strange; I was over there, and now I'm here.' So I sense from this experience I just got a little too close to like an ammunition depot or something like that, but maybe not ammunition, but...well, I'm not sure what it was in there, as far as that cave is concerned. I sense it went back quite a ways."

"Okay, when is this?"

Jack: "1988. Summer. Early summer. Yeah, June, July, end of June, beginning of July, somewhere right in there. It was just south of _____, just south of the _____. And so it was in the surrounding country, around _____."

"Okay, return to the beginning of the incident and try to pick up some more of the information, and try to re-experience it."

Jack: "I got this flash that maybe they're mining for gold. Maybe they're doing some kind of gold operation. I'm walking on some pretty hilly terrain and just walking along, and suddenly I just fall flat, straight forward. Like in mid-step my foot didn't set down, but my momentum carried me forward, and I just went right flat down. I could just barely get my hands to my sides."

"What does that feel like?"

Jack: "Well, it...didn't fall on any rocks, I just fell in dirt. Even though it's pretty rocky terrain, hilly, rocky, there was, you know, like a small rock on the lower part of my leg I hit on, but as far as my face and upper body, well, I just got a little dirt on my face. But I'm laying with my head slightly turned, face down, and my hands are like this in front of me. I'm in that position for a while, a few minutes, maybe two or three minutes. And it's interesting that when they pick me up, it's amazingly light, it's like I'm not floating on air, but I'm pretty light. Got a sense of weighing very little, of being very light. They pick me up and hold me between their arms. It's difficult to know if I go up or down or sideways, but I can clearly see myself go in the cave."

"So it's like a natural cave...?"

Jack: "Well, you know it's kind of odd, but it looks like they've got an illusion because suddenly there's a cave. It looks like the outside, and suddenly it's a cave. So maybe they have an illusion covering the mouth of the cave. As I go in again, I know that I'm in a cave by the smell, by the cool, cold feeling, the dampness, the mustiness, the lack of the sun penetrating its warmth on my body, suddenly cut off from that. I can't see anything because it's like really dark in the cave. And they set me down very promptly, tie up my arms and legs, my

eyes and my mouth, give me a shot in the arm. I can feel the needle go in. My head drops down to my chest like seconds after the shot goes in. And I'm out. At this point I feel kind of in a delirium, and I can sense this person in a very annoying tone, like a low volume, annoying, very rapid communication tone, communicating like...It feels like somebody whispering in my mind. And again it feels like it's back there by the stem, like the middle of my head, here in the stem of my brain, reprogramming my memory, giving me a different set of memories, telling me I won't remember, and so on. And now a `click.'"
"Do they implant other memories?"

Jack: "No. The emphasis is on `Don't remember.' Here, walking, and they gave me a picture of where I was walking, which was just up to where I was going to sit. And it's like I had nothing to do with this area. I don't remember anything about being on this particular hill, the general area. 'Cause it is probably a mile from where I was hiking to where I am going to be dropped. It's just like a memory erase. I don't pick up any other suggestions."

"So they take you a mile from where you were...?"

Jack: "Yeah. It's the cave where...let's see...where I stopped walking is about a mile at least to where they dropped me. And from there I can I just walk on back down to the resort where I'm staying at. It's not too far."

"Where are you staying at?"

Jack: "It's on a lake, called _____, I believe. I can't remember the name of that lake clearly. I believe it's called _____. And the transportation they use to take me away is unclear. It's kinda like on a flying carpet, 'cause I have a sense of weightlessness, and it's not like walking at all or being drugged. But I'm carried on something. Anyway I get to where they set me down. They set me down and cross my legs, put my hands in my lap, and they leave. But when I become conscious, I don't open my eyes, they're already open. And it's just like something clicks on in my brain. It starts running again. Like it'd been off--`click'--and I start to work again. Kinda like a toy that's been turned off and then turned on. But, yeah, like I said, my impression is that they're mining for gold. But, too, my other impression is that these are not like the abductors on the ships. I don't know if these people were working on their own or if this was a major concerted effort, because I only see a small group of probably five or six people. I mean that's my sense of how many are involved in this whole situation with me. There may be more on into the mountain."

"Did you actually get a look at them? Could you see their faces?"

Jack: "Ah, yeah, I could perceive them without my eyes. I could perceive them (out-of-body perceptions). They're the big-headed, big black-eyed, short aliens."

"And did you wake up a mile away from where they picked you up initially? Is that what you mean?"

Jack: "Um-huh. Um-huh."

"I see. How far are you from the lake?"

Jack: "It's quite a ways in the distance, a mile and a half, probably."

"And you're on a hill above the resort?"

Jack: "Well, I can't see the resort. I can see the lake in the distance. But, yeah, it's uphill, certainly, from the lake."

"Can you tell which direction you are from the lake?"
Jack: "South. And I was east and south where they...no, excuse me, west. I'm sorry. I'm going in the wrong direction. It was west and south. I think I'm looking...I'm pretty sure I'm facing north."
"Do you think you could locate this on a map?"
Jack: "Um-huh. Yes."
"And you say you were on your honeymoon here?"
Jack: "Yes."
"All right. Is there anything else about this incident?"
Jack: "No. There was no pain associated with it as much as it was like they were trying to hide it, what I stumbled onto. It was just a simple memory wipe."

J was planning a camping trip in the summer of 1994, so I talked her into driving in the direction of . I was intrigued by Jack's story, and so I told J that I wanted to check out the area and take some pictures. However, before we left Spokane, I told her I also wanted to see if I could get abducted in this area. I was curious to see if there was a permanent underground base there. The Grays abduct me so much anyway that I no longer have any fear of them, and I thought this would be an interesting experiment.

We spent the first night of our trip at Grand Coulee Dam and watched the laser light show on the spillway of the dam. The next day we arrived at Lake, the same lake where Jack and Karen had spent their honeymoon six years before. The resort charged over twenty bucks for a tent site, and we were on the economy plan, so we ended up taking a campsite at another resort. We camped that night on Lake, which is about four miles south of Lake.

The severity of my asthma prohibited me from hiking up into the area that Jack described, so I drove back up to Lake before sunset and reconnoitered the back roads and ranches separated by rattling cattle guards. I kept dodging black cows and glancing at my watch every five or ten minutes. It was a pleasant drive through beautiful country, but no Grays took the bait. It was almost dark by the time I arrived back at camp.

Later I lounged on the reclining lawn chair that I had brought for my camping comfort and gazed up at a spectacular, starlit sky. I especially kept an eye on the hills to the north in the area where Jack was abducted six years before. I was still wide awake around midnight.

Suddenly, I started falling asleep--or rather I was being "put" to sleep! My eyes closed, and in about three seconds I was nearly sound asleep, but something caught my attention to the north. I pulled myself out of my sudden slumber, opened my eyes and gazed in awe at what had attracted my attention. A bright yellow-orange object hovered above the hills to the north. Within about five seconds the UFO moved to the left and then quickly grew smaller until it completely dimmed out!

I was now wide awake again.

I've been observing stars, aircraft, satellites, etc. for the past three years, and I know how they can appear to be UFOs under certain conditions. I knew this was not only a genuine UFO sighting, but I also knew that they were putting me to sleep and coming to get me. I felt some inner satisfaction that I had finally caught them in the act.

Two nights later we camped out at another nearby lake (Lake), and before falling off to sleep I was feeling the apprehension of an impending abduction. I woke up the next morning with increased difficulty of breathing, and my overall condition had deteriorated. I

knew I'd been abducted.

Before leaving we found that this was an old mining area. Abandoned silver and gold mines riddled the steep, rugged hillsides. There are also _____ close by. At this point in time I thought that perhaps Jack's Grays were just laying low for awhile, using an old abandoned mine shaft to hide out in. But I also left the possibility open that there is indeed a permanent underground base in this area. I had asked the owner of the resort on _____ Lake if he'd heard of any UFO sightings or cattle mutilations in the area. He told me that he had lived there for twenty-three years and hadn't seen or heard of anything of that nature. Although I knew I had been abducted in that area, that didn't necessarily indicate an underground base was there, because I can be abducted anywhere and at any time.

However, on August 5, 1994, about three weeks after our camping trip, I decided to retrieve the memory of the abduction that I knew had occurred in that area. I uncovered not just one, but two abductions in which I was picked up and taken to an underground base jointly operated by the U.S. military and Grays!

The first abduction occurred at _____ Lake approximately forty-five minutes after I had spotted the UFO above the hills to the north. The second abduction occurred when we were camped on the beach at _____ Lake. A short Gray entered our tent and escorted me out through the unzipped door of the tent. When I exited the tent, two men wearing military uniforms were standing on my left. A helicopter was waiting for them on the parking area above our tent; a small saucer was waiting for me on the shore of the lake. I'll cover the details of these two abductions in Book Two of THE PROGRAMMING OF A PLANET where I'll tell my own story and reveal what happened in this secret underground military/Grays base.

I can't express in words the horrible shock I experienced when I realized that I was abducted not only by Grays, but our own military people. It is one thing to read about it happening to other people, but it is quite another matter when it happens to you personally. For it confirms that our own government has been subverted by the military/intelligence establishment. It confirms that our government is no longer "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It confirms that our own government has committed treason against its own citizens by making a deal with the enemy and aiding and abetting them. This reality just sort of popped up and slapped me really hard in the face. I knew that from this point on, my life would never be the same. I began to realize that I now had the unpleasant responsibility of informing the American people not only of the truth about alien abductions, but also of the military/intelligence take-over of our country. This is a very strange position to be in since this reality is just too incredible for most people to take seriously.

On Saturday, May 20, 1995 I drove back over to this area with two friends; our intention was to locate the camouflaged hangar doors to this underground base. However, we found that we couldn't drive into this area because there were locked gates across every one of the roads, so we couldn't cover much ground. By the end of the day we had not found anything unusual.

One of the members of our party had been arrested at Area 51 for crossing over the line in 1994; he had to go back to Spokane the same day we arrived. So Charlie _____ and I set up camp and began an all-night vigil looking for any UFO activity to the north. We wrote down the time about every fifteen minutes to document any "missing time" in case we were abducted. I was the first to succumb to the fatigue of

the day's hiking, so I sacked out in the tent while Charlie maintained watch from his car.

At 1:00 a.m. Charlie decided to take a cat nap, and so he set the alarm for 1:30 and went to sleep. I was snoring away in the tent, but I began dreaming a very strange dream. During this dream I began feeling that old familiar nervousness and apprehension, and I suddenly realized that I was about to be abducted. This feeling was so intense that I woke myself up and went out to check on Charlie. He was stretched out across the front seat of his car, sound asleep. I woke him up and began talking with him. I then glanced to the north and saw a UFO. It was a glowing orb of bright, white light. It was slowly strobing on and off at about one and half second intervals.

When Charlie saw it he began fumbling in the dark for his video camera. The UFO then began slowly descending STRAIGHT DOWN VERTICALLY into the hills. We heard absolutely no sound coming from the craft in the still, quiet night. By the time Charlie had his camera rolling the UFO had gone out of sight behind a hill, so we didn't get it on video tape. However, at least we now had three eyewitnesses to verify the UFO activity in this area.

This sighting and the my sighting of the UFO in 1994 were in the very same area, so we took a compass reading from our campsite by the baseball diamond at the public access at Lake. We found that the sighting was exactly straight north from this point. I believe that this is where the hidden underground base is located and that the UFO that Charlie and I had seen was descending straight down into the underground hangar. However, we have no way of knowing how far north the UFO was. I believe, though, that the base is about miles north of Lake, give or take a couple miles.

The following abduction account confirms again what some UFO researchers and eyewitnesses have been saying about the United States government/alien collusion. When I guided this abductee through this incident, I was in total amazement, as I conducted this session before I had my own underground adventure. Although I cannot reveal "Linda's" true identity, I can say that she was living in the Spokane/Coer d'Alene area when this abduction occurred in 1971. People who are firsthand witnesses to this kind of information are sometimes harassed, threatened, followed, phone-tapped, intimidated by black helicopters, and they sometimes have "accidents." I am personally not intimidated by these unconstitutional and unethical tactics, but I do respect other people's desire to live a relatively normal life in spite of the circumstances with which we abductees are confronted.

Linda: "I'm watching TV. I look behind me. I thought I heard something. There's nothing there. I look over at the door, and I see this weird being standing there. I had no idea what it was."

"What does it look like?"

Linda: "Like a Gray. It looks exactly like a Gray."

"What kind of eyes does it have?"

Linda: "Like a Gray."

"Can you describe it to me, what they look like?"

Linda: "They're big, no pupil and they're all black."

"What is the shape of the eye?"

Linda: "The same shape as a Gray. I'm not good at drawing faces of Grays."

"Okay. And what happens?"

Linda: "I'm looking over at this thing. It's walking toward me. I gotta walk towards it. I'm walking and walk and walk, and it

turned, I open the door, and there's an object right there in the middle of the road. It's a UFO! I have never seen one of these before."

"Describe it to me."

Linda: "It had a `balled' (domed) shape on top, a saucer shape on the bottom. And Grays are by the ship. And then they're going into the side, and they open the door. I walk around to the UFO. The next thing I know, I enter the ship. There's a couple beds there. A couple chairs, also. I come and sit down on one of the chairs. I'm just strapped down to it. And no one's doing anything interesting. There's this sliding door that Grays go in every once in a while. I think that's where the pilot is."

"Are you looking around inside the ship? Do you see anything?"

Linda: "No. I'm just keeping my head down. I feel like I'm just sitting there doing nothing."

"What's the chair look like?"

Linda: "Just a couple straps on the back pull out through a couple things. I don't know what they're made out of. They pull around and strap into this chair. And I'm just looking down at my feet. Nothing's happening. Then I look at one of the Grays. It's like a normal, typical Gray."

"A short one or a tall one?"

Linda: "Medium."

"What's the Gray doing?"

Linda: "He's sort of walking around, looking around. He's just wandering around. Every once in awhile he'll glance at me, turns his head at me. All of a sudden the sliding door opens up, and two Grays come out, and the rest of whatever is in that...there's no more Grays beyond the sliding door. They come out and unstrap me."

"How many of them are there now?"

Linda: "Three. Then I go out to this place, and the door opens. It's a metal place." (See illustrations, Drawing #1, for a bird's-eye view of the lay-out of this building.) "There's Grays all over the place. Seventy Grays. They're in a big circle." (I'm not certain if Linda literally meant "seventy" Grays, or if she was simply indicating that there were a lot of them.)

"Where are they at?"

Linda: "They're in a big circle around the ship. And then a couple Grays move out of the way. Then we walk through the three Grays there at the ship, and we...they go out through a door. I see people in suits with Grays. It's hard to see, for me to get back in the position where I was. They've put me into really high hypnosis."

"Are you on the ship now?"

Linda: "No."

"Where are you at now?"

Linda: "On the ground. Somewhere in a metal place."

"A metal place?"

Linda: "Yeah. It's like a couple square poles that come down. Rectangular prisms that come down. You can't see through them. They're all metal, though. There's a whole bunch of them." (Apparently structural supports for the metal building.) "I see another UFO. We come to this door, and like I said, I see these Grays and these humans all together in this room."

"Do you recognize any of them?"

Linda: "No."

Linda: "Are they working with the Grays?"

Linda: "Yes."

Linda: "They are...?"

Linda: "They're working with the Grays."

Linda: "Oh. What are they wearing?"

Linda: "Black suits. Black suits with ties."
 (Note: Linda later added that one of the men that she saw had a dark blue suit, and two others were wearing gray suits.)

Linda: "What do they look like? Can you describe them to me?"

Linda: "One has brown hair and hazel eyes, a nose, ears, and a mouth. Teeth...they don't stick out. They just have regular teeth. Sort of a whitish skin." (Linda later clarified to me that she meant that they didn't have black or tan skin--not literally white.) "He doesn't wear glasses."

Linda: "Anybody talking to you?"

Linda: "No. I just see this guy yapping at a Gray."

Linda: "Is he talking in English or some other language?"

Linda: "He's saying, 'Can't you do any better than this?' I think he's mad at him for doing something."

Linda: "What else does he say?"

Linda: "He's just repeating the same thing over in different phrases."
 (Note: Linda later said that the man in the black suit also said, "You stupid Gray!" She also indicated to me that the man really gave the Gray a hard time, chewed him out, and that the Gray was not taking it at all very well and appeared to be angered by this man, though the Gray did nothing in response to the man's scolding.)

Linda: "Did you hear him say it or was it telepathic?"

Linda: "He's not telepathic. He's just saying it out loud."

Linda: "In English?"

Linda: "Yeah. In English."

Linda: "How many humans do you see?"

Linda: "Five."

Linda: "Are they all wearing the same thing?"

Linda: "One of them...a couple of them are wearing gray suits. And one of them isn't wearing a tie, sitting at a desk with two short Grays at his side."

Linda: "Are these Earth humans or can you tell?"

Linda: "Yeah. It is humans."

Linda: "Earth humans?"

Linda: "Uh-huh. And then the Grays take me--two, three Grays--take me out through this door...the wall...it's a grassy area. And there's a couple rocks kinda here and there. A normal field. We walk...wait. Can I go back a little bit? I think I'm getting something here."

Linda: "Uh-huh. Yeah."

Linda: "This Gray is putting boots on me. Putting these...it's a thick...really I don't know how to describe 'em. Hard, crusty kinda boot. I think they're made out of metal or something. Rubber on the inside and metal on the outside. And then he opens the door. And we walk out there. And I look at the place I just came from, like a small factory."

Linda: "Describe it to me."

Linda: "Well, it's made of metal. There's a couple bolts here and there, holding it together. There's like a door that you can't see there. Like there's a door where you can't...you don't know where it is."

Linda: "A metal building?"

Linda: "Yeah."
 "Where's this at?"

Linda: "In a field. I look up, and I see a jet flying overhead. And I see a round object up there, too. Two jets are following the UFO, or vice versa. And then we walk back inside. Pushed this button on the wall. Turning towards the button (C), it's hard to...it's camouflaged. Like you can't see it."
 "Is this the Gray doing this, or a human?"

Linda: "The Gray. It's a taller Gray. About five feet tall."
 "Any humans around you?"

Linda: "Yeah."
 "How many?"

Linda: "Five. Like I said."
 "Are they talking?"

Linda: "Yeah. They're talking back and forth."
 "What are they saying?"

Linda: "I can't tell, they're whispering. All of a sudden this door opens that slides open from the bottom, and there's metal stairs that go down into an underground place." (Note: Linda later explained that this secret door was actually part of the floor located near the middle of the building. When the Gray pushed the hidden switch (C), the floor panel slid vertically toward the wall with the hidden switch, revealing the stairs (D) leading to the underground tunnel system. This is just the beginning of the elaborate, alien-technology security system.)
 "We're underground now. It's like they just cut through it. We're in this tunnel right now." (The earth was exposed in this underground tunnel system. There are indications that the government has acquired alien tunnel-boring technology in which the earth is "melted" and pushed to the sides of the tunnel, forming a hard glass-like surface, which makes concrete lining unnecessary.)
 "Is it a round tunnel?" (See drawing #2, Below-Ground Tunnels)

Linda: "Yeah. A round tunnel. Except for the bottom, it's a little bit flat. And we come to a two-way turn, and we go the right way, in the right direction, and we're walking down this place underground, and there's some metal steps that goes way down into a curving tunnel. It goes down into a big round room (K). A big round room way underground, and there's two people there. And that's all there is, a couple people there."
 "What do they look like?"

Linda: "Well, unlike the other one, he's black." (Note: There were two armed guards there. One was white, the other one was black.)
 "How big is the circular place?"

Linda: "About the size of this room, only it was shaped as a sphere." (About twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter) "I'll make a map of this so I can remember."
 "Good. Has there been anybody in a military uniform so far?"

Linda: "Yeah. There's this locked metal door that these two guys with guns were guarding it."
 "What kind of uniforms are they wearing? Take a look."

Linda: "It was the same kind as a U.S. Army uniform."
 "All green or was it camouflage?"

Linda: "A brown, light brown, dark brown, medium brown sort of color, 'cause its underground." (She later clarified to me that it was the desert camouflage uniform.) "I'm just down in this place. All of a sudden this...it feels like going down or

something. But I'm not looking at anything, and I'm looking over at one side of me at my shoes. I'm mostly just looking down. I just realized we're going down. There was dirt all around me. I can feel us going down."

"Like you're in an elevator or something?"

Linda: "Yeah."

"Oh. You can feel it in your stomach or something?"

Linda: "Yeah. Like that. I look up, and I can see where we started off at. There's like a big chunk of ground that came down like an elevator. It's hard to remember."

"Just take a look around."

Linda: "It's going down pretty fast, and it makes my stomach feel kind of weird." (She pauses here as she re-experiences the elevator ride deep down into the earth.) "We stopped." (Note: Linda later explained that this elevator was just a concealed platform (J) which was part of the floor in the circular room. Her two Gray escorts stood on either side of her on this hidden section of the floor. Suddenly, the floor underneath them just dropped, accelerating downward through a circular shaft of exposed earth, or "dirt." This is another example of a very well disguised security system.)

Linda: "And there's a tunnel going in one way, away from us. And it's pretty hot down there. I would figure if you went down this far it would be hard to breathe."

"You say it's hot?"

Linda: "Yeah. It's hot. Pretty hot there. I see there another hole way down. It's getting hotter and hotter every second. And then I look down the hole. There's a whole bunch of lava down there. It's getting really, really hot. All of a sudden I just jump in! I go through the lava. It's just a hologram!" (See drawing #3) "They've got a whole bunch of heaters in there, makes it look like it's really lava. And right below there is like a stopping pad. It's like...so when they go down there they won't die." (Here is yet another example of how elaborate this alien security system is!)

"Something soft to land on?"

Linda: "Yeah. And there's this big testing place there, 'cause there's computers. Lots of computers and mechanical stuff. There's a ladder going up to another room, but we're not going up there now."

"Any symbols or anything on the wall?"

Linda: "There can't be. Because it's solid ground. It's not made to move."

"You see dirt on the walls?"

Linda: "Yeah."

"Are there any Grays or humans around you now?"

Linda: "Yeah. About twelve Grays and twelve humans in that room."

"What do the humans look like?"

Linda: "About five in military suits."

"What kind of military suits?"

Linda: "The same."

"As the desert camouflage type? Is that what you mean?"

Linda: "Yeah."

"Brown/tan--like 'Desert Storm' type?"

Linda: "Yeah. That kind. Brown. Different colors of brown."

"Do you see any name tags or anything?"

Linda: "No."

"Anything on the uniform? Any symbols of rank or anything?"

Linda: "No. It's just camouflage and helmet and gun. About five of those guys walking around, and the rest of them are just guys wearing nothing fancy. No fancy things on them. Except for one of them. He's wearing a gun, a tie, a pair of sun glasses and a black suit."
 "And are the other ones just wearing everyday...just normal clothes? Or what?"

Linda: "Yeah. Yeah."

Linda: "Are they saying anything? Can you hear?"

Linda: "No, just pretty silent there. There's `bleep,' `bleep,' every once in a while. There's this sound that goes `bleep,' like that. And then I walk over to one of the computers. And I do something. I just get courage to jump and do something. I take my hands and just push 'em over, the computers. Bashing things up. Pushing things over. Pushing Grays and people over. All of a sudden I just stop. A Gray gets hold of...all the Grays get in front of me, back of me, side of me and the corners of me." (She later told me there were five Grays that actually surrounded her.)
 "What's happening now?"

Linda: "They just come closer, and they all just touch me, and they push really...they push hard against my waist. I fall to the ground." (Linda later explained that one of these Grays had injected her with something from a syringe right before she fell to the ground.)
 "You fall to the ground?"

Linda: "I'm just lying there. And they drag me off to this table. And this glass thing comes up on either side, and they close it. And they close it. It's still light in there. There are needles coming over to my head. I'm looking down now. I'm looking at my legs now, and they're coming closer. They're stabbing me in my legs. Ow! Ow! (She winces and rubs her legs where the needles went in.) It stings. It doesn't hurt so much anymore. They pull it out."
 "What's happening now?"

Linda: "They take the needles from my legs and pull 'em back through these holes. And the metal things clamp onto my head. They're warm; they're not cold. About room temperature. They put one here and one over here on each side of my head." (Indicates with hands on her temples) "Then they came off and went through the top. Then the bottom, down to my feet...I can't tell what it is. I see...(Mumbles something)."
 "See what?"

Linda: "Something...a couple needles down by my feet there. These are really sharp things, really sharp." (She later described these sharp things as "razors" attached to mechanical, robot-like arms.) "They cut my blood vein. Ow! There's blood coming from it. Blood flowing down to the side where it runs into a pipe."
 "The blood from your foot, you mean?"

Linda: "Yes, that's where they slice it. They slice it. The blood all runs out through a tube. A plastic tube. Then I saw a formula. It's pretty yellow, a light urine yellow. And these arms come down, these mechanical arms in this...Did I tell about this? Weird, oh, they had me in this chamber, something like a bed you lay down in. There's a metal part on each end. I'm laying...they close it. They close the windows, and then I told you all this stuff that happened."
 "There's `glass' around you, sort of?"

Linda: "Yeah. Really hard glass, like glass or something."
 "So you're inside this thing?"

Linda: "Yeah."
 "How big is it?"

Linda: "Just big enough for me to lay in."
 "What's this stuff you're talkin' about, the yellow stuff?"

Linda: "Yeah, it's what I'm getting to. And they slice...where the slice is on (indicates with hand above her ankle), they put this yellow stuff on the cut. All of a sudden the pain goes away. No more pain there. And it heals up. And there's just a little tiny scar there." (Wouldn't it be nice if the Grays and the government would allow us to have this healing technology?)
 "How much blood did they take?"

Linda: "Oh, much that came out. They knew just where to cut it because a whole bunch of blood came out. All of a sudden the glass windows open, I walk out of that glass thing, whatever it was. These Grays, they follow me while I walk out where the hologram was, where the lava was. We stand there in this place. That's when I shoot up through. I go up through that hole. I shoot up through. The next thing I know I'm on the edge of the cliff where I jumped off. And I walk back to the elevator. Then I go up to the top. It's a long way to the top. And I go outa that cylinder-shaped room. I walk up to the tube-shaped area (tunnel) and go out the same way."
 "You walk out of the tunnel?"

Linda: "Yeah. And up through a couple more stairways that lead up into the metal place (the above-ground building) and where there's about seventy Grays."
 "It's the metal building?"

Linda: "Yeah. Metal inside, metal outside."
 "Are you inside this building now?"

Linda: "Yeah. And I walk up to the ship I came in through."
 "Are you outside the building now?"

Linda: "No, I'm in the ship."
 "Still in the building now?"

Linda: "No."
 "Is the ship in the building?"

Linda: "It's like connected to it. The door opened up, and I walked into it. I walked into the ship, went over and sat in the chair, and they strapped me up like they did last time."
 "Did you see anything else in the outdoors where you were at?"

Linda: "Yeah."
 "What does it look like?"

Linda: "Well, there's some places...some swirls in the grass...land markings where spacecraft have landed. And there's a fence all around this big place."
 "What kind of fence is it?"

Linda: "A big fence, barbed wire."
 "A high metal one. A wire mesh type? Or what?"

Linda: "I don't know. Not that tall. I couldn't tell from that distance."
 "What kind of day is it? Sun out?"

Linda: "It's just turning dark."
 "What's the temperature like?"

Linda: "Oh, about...not that cold, not that warm. Warm, not hot, not cold. There's a nice breeze out." (Linda later explained to me that there was a slight temperature drop between her residence and when she arrived at the underground base. The sun was low

in the evening sky, so she was thus able to determine the position of the metal building in relation to the west.)

"Is this where the metal building's at?"

Linda: "Yeah."

(Linda was then "flown" home where she continues watching TV as if nothing had happened.)

We then went through the incident again from start to finish to extract more details on the underground base. We then sat down and made drawings of the base.

Since the weather conditions of the point of abduction and the underground base were very similar, it appears that this particular base is located in the northwest quadrant of the United States and east of the Cascade Mountain Range. Because of the apparent above-ground activity of flying saucers in broad daylight, it would indicate that this base is located in an area that has a restricted air space, such as a missile base or other sensitive military installation.

Before listening to Linda's story I wasn't entirely sold on the idea of underground military/alien bases, as this was before I had my own military/alien encounters. It just seemed too far-fetched to me. However, hearing it firsthand in detail from a reliable witness, convinced me that these bizarre military/alien operations have been taking place right under our noses--or rather should I say--under our feet.

The alien computers that Linda saw in this base were very similar to our current PCs. This, I believe, indicates that we obtained computer technology and other technologies from ETs. Remember that this abduction occurred in 1971, several years before PCs of this type were available to the public. Also, one of the Grays was operating the computer not only by using a touch-sensitive keyboard, but also by touching the computer screen. This particular feature did not appear in the public domain until nearly two decades after Linda's abduction.

William Hamilton, author of the book COSMIC TOP SECRET, has been investigating the UFO phenomenon for decades. He has reported the eyewitness accounts of people who have worked in these underground bases and tunnels jointly manned by both aliens and U.S. military personnel. One famous--or rather infamous--underground base is located on the Archuleta Mesa near the town of Dulce, New Mexico. Bill had first heard about this in 1980 when a friend told him about the work he was doing with a scientist Dr. Paul Bennewitz. Not only had Dr. Bennewitz taken a lot of motion picture footage of UFOs over a two year period, he had contacted Grays at this underground facility via his computer. Dr. Bennewitz gathered considerable information about the aliens, he accurately described the Grays as having a propensity for lying. He went on to say in his "Project Beta" report that the alien was devious, deceptive, and didn't adhere to agreements. These are qualities of Grays that are often reported by abductees as well.

According to Bill Hamilton, a security officer Thomas C. worked at the Dulce facility for about two years until he discovered the bizarre alien genetics projects being performed on the lower levels of this seven-level base. He fled the facility in 1979 taking photographs, video tape, and other documents with him to expose the truth about the alien/government collusion. Thomas then met with a colleague of Bill Hamilton and imparted this information. I'll leave it to the reader to get the rest of the details from Mr. Hamilton's book.

Other people besides Linda and me have been abducted and taken to alien/military bases. Myrna Hansen of New Mexico was taken to such a base, perhaps Dulce, in 1980. Christa Tilton of Oklahoma was abducted

by Grays in 1987 and was taken to an underground installation; she was told that it was a seven-level facility. Some of the things she saw there matched Thomas C.'s descriptions of the Dulce facility.

Bill Hamilton has also reported a case involving the "missing time" of a young couple, Ray and Nancy, in 1988 in the Tehuchapi Mountains in California. The abduction took place near Northrop's secret underground facility. Under hypnosis Ray discovered that he and Nancy were taken to an underground installation where he saw both military personnel and Grays. He then watched as they examined Nancy on a metal table.

In another case a woman was taken to an underground base where she was examined by a Gray with a military man, whom she called the "colonel," standing next to the table. The Gray was asking the "colonel" about her sexual functioning as she lay there restrained and terrified. Apparently they didn't have time to install amnesia, so she had total conscious recall of the incident.

Another abductee, Leah Haley, has written about her alien/military encounters in her book LOST WAS THE KEY. It appears that in one of her abductions the saucer crashed on an ocean beach. She injured her head and was helped onto a lifeboat and taken to a Navy ship waiting offshore. In another instance she was taken to an underground military/alien facility in a hillside where she was interrogated and given painful electric shocks. In another abduction she was apparently taken to an undersea base.

In her book INTO THE FRINGE abductee Dr. Karla Turner tells how under hypnosis her husband revealed an abduction in which the military abducted him and some friends. He was taken to an underground installation where an angry U.S. Army Major interrogated him and threatened to harm him and his family if he didn't reveal what the aliens were doing. The eyewitness testimonies of abductees like me who've "visited" these underground bases reveal that there is indeed a collusion between our government and negative aliens. These testimonies confirm the reports from other sources that our government has given these aliens the right to abduct American citizens in exchange for technology. It's therefore no wonder that the government works so hard at keeping the lid on UFO secrecy. If we, the American people, found out what was really going on...Well, I'll just let you imagine what the repercussions might be. Bottom line: the UFO cover-up is not a matter of national security, but rather a matter of national "insecurity."

ANATOMY OF A BEING

To understand the extra-terrestrial phenomenon it is necessary to break down life into three categories or aspects: the physical, the mental, and the spiritual. Some may consider this to be too simplistic, but my intention here is to promote understanding, not be esoteric. Our true anatomy, and that of the ETs that are visiting or abducting us, consists likewise of the physical body, the mind, and the being itself, which is a spirit.

The phenomena discussed in this chapter are not just theoretical possibilities. Anyone can demonstrate for themselves the following qualities of mind and spirit. However, some people let their belief structure get in the way of taking a look at it or testing it out.

The extra-terrestrials with which we are familiar have a tremendous understanding of the physical universe. Their technology, their understanding of physics, is so far ahead of us that it appears to be magic to us and is difficult for many people to believe. How can they walk through walls? How can they travel faster than the speed of light in craft that make no noise and cause no pollution? How can they abduct people in broad daylight without being noticed? How can they "float" people out of their bedrooms and into their ships on a beam of light? Since I'm not a physicist who is well-versed in alien technology, I can't explain the physics of these phenomena. But it is indeed physics, it is not magic.

They also understand the physical body and genetics to the same high degree. For example, remember how they put that yellow liquid on the cut on Linda's ankle, and instantly the pain went away, and it healed itself right on the spot. They can also clone bodies. However, as I mentioned before and as J. Allen Hynek inferred, they also have a very good understanding of the mind and of the spiritual nature of beings. And they apply their knowledge of the physical universe to these other two aspects to utilize a technology, which is best described as "psychotronics." Since most people have a general understanding of the physical body, I'm going to focus on our mental and spiritual aspects in this chapter.

Although you may not believe in telepathy, out-of-body experiences, and past lives, they do. In fact they don't just believe in these phenomena, they understand and utilize this knowledge. ETs often allude to the existence of past lives when communicating with contactees and abductees. Therefore, if we are to fully confront the extra-terrestrial contact phenomenon, then we must also confront the phenomenon of past lives, since the ETs themselves address this subject.

Earth scientists are still debating if there is a difference between the mind and the brain. There is. It's a big difference. It is interesting to note that there appears to be no specific portion of the brain that stores memory. This is because when we talk about memory we're talking about the mind--not the brain.

The mind is the memory of our entire existence, everything we've seen and heard and felt and experienced. It also contains the memory of every decision we made and every agreement we have made, not only with others but with ourselves as well. And these memories are

recorded in every minute detail. It also has a basic structure, characteristics, and functioning that are uniform from one individual to another. The evidence that demonstrates that the mind is not the brain is the fact that we can remember our past lives. That is, we carry our memories from one embodiment ("container") to another. It's sort of like taking your baggage with you on a one-way trip.

The brain is a physical organ of the body. It dies and decays, and its atoms become part of the earth again. However, it does appear that cells record memory. How the brain is linked to the mind and the being is not a subject that I will delve into here, but it does appear that the brain can be programmed like a computer and then carry out that program without the "being" being in the body. The abduction account in the following chapter illustrates this phenomenon. However, the brain is obviously much more complex than any computer made by man.

For practical purposes we can divide the mind into two parts: the conscious part and the unconscious part.

The conscious part of our minds we are more familiar with. It's the part with which we think, perform calculations, and store our conscious memories of life.

The unconscious part is where all the memories are stored that we received when we were unconscious. For instance, let's say a man is painting with red paint on a ladder, and he falls and lands on his head on the sidewalk. He instantly goes unconscious. Now everything that happens to him and everything he hears will be recorded in the unconscious part of his mind. (We know this because these memories can be recovered and verified with or without the use of hypnotism.) A woman with a raspy voice walks by and sees the man lying there with blood from his head staining the sidewalk and says, "Oh, my god, I think I'm going to be sick!" Later on when the man's awareness returns he won't have any recollection of what happened while he was unconscious. However, later on at any time of his life this unconscious memory can be retrieved and filed in his conscious mind. He will then know that someone with a raspy voice came by and said, "Oh, my god, I think I'm going to be sick!" This is because the mind never stops recording. It doesn't matter whether we are conscious or unconscious, the mind records continuously like a movie camera that never runs out of film.

If, for example, this man doesn't retrieve this memory, it could have a detrimental effect on him later in life. Perhaps at a later time he is very tired, and he is helping a friend paint his red barn. His friend's wife, who has a raspy voice, comes by and says, "Oh, my god, you must be thirsty. Have some tea." Suddenly this man starts to feel like he's going to be sick, and he may even utter the words, "I think I'm going to be sick." He also gets a headache. So he excuses himself and goes home to recuperate.

When he was painting the barn there were specific stimuli in his environment that were similar to the circumstances when he fell from the ladder: the sight and smell of red paint, a raspy female voice, and the words "Oh, my god." Because of his lowered awareness from being very tired, these similar stimuli have "triggered" the previous traumatic incident in which he had pain in his head and the words "I think I'm going to be sick." These words have created the same effect as a post-hypnotic suggestion, thus making the man feel like he's going to be sick.

Many of us have seen this same principle applied to stage hypnotism. Some people are very suggestible and can easily fall into a trance in which their consciousness, or awareness, is attenuated to the point where the hypnotist can install a post-hypnotic suggestion. That

is, his commands are stored in the subject's unconscious mind. For example, the hypnotist puts a suggestible subject in a hypnotic state and then tells the subject that when he says the word "hand" the subject will cough. He then tells this person to "forget" what he said. He has now given two post-hypnotic suggestions: to cough when he says "hand" and to "forget" the incident. The key word "hand," the stimulus, can now trigger the response to cough. Because the hypnotist instructed the subject not to remember the incident, the memory of it has been filed in the unconscious part of the mind. Thus, amnesia has been installed. The hypnotist brings the subject out of the trance, that is, restores his awareness, thanks the person, and tells the audience to give him a big "hand" for being a good sport. Suddenly, the subject begins to cough. He may think he is coming down with a sore throat because he can't remember why is coughing. He has no idea that he was programmed to cough when the trigger word "hand" is spoken. This post-hypnotic suggestion can be disarmed simply by the subject remembering what actually happened and what the hypnotist said. Amnesia is what locks it all in, and it is amnesia that makes the post-hypnotic suggestion effective. Without amnesia--that is, when memory is restored--the post-hypnotic suggestion can no longer affect that individual.

Some people are more suggestible than others. I met one abductee who told me that he tried to be hypnotized on three different occasions, but without any success. Although hypnotism has served a useful purpose as a research tool in exposing the reality of abductions and in revealing many details of abduction incidents, it is by no means a necessary tool to remember either abduction or past life incidents. Stage hypnotists usually try to get as many as people as possible to come up on stage, because not everyone is easily hypnotized. The more suggestible subjects fall into a trance, or somnambulistic state, and the rest of the volunteers who were not so suggestible are asked to return to their seats.

Oftentimes hypnotism is confused with just remembering. That is, the subject is not in a trance state in which a post-hypnotic suggestion can be installed. The subject is fully aware and conscious, and he or she is simply remembering and re-experiencing the incident. Therefore, for purposes of this book I will define hypnotism as "that state in which an individual's awareness is lowered to the point that amnesia and other suggestions can be installed, which can cause the individual to react contrary to his own volition and can alter his or her own viewpoint of reality." I also refer to such post-hypnotic suggestions as "psychological implants."

Here's the litmus test: If the hypnotist tells the subject to forget, and then the subject forgets, that's hypnotism. If the hypnotist tells the subject not to feel the pain, and then the subject doesn't feel the pain, that's hypnotism. The subject is like a push-button controlled robot. Many hypnotists refer to this state in which a post-hypnotic suggestion can be implanted as "stage hypnotism." Conversely, if the hypnotist tells the subject to forget, and the subject still remembers, then the subject has not actually been hypnotized. If the hypnotist tells the subject that he won't feel the pain, and the subject does feel it, then it's not hypnotism, even though it is often called "hypnotism."

Another characteristic of a real hypnotic trance is that the subject is actually regressed. That is, if the subject is instructed to go back to a time when he is four years old, he will talk as if he is now four years old. Direct a hypnotized subject to a time that he was in the womb, and he might fold up into the fetal position. The


book AUDREY ROSE illustrates this principle very dramatically in the regression of ten year old Ivy Templeton. In front of a judge and jury she was returned to her previous lifetime where she was burned alive in an automobile accident. She died as a result of this regression, thus indicating that hypnosis poses potential dangers. The problem with true hypnotism is that the subject is not just remembering or lightly re-experiencing the trauma; he or she may be totally "reliving" the incident in all its intensity as if it were actually occurring in present time. Therefore, I not only don't use hypnosis, I also don't use the term "regression."

Another difference between hypnotism and conscious memory retrieval is political. A hypnotist usually has to be licensed. But no one has to have a license to remember. We all forget and then remember things on a day-to-day basis. There is nothing unusual about it really, and the government can't tell you to remember or not remember something. Although sometimes the CIA does.

The Grays and other abducting ETs use hypnotism. It is, however, very high-tech hypnotism. Abductees don't forget the abduction because of shock or sheer terror. They forget the abduction because the aliens have intentionally installed amnesia.

Amnesia is usually installed at the beginning of the abduction with the use of a stun weapon or "flash gun," which renders the abductee unconscious. Abductions often begin with a bright flash that knocks the abductee out. These flash weapons have the same effect as hitting the abductee over the head with a baseball bat, except there is no pain, no bruise, no blood, and no physical damage. If the abductee is standing up, he or she will immediately collapse to the ground. The act of initiating unconsciousness with the flash weapon alone creates amnesia in the abductee. However, ETs often reinforce the amnesia by telepathically telling abductees that they won't remember or that they will forget the experience. ETs often use hypnotic drugs, too, to reinforce the amnesia.

Oftentimes the flash weapon is a silver rod that is held in the ET's hand. However, Jack Wylie reported seeing a different type of device when he was abducted at a lake on the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State at the age of 27. It occurred during the day when he was swimming with two of his cousins. Four Grays appeared on the beach, and two of them were standing side by side and directly in front of him. Jack reacted quickly and reached out and slammed the two Grays' heads together. Both Grays collapsed unconscious to the ground. A third Gray confronted Jack with a small box, which was about six inches wide and two inches thick with a handle on each side. The box had something in the middle that looked like a camera lens. Suddenly a flash occurred. Jack said that an energy, like an "electrical jolt," "slammed" him in the face. The initial impact hit Jack on the chin, and this was followed by a secondary impact to his forehead. He said it was "like an energy net, which paralyzes me." He then collapsed on the sand and was taken aboard the ship.

When Jack was abducted into the cave near  he described being switched on and off like a toy, with a "click" occurring in his brain stem. This may indicate that there is a physical implant that serves as an on/off switch to control the conscious/unconscious state of the abductee, but perhaps some other technology is involved, such as an electromagnetic frequency beam. (Recall that they also drugged him, gave him a post-hypnotic suggestion to forget, and then plugged in false memories of having hiked somewhere else.)

After the abductee has been rendered unconscious, he or she is

physically carried or floated to the spacecraft. Then the abductee is partially revived into a somnambulistic state. That is, abductees can stand and walk, but they are still in a hypnotic trance, which is for all intents and purposes the same as "stage hypnotism." However, in stage hypnotism the hypnotist controls the subject around the stage using verbal commands, whereas alien "hypnotists" control the abductee via telepathy. Abductees often feel like robots or "zombies" because they obediently walk around the ship and "willing" get on and off the examination table under the telepathic direction of the ETs. Abductees often describe this state as a "paralysis" or "partial paralysis." Sometimes abductees can break this paralysis, or hypnotic control, with sheer willpower, and they fight back or run around the ship.

Not only do ETs control the actions of abductees while on the ship with "telepathic hypnosis," they can also imprint deceptive mental pictures (visions), voices (sounds), emotions, and other "perceptions." I refer to these deceptive perceptions or real illusions as "telepathic implants." Telepathic implants are used by ETs while on the ship to deceive abductees so that they can be better controlled. Sometimes they are used to calm abductees; sometimes they are used to invite the abductee's participation in acts in which the abductee would not normally participate of his or her own volition, due to personal ethics or moral codes. For example, male abductees are sometimes seduced into copulation by a female Gray who imprints a deceptive telepathic implant that makes it appear that she is actually an attractive human female. Telepathic implants can also be given to abductees in their day-to-day lives while they are fully awake and conscious. The abductee or contactee may hear voices or receive full-color, three-dimensional "visions."

Telepathic implants are one of the reasons why abductees sometimes view their abductions as being a pleasant experience when, in reality, it was a traumatic experience. Through telepathic implants ETs can deceptively portray themselves as being very loving, caring beings. Grays can even project an amazingly believable spiritual love, which is, of course, a total deception. Most abduction researchers refer to these telepathic implants as "screen memories," but I don't usually use this term because they are not just memories. They are real illusions in present time; they become memories after the fact. I realize how oxymoron the expression "real illusion" sounds, but in actuality it is virtually impossible to discern telepathic implants from reality while under the hypnotic control of ETs. However, when these memories are recovered and filed into the conscious mind after the abduction, these telepathic implants will dissolve after two or three recountings of the abduction incident. This only applies, however, if the abductee is using "conscious" memory retrieval techniques, not hypnotism. If true hypnotism is used, the hypnotist must be very alert to these telepathic implants and must often be very clever to get around them.

I have never used hypnotism to recover abduction or past life experiences. It is neither necessary nor desirable. For example, if an abductee is in an actual hypnotic trance, they do just what the hypnotist says. That is, if the hypnotist tells the abductee not to experience the pain, the abductee won't feel it. The hypnotist can in various ways alter the abductee's experience from how it really happened, thus altering the abductee's viewpoint and assessment of the experience. Blocking the pain or altering the experience can sometimes keep the emotional and physical pain from releasing; it remains locked in. I have seen where abductees come up with "missing time" (missing memory) during a session with a hypnotist, because the hypnotist installed amnesia by telling the abductee not to remember certain

events.

Maximum therapeutic value is achieved only by consciously re-experiencing and remembering the event in full including the physical pain and any attendant emotional trauma. In this way the whole experience is now transferred to the conscious mind and can no longer adversely affect the abductee. I should note that when an abductee re-experiences the physical pain consciously, it is nowhere near the intensity that it was when the injury was received. When the abductee recalls the abduction consciously without hypnotism he or she cannot receive an inadvertent or intentional post-hypnotic suggestion during the session. Also, abductees can differentiate between their own memories and the information that they might have read about other people's abductions. This "contamination" factor is not a major concern because the abductee is totally aware and awake during the memory retrieval session. However, some abductees, like Jack Wylie, prefer not to read up on the subject or listen to other people's abduction stories prior to contacting and retrieving their own abduction memories. It is a matter of personal choice and should always be left up to the abductee. The abductee's power of choice in life has already been reduced by his abductors, so they should be allowed to exercise their free will whenever possible.

Actually, I have found benefit in learning about the abduction phenomenon while simultaneously opening up my own memories. Some of the phenomena are so bizarre and incredible it helps to know that others have experienced the same thing. As long as real hypnosis is not used, then there's really no real problem with contamination. Bear in mind, though, if you are an abductee, and you are reading other people's abduction accounts, it can trigger your own similar abduction experiences. This has the potential disadvantage of triggering painful emotion and/or physical discomfort, but it can also bring memories closer to the surface, making them easier to contact. I mention this because it is something I myself have experienced, and because other abductees may read this book and may also run into this phenomenon. Abductees should not try to delve too deeply into their abduction experiences without the guidance of someone who is properly trained in recovering abduction memories. However, with all the publicity the Grays have been getting in movies, magazines, books, and television, it's virtually impossible to avoid occasionally triggering some these memories. I have included some books on the subject in the list of references at the end of the book. I have also included books that can provide abductees with the proper techniques to retrieve their own memories consciously and safely without having to use hypnotism.

Another benefit of this process is that any programming, or post-hypnotic suggestion, which was implanted during the experience, will be rendered null and void and can no longer control the abductee against his or her volition. This is especially important and useful for abductees because most abducting ETs not only install amnesia, but they also install post-hypnotic suggestions. Grays and their cohorts often inculcate very complex, extensive, and sometimes debilitating programming (psychological implants) into the abductee, as you will see.

It appears that physical implants in the brain may also assist in the psychological implantation of abductees, as is revealed in Chapter Thirteen. I'm certain that the military/intelligence community has more detailed information along these lines, since they are working side by side with Grays.

There is another potential liability that abductees may face when using hypnotism. What if the hypnotist is working for the CIA or other

intelligence agency? Given the dire seriousness and thoroughness with which the military/intelligence community conceals their involvement with aliens, it would be naive to assume that they would not be interested in monitoring abductees in this manner. This also leaves the possibility open for the implantation of a post-hypnotic suggestion that--given the track record of the CIA, for example--would not be in the best interests of the abductee. Abductee William Herrmann, for example, was asked to take a lie detector test by a UFO researcher and was given an injection with a syringe right before taking the test, which is certainly not normal procedure for a standard polygraph test. As it turned out, the "researcher" had lied about his identity and was never heard from again. (Stevens 1981) The CIA is well-known for their use of hypnotic drugs in brainwashing.

One of the most well-known abduction researchers has been reported to work for the CIA, and his public statements regarding the abduction phenomenon indicate that he is indeed involved with the government cover-up. I'm not going to mention any names because I don't want to engage in pointless mudslinging and debunking. I'll leave such puerile behavior to the government-sponsored debunkers, who by their very words and actions expose their true intentions and who they serve. I recommend that everyone should conduct their own thorough research and draw their own conclusions.

Brainwashing employs the same principles as hypnotism except that a deeper level of unconsciousness is installed via torture, electric shock and/or hypnotic drugs. This deeper state of unconsciousness makes psychological implants (post-hypnotic suggestions) much more effective and more difficult to access with normal memory retrieval techniques. High-voltage electric shock applied to the brain is especially insidious. British intelligence was installing psychological implants using these techniques with captured Germans during World War II. The American military/intelligence community has been using these techniques for quite some time as well. The CIA approved the MKULTRA program in 1953 in an effort to discover better ways to brainwash people so that the subject's personal conscience or ethics or willpower wouldn't interfere with the programming.

It is a foregone conclusion that this inhumane brainwashing is not only unethical, but it is a clear violation of human rights and a crime against humanity. Of course, their justification is always: "It's a matter of national security." This is pure propaganda.

Abductees can override the Grays' programming. These psychological implants can be rendered ineffective simply by remembering them, but also the abductee's will power can be an effective tool to override the psychological implants that are still in place. The abductee does not have to go into agreement with the aliens' mental manipulations. Some abductees are promoting the idea that the Grays are here to help us or save mankind or save the earth. These abductees have gone into agreement with the Grays' programming, and they are simply replaying these psychological implants. Part of the Grays' propaganda machine consists of telling abductees that they are "Chosen Ones," and the Grays try to pass themselves off as the "Guardians" or "Caretakers" of earth and that they will save us. However, if you probe deeply into the Grays' modus operandi, you'll find that this couldn't be further from the truth. Also, I've personally experienced very effective telepathic implants, which the Grays use to fool abductees into thinking they are highly-evolved spiritual beings.

Another part of their propaganda machine consists of channeled messages. One person in particular, who is gaining attention in the

UFO field, channels communications from Grays, and much of it is blatant lies and easily provable as such.

I have formulated some working principles that apply especially to abducting aliens. Although it might appear that I'm being very dogmatic about the following rules, I have formulated them from firsthand experience, and I believe they are applicable in nearly all, if not all, abduction cases.

- RULE #1: ABDUCTEES FORGET THE ABDUCTION INCIDENT BECAUSE THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS HAVE INTENTIONALLY INSTALLED AMNESIA.
- RULE #2: EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS INSTALL AMNESIA BECAUSE THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE.
- RULE #3: EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE BECAUSE THEIR INTENTION IS TO CONTROL US IN A MANNER THAT IS NOT IN OUR BEST INTERESTS.

I've only found one contact case in which the above rules may not have applied. My wife and one of my children were once contacted by a human-looking extra-terrestrial with very large, beautiful, white wings. Most people would call such a being an angel. Although I was in the bedroom during this contact, I slept through the whole thing. I'm at a loss to explain why this being would want to hide his actions by installing amnesia. I'll cover this incident in more detail in Book Two.

Out-of-body experiences are very common during abductions. When I recovered the memory of my abduction in 1957, I remembered looking down at the saucer from a position approximately two hundred feet above the ship. Consequently, I thought I was imagining this part of the incident. After contacting about a dozen more incidents and then hearing several other abductees report the same phenomenon, I realized what was going on. Abductees describe in detail what is occurring while their body is lying unconscious and being worked on by aliens. The same phenomenon has been reported by patients who have undergone operations. In fact in one incident Jack Wylie was having his appendix removed, as it had ruptured. He described to me in detail what the burst appendix looked like as he was viewing his body from above. It appears that in both of these situations an altered state of consciousness and trauma are the common denominators. However, it isn't necessary to be unconscious or traumatized in order to leave the body. One of my college teachers explained to me how she would pop out of her body under stressful or painful circumstances. One of J's friends described to me how she suddenly left her body, and it scared her so much she got right back in and hasn't left it since. Some people aren't stuck in their heads at all, and they operate their bodies from behind and/or above their heads. Some people can leave their bodies at will and go exploring wherever they want to go. One time I consciously popped out of my head, and it was a wonderful experience!

I was once visiting a friend in Denver, and he told that there was someone in between lifetimes hanging around his house. His cat would often watch this being move around the room. As we were talking, this being "grabbed" my attention, and I turned my head to face it, and I said, "Hi!" I guess this person really wanted to get my attention. Ghosts are what some people call beings without bodies. I just call them "beings."

Out-of-body experiences demonstrate that we are spiritual beings, not bodies. The body is just a vehicle that we get in and out of, lifetime after lifetime. Anyone can remember their own past lives.

Young children sometimes talk about their previous life. Also, children in general can contact past life incidents easier than adults and usually recall the experiences with more clarity and detail. Grays sometimes follow an individual from lifetime to lifetime as you will see in the following abductee accounts and in Book Two where I will cover many of my own past life abductions. It's not a very comfortable feeling when you know they've got your number and will come back again and again and again...and maybe even next lifetime, too.

This is not a book about past lives per se. However, the past lives phenomenon provides a window into our true past history--which is not always what they depict in public school text books. Examination of the past lives of abductees yields a large volume of new data and new insight into the ETs' hidden motives and intentions in visiting Earth and abducting its inhabitants. It also exposes our true history because these negative ETs tend to abduct the same individuals lifetime after lifetime, and sometimes these abductees are placed in influential positions that have significantly affected the course of history on this planet.

I do not presume that all extra-terrestrials are malevolent, of course. This book, however, focuses on the negative ETs since they have created the greatest effect upon Earth's societies. These covert, manipulative ET groups are still working behind the scenes to promote and carry out their own agenda. The Grays are not the only group involved as there are several other social groups with different body types. It appears that they have formed a network to coordinate their activities. We should identify them not just by their body-type, but by their actions.

OUT OF BODY

I've included the following abduction account because it's an intriguing example of an out-of-body experience. This abduction also demonstrates that 1) a being has the ability to perceive without the use of a body, 2) the mind and the brain are separate, 3) the brain can be preprogrammed to control the body while the being is outside the body, 4) cells in the body apparently retain memories, and 5) sometimes one must go over an incident several times before the complete story surfaces and is fully understood by the abductee.

J discovered the reason for her missing memory back in the summer of 1976 when she drove from Spokane to Chattaroy. I've included most, but not all, of the transcript of the session here.

J 's Session #3 -- June 29, 1994

"All right. With your attention on that last session that you had, the session you were telling me about, return to a similar incident."

J "Well, I'm kind of getting a picture of a really big spaceship. I was telling you about the time we were driving...let's see, at that point we were south of Chattaroy, that big long stretch of road there. And it was real wide, and they made it into a super highway out there now. I was telling you about that, and I don't know if I'm just...ah, I don't know how real that is. I just kinda get this picture of this really immense thing. And I was so close to it. And it's not like I'm not standing a long distance away from it. And I'm like so close to it, it's hard to see all of it. It's hard to see how big it is."

"Where are you standing?"

J "Well, I'm standing outside of it. And I don't know, when I told you about it before it had the quality of being like maybe I imagined it or something." (Part of this incident had surfaced before we conducted this session. It was triggered one day when we drove past this place of abduction on the Spokane/Chattaroy road.) "And sometimes I think I'm just kind of creating stuff. (Laughs) I feel like maybe I'm just creating it, but I just have this strange feeling of standing outside this thing that is so big. It seems dark...an object. And I don't know if it's because it's just so dark outside. I'm standing in the shadow of that maybe, but it just seems big and dark and so big I can't see the whole thing. I just can't see it all, it's so big. I'm just standing so close to it, almost under the shadow of it or something. But peripherally I...you know, there's trees on my right and my left in the distance. That area out there is so big where it's cleared from tree line to tree line."

"Where is this?"

J "It's on the highway south of Chattaroy. There's a long stretch of road that's about three miles long. It's just almost flat. It's straight, just straight as an arrow for quite a long ways before it starts to curve east. There's a

big long stretch of road there. It's really wide between the tree lines on either side. But this thing just seems to take up everything. It's just...in spite the fact that I'm so close to it, I can't see it all. I just sense that it's just immense. It's just parked there right smack in the middle of the highway!"

"On the highway?"

J "On the highway. It's right on the highway. It's just right there. It's like a massive landing strip or something."

"What shape is the craft?"

J "It's big. Circular. It's round, probably like a disk. Like I say, I'm just standing so close to it that I'd have to step way, way back. I'm trying to think what it would be like to compare it to. It's hard to get the whole picture."

"What's happening?"

J "I think I'm just standing there. I think there's people or somebody. There's some movement ahead of me and to the right. But it's like it's dark, and I can't really see what's going on. There's some...I don't know if it's people or if it's Grays or some other beings. I don't know. I think of seeing a spaceship, and I automatically say, you know, 'Oh, it's gotta be Grays.' (Laughs) 'Cause most of the time it is, probably. I don't want to just assume either. It's really very quiet. I think I hear crickets. But it's night. It's...stars up in the sky, and it's clear, and it's warm, real warm. It must be summer. Oh, I think I approached the ship from the south side. I seem to be standing on the north side of it. I feel like I'm facing south. I'm facing down the highway to the south. Nothing is really happening. I feel like I'm still just standing there. I don't feel like I'm free to just walk around and look at it or anything. You know, like I'm just waiting or something. I don't know, I don't seem to be getting anything else."

"Um-huh. What happens next?"

J "I know something else happens, and I know something's there, but I don't seem to be able to see anything or hear anything. I kind of get the feeling that something's going on, but I just feel like I'm almost isolated from it. Well, probably because I'm not supposed to remember it. It's kind of difficult to see what's going on."

"Are you standing on the highway or...?"

J "Um-huh. Yeah, right on the pavement, yeah. Standing there."

"What do you hear?"

J "Crickets. A rustle or movement, somebody moving. Just movement, you know. People moving around. But I don't hear any talking. There's nobody saying anything. It's so still out, though. It's just the crickets and the sounds like, you know, a summer night. And one thing, I guess, is unusual is that there's not the constant roar of cars going by. This is before the traffic...before they widened the highway out there, so there's only the way the highway used to be, but still, you know, there's always a lot of traffic out there. It's just after midnight I think. I don't hear any other sounds. This object's so big, I get the feeling I could look at it, and I could step back a long way before I would see all of it, you know, to get a really good look at it. It's like standing almost with your nose up to something like a B-52 or something. And trying to see the whole thing, you know, you'd have to back

up quite a ways to really get the whole picture, 'cause it's so big. It's like a...this huge football stadium set down in this highway here."

"Is it on legs, or above, or is it sitting right on the highway?"

J "I don't know. It's really shadowed. I kinda think it's sitting right on the ground. 'Cause I don't...doesn't seem to be any space between it and the ground. So it doesn't seem to be sitting up on legs or anything. It's like right on the ground. Maybe it's 'cause it's just such a smooth flat surface they felt they could do that."

"Where's your car?"

J "My car? I don't know. (Laughs) I'm just so caught up in looking at this thing that it kind of threw me there. Where's my car? It's down the road. It's...I think it's down...I can't see it. I can't see it from where I'm standing. But it's south of where I am, along the side of the road, just pulled off the side of the road."

"Is this when you were heading north to Chattaroy?"

J "Um-huh. I was going out to Mom and Dad's when I lived downtown at the apartment. It was by the freeway. This was one of those times when I had missing time."

"Continue."

J "I'm having a lot of trouble contacting this incident. I don't know, it's like I feel really hesitant to contact it myself, or it's just that it's that I have such a block on it. Sometimes it's just so hard to get through."

"Is this an alien spaceship?"

J "Um-huh."

"Which aliens?"

J "Grays."

"Do you see them in this incident?"

J "Yeah. I think they're two of them off to the right of me. Just in front and off to the right, kind of almost out of the corner of my eye. It feels like they're conferring, or maybe they're talking to another human or doing something with another human or some...I just...they're over there, and they're doing something, and I can kinda hear movement like walking or just movement that you can hear like when people walk and stuff."

"Do you go into the ship?"

J "No, I don't think I do. Seems like...I don't know if they decide not to or it was a mistake or...I don't know. Well, somehow I'm standing way back from it now. I'm way on the north side of it. I'm way back from it. I must be, oh, maybe a hundred yards from the north side of it, kind of like I'm just looking back at it, and it's a saucer. But it's not real tall. It doesn't have a lot of height to it. Very wide. Kind of...up on the edges...gradually slopes. Although there's a kind of a rounding at the top of it, but it's narrow. It's not a real wide area that's rounded. You know, it's not a...it's a slight...this looks unreal! It's just like...you think you're...it looks like a hallucination, you know, some weird surreal painting somebody's done or something. It's like, you know, it looks so out of place. It's just...it's so phenomenally huge that it just...sitting there on that highway it looks unbelievable!"

"How wide is it?"

J "How wide? It goes completely across the pavement, off to the sides, hangs off out over the sides of the road. What was that, four lanes out there? Something like four lanes. And it just doesn't quite go from tree line to tree line on either side, but pretty close. I mean it's like up against the railroad track on the east side of the highway. Like I said it's not really tall, kinda comes up kinda steeply, at a fairly steep angle from the...well, I have to draw a picture of it. From the edges of it, it comes up at an angle, and then it gradually...the angle becomes less obvious and slowly slopes, and then it becomes a little more obvious right towards the middle of the top of it. And it's not so curved on the bottom. It's just...so much of the base of this just sitting right on the highway."

"What's happening now?"

J "I'm sitting in the car. I'm like on the road, and I'm on the north side, and I'm on the highway. And I'm just sitting in the car looking back at it. I mean consciously. I'm consciously sitting there looking at it. And then...I don't know, somehow it doesn't seem right, like maybe it's a false memory or something. And it's something that...it's like they gave to me...like here, have this memory." (Chuckles)

"What is the memory?"

J "Just sitting in the car looking at it. You know, just looking back at it. Being just awed by it. You know how big it is. It's like...god! And then that's the end of the incident."

"Return to the beginning, the very beginning of the incident and recount it. See if you can pick up some more things that happen."

J "Okay. I'm kinda gettin' these pictures, but they...it doesn't seem real to me. It just it doesn't seem right."

"Just tell me what you see."

J "Well, I guess the reason why it seems so strange is almost because I'm watching it happen instead of being part of it, you know. I feel like I'm standing there watching, I don't know, almost like I'm not in my body or something. I'm trying to really look at what's going on. I see my car now, a white Comet. And the door is open on it, and I'm seeing it from a distance or from...it's almost like I'm watching somebody else or something because I see these beings, and they're taking me out of the car, but I'm not there. I'm standing away from them. And their hands reach out and they put one hand under my upper left arm and help me out of the car, you know. And my body is like I'm just kinda like this trance sort of thing, you know. Just sort of like, you know, just very non-resistance. You know, I'm just not resisting at all or anything. It's just like, well, take me, you know. It's just weird. And I think that I'm not in my body at this point. I'm standing outside, and I'm looking at this, you know, going 'ohhhhh.' But I see them moving me. And their heads are turned away from where I am--not me in my body--but 'I' really am standing away from them. I'm standing kind of right, well, parallel to them, but from a little bit of a distance. Kind of standing away, looking, trying to figure out what's happening. And I can see them with my body and they're walking. The spaceship is kind of behind me and to the left. I'm trying not to make this confusing because I say 'me,' and then there's my body. It's

not the same thing. Okay. So 'me,' you know, where 'I'm' standing, the spaceship is a little behind me and to the left only I'm not even looking at that. I'm just looking at these beings, and the one on the right side of my body, his head is kind of down, and the one on the left side has his head turned towards my body, and so away from 'me.' And so I don't see either one of their faces. But they're about a little bit shorter than I am or than my body is. I'm just walking around like a zombie. You know, just walking along. My body's walking along. (Laughs) It's kinda funny. (Laughs) I mean in the sense that they think they've got me, but they don't. (Laughs) 'Cause that's not where 'I'm' at. Surprise! A little alien humor there. (Laughs) And anyway, I'm approaching...you know what? I just realized that they just took my body inside of the ship, only I wasn't in it. I wasn't in the ship at all. I was standing outside of it. (Laughs) I wonder what happened. (Laughs) This is weird. This hasn't happened before, I don't think. (Laughs) I'd like to have seen the look on their faces: 'Huh? Where is she?' And I suddenly realized that that's what happened. That's what happened. They took my body into the ship, and I was like, I don't know, maybe I was just so shocked by the whole thing that I just, you know, just went right out of my body. I just stood at a safe distance. Sounds kind of strange, but that's what happened. Well, anyway, that's what they're doing. And I'm standing in front of their ship looking at it, you know, 'me' as a being. I'm standing there looking at the ship, and they have walked around so that I've come around, and there they have my body, and they're, you know, like conferring or doing something, trying to get my body onto the ship while I'm around on the other side looking at the ship! This is great! This is great! (Laughs) I love this! This is good. Okay, so anyway that's what they're doing when I see them, when I see something goin' on to the right of me and...or on my right and kind of in front of me. And then...I don't know how much time goes by. I don't know. And I'm kinda like looking at this thing, you know. And, I don't know, I'm kind of confused about what I should do, but I know that I don't want to go back into my body at this point. It wouldn't be a good thing to do. So, it seems that I'm there...it's hard to tell the time that goes by. I'm thinking, not even half an hour, not that long, but still it's kind of hard to tell. I've...just a second here, I've got a little piece of eyelash or somethin' in my eye." (She gets it out) "Okay. And then they're taking me back to my car. They're taking my body back to my car. And there I am, and I'm like...I think that my body starts to drive off! And it leaves and...but then all of a sudden there I am (back in her body), and I'm stopped in the car, and I turned around, and I'm just stopped. I just stop the car in the road like a hundred yards away or something. And at that point I'm in my body, and I just stop the car in the road, and I turn around, and I put my arm across the back of the seat and turn my head to the right. And I just sit there, and I look at it. I just...you know, it's like 'God, is this real? Did this really happen?' And then I drive down the road, and I...it kinda goes down the hill to the right, and it curves, and then I turn into the road that goes into my parents' driveway. Then I go down the driveway and pull the car into my parking space, and then I just go in

the house and go downstairs and go to bed. And that's the end of that incident. (Laughs) Oh, I love this! This is great! This is just...`Aha, I got you!' I should think of doing that next time. I just wish I'd seen the looks on their faces, you know, when they went like `she's not in here!' Or just, you know, `I don't have time for this; put her back or something.' I don't know. (Laughs) `Next time make sure there's a body when you take 'em!' (Laughs) It's funny. It's so weird standing there looking at them putting my body into the ship, and I'm not in it. But I'm not about to go, you know, `Oh, wait a minute, I belong with that body,' you know, or anything. At the time I don't feel like `Ha-ha, you don't have me.' I didn't feel like that. I was just so in awe it was just like `What's going on?' I just didn't know what was going on." "Did you take a look at all inside the ship?"

J "No. Huh-uh. I stood outside the ship. I wasn't going in there! I wasn't going in that ship. So, I don't know..." (At this point I encouraged J to take a closer look to see if she could contact what was happening to her body inside the ship while she, as a being, was outside the ship.)

J "Okay, let's see. Well, my body would've had to record it, you know, at some level somewhere. I don't seem to be slumped over and unconscious. I mean, my eyes were open and stuff when they were leading me into the ship. So it looked like a human being, but little did they know...yeah, it's light inside, but it's not bright. It's dim lighting, and it's like you don't know where the lighting's coming from. It's kind of typical, it seems, you know, other Grays' ships that I've been in. You know, it's like...kind of weird that way."

"Can you see anything at all?"

J "It's like...I'm not in my body. I'm not even close to my body. It's just like...I can't really make it do anything, you know. So I don't know if my eyes are open or not. I don't know. They seem to be open when I went inside the ship."

"Do you have any idea what the inside of the ship looks like?"

J "No, not really. No. The floor's really smooth. Feels, I suppose, smooth. You know, if I try to think about how it feels, think about, you know, my body...I've never tried to do this before. You have two separate things. Like I'm standing outside the ship. And so when you say, `Look at what's going on inside of it,' it's hard for me. I don't know how to explain it. It's like I'm not in my body, so I'm having...it's like I can't really...I don't know really how to do that. But I know they're doing stuff to my body. They did...I just felt a twitch in my leg, but it was like just a muscular twitch. I mean it wasn't like...ah, I don't know. I'm having trouble describing this to you. Really strange, but they're pressing on my chest." (She is apparently beginning to contact the cellular memories of the body.) "And before that they did something to my right thigh, outside my thigh. I don't know what that is. I don't know. And they're pressing on my chest, because I can feel the pressure. But I don't actually see them pressing on my chest, you know. And they do something to my leg, my left leg, just above my ankle on the outside, not the inside of my leg, just the outside. It's like there's pressure pushing, and it feels like there's maybe a needle making a pin cushion out of me, out of my body. And then I feel like they're pushing on the backbone. There's pressure on that,

just right in the middle of my back. Usually right about the area where it hurts, where I get backaches and stuff. And then consciously I'm still `standing' outside the ship. `Me,' you know. But it's like...kind of looking at my body...body memories or something. This is so strange." (Winces)

"What was that?"

J "That was...hurt when I breathed. It hurt like way down in the bottom of my left lung. Like `ahhh!' Really sharp pain. And...ah! They're kinda...they're not very gentle. They're kind of rough! They're just like...I can feel pushes against my body. Like just, you know, flip her over, push that button, move that arm, you know. It's like you're just meat that they're shoving and poking and prodding. It's just not very gentle at all! And then there's like a pressure against the temples. It's a light pressure almost like putting on a pair of headphones or something. It's not uncomfortable even. It's just, you know, something...It's just noticeable. And that's all. And they put my body back into the car. And I'm driving down the road--my body is--and I turn, I'm looking at this spaceship, and I turn away from it, and I just go `zzzzzoom,' and I'm just right back into my body. I...just like a shot, just a `ssshwooh.' It's cool! (Laughs) It's really cool! It just feels neat to do that. And it's just like I just turn around and go `Oh yeah, I knew that. Well, okay let's get on with this.' And then I'm back in my body, and I stop the car, and I just turn around, and I must have been sitting there with my mouth just hanging open like...God! God! You know, it would have been great if somebody had been there with me, so I could say, `God, did you see that! Isn't that amazing!' You know the kind of stuff you say if somebody was there. That's all."

"What day of the week is this?"

J "It's a Wednesday."

"What year is it?"

J "Seventy-six."

"Okay. Return to the beginning of the incident where you're in town, and you first get the urge to go out to your mom and dad's. You told me about that before."

J "Oh, yeah."

"Return to that and re-experience that."

J "Oh, well I have to kind of set the scene a little bit. Third floor. It was a three-story apartment building. Real old. It was built when Spokane was first built or something. And it's wonderful. I love it. But it's on the third floor, and it's a big, huge rambling apartment. It's two-bedroom. And I'm laying in my bed, and I'm kind of tossing and turning, and like it's hot. God, it's so hot. The fans are going, the windows are open, you know, and the constant roar of the freeway is just like practically right out the window 'cause they built the freeway right next to it. It's really noisy, and it's so hot, and I get out bed, and I put my sheets in the freezer. (Laughs) I wad 'em up, and I stuff 'em in the freezer, and I pace around the kitchen. And there's a black and white, big, checked linoleum floor, and it feels really cool on my feet. And so I'm just sort of walking around in the kitchen waiting for my sheets to get cold. (Laughs) And I take 'em out, and I put 'em back on the bed, and then it feels really good for about two minutes. And it's just hot again, and I'm just

laying there, and all of a sudden I think, 'Mom and Dad's, Chattaroy,' you know. It's like that, you know. It's like I don't know where this thought comes: 'Chattaroy,' you know. 'Go out to Chattaroy. Yeah, it's cooler out there. Just drive out there. That's fine. Then just drive back in, you know, in time for work in the morning, and you can get some sleep. It would be really nice.' And so I do." (J later said that the Grays had implanted in her mind this idea of driving out to her parents' home.) "I get dressed, and I leave a note for Lisa. She's the girl I share the apartment with. We both work at the same place. Just said that I went out to Mom and Dad's 'cause I couldn't sleep, and that's all. I get dressed, and I get in my car, and it's parked on the street. And then I go out and cross the sidewalk and get into my car and head down Division. I'm going out...once I get passed the 'Y' it's nice because it's all just fields out there. There's a few businesses but not very many. For the most part that's where the country starts for me. And I'm driving along, and all of a sudden it's like I'm...I don't know, it's like...I don't know, it's weird. I kind of get the feeling that something's going on, as a 'being,' you know. It's just like you feel something just run up your spine. And all of a sudden you just get this weird premonition that something's going on. Just spooky. Like...I don't know, it's just a sense...it's just..."

"Are you still driving?"

J "Yeah. And, oh, there's some lights that kinda flash. It's like there's lights above. There's this light. There's something up above, and there's this light, and I just have this feeling that something's gonna happen, and it's just...all of a sudden I'm standing outside, and I'm looking at the car. And there's like this flash. There's like...almost like it's lightning, but it's not. But it doesn't light everything up like lightning does, you know, light the trees and everything around you; it just for a split second will be bright. But it wasn't like that. It was very directed. It was a narrow area that it was lighting, you know, like really concentrated, zooming in on one particular thing, which was my car. And I jumped out of the way (out of her body). And I just...it's a reflex. Even consciously I didn't even think, 'Oh, I'd better get out of my body.' It happened within such a breath of a second that it was almost an involuntary thing. Probably some sort of survival thing. (Laughs) 'Get out of the body right now! This is not good!' And here I'm standing here, and my car is actually quite close to the ship. It's really pretty close. There's one Gray, and he's very slim and maybe a little bit taller than the guy on the other side of me. And they don't know I'm there. They don't know I'm there at all. You know, that that's me or anything. They're involved in getting my body out of the car and taking me to their ship, and so they don't see me. They don't know I'm there. And I feel like it's almost like I'm watching something on television. I'm watching this going on. It's like I'm kind of cut off from it and not feeling really emotional about it. Kind of like I am, but I'm not. You know, I'm not hysterical or anything, I guess is what I mean. I'm not panicked or terrified. I'm just really very surprised, you know. It's almost like it seems unreal, and so I just don't react in a real terrified way. The only kind of anything maybe close to panic was when I just popped out of my

body so fast. But that, like I said, wasn't a conscious thing. It was just something I did. Just, you know, without a thought I had this premonition that something was happening, and all of a sudden I was outside of my body. But anyway...and they don't see me, and they take me away, my body, towards the ship. And they're moving across the side of it that's facing to the south. They're moving to the left and around to the left side of the ship. And in the meantime I move around to the right side. They go this way, and I go this way. You know, and I'm like walking around, and I'm looking up at this thing like 'What the hell is going on?' You know? I'm just in awe and so surprised and just looking at it. You know, I just want to look at it. And then I'm kind of in the shadow. I stand in the shadow. So I moved around onto to the north side of it, and they're still on the other side of it there kind of in my line of vision if I was to look at them. My attention's on the ship and not on them. Although I can see that, they take my body onto the ship, and then it must have been pretty brief, I guess. I don't know, outside of my body I just like...I don't have any time, you know. I don't know, it was so totally irrelevant as to what time it was anyway, that it was not even important. Just confronting the existence of this thing here in the highway is just all-consuming to me. (Laughs) I was like almost paralyzed with it, you know, just like slack-jawed and just staring at this thing. Just...I'm trying to make myself believe it was happening. And then they come out, and they put my body in the car, and I'm kind of aware of it. I'm kind of like 'Oh, what are they doing?' I'm kinda lookin' 'Oh, they're doing something,' you know; they're putting my body into the car and then my...whoo boy! My body starts to drive off in this car like automatic pilot! You know, it's used to driving the car so it knows what to do, (Laughs) and I'm like...Oh! And I just turn and just go 'wheew' right back into my body and just step on the brakes like, 'God, I've got to look at this again,' you know, and just stop the car and turn around. And then I just look at it like...for some reason then I just turn around, and I just keep on driving. I just go. I don't see it leave. I don't see it leaving. It doesn't just go 'whhhooo' up into the sky or anything. I just drive down the road. I don't know why I did that except maybe they just, you know, kinda sent a message to me or something. I don't know. But all of a sudden I turn around, and maybe I've seen enough of it. I drive down the road to Mom and Dad's, which is less than a mile away. And I just got into bed and went to sleep. And obviously in the morning I remember nothing. (Laughs) I can't believe I forgot that! Shit, how do you forget a thing like that, you know? This is real! This is real! And that's all there is to that, you know, that's just...wonderfully funny story. (Laughs) I love that! That's great! That's great! Well, I feel vindicated somewhat, I suppose. You know? I feel like I can almost in a way thumb my nose at them without really deliberately doing it. But I got 'em on that one. I'll have to remember that next time."

PAST LIFE ABDUCTIONS

Abductions are not a new phenomenon. In this session I began by directing J to an earlier similar incident. The previous incident that we covered was an abduction from Roberta's house. The following tape transcript was taken from the third run-through of an abduction incident, which occurred last lifetime when she was a man living in Oregon.

J 's Session #2 -- October 22, 1993

J "I'm inside the house. And I've been sitting in a chair, an over-stuffed upholstered chair. And I have a newspaper. It's folded in half, and I walk to the window. There's a--What's it called?--like a heat register sort of thing, the steam ones. You know, the tall ones, they're made out of metal. The big thing that the steam goes through; it's in front of the window. And I lean over the top of it and put my hands on the window ledge, and I look out. And I don't see anything. It's dark. But I had just seen a flash. I'm standing there, looking up at the sky. And there's stars, and I know it's not lightning. It's not lightning. And I'm thinking it's so strange, such a long flash. Well, then I'm back in that incident where this being is telling me, "Don't remember this." It's like I just jump from that spot. I'm standing there looking up to this being, this Gray saying, "Don't remember this." So I guess I'm taking it literally. (Laughs) I'm not remembering anything." "Did you skip over some space?"

J "Oh, a lot of space. A lot of it. Well, the window was up, so I leaned actually out of the window. A radio? I hear a radio on. I don't know what they're saying, though. It's like too far away, too low, somebody's talking. It's pretty quiet. I walk out of the living room, through the kitchen. The back door has a window in it, some curtains over the window. The curtains are pulled to the side and tied back. I open the door. There's a porch. The porch, it's not really deep. It's small. And I look to the left, there's some chairs, a bench, and some chairs on the porch. And to the left there's like trees. Pine trees. Like a big patch, woods, trees, just a big clump of trees on the left to the side of the house. And there's a driveway that runs around, a gravelly driveway that's close to the back porch. Down the steps there's a little walkway, a lawn on either side of the little walkway. And then there's the driveway. And there's, well, I guess it's a garage sort of. Not with the type of door that rolls up, though. Two doors, and they open on either side, like opening cupboard doors. And it's not attached to the house. The doors are closed. The driveway's empty. I walk across the driveway and stop on the grass just on the other side of the driveway. I think it's east. The direction's east, but I'm so lousy on directions. I think I'm facing east, and there's this open area. It's like there aren't any trees there. It's like a

natural meadow maybe. There aren't any tree stumps or anything. Beyond that are trees. Really big, big trees. I'm just standing there. It's a nice evening, feels good. I don't have a shirt on, just wearing pants, barefoot. Air is cool. Not cold, it just feels nice. A little cool, feels good on the skin. And I'm still holding that paper in my hand. A newspaper. And my other hand is in my pocket. Standing there looking around. It's so quiet, though. It's...and then it just flashes from right there to a...I'm standing there looking at my bare feet, but I'm standing on this floor. And I'm inside the spaceship. And there's a Gray there, and he says to not look at him or anything else, eyes down."

"What's happening now?"

J "Just standing there looking down like I think like it's normal to do that or something. Like this isn't anything unusual happening. So much of what they say is just not...just telepathic. It's like complete thoughts all at once. And it's not word by word telepathically, like that. It's...all of a sudden you `know' something, you know. That complete thought is there. It's not like they actually `tell' you that. It's not like speaking. And...just told ya to not look at anything, keep your eyes down. It all just seems so...from this person also, this Gray, is routine. Like this is his job. Everybody has their job, you know, the job they do. It's like assigned to them or something. I just get that impression. It's like we're all new about all of this. Kind of like new recruits or something. (Laughs) A new group of people. A new group of rats to experiment on." (J later mentioned that she thought that there were about twenty other abductees in this room.) "Like they're not unkind. It's hard to describe, but I don't feel like they're doing it to be unkind. You know, this is just what they do. And we just happen to be there, and we're part of it. Something...they say something and then `Please know this.' I don't know what...this phrase `Please know this' keeps coming up over and over. You know, I'm just trying to look at this. He says it often. I don't even know if it's a he. I don't know what this Gray looks like. I haven't seen this Gray. I just look at the floor, and I don't know what he looks like. I feel like we're there for kinda like an indoctrination sort of thing. It's like they're numbering and tagging and writing down things about you or just somehow recording information about you or something. It's just like a preliminary sort of...you know. I don't believe that they do anything to me on this one. This time. Maybe I'm wrong. But I keep looking, trying to look for somethin' else that's happening. I keep finding myself back there next to this guy that's telling me that I won't remember. And it's just like I'm standing there looking at my feet being made to forget."

"Return to the beginning when you're standing there with those people and receiving instructions and continue forward in time and see what happens next."

J "Okay."

"What texture is the floor?"

J "There's some texture to it, but it's pretty smooth. It's not like anything I...almost like it reflects body warmth. Almost like Styrofoam does when you put your hand on it, how it reflects the warmth back. It's not the same texture, it's

not like that. But in a way it's like that. (Laughs) I don't know what it is. I get stuff, but I don't know what it is. Movement...I don't know if I'm moving myself or being moved or I'm standing still, and things are moving past me. Just moving. Oh, I'm getting pictures that I don't really want. I'm lying on a table. Pictures of mountains in the distance. Pictures like a movie or something. Mountains, way far off, blues and purples. I see...wait a minute. I'm laying down. Not pictures of...not mental pictures. Pictures like home movies or shown on the wall. All of a sudden I have this picture--it's supposed to be real serene--of mountains. It was a still picture. It was just quick. All of a sudden it was just there. Like if somebody had stuck a picture right in front of your face. Like all of a sudden it was just there. I get the feeling it was supposed to comfort me or something. It was supposed to make me feel relaxed or not worried or something. (Laughs) The Grays probably heard that people liked the mountains, they are so pretty. Like show 'em a picture, and that'll make 'em relax. (Laughs) Morons. I think they do something. There's a hand on my leg. My right thigh. Something happens here, but I really can't see it. Something...(Laughs)...it seems kind of funny to say this. They're doing something to my balls. (Laughs) Not something I say in normal conversations. 'My balls' is not a phrase I use often. It's like funny to say that, you know." (Laughs) "What's the sensation like?"

J "I don't want to feel this, thank you. I don't think this is something I want to feel. You know, like doing a scan or something. Maybe they're doing a sperm count or something. I don't know. And it's like doing this reading thing. They did it to the upper part of my body. I don't know, maybe they're doing a check-up to find out if I'm a candidate or something. (Laughs) Find out if I want to volunteer my services. That's all they do. And they're looking at my legs. I don't feel it, but I think they're extracting sperm or...they're doing something, but I don't know what it is. I think two of 'em walk away and like consulting with each other or something or communicating with each other. I don't know what they're saying, though. It isn't directed towards me. They haven't said anything to me, except at the beginning, basically, don't look at things." (J later said that she was unconscious during part of this physical examination, so it was difficult to perceive all the things that they were doing. She was then led to another part of the ship.) "Now I'm standing there. He's standing next to me looking at me. Looking at me not...he's not really looking at me. You know what I mean? He's like...he is, but he's not. His curiosity towards me is much less than mine towards him. (Laughs) 'Just another human.' He's almost bored. Not bored, he's just so used to it or something. He attracts my attention away from him. He's just holding onto my left arm, my upper arm. And like he holds me there in front of this thing. Something with a thing on it. A stand? It's hard to describe. Part of this thing is round...whitish, but not opaque. It's transparent white. I don't know if this information is real or not. I don't know if it's something I've been given. All of a sudden I get the feeling that this thing that I'm describing is something they gave me to describe. It's not what it really is; it's

something else. That's it. I'm describing something to you that's not what it really is. It's kind of an interesting sounding object, but it's not the real thing. It's an imitation! (Laughs) Are they afraid I'm gonna duplicate one, if I know what it looks like? (Laughs) Oh, I can build one of those! So anyway the thing that they've given me to describe...I've already described it. This thing is in front of me. God, it's like I look right at it. My eyes are open, and he just directed me at this thing. You know, just turned to me, not physically, but he telepathically turned me, you know. Made me confront this thing, you know, controlled me toward it and put his hand on my arm and held me there. And I'm looking at it, and I can't see it. I can't see it, like I might as well be blind. I cannot see it even though my eyes are open."

"What are you experiencing while you're seeing it?"

J "Kind of...fear. At the time, yeah, not so much now--like this is the third time I've run through this--you know, in recalling I don't feel too much fear. But at the time I was really afraid of it. It was so forceful, it just hits you...Wham! And the way that I describe what it does is how it really is. But the way it looks, is not how it looks. That's not the way it looks. That's not what it is. I just 'know' that, but it gets to be really like I said before, the more I try to look at it, the more I try to confront, the more painful...it just becomes very uncomfortable. It's like a pressure or something, and it's like a mechanical or energy thing. There's no motion involved with it or anything related to that sense. It's a force. Highly concentrated explosion of energy. It's very carefully made it seems. Just a tool. Just a tool that they use to make you forget. Like I said trying to break through that...trying to remember that...especially this device, this tool that they use, so completely hidden. They make you almost especially forget this. You know, forget this other stuff, but especially, especially forget this. So it's like I said, it's almost a physical thing trying to remember what it looks like. It's like trying to push against a concrete wall. There's no give to it. I can't even get a glimpse of it. It's so frustrating. My eyes are open, and I can't see it. It's like this thing, this energy, it's like you see it, but you don't see it. The thing that they hit you with. Probably like what...like Whitley described." (J had read COMMUNION about four years previous.) "You know, this thing they put up to you...`rrrrrr,' you know. It's like that same kind of strong...really, it's very powerful. Very powerful. I'm just standing there in front of this thing, and this being has his hand on me saying, `Don't remember this,' and then the next thing I know I'm standing there looking at my house."

I ran out of tape during the fourth run-through of this incident, so I have included an excerpt from the taped interview four days after this session. The following is J's description of the amnesia-installing device. It appears that she is being controlled by both telepathic implants and psychotronics in which amnesia is installed and a substitute memory is implanted. Devices such as the one she describes here have been used for millennia to program people. When one engages in extensive past life memory retrieval, one will invariably encounter any number of these kinds of psychological

implants that utilize powerful electronic devices. This particular device that implanted J was so powerful that it took four run-throughs of the incident before the implant dissolved and the truth was revealed.

"And anyway I turned to look at this, and this energy or whatever it was just hit me full in the face. And I realized that what it was, was to make me forget what had occurred when I was abducted, so that I wouldn't remember. And so, we tried to look at it several times, really take a look there and see what it was, and this picture started developing of this tall skinny thing, and it kind of looked like 'War of the Worlds' sort of thing, you know. It was kind of dome-shaped, large thing with this large eye. And it was kind of like 1950's, late 1940's sci-fi. It was just overly simplistic or just really amateurish or a childish sort of thing. And I came to the realization after looking at it a number of times, that that's not what I'm confronting. It was not what I was facing. It was like a picture that they had implanted in me. It was a suggestion that that is what I would recall if I tried to recall something. I don't know how I know that, but I do. I know that the picture that I drew is not what it was. And I tried really hard to look at this--what it really was--and the more I tried, the more physically uncomfortable it got to me. It was like I started shaking, and I couldn't breathe, and I just felt overwhelmed. I just like...`ahhhh!' It was just a terrible feeling, and it felt like I was just fighting a losing battle. There was no way that I was going to be able to look at this. And all I can see now when I try to look at that--consciously, you know--I wonder what it looked like. What I...just black. And I don't think it was very big. And I really don't think it was a being. I don't think it was. It was like a...not a machine, but it was an energy source of sorts. And it was very, very powerful. And they just don't want you to remember anything. They just don't want you to look at their instruments; they don't want you to look at them; they don't want you to look at their ship; they don't want you to know what they are doing or what they are doing to you. I was thirty-six years old. It was in Oregon, possibly around Eugene. It was a semi-rural area; it wasn't completely rural." (J also noticed that the name Jack Martin was on the mailbox in front of the house.) "I was really shocked when this number forty-seven popped into my head, 1947, 'cause I figured the first time I was abducted was when we were living in Spokane near Julia (this lifetime). I went through that period of time when I was just terrified without knowing why. It's pretty crappy to know that they're not just screwing up this lifetime, they've screwed up another one, too."

Kevin was also abducted last lifetime by Grays and also by the beings with the yellow eyes that look similar to Grays. The yellow-eyed beings only used two different "monitoring" devices in their examination, and these devices were completely painless. They also felt "friendlier" than Grays.

However, a more interesting abduction occurred in 1853. Kevin had uncovered two different abductions in this lifetime. The earlier one had occurred in 1819 or 1820 when he was a boy in Italy. The following is the complete transcript of the session that covers the later incident.

Kevin's Session #9 -- July 5, 1994

"Return to an earlier, similar incident."

Kevin: "Anytime?"
 "Yeah, any time earlier that is similar."
 Kevin: "1853."
 "All right. Return to the beginning of the incident and recount the incident."
 Kevin: "I'm a...Italian person. I think it's the year 1853. I'm not sure, though. I've got a long dark mustache. I'm sort of chubby. Of course, I could be in Mexico. I have sort of Mexican clothes on." (Note: In the session following this one, Kevin confirmed that this was indeed Italy in 1853, but he could not remember the name of the village in which this event occurred.) "I've got dark hair, black. I'm walking down this one street with a whole bunch of pebbles around, really dark alleys."
 "What's really dark?"
 Kevin: "The alleys."
 "Is it night?"
 Kevin: "No. It's sort of midday. Between night and between day, sort of that area. I'm just walkin' along; nothing's happening so far. I'm just walkin' along."
 "What's the temperature like?"
 Kevin: "Oh, really hot. Pretty hot. I'd say in the nineties, somewhere. I can see a river running along the side of the road with bridges over it. And I can see people in canoes, goin' down the river in boats. I have no idea what my name is yet."
 "What's happening now?"
 Kevin: "Nothing. I see other people going by...women, children."
 "What happens next?"
 Kevin: "Nothing. I think it's pretty cool that I found out that I'm in 1853. Or it's what I think, it's 1853. It's the first thing that popped into my mind."
 "And what are you doing now?"
 Kevin: "Just walking by with...swinging my arms just a little bit."
 "Where are you going to?"
 Kevin: "I don't know. I guess maybe...something that came to me, maybe I'm going to my grandma's. I mean, my mom's."
 "How old are you?"
 Kevin: "I'm in my thirties, about thirty-five."
 "And what happens next?"
 Kevin: "I see something in the sky. I think it's maybe a bird or something. A blackbird or a crow. It's flying overhead, way up, overhead of the city of wherever I am. It's up in the air. It's going at a very slow pace. It's something. It's flying above the city as it goes in a perfectly straight line."
 "What is it's shape?"
 Kevin: "It's hard to tell from the angle it's at and the bright sun that's in the sky. And I'm astonished by it, because there wasn't planes back then. And if it was, it was top secret."
 "Are there other people around?"
 Kevin: "Yeah, lots of 'em."
 "Do they see it, too?"
 Kevin: "No. I do think it is getting closer."
 "What's happening now?"
 Kevin: "It's getting closer by the second. Not very fast, but it's getting closer. It's getting faster...it's getting faster. It's getting pretty close now. It's getting really close. You can see its shape now."
 "What is the shape?"

Kevin: "Like usual, sort of round saucer shape."
 "Does anyone else see it now?"

Kevin: "No, it says it's not there to them, 'cause they don't see it. It's about a hundred feet off the ground, and that's not very far. It's really close. I'm trying to step out of the way of it, stepping backwards. I'm walking backwards really fast. I start bumping into some crates or small wooden boxes."
 "Are you in an open area or just a narrow street, or a sidewalk or what? Alley?"

Kevin: "Open street. It's a dirt road."
 "Can you still see the river from where you're at?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I was walking along the river. When I saw it, it came down, and I walked back. In fact I can still see it. I can see a couple of bridges that go across it, too."
 "What's happening now?"

Kevin: "It's almost on the ground by now. It's about 25 feet from the ground."
 "About how wide is it? What's the size?"

Kevin: "I'm not very good with measuring, but it's about...you know how you're about six feet, takes about three and a half of you to get across it, so that'd be about 21 feet across."
 "Is it directly overhead, or is it out in front of you more?"

Kevin: "It's in front of me. It's landing gear are down, and it's right in front of me. I look in back of me, but everyone's just walking along casually."
 "Like nothing's going on?"

Kevin: "Yes. Nothing's happening. I go up to it, very surprised. I walk up to it and pound on it. Nothing happens. Just room temperature." (He's referring to the temperature of the outside surface of the saucer.)
 "Do you hear a sound?"

Kevin: "No."
 "Can you hear other sounds, like from the people and stuff?"

Kevin: "The people are silent."
 "What do you think this is?"

Kevin: "I've no idea! I was in another body then. I know what it is now. But then I had no idea what it was."
 "Um-huh. That's what I meant."

Kevin: "I just knock on it a couple times. I just turn, keep on walking around it, pounding on it. I kneel down and look at the things that are holding it up. I kick those a little bit."
 "You mean the legs?"

Kevin: "Yeah."
 "How many are there?"

Kevin: "Five of 'em."
 "What's happening now?"

Kevin: "I'd say the time is about four o'clock."
 "In the afternoon?"

Kevin: "Yes. I see a light coming from the area that I banged on before. I'm coming back around to it. There's a little sliver of light coming from the top and from both sides. I try to feel around there, and I can feel it. The sliver of light turns to an opening, starts to come down, it opens up, goes `zzzzzt.' It opens up. I'm looking in this room. It's about as bright as it is outside."
 "Are you looking right inside the saucer now?"

Kevin: "Yes."
 "What's happening now?"

Kevin: "Just staring into it. I see another door open. That one opens up from the side like a regular door would. And it swings open, and I see these creatures in here. Yep, they're Grays. I didn't know that. I didn't know that at the time."

Kevin: "What's going through your mind now as you see these beings?"

Kevin: "Scared as heck. I look at 'em, and I start running off. I start walking backwards at first, just running as fast as I can, really fast. Then I look forward, and I start running some more. I look back every once in awhile, look back, and they're following me. They're just walking casually, though. So I decide to walk casually."

Kevin: "What kind of eyes do they have? What kind of Grays?"

Kevin: "Walnut-shaped eyes."

Kevin: "Walnut?"

Kevin: "You know, the regular."

Kevin: "Do you mean almond-shaped?"

Kevin: "Yeah, that's what I mean. If I say almond-shape, I mean almond-shape." (Apparently his attention was on the incident, and he didn't realize that he said `walnut.')

Kevin: "Oh. Okay."

Kevin: "Just like regular Grays have."

Kevin: "The big black ones?"

Kevin: "Yeah. Big black eyes."

Kevin: "How many Grays are walking towards you?"

Kevin: "Three of 'em. Start to get a little tired. So I sit down for a second. I get back up because they're getting closer. I start running again. I get to this building, and I walk up the stairs...steps, I mean. Little house. I walk up the steps of a little...of a house. I thought it was a building at first. And I open up the door, and I walk in, and I take out a key and lock it (the door). I run over to this chair, and I sit down. I'm relaxing now."

Kevin: "Are you in your own home, or where is this?"

Kevin: "I'm in my own home."

Kevin: "What's happening now?"

Kevin: "Sitting there, resting. Ah, I see something walking through the door. I'm standing there astonished. These guys just walking through the door! It's them. The Grays. They come up to me. Holy Moly! I run up to them, I say, `Get out! Get out whatever you are!' I try to run back. I can't. I stay there. Then I get the urge...I grab two of the Grays' heads and slam 'em together. They fall down. The other one...I can't tell where the heck he's looking at. I think it's me. He turns away and just sort of jogs out at a pretty fast pace."

Kevin: "The third Gray?"

Kevin: "Yeah. He walks out right through the door. Those other two Grays are just lying on the floor. I grab their arms and open the door. Actually, I unlock it first, then I open it. No one's paying attention, so I just walk right out with this...two Grays. I look over where the UFO was, and it wasn't there. I've got these two Grays, and I'm carrying them along."

Kevin: "On the street?"

Kevin: "Yeah. And I'm dragging 'em along, and it's a dirt street actually."

Kevin: "Anybody see you?"

Kevin: "No. Everyone's just...I don't see anybody around."

Kevin: "You say you went to see if the saucer's not there?"

Kevin: "No, I looked over that direction, and the saucer's not there."

So I walked the direction, the opposite direction, over into another alley, and I just set 'em there. I run back to the house. I run over and grab a shovel. I run back over to where the Grays are and start digging and digging. This is really soft soil right here in this area in this alley. Start digging and digging. I finally get it deep enough, and I drop one of them in, one of the Grays. And I pick it up, and I just drop it in. So I push its head down so I could fit it in there good. And I fill that in. And I look at it, and I walk over to it and stamp on it a couple times and hit it with the shovel."

"The Gray? The other Gray?"

Kevin: "No, where I buried the other Gray. And I dig again for about...this took me about an hour to do, to finish it. But it takes me another half an hour to dig this other one up, this other hole, and I drop the other Gray in, and I fill it in and start whacking where I'd filled the spot in with it. Start whacking it with the shovel. And I grab the shovel, and I go back to my house, and I put it back where it was before. And I sit back down in my chair, and I relax. That's it."

"All right. Are you sitting in the chair now?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"All right. Scan forward in time and see if they come back and visit you."

Kevin: "The next morning I come out and look at 'em, where they're buried, and I go back into the house. I checked on 'em."

"They were still there, or it looked like they were still there?"

Kevin: "Yeah, they were still there."

"The ground wasn't disturbed or anything?"

Kevin: "Nope."

"So they didn't come back that night or anything?"

Kevin: "No, they didn't ever come back. I took care of those guys for good."

"All right."

Kevin: "Must have broke their peanut-sized brains."

"Okay. Anything else about this incident?"

Kevin: "No."

This incident confirmed a phenomenon, which was observed by J in her abduction from Roberta's house in Spokane. That is, the Grays can abduct someone while other people are in the same area without anyone knowing what's going on.

As you probably noticed, this incident also demonstrates a tried and proven technique for "Grays bashing" (Pun intended). If you will recall, Jack Wylie also used this technique on two Grays who were standing side by side in front of him.

The following day I gave Kevin another session that confirmed that this lifetime did indeed occur in Italy, and that he had had prior contact with the Grays. Some things that the Grays do are very puzzling. This incident demonstrates that in spite of their size and spindly appearance they are quite strong.

Kevin's Session #10 -- July 6, 1994

"Return to an earlier, similar incident."

"I'm a little kid, maybe about nine years old. So maybe the 1820s or the 1810s or somewhere around there. Late tens or early twenties. I'm on this street, like sort of a small,

narrow dirt paved road, dirt road with rocks on it. And I'm walking around kicking 'em with my heel of my foot. I see something up in the sky. It looks from here like a bird of some sort way off in the distance. And I just glance back down at what I was doing, kicking the rocks around. And I sort of glance back up there where I saw the bird way off in the distance, and it's closer now. It's not as far away as it was before. I look back down at what I was doing again. I kick a rock pretty far again. I start walking to another place about ten steps to the left of me, and I started kicking the rocks some more. I look back up at the bird that was...what I thought was a bird, and it wasn't there! Not there any more. So I check around in the sky...oh, I found it! It's pretty big now. I can see sort of the shape of it. I'm telling myself, 'It's not a bird! It's not a bird. It's definitely not a bird. So I start walking backwards. I keep on walking backwards, so I see this thing keep getting much bigger. It's pretty big. I can see sort of a saucer shape again. I'm really scared because I've never seen anything like this, because it's, oh, it's about a hundred feet off the ground. About a hundred feet away from me. It's really close to me now. It's fifty feet away, and it's getting twenty-four, twenty-three, twenty-two, twenty-one...it's coming in really close now. I can see slots opening up on the bottom of the ship, and I see little bars coming down. They come down, and it lands! I'm just standing there, gazing over the metal object, which I have no idea what it is. I take a step forward, take another step, a third step, then I just walk casually over there. I take a glance at it. They're really trying to block my memory, I can hardly remember a thing. There, it's opening at a pretty fast pace, and it's open now. I'm curious so I walk over...I walk up a couple steps. I walk up the room. It's pretty light in there, but I see no light. I go inside the ship. I'm going to backtrack a little bit, I wanna see what the size of the ship is. It's about eighty feet long. Eighty, ninety feet long."

"It's a saucer shape, is it?"

Kevin: "Yeah. I look back, and I start to walk back when the stairs come up. They go 'zzzzzzz.' And then I run my fastest trying to get out, and then the door closes. I'm pounding on the door. I'm not going to yell 'cause I know it's not going to do any good. I turn back and look behind me, and I see three Grays behind me. Three Grays. I know I've seen them before, but I don't know from where. I lean up against the door more. There's three of 'em. The one that's right straight in front of me is walking towards me, and then the door opens, and I fall through and hit the ground. And it's a gravelly street so I hurt my back. I look up. I'm paralyzed. I see this guy, and the stairs come down again. And the one that was straight in front of me walks down. Over...grabs my arm. Then another one comes down and grabs my other arm. They pull on each arm! Ow! And they drop me again. They're pretty strong, these ones!"

"Are these the short Grays?"

Kevin: "Sort of medium size."

"What kind of Grays are they?"

Kevin: "Gray Grays. Black eyes."

"The big, almond-shaped, wrap-around eyes?"

Kevin: "Yeah."

"What's happening now?"

Kevin: "They're staring down at me. Now a third one comes down. There's two Grays beside me as I'm laying down and one at my feet. And they're standing there looking at me. One of 'em looks at me, leans his head down a little bit more and just lifts it back up and walks away. He turns around and walks back up the stairs into this room and then into another room. I can't tell where he's at now. There's two Grays now. One at my feet and one at my left side...my right side. The one at my feet looks down at my feet. The one at my right side looks at my arm. I'm pretty much guessing that, because their eyes are all black, and you can't tell where they're looking. But I'm pretty sure that they're looking over at that direction."
 "Are you laying on the ground?"

Kevin: "Yeah. And they both look back up and walk back away from me. They turn around and walk away from me and walk up the steps of the spaceship. And they're outa there. They're, they're gone. They go up into the room and out into another room where I can't tell where they are, and the steps come back up into the slot. And the door closes. And I look at the door where it was, and it doesn't even look like it was there. And it sort of lifts off very quietly. This whole time it didn't make a single peep. It's like it comes down and leaves without making a sound."
 "Did they tell you anything?"

Kevin: "No. They just stare at me. They stare at me, then one leaves, then two leave, and they start lifting...up they went. The landing gear fold up and go back in the ship as if they weren't there. And it's totally flat on the bottom. Totally flat on the bottom of the ship. And they fly away. That's it."
 "Okay. What year is this?"

Kevin: "1920...somewhere around there. The year 1920...1919...I mean, 1820...or 1819."
 "1819 or 1820, huh?"

Kevin: "Yes. Somewhere around..."
 "And what's your name?"

Kevin: "I don't remember."
 "Take a look. See if you can contact it."

Kevin: "I can't. I don't remember my name now."
 "Where is this?"

Kevin: "In Italy."
 "Um-huh. Is this the same lifetime?"

Kevin: "Yes."
 "The same lifetime where you killed the two Grays and buried them?"

Kevin: "Yes."

Our cousin Lisa also retrieved the memory of a past life abduction. This apparently occurred in Europe 2,317 years ago. She was a baby when Grays suddenly appeared in the bedroom of a rustic log home. They physically examined her as well as her older sister who was being examined on a table or board that appeared to float in the air.

The first time I ever saw a Gray in a memory occurred in 1983. I was exploring my own past lives during this time, but it was before I knew that I was an abductee. During one of these sessions the face of a Gray appeared suddenly in my mind. This was a tall Gray, and its skin was bluish-gray in color. The Gray was confronting me from behind a console of some type. So I'm not sure if that was its natural skin color, or if there were blue lights shining up from the console. However, other abductees have reported Grays with a bluish cast to

their skin.

It is interesting to note that I recovered this memory about five years before COMMUNION hit the book stores, and before I saw the television dramatization of Betty and Barney Hill's abduction. I had probably seen the movie "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," but there were no Grays depicted in it, only Hollywood-style aliens. So when I contacted this memory with a Gray staring me in the face, I didn't know what I was looking at. Obviously, I concluded it was an alien, but certainly nothing like I had ever seen or imagined! Some UFO debunkers claim that people aren't really being abducted by little gray men, because it's only their imagination, which has been influenced by the depictions of these beings on television, movies, magazines, and the covers of books. This, however, is not true, as I can personally attest. They are real. I wish it was my imagination!

In this incident I was escorted into a large room on a spacecraft by six short Grays. There were three on each side of me, and they were walking in single file. I was ushered by them to a chair on a platform, and there were two devices on each side of the chair, which had the appearance of satellite dishes. This device was activated, and a very intense forcefield of some sort permeated my body. My present perception of the purpose of this mechanism is that it was an implanting device designed to anchor a being more solidly into a body. However, I'm not one hundred percent certain that my perception of this is correct, but it's based upon the Grays' and other ETs' track record of sticking beings into bodies by other or similar means, and it is also what it felt like to me. I do know for certain that it was a very traumatic experience.

Because I had no conscious awareness of the existence of the Grays or the abduction-by-aliens phenomenon, I initially and erroneously assumed that this event must have taken place tens of thousands of years ago in some space society far from Earth. From my past life studies and from my own conscious recollection of seeing a UFO as a child, I knew that there was indeed life "out there," but it seemed illogical to assume that extra-terrestrial life forms were personally affecting me in modern times. However, as the years rolled by into the early 1990's, my memories of present and past life abductions surfaced, and I realized that this event had taken place in Nazi Germany last lifetime.

In 1994 I opened up more abduction memories from last lifetime, and I discovered to my amazement that the Nazis had direct contact with the Grays. I will cover my own past life abductions in more detail in Book Two of THE PROGRAMMING OF A PLANET, THE EYE OF RA.

INFANT ABDUCTIONS

In the next five chapters I will be focusing on the insidious programming performed by extra-terrestrials--the psychological implants and the social implants. This is one of the most intriguing aspects of the abduction phenomenon because we can penetrate deep into the heart of the phenomenon and expose the ETs' true intentions. However, it is also one of the most unpleasant aspects of the extra-terrestrial phenomenon. I should caution those readers with weak stomachs that the following abduction accounts contain explicit examples of mental and physical torture performed on babies. A tremendous amount of physical and emotional pain gets locked up in these incidents, affecting abductees throughout their lives.

We often only hear about the "physical examinations" performed by ETs with the assumption that they are only trying to learn about us, much like a biologist studies animals in the wild. This, however, is not true in every abduction, and ufologists seldom focus on the real purpose of these abductions. This is due in part to the "screen memories" (telepathic implants) that ETs use to mask their true intentions and activities. Also, some ufologists have been actively participating in the government cover-up, which tends to keep the real truth from coming out. Therefore, the information you are about to read may be new to you. These are not just isolated cases; they are typical of what abductees as a whole must go through. The Grays and their accomplices have a very specific agenda in mind when they come and pick up an abductee. You may have heard that many abductees have a low self-esteem or act in a crippled manner in life. After you read the following accounts, there should be no doubt in your mind why this is so.

After Jack Wylie received several sessions from me and found out that he, too, was an abductee, his wife Karen also wanted to look into her own forgotten past. Karen is thirty-two years old, and her education is in electromagnetics. She worked for a major aircraft company as an electrical engineer helping to design radar invisibility systems.

She said that UFOs always gave her the creeps, and she avoided talking about them. Flying saucers frightened her.

Her father was a source of painful emotion throughout her entire life. Because of his domineering and irrational behavior he incited frequent quarrels, often at the dinner table.

On June 6, 1994, I began the first session with Karen by directing her to contact a time that was emotionally painful to her. I didn't tape record the session, but I was taking detailed notes. She contacted one of these dinner table quarrels where her father vented his anger out on her mother and targeted Karen as well. She said that her father made a habit of making her feel guilty, saying that she hated him. She felt fearful and tormented, and felt that there were other things that he did to harm her that she couldn't remember. As a loving being she had had a hard time accepting the fact that he was "cruel and heartless," and she was often afraid for her life around him. During this incident she felt a strong "clenching" in her stomach.

I took her through this incident four times until the emotional pain was relieved; her laughter confirmed the release of the emotional trauma. I then directed her to return to another incident of emotional or physical pain. She contacted an incident when she was eighteen weeks old. She was lying in her crib when a "dark cloud with red eyes" paralyzed her, picked her up, and then she felt like she was being floated down into their basement. She was placed on a table with her father next to it. She tries to struggle but can't. It's dark, and her terror wells up as she feels her father's rough hands around her neck. Something like "a sliver of ice" goes down her throat, and something is injected into her stomach. She begins to feel the pain from the rough handling. Her body feels sore, and her stomach is tense and sore. She then realizes that her father is the only one in the room and that he is being controlled and precisely directed to do certain things to her by others who are in another place or room. (Note: This bizarre phenomenon of alien mind control is also demonstrated in the following chapter.) She also notices that even though he is doing this against his own will, he is enjoying it. She said, "He made my lungs hurt and my body hurt and my digestive system and my head." Electrical currents surge through her little body, and she felt like she was being "psychically raped." Her father told her that "I'm a bad girl, and I need these things done to me because I need to be changed. You deserve it. You are to give into it. You need to submit and not to resist." Pictures flash through her mind programming her to be a victim because that's what she deserves. She said this was being written on her baby mind to disempower her.

Then the pain becomes even more intense. She then heard programming that she was evil, and that there were certain things she could do and certain things she could not do, and if she crosses the line, she'll be punished. During this brainwashing she felt that her survival instincts were being suppressed, so that she would be a victim and fail in life. With a broken spirit and feeling sad and despondent, she is returned to her crib.

Two days later, on the 8th of June, Karen uncovered another abduction that occurred at the age of two. Karen indicated that the purpose of this abduction was designed "to break my spirit" with "a combination of psychological and physical torture." Although she is a strong being, her resistance is broken down by a series of steps resulting in a final breakdown of her will, which is emotionally very traumatic for her.

I didn't bring my tape recorder for this session, but two weeks later she asked me if she could go through the incident again. She wanted to see if she could contact more of the mental programming that they inflicted on her. I agreed to take her through the incident again with the caution that it's not good to run through a traumatic incident too many times. From my experience I have found that one should only recount such an incident just enough times to release the physical and emotional pain. Too many recountings can tend to grind it in, creating a negative effect. In UFO abduction cases it is a big temptation to run through an interesting incident more times than necessary to pick up more intriguing details about the aliens and their ships.

I did bring my tape recorder for this session, so the following transcript is the third recounting of this incident. Because she had already recounted and re-experienced the incident twice before, and because the third recounting occurred two weeks later, there is a noticeable emotional detachment and some noticeable difficulty in re-experiencing the incident again. Due to the prior release of emotional trauma she is able to take more of a viewpoint of

intellectual curiosity in re-examining the abduction.

Karen's Session #3 -- June 22, 1994

Karen: "Okay. Well, I'm in my crib, and it's nighttime, and there's leaves on the trees outside. It's kind of a midnight blue color of sky. You know, like not really navy blue black yet; it's kind of a dark bluish, you know, deep blue, I guess. And I'm laying in my crib, and something really dark and sinister approached me. And the best way I could describe it is darkness with red eyes. And it's touch is cold, and it's cold. I finally am able to see through this fog or whatever it puts up. Maybe it's, you know, telepathic or something, I don't know, but it's some kind of a robot. And it reminds me of the kind that was in the movie "The Terminator," that was underneath all the skin. You know, it's with the just plain metal and everything like that. And anyway, so I'm taken to a ship that's floating outside the house, and the ship is...we go through the wall to get to the ship. And interestingly enough in my parents' old house we had a daylight basement, so where my room was, was actually two stories up. And this disk was above the neighbor's house, and it was very quiet and not lit up or anything. And we just kinda flew out there and into the disk. And I remember being afraid, because I didn't know what was going to happen. And I was pretty much a trusting sort of little kid and, well, good-natured I guess, if you want to call it that. And I thought I was going to have some kind of an adventure, but I was really scared anyway. And I..."

"What are you dressed in now?"

Karen: "Let's see, it was pajamas I guess, sort of a flannel little pajamas that I had. But there's no feelings in this place, and it's kinda scary. It's cold on my bare feet. The floor is metal, and it's cold, and I'm put on top of this little table. It feels more like a little bed to me, but it's not at all comfortable. It's more like a little slab or something. And I don't know why I'm not questioning or struggling around more. It's sort of like I'm in a hypnotic trance or something. And I don't know when it is that I lose my clothes--trying to think now--possibly that's because I'm in a hypnotic trance. I don't realize that I'm being undressed, but after I'm put on the slab I don't think I have any clothes on. And I'm left there in that room for quite a long time. There's nothing going on. It's like I'm being held in stasis there for awhile. But part of me is really afraid, 'cause I sense that somethin's gonna happen that I don't like. The air around is a very sterile kind of air. It's breathable, but it has some smells that are kinda medicinal, and also smells that are just kinda sterile like you'd expect in a clean room. Very odorless, but mechanical-feeling. There's no negative ions from plants or smells from plants or anything like that. They come to get me, and I'm still kind of sleepy, or maybe I just don't wanna be woke up or something. And they drag me along, and I remember that the floors were cold, and the walls were very smooth and cold and unadorned. And it was a frightening place without mercy."

"How were they holding you?"

Karen: "Yeah, I'm being held by the elbows, by the arms and kind of ushered along, and I'm crying because I'm sleepy. I don't want to be disturbed. But there's no feelings there, which puts me

into denial because I find it hard to imagine or understand a place where there's no feelings. I'm too little to really know that this is a different species and doesn't have any feelings for me. Anyway, these little aliens there--they're little 'cause they're taller than me but not much taller than me--they're taking me down the hallway, and I'm feeling more and more afraid as we get closer to our destination. I have feelings of fear that manifest in my body right now as, well, feeling in the pit of my stomach, in my legs a little, some feelings of...I don't know exactly how to describe it. It's a feeling of fear, a sickening feeling, not wanting to go any further, not wanting to experience any more. And pretty soon I'm struggling and trying to get away, but it doesn't do any good. This is causing me a lot of trauma because I am very afraid. The fear is really strong and really...I'm unable to comfort my fear or help it with any kind of reasoning ability. So the terror is just very...it's really hurting my psyche. It's making me very afraid on a certain level that it might not have been if I hadn't had this experience. So...and apparently, my stomach is churning, too, I guess. It's really feeling queasy. I think this has happened before, and that's why I'm scared. But I had no conscious memory of it happening before. So I'm put on some kind of a device, which causes me discomfort. Since I cleared a lot of that out I'm having difficulty remembering certain details about it. One particular one anyway. I can say that that caused me a lot of pain, physical pain. Made me cry. And what was so frightening about it is that it was...just pain. I mean there wasn't any purpose to it that I could see or I could feel. It was like they just wanted to see how much pain I could take."

"Where is this pain coming from, or where is it in your body?"

Karen: "I'm trying to remember it now. I cleared a lot of it out. Let's see, there were two different machines that were doing this. One that I remember only vaguely had something like little black rubber tips on the ends of these little probes that would come and touch me, and then they would release. And I'm not quite sure if that caused physical damage or not, or if it was electrical. The pain was in my nervous system primarily and throughout my muscles. My organs were not affected except they hurt, too, because they were connected to the muscles. And after that I was put in this little indentation in the wall--is the best way to say it--and there was a glass door like a shower stall sort of. And then there were the little things that came out of the sides that...and this was where the worst of the trauma happened."

"What position is your body in now?"

Karen: "It's standing up. I was standing up during both of these incidents. The first one with the black rubber pieces is just kind of like getting, introducing me to the idea of some pain. It wasn't really like a lot of pain; it was annoying, painful, burning sensation sometimes. It was feelings of trauma in my nervous system. It's the only way I can express it. It's like these signals or whatever were running up and down my nerves and really making me strung out. And it just felt--What's the word for it?--it felt like I'm continually being bugged by flies or by something like that where you just want to scream in anger. 'Cause the nervous system does connect with your emotions, too, and it was like being continually stung by insects or something

and having that neurotoxin or whatever go through your blood and just jangle up your nerves. And I was terrified again by this time because of the fact that nobody was there to save me, and it just didn't seem right that nobody was there to save me. It really put me into denial, big time."

"How do you get to the glass case?"

Karen: "Yeah, after that I was taken over to the glass case thing, and then it's stepped up, the intensity of the pain stepped up, but there were also other things. Deeper...it was like cellular programming or something like that was going on, because there were things that extended into my neck and into my sides. And..."

"What does that feel like?"

Karen: "Well, it...in my neck, let's see, maybe I should start at the beginning. At the beginning of it I was put into this little like real narrow shower stall. I couldn't even turn around. And my hands, my legs, I was standing up, my hands were outstretched, my legs were outstretched, and I felt cold metal things kinda grab hold of my arms and legs and kinda keep 'em there. And that's when I had these needles, they came out from the sides of the wall, and at first it was just like probes that just really hurt. Not the same way that that other machine did. It was more like pain that actually felt like I was actually being hurt physically, you know, cut on or something like that. And it was a very painful experience because there was no actual damage, but there was a simulation of it. It's like the equivalent of whatever I would be, well, if I were really hurt physically, if they were actually doing something to me physically. That's what it felt like, you know, whether they were cutting on me or scraping or whatever. It just was very...except it went down into my muscles, and that's what these probes were doing. At first they sent a signal down in there, and then they put needles in there, and that actually did something more drastic to me. That actually produced blockages in my psychic energy flow through my body, and it was so much and so difficult for me to stay present with it that I actually kind of...and part of me went blank. And the pain was...it's kinda hard for me to say it in words. It would radiate from those needles, but it would also kind of like block my energy flows. It would create some sort of a tendency in my body that was unhealthy. It's like it would block the energy from coming up from my lower abdomen. This was the needles in my neck now that were doing this. They would block the energy and keep it kind of cycling on it, back on itself. And this created a blockage in my health and inability to think clearly sometimes."

"Are the needles injecting something chemical, or is it electronic or..."

Karen: "There were chemicals in there, and they were activated by the electrical currents that were also being put through my body. Well, the electrical currents...I think there were some currents going through me, those two. It was...also there were other attachments. There were attachments on my lower abdomen, too, and further down like on my legs and things, but the purpose of those particular needles that were poking into my neck were to...it seemed like...well, perhaps I shouldn't speculate. I can only tell you what it felt like. It felt like they were creating a great deal of disturbance and blockage right there in my neck by pumping these chemicals through that would block the

flow of energy in my body. And also there were some kind of energy. And calling it electrical is kind of...I don't know exactly...it felt that way. It felt electrical. I know whatever it was, was interfering with my electrical flow. And there was some sort of a stimulation of an electrical or energy nature that caused the pain and the discomfort and the...whatever it was that they were trying to train my body to do. And that caused me a lot of grief. I remember that, too. 'Cause of how little I was and how much I wanted to have a safe loving environment."

"Was there electric shock?"

Karen: "Yeah, there's some very mild...not at all overwhelming. Just like you'd feel, I guess, in a very, very low-voltage battery or something like that. Where it just feels kind of like an itch or something. But it activates all these other things that are in there, and that's what creates the pain, simulates the pain problem. There's something around my hips that I don't like being there, and it's metal, and they're inserting things into my female organs, and actually it's up my vagina, I think. But it's not like it's sexual exactly, but it feels wrong to me, and I just want to take my hands, and pull off the little girl thing that's on that's metal. And I just want to take it off 'cause it's uncomfortable, and it keeps going on, and it's...whatever it is that's up in there is uncomfortable to me. The feeling of it is, well, I'd say it's scraping but it's not. There's no blood. There's no damage. But it's causing me discomfort. It's unpleasant. There are other sensations. Yeah, there's other stimulations of that area. I can't rightly say that there's needles going in there. It's very frightening to me, and I want to just escape and get away in my mind. I want to just deny that any of this happened. I guess that's why I was so successful at forgetting everything. They're letting some electrical charge between the devices up my vagina, and it's some kind of a needle that...it's a little needle I guess. And it's going in right about the top of my hips on the front part of my body, and there's a little current going between the two. And later they'll do some things that are painful to that area, some longer needles or whatever into that area right above my hips. And that damages my feelings for my female organs. I'm not quite sure. I'm not clear about that. But there's some things that happen there that basically are to kind of, again, tie up my energy, my psychic energy, make it less likely to flow in certain directions. There's a lot of energy that comes...and power of creation that comes from the genital area, and they just want to somehow hamper that, control it maybe, I don't know. I was also made to feel that my sex was wrong and that sex was wrong."

"Are they giving you any suggestions with this?"

Karen: "Well, yeah. It feels to me like they're beginning to. It's just the start of the programming part. When they did the...the other needles that were into my lower abdomen, that's a separate incident between the box and the other place where I go sit, and there's this device that goes down on my head. But they didn't give any programming with that interim incident. They did, though, with the needles in the neck. And there wasn't anything that came really from the girdle that was around me in terms of programming. The programming was used...they used those needles because they could feed it into my nervous system through that."

And the proximity of my brain to those was sufficient for them to be able to give some simple images. And one of the things that I remember strongly is--and it's just the beginning of a glimpse into it--is that I was told that suffering is a good thing. That by my suffering I was becoming a more noble person. And by denying myself is the best way to go and the best way to succeed in life. And I was given a strong programming about myself being unclean, just as I am now in this two-year old body. I couldn't be that way. I had to be something else, something better or different or whatever. But there's other programming that feels like it has to do with people and events, people in my life and certain events in my life where I was programmed so that I would not interfere, or I would not take certain actions, so that I would not have as a construct an attitude perhaps as I might have had in regards to certain situations in life. And therefore, I would not be as effective at preventing certain things from happening or from getting away from my situation with my dad. I think there's worse things in there, too, that are harder to access. You know, they had made me believe that I had done something horrible, or they programmed me to do something that wasn't good, but that came later. This is just the first part. It wouldn't surprise me if they just made me think that I was going to do something horrible. But I don't know. I'll have to go deeper to get at that stuff. Anyway, it's just pictures in terms of what I suffered in that little shower stall-type thing. It was pictures, images of what they wanted me to do, and how I was supposed to do it."

"Can you describe the pictures, any of them, what they look like?"

Karen: "Well, pictures of going to school; I remember that. Pictures of what my life was going to be like as a child, you know, in my grade school. Basically of not having a whole lot of power as a child, which turned out to be true. But I remember I was always frustrated with that. There's something that I don't want to face that's very painful because as a loving sort of person I would not want to admit that that programming is in there, or whatever that is that's in there. That's the most I can say about it right now. But it has to do with some kind of real dark deed that they programmed into me. And I don't know if it ever happened. I suspect that it didn't. But it was in there just in case certain other things and their plans were screwed up. This would have been a very subconscious, very deeply buried suggestion to kill or hurt--or something like that--someone. It was someone in my family, I believe. I'm not certain, but I know it applied to things as they were back then, not as they are right now. Anyway, that and some other really horrendous things were...maybe that was the extent of it, I don't know, but that was put into me later. I was mainly being broken down and prepared for that in that little cubicle thing. And then afterwards I'm put on a table, and I'm just so in shock from all this stimulation and super-stimulation of my nervous system that I'm just pretty much limp and don't really fight anymore. And I'm put on a table and then very quickly injected with something, two needles, and they go on just above my hips and pointed down towards my female organs, and that's another energy inhibitor, chemical or something that I'm injected with. And I remember the table being cold, and the funny thing is it feels like--I remember cloth around me--and of course I said

that I was without clothes, but it might have been just that they needed to put that under me, I don't know. After that they realized that they needed to do more in order to plant certain things inside of me, so they put me on this device like--oh, let's see, I know an episode of Star Trek I'm thinkin' of, but you probably don't--anyway it's a helmet thing and they put it on my head. Basically they use that to, you know, as a final conditioning, a programming, and at least in my case that's the way it was. And then what happened after that was that I was put through a lot of things, illusory sort of tortures that looked like they were actually happening. I remember my bones being crushed and my arms. I remember my chest being crushed, and it didn't actually happen, though. It was just an illusion. It was all input into my brain as an illusion, but the trauma was still there."

"Do you feel pain when this happens?"

Karen: "Yeah. Yeah. It may not have been, and I don't think it was, the actual pain that you would feel if that was done to you, because if it was, it would be equally traumatic as the injury itself, and they couldn't have afforded that. But there was pain with it. It just scared me, terrified me to the point where something in me did give. And that's the part that's really hard for me to acknowledge, I guess. 'Cause I guess I'm naturally a stubborn sort of person when it comes to my beliefs and control of my own mind and doing what's right and things like that. And I've always believed that I've had the strength to do, you know, it's all up to me. In other words that if I failed, that it's all my fault. You know, it's not anybody else's. And so it was hard for me to accept this. I was overcome that they could actually do whatever they wanted to do with my mind. That was really frightening. But after a couple of these incidents, fake incidents, my mind was opened up, because I was so broken up in other ways. Probably the trauma--fake trauma though it was--was what did it. I remember, too, my ankles being crushed, and that there are other things that happen. Let's see if I can remember them. Although they were induced, they were still very traumatic."

"Is the pain mild, or is the pain pretty intense?"

Karen: "It's very...it's intense. It doesn't last a long time because these aren't real injuries. It's just intense. For a while you think it's happening. I'm having a memory come in, and I'm not sure if it's...I'll just go ahead and say it. I'm not sure if it's due to this incident or not. But when I was a kid, an older kid in my pre-adolescent years, I had a certain fear, and I never knew why, of having something red hot put up my vagina. And I believe that that was one of the images. There were real horrendous images like that. That was one. I don't know if that was this time or not. I'm not certain of that, but since it got triggered, I'll just say it. And the pain from the burning was very severe. And it's frightening. And I feel another programming that they gave me was that you have to put up with pain in order to be right, or in order to be able to say you have a clean conscience, or that you tried your best or whatever. And I suspect that the pain was also conditioning, and that they really didn't want me to know that. They wanted me to think I was being brave or something. But the fact of the matter was I was not very cooperative, and they didn't like that and tried to beat it out of me. Not by beating me up, but just

by breaking me down in various ways. But it didn't last. My resistance didn't last. Obviously. Because of what happened. Anyway, the programming had to do with thinking certain really bad things about my family. My immediate family. I guess you might think of it as--some of it wouldn't be too far from the truth of course--of my dad's cooperation with them. But it had to do with nightmarish, really evil, negative ideas, at least that's the way they were to me. I do believe that this programming I got did encourage me to get a job at Boeing working for a secret project, which is what I did do. I think it also encouraged me to overlook my best welfare. And basically there's real strong emotional trigger points or something--it's the best word I can think of--that are around these little messages. They make it very hard to get at them. They make it very hard to get at them. And I suspect that that's what the pain...one of the things it was for. But now it's mainly emotional. I'm afraid of...that that reflects badly on me. Perhaps that's another idea that they planted. It reflects badly on me that I have all these negative implanted suggestions inside of me. But I know for sure that I really would like to get rid of that `suffering is good for the soul' programming. Interestingly, I do feel that programming had to do with my parents, and until certain things were complete, the programming was in place, and then afterwards, after my parents died, it no longer was as necessary or in place. And I wonder if it had to do with not rebelling and not doing certain things that would've been better to do. And as a result my mother got very sick and eventually died of cancer largely because she stayed in that very, very stressful relationship. But I seem to be having trouble accessing the actual commands. I notice some feelings in my legs now. It's interesting, but it seems like that's an area that was...there was a lot of attention on it; I don't know why. It wasn't as if I suffered a whole lot, things that were done to that part of the body. But I don't recall it being--in the case of my legs anyway--excruciatingly painful or anything, just kind of strange feeling. Anyway, after they take me off this helmet device, I really go deeply into shock, and they are quite surprised because apparently my spiritual development is such that the programming is much too bad for even me to carry out, and if they don't soften it a little bit or hide from me more or something, they'll create some sort of a split in me. That's what I remember from listening to or hearing various things, or maybe I was just picking up on thoughts. So to prevent me from dying and being useless, they took me into another room where they reversed and healed a lot of things. And of course that made me feel...that was also psychological, I guess, in a way, because that made me feel grateful to them. And yet it wasn't done out of love. It was done simply to keep me functional, so questions wouldn't be raised or whatever. Something that was done prevented me from reaching some sort of a conclusion in my later years or from intervening or doing something that would not have been what they wanted. So that's the best I can do for talking about the programming, and what's in it. Anyway, after I'm sort of like deprogrammed a little bit and healed a little bit and balanced out some, I'm taken back to my crib by this thing and laid down there, and it's quite frightening to me. And I can't sleep. I just lay there looking at the ceiling, and eventually I do

sleep, but I'm just really frightened, tense and confused. And that's the end of the incident as far as I can recall it."

"All right. Can you describe what the beings look like that were doing this to you?"

Karen: "Yeah, they were gray, and they had big heads and big eyes that were all black."

"Any other details that you notice about them."

Karen: "Well, they kind of have a...their heads aren't totally round. They've got a little brow ridge or somethin' like that that goes up around the side, one of 'em does, particularly anyway, the one I noticed. And I sense that they wanted to foster an emotional bond in me with them, so that I would feel like they're actually being loving to me when they were giving me pain. And that was so that I wouldn't struggle so much, I think. And that was probably part of the reason for the programming that I don't have enough answers yet to be able to say. All I know is that I wasn't necessarily considered really super important, but they needed to find out if certain inhibitions would work in my case, would take. I'll go back to what they look like. Let's see, and their skin was kind of like cellophane, I guess. It was a little bit cool and not exactly damp feeling. It was sort of slick and just a little bit sticky, not really sticky. Like cellophane is really sticky. But it was a similar type of a substance that reminded me more of a plant. I remember being very angry and indignant at all that they had done while I was undergoing it, particularly. But the way they twisted it around was to my disadvantage ultimately, because of what a martyr I became. Their eyes are black, and their mouths are fairly small. The one that did me was...or that was watching when I was doing--in that little cubicle thing--was kind of a small one. And he looked to be more curious and open than the rest of 'em. I don't know if he was a young one or what. But he wasn't any more compassionate than any of the others. And the other ones were just so matter of fact and quick and bustling with their movements, and they didn't really stay in my field of vision. They were just doing things around the side and my peripheral vision, gosh, the pain and the shock was so great in that. It's kinda hard to go back to it, but I will. The peripheral vision was a little bit of a sort of a whitish, grayish color. But it looked very whitish, too, very pale, kind of whitish color of skin. And it's kind of dry skin, and yet it was very smooth and kinda like plastic. The metal things that they would put on my skin at various points to produce pain or whatever was very cold, and also it terrified me because of my vulnerability."

During the first recounting of this incident, Karen began to realize that the aliens had used her father as a means to reinforce their psychological implanting. She said, "My dad was party to all this. I blamed myself erroneously. I feel regret over that." She also said that she was "brainwashed into thinking I was a coward and evil or something. Like I was evil inside and being punished. I hated this for succumbing and not being perfect. I felt so much shame and pain. I was disappointed to have failed and have all this stuff happening." They also programmed her that she wouldn't be happy, and that she would be lonely and without much companionship in life. She noticed that the aliens had everything already set up when she arrived on the ship, thus indicating a premeditated agenda specifically

designed for her.

She summed up by saying, "Those programmings were not done for the reasons I thought as a human being. They weren't done necessarily to give me instructions that I would carry out, but to create certain belief systems and response patterns. It wasn't anything important with the government. I know that much. It was more like inhibitions, so that I wouldn't do certain things." In the second recounting of the incident she made an intriguing comment: "I did come from a more advanced civilization, and that is why I am tortured and suppressed."

On the following day Karen retrieved the memory of yet another brainwashing/torture session, which had occurred at the age of one and a half. I began this session by directing her to return to an earlier, but similar incident. The following transcript was Karen's last time through the incident.

Karen's Session #4 -- June 23, 1994

Karen: "I'm in my crib, and it's nighttime. The room is hard to see, hard to make things out. I can barely see some of the little pictures that I recall being there when I was young. And then all of a sudden I'm kinda whisked away from that. It happened sooner than I thought earlier. All of a sudden it's like a beam or something like that. I'm aware that I'm going somewhere other than the house. And it kind of yanks me away, 'cause all of a sudden I'm somewhere else, and it's really disorienting. So I'm in this dark room, and my little bare feet are on the floor, and I'm kinda walking around with my little bare feet and wondering what's in this room, and I don't really like being in it, 'cause it's cold and everything. I don't have too long to wait before there's light and some activity, but it doesn't really have much to do with me. They're just talking to each other. And I'm wonderin' what all this is about, but I'm too scared to go over there and find out, 'cause they don't feel like good people. So I kinda sit on my little baby legs and look at 'em. I'm chewing on my finger and wonder what they're up to. So they come and they get me. Somebody comes, picks me up, and they feel that they've got clothes on, whoever it is. I think I was there awhile, sitting on the floor and kinda sucking my thumb. And that's where I was having problems trying to figure out what I was doing. Crawling around the floor, and kinda sucking my thumb, and then I fell back asleep, I guess. I didn't like it there, 'cause it was too cold, and it was just too unpleasant. Now I'm kind of groggy, and so I don't really know very much, except the person has clothes, that picked me up. There's a feeling of fear as I'm put on the cart, wheeled down the hall, and there's noises, and the cart, I can hear noises and the little squeaks and wheels and things. And the little beings on each side of me, (I) can't see them. I'm afraid of them. That must be why I'm having problems. They strike fear in me. I think they are tall enough to see. They've got big heads, very sinister-looking, and they don't really look at me very much, they just kind of walk along beside whatever this cart is. But they feel really scary to me. I think when I was with them I remember pain. I remember the traumas. That's why I'm scared."

"What other details do you notice about their faces."

Karen: "Well, they've got small jaws--if you can call them a jaw, I don't know--and high cheek bones. Their eyes are slanted, and

they've got ridges on their forehead. They don't exactly look like the typical Gray would look."

"How are the eyes different from the typical Gray?"

Karen: "Well, a little more slanty, and they have some like scaly things around their eyes, and they...I don't know if it's the lighting or what, but they're like a cross-breed between a Gray and something else. And they look really nasty, not just like they have no emotions, but like they have aggression and no emotions. And the rest of their features are very small. I don't notice anything prominent about their faces. They're very flat faces. Kind of triangular-shaped."

"What are the eyes like? Are they a solid color, or do they have an iris or pupils?"

Karen: "They're solid. Dark. Perhaps more details will come out about them in the future. I'm doing the best I can at the moment."

"What's the color of the skin?"

Karen: "Grayish, but it's slightly mottled around their eyes where there's this scaly, reptilian-looking stuff. I don't know what it is. And it's hard because I'm feeling trauma looking at them. And I hope I'm getting it right, 'cause I feel highly emotional about them. Feel highly scared of them, traumatized at some level, as I'm looking at them. And that's the best I can do for now. It's kind of funny because it's a dark place that they're wheeling me through, and yet it eventually becomes very light. But I'm also half out of it during this time. While I'm on the cart they give me some kind of an anesthetic drug, so there was something in this left arm like a standard shot. Except it'd be like they're doin' it through clothes; I don't know why. I don't know, I don't think I have clothes on, but it's a more advanced thing than a twentieth century needle. Anyway, I'm on the cart, and I'm going down the hall. These beings are wearing clothes by the way. The color of their clothes are kind of a nondescript mottled green and brown. And then I think they're slightly different than some of the others that have taken me before. I don't know what their function is, where they're from, or if they're the same ones that I suffered trauma with, but they trigger memories of trauma looking at them. They have hands that feel like wax paper. They feel like they're kind of like cellulose plant fiber or somethin' like that. 'Cause when they hold me it feels like leaves, plant leaves, except it's more of a waxy type feeling than a plant leaf. It isn't sticky either, it's sort of a waxy feeling. But anyway, there's this human being beside me, and it's a person with a lab coat. I don't think it's the same man. It's a man with dark hair carrying the needle thing in his right hand, and I'm on his left. He's walking beside the little cart. And when we get to the lab he is the one that lifts me up and puts me into the little harness." (She had previously described this harness as being a vertical frame on which she was stretched. Cuffs encircled her wrists, and she was hanging from her arms.) "But after that he has very little to do with me, and he goes off somewhere. Well, the aliens watch me, and I think I see Grays there now, the usual kind. But they're off in the distance doing things with various machines. And my little unit is turned on. I'm started to be stimulated in various places. I'm asked questions by the Grays. This time they're regular looking. They have the big eyes and so on. And they're asking me questions. I can hear it, feel it. They're very cold and

scientific as they ask me these questions. And I don't know how I understand, but I can. And I can't answer the questions, and they punish me whenever I don't answer and get it right, which is never. And it makes me feel very inadequate, like I'm dumb or something like that, I don't know right or whatever."

"What are they asking you?"

Karen: "What are they asking me? 'Is this how to do something? Is this how to...?' I can't put it into words. 'Is this how this works? This is how you do this. This is how you should do that. What about this thing? What about that thing?' And I can't give you anything specific on the things, 'cause I don't know that my little baby mind understood, and that was part of the problem. They wanted me to reveal somethin' to them through the pain and the other things that they were doing. I didn't know how to give them what they wanted. That was very distressing to me. I didn't know...they turn up the volume on that device that sends electrical impulses, and it causes pain in my body, and after that they're done, and that's when they allow the other scientist to come in." (Earlier she had reported that a man had "twiddled" with a dial or something, which increased the pain.) "They turn down the volume, so that I don't feel as much, I'm not in as much difficulty. I'm still hanging from this thing, though, and I don't like it, and I wish it would stop. This skeletal-looking man, could be in his seventies or something, has white hair, a very small head, very small hands, thin, wearing a white coat, and he comes in, and he is apparently on the side of the Grays and asks me a bunch of questions. I think he does anyway. I'm trying to remember what he does, but I feel so lost in my sensations, my physical sensations, trauma, that it's hard to focus on it. The trauma is very much on my mind, and it's a deep sort of pain that goes through my body in waves, but the wave part doesn't happen till later. Right now it's just discomfort and feels like itching through my nerves, and then it'll get pretty more like burning pain, and then it will become just pain, and then that's all that I can think about. And during that time I don't think that he does as much to me really, except to say things like 'Well, it's all your fault,' and 'You shouldn't be crying because you have no right; you should just allow us to do this to you without protest' and so on. He does ask me some questions. I think he says something like 'What do you do about your father? Are you kind to your father?' And it's a guilt producing question. He says it in a certain tone of voice. Basically he is getting me to believe that I deserve this pain because I'm a wicked, evil daughter, and I deserve the pain I get. I don't treat my father right. 'Always obey and never question.' And he's telling me that I'm cruel and nasty, and I really want to hurt my father, really want to kill him. And I rebel against that. Even though I'm tiny I know that that's not true. It brings me as much emotional pain as physical pain, really, to hear him say that. I don't know how I'm understanding all this, but I do. His eyes are the coldest looking eyes that I've ever seen. Very cold. No color. Gray eyes. Same as human eyes. I think he's human, anyway. He looks human, but his eyes are gray with...light gray, and he's wearing a white coat. His hair is all white, perfectly white; no gray in it. He has gray eyebrows that I can see that aren't totally white. And he just feels like a stick that's animated, 'cause he's so thin. Very cruel

looking and feeling. Except his face just looks like a...is totally cold really. It doesn't even have cruelty in it. It has some cruelty, but mostly just cold."

(In the first recounting she also said he had a "hawk-nose.")
"What's his skin color like?"

Karen: "He's a white man. He's an old white man. Not as tall as Jack. He's five foot eight or ten or something, in there. Very, very thin. Probably only weighs ninety pounds."

"Is it flesh-colored skin or..."

Karen: "Yeah, same as yours and mine. Except there's no color in it. I mean he's not ruddy-faced. Very pasty. So basically he's making me feel guilty about Dad. Like I somehow have bad feelings about him, want to hurt him, want to do him in. I know that that's not true, but it doesn't matter 'cause the feelings get locked in there, and that's what he wants. And he's so good, a lot like my dad in this respect, that's making it all out to be me, my problem. Nothing I say or do matters. And seems to get twisted back onto me. Although I can't really say much at that time. He also gives me the strong impression that--and this whole experience does--that if I use my power in any way, that that's wrong and brings pain to other people, everybody, me especially, of course, because I'm attached to that device. When I protest it does create a lot of pain. I'm remembering that now. It just overwhelms me and almost kills me. It frightens me so much that I try not to resist that much anymore. I know I can't help it. And of course I feel the terror of being at his mercy and him being a man. I'm angry at him, at least for right where I am sitting now. He continues to program me in this way, and when he feels I've taken enough pain, or all I can take, he stops. And looking at me with those cold, heartless eyes, he lets me know that I'm at his mercy and I better cooperate. He takes me off of the frame, looks at me to make sure I wasn't injured in any obvious way. And he turns me around and looks at me just to see if I got any obvious scars or anything like that. And then he puts me on a cart, kind of like you put a piece of rubbish...kind of plops me on it. And I'm taken away. And usually after these kind of sessions--and this case is no exception--I just feel extremely drained and tired. That's what I felt like. I don't recall much after that except being bounced on the cart, and desperately wanting some relief and to be away from this situation. The feeling I get is that there's a man walking beside the cart again. There's a couple of aliens, the same kind that I saw earlier that are slightly different. And they take me, and they put me back in the room, and then I'm beamed from there to my bedroom. And I'm not put in my crib, I'm put on the floor, and then I start crying, and this alien presence--I couldn't see it because it was all dark and black--picks me up, puts me in the crib, and tucks me in. Now that I can see this incident I understand it was to dispel my doubts that they were good-intentioned, and to make me more cooperative. So it leaves me, and I was still crying, but not hopefully or anything, because it feels to me like I'm being taught to think in certain and believe in certain ways that just feel horrible to me. And yet if that's the way life is, I guess, I'll accept it. And it sure feels wrong. It sure feels bad. Feels that if I'm so bad as to deserve all this, well, that just really makes me feel pretty lousy about myself. And that makes me feel grief since I want to be

valuable and helpful to people, it's more my true nature.
That's the end of the incident."

Other abductees have also reported seeing "humans" working with the Grays. Also Karen noticed another type of alien which appears to be a Gray/Reptilian hybrid due to the scaly skin and slightly different appearance. This is not surprising as the Grays appear to be on a genetic conquest of the galaxy, mating with anything with two arms, two legs, and the proper equipment in between. It also appears that Grays and Reptilians network together. UFO researcher, Anthony Dodd investigated a crashed saucer report from South Africa in 1989 in which two aliens were taken alive. They were reported to have had grayish blue skin, which was scaly on the chest and abdomen, and they bore a striking resemblance to Grays. According to the information that Mr. Dodd received, a Mirage jet fighter pilot fired at the flying disk with a Thor 2 laser cannon, which caused the disk to lose its ability to remain airborne. Purportedly, the disk and the two living aliens were transported to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base on June 23, 1989. (UFO Library Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 3)

Jack Wylie also recovered abduction memories as a baby. The earliest abduction memory that he retrieved occurred when he was just three weeks old. The aliens--"big, black-eyed hostile people"--handled him roughly in an uncaring and cold manner. He recognized one "female" Gray that he felt had participated in about one out of every four abductions. She carried him by holding onto one arm and one leg, so he complained, "I hate that rotten person carrying me that way." He was put on a table and was looking around, puzzled by what was happening. He noticed a smell that was unlike anything on Earth.

They induced a partial paralysis and inserted an object down through his throat and into his stomach. Something was then injected and something was withdrawn, which produced pain and discomfort in his stomach. A probe, which he described as possibly being a tube with a light on the end of it, was inserted into the area of his solar plexus. Electrical pulses were then delivered, causing pain and discomfort.

Like the cartoon character, Linus, Jack clung to a special blanket, which was in his crib at the time of the abduction. He said, "These frightening beings explain why I cling to a blanket until age five."

Another similar abduction occurred when Jack was eight weeks old. He was sleeping between his mother and father in their bed when he was taken. On the ship a needle was inserted into his solar plexus. He said that they injected him with a clear fluid that traced his bodily functions on monitoring instruments that he had been hooked up to.

A needle was inserted in his solar plexus again in another abduction that occurred four to six months later. He noticed that the "doctors" had sunken cheeks, large black eyes, and wore loose-fitting garments. During the abduction the aliens suppressed his ability to cry, so when they left after returning him to his crib, he was then able to cry again. His sister then came and picked him up and comforted him while he cried.

I should note that this doesn't mean that he was abducted only three times as a baby. This means that he only uncovered three of the abductions in the first year of his life.

In the following chapter I will continue with the chronological progression of Jack's abductions as a child.

THE ATTIC

Jack knew there was something very strange about the attic. The impression of two tables being there had always stuck in his mind; his younger brother, Bobby, was lying on one table, and he was lying on the other. One day, at the age of four, he was very agitated, and he told his mother that a "big, tall witch is up there in the attic." She only tried to calm him down. After several weeks he finally convinced his mother to go up in the attic, only to find there was nothing there.

Jack's Session #9 -- June 15, 1994

Jack: "It's winter time. Derek (One of Jack's older brothers, age 11) approaches myself and my younger brother Bobby (age 2). 'There's some pretty neat things up in the attic, so let's go up there and play.' And I've never been up in the attic, so I'm kind of scared of it. 'Cause all I've ever done is go up two or three steps. Nobody talks about the upstairs much, and nobody goes up there much. So it was a big mystery to me, but he talked around my objections, saying, 'You'll be just fine.' 'You'll be okay' and 'you'll be safe' and 'nothing to be afraid of.' It's afternoon. Well, I guess it'd be middle afternoon, two or three. And I am downstairs playing. I don't know what to call the room. It's not the kitchen, and it's not the living room. One of the other rooms. And I'm playing with this top, turning it, make it spin, a spin top, when Derek comes up to us and starts talking to us and selling us on the idea of going up to the attic with him. 'Nice people and play.' So after, gosh, several minutes of convincing, and he's talking, kind of an interested sound in the conversation, but then kind of a bit too emotional pitch also. And perhaps that's what I sense, and I'm a little uncomfortable. I'm kind of afraid, and yet it flattered me that he wanted me to play with him, 'cause I didn't get a lot of attention from any of the other people around me except for Bobby. But a lot of the other people were kind of doing their own thing all the time. So whenever any of my brothers sought me out, it was kind of flattering. And so anyway, I chose to come with him, Bobby and I both, Bobby under his arm. That was hard going up the stairs, and, gee whiz, those stairs are long. It's a lot of effort to go up those stairs for a little baby. And I have to go up with my hands on the next step above me, and I'm bringing my leg up. I kinda climb up. And it's black. Well, not like pitch black, not like it's nighttime. It's kind of dark in the room (attic). Also, I notice it's kinda dusty. So we're up there for a little while. We kinda wander around and explore. We're there for a little while. A bright light flashed. Then I'm rendered unconscious. The next thing I know I'm on the examination table. The environment's cool, and it feels like I'm lying on a...well, it's not a metallic table because it's soft, but it's cool and kinda firm. And everything around is colorless, a shade of gray, an ashen-gray white color. The floor, the ceiling, and

walls are all the same color. There's no talking that goes on. Lewis is on one table; I'm on the other. Derek is waiting between the two tables. For my little body it seems like a long distance. But it's like ten feet, oh, maybe fifteen feet apart. Ten to fifteen feet apart, the two tables. And there's a door. An exit door. And that's about the only feature in the room, but it slides into the wall. It doesn't swing on hinges. So there's like an inset in the wall, and that's how I can differentiate the door from the other featureless wall. Derek is near the wall. Kinda closer to my table. He's in a partial paralysis. There is no talking that goes on, not ever. I don't hear any words spoken by these people (Grays). And the reason I think the one on my right, I mean on my left, is in charge is because it's a little taller and larger than the one on the left. The one on the left is in...oh, I mean the right, the one on the right is in the subordinate position. But the one on the left is the one who's in charge. That's the one that monitors the apparatus, the machines or the monitors, or whatever kind of screens and dials they have. The one on the right oftentimes puts on like the patches that monitor electrical energy flows in my body like the heart and brain waves. That kind of thing. And sometimes these are also used to induce shocks of electricity. I'm not sure why they do that, but sometimes they want to disrupt the heart or the brain or some of the other organs even. My impression is that I don't want to call them electrodes, but I don't know what else to call them, but an electrical patch. Sometimes the one on the right will insert an instrument through my body or into my body. They both do it probably to equal degrees, as far as injecting various needles or instruments. That kind of thing, whatever. But it feels like I'm being given a physical. My mouth is checked, eyes are checked, all kinds of readings are taken. Blood sample taken. Stool sample taken. Urine...I don't know. I am unconscious, and yet my observer part is working, and that's how I can see all of this, because my eyes are closed. And I'm in a deep unconscious, but I can sense these beings. They are the black-eyed, bald, big headed Gray. But what I keep seeing is they have three fingers, long fingers, too. Like probably one and a half times longer than a typical human finger. Slim and long. Small mouth. And the one on the left might be a female, an old one. There's a lot of physical exam work. Like they're checking my body and monitoring it. So there are three 'people' near my table, 'cause Derek is pretty close, and they're right next to him. There's the same thing going on with Bobby. This whole process probably takes...my guess is forty-five minutes to an hour. The whole physical. They take little bits of different parts of my body. They take a sample of my saliva. The one on the right seems to do pressing my abdomen, kind of pulsating in the area of my liver.

Also, I get some mental programming, some suggestions, some thought instructions. I also have--this doesn't make sense to me--a picture of something dark. A little pool, not my saliva, because it's dark brown underneath my neck. Like tobacco. I'm not sure where it's coming from. I think some pictures flash through my head about my environment. Like pictures of my playing around. Pictures of being up in the attic. Not my memories or true memories. Like I'm playing, and I respond. But this is the weird thing about it. Even though that part of

the attic has only got a couple windows in it, maybe just one, these pictures are of a light and airy, warm-feeling attic environment. They're like being flashed in my mind like they're feeding information of what I've been doing up there in the attic. And feelings accompany this like it's warm, comfortable, and sunny. And it's not that at all. Like looking at these feeling and thought pictures of yellow and green. Warm, exciting, outdoors, playful, that sort of thing. Also, I feel them doing something in my brain, and it starts with a 'click.' Kind of like a vertebrae pop. Like a move of a chiropractor. Well, it's something similar to that, a 'click,' like at the top of my brain stem." (This appears to be the same phenomenon that he described in the underground incident.) "And that is being accompanied, or followed by these pictures and some feelings, pictures and visuals also kind of in line with feelings. And stage two in this mental part is where it's different, and it goes something like this: 'FORGET, BE THANKFUL, HAPPY and PLAY.' Stage two is like programming you to forget and remember the other things. And that's done, and they just insert another picture over the actual experience. And when they finish there's another sensation goes off in my head. It's different from the 'click.' It's, well, it's like a popping sound, too. But I also feel a sensation kind of like a lid in my brain. It was open, and now it's closed. And it kind of seals with a pop. And it also seems like it's a slight downward pressure, too, in my brain. At the top of the brain stem. At this point they've finished taking all their samples and their brain programming. Derek dresses me back in my clothes. I'm still unconscious, and yet I stood up, and I'm looking down at the floor. I'm the first one off the table, and we walk over to the next table, and Bobby is taken off the table. A bright flash. And then we're in the attic, suddenly aware, and I have an inkling of the things that had transpired, yet I also have other things talking to me, other pictures. But we all seem to want to go back down, and I wander back to the room I was originally in. When I look at Bobby, my younger brother, when I look at his face, there's something different about it. And he remembered or knows, on some level, an inner sense there. And that pretty much finishes that."

"When is this?"

Jack: "1960."

"What month?"

Jack: "Somewhere in December. Early or mid-December, in 1960."

"When you're on the examination table are you out-of-body?"

Jack: "I guess that's one way to describe it. I guess I did. 'Cause I'm like present. It's like I'm just there observing. So, yeah, I would say that I was out and behind me. I'm laying on the table, and my presence would be three feet behind my forehead, and I'm elevated, and I'm looking down at a slight angle from my head. And so, yeah, I'm attached, and then I'm detached, and I'm aware of my body and also a presence that is detached."

"Is that the viewpoint that you're viewing from?"

Jack: "Um-huh. 'Cause I'm not looking through my eyes. Extra-sense perception."

"What kind of things did your brother say to you to get you to go up in the attic?"

Jack: "It's kind of mysterious and fun, because interesting things

happen there. And there'll be some...like go to other places and play with friends. There'll be some experiments and that kind of thing."

The abduction above was the first in a series of six attic abductions from December 1960 through March or April of 1961.

Jack's Session #8 -- June 13, 1994

Jack was a little more hesitant the next time Derek tried to talk him into going upstairs, so Derek ended up carrying Jack up the stairs and into the attic. After a brief interval two Grays popped into the attic. It was very sudden. One second they weren't there, and the next second they suddenly appeared. Jack was scared, and suddenly that bright flash occurred again, and the next thing he knew he was lying on the examination table. Derek watched in partial paralysis as Jack was given a very rough and painful examination. He felt punctures and bruises on his body. Derek dressed him and set him on the floor where he lay, still unconscious. They were then returned to the attic, and Derek carried Jack downstairs and put him in his bed.

In the next attic incident, Jack discovered that Derek had been out recruiting for the Grays.

Jack's Session #8 -- June 13, 1994

Jack: "Well, Derek comes home. I'm outside, like in the back porch area. It's daylight, and there's a little bit of sun, not too cloudy, kinda cool. And Derek comes home with two kids. One is a neighbor girl, and the other is a boy who is older than all of us. He's like from a block, or maybe a couple blocks away. I don't know exactly which house he came from, 'cause I never went that far away from my house. And Derek says, 'Let's go play in the attic.' We were just milling around. And the next thing is we are all in this room. And it's like a mental straight jacket comes down over us. We all slump down on the floor. We don't have much will of our own. We're not sleeping, yet we're not playing around or talking or anything like that. And this time Derek is like one of the Grays. He's an assistant, helps pick one of the kids, puts him on the table, takes his clothes off. Yeah, he's like an assistant. Now, at this time, I'm sitting on the floor, and I'm not moving around. I don't know if I'm in a trance state, a large degree of paralysis and immobility. My attention at this time is on Derek, the table that he is at, because I witness his participation in the process. So he gets to play around with the child while the other Gray...he's (Derek) like on the right side of the table, which is the subordinate position; on the left side of the table is the Gray who's doing the actual examination. He's (Derek) just playing around with the instruments kinda like pretending he's a doctor." (Ironically, Derek enjoyed playing doctor as a child and actually became a physician when he grew up.) "When it comes my turn Derek helps me up onto the table, undresses me, and when I finish he dresses me up again. Then he fiddles around and plays and does stuff. It's inconsequential, but yet he also helps attach some of the things up. And he plays with my genitals some in the whole process. And again I get the impression that they're on the side of my head with some instrument that...the Gray on the left side of the table is

doing something on my neck and the left side of my head. I can't say what they are doing inside of my body, but I sense that there is an electrode patch or whatever you'd call the electrical thing on my neck and a probing instrument that penetrates my head around my ear area. And then Derek had also hooked up a stimulus, oh, a test on my left side, that was also designed to shock. So he does that to each of the children. And he seems to be taking a real delight in this participation. On this occasion there's not a room full of people. There's we four children and Derek and two Grays. I get the feeling that there is something in my ear and in my head. And again it's an instrument that is like a small tube. 'Cause it's wider than a needle, much wider than a needle. Maybe it's a long needle that goes through the tube, I don't know. But it goes several inches inside of my brain, inside of my skull. And they seem to take a small brain tissue sample, a small batch. So anyway after they've finished with that, taking this stuff out of my head and then probing my ear...and then the electrical probes are disconnected, and then I'm dressed and sat down. I'm immobile. I don't think I was drugged as much as it was done either telepathically or electrically. There's nothing much left of this. Like time is...goes by in a fog." (Each child was examined and then set down on the floor in a semi-circle.) "And it was like we were scooped up and sat down on the floor in a different place (in the same semi-circle position). And it's like we wake up and snap out of it, and we kinda mill around up there a little bit and then go back downstairs. And after awhile they go back home."

The following abduction occurred later on in the winter and was one of the latter attic incidents.

Jack's Session #8 -- June 13, 1994

Jack: "I get the impression that somehow I get the idea into my head--and I'm not clear whether it was telepathically transmitted ideas or whether it was a bit of brainwashing--but I get the impression that I need to find some other people to go experience this with me. That they need a group of people, to abduct us. Whatever it is they do, they want more people. And so I have been conditioned to try to talk other people into going up there like my brother Derek. And so I talk to my neighbor, a boy. And I tell him a series of things like, 'There's a special place up in our attic, and you can get to another place from there, and you get to play with all kinds of neat things, and it's really kind of a neat experience.' So we go into the house, and we go on upstairs with Derek, my older brother. But what happens when we go up into the attic is like we suddenly are in this place. And they come, they pick him up (the neighbor boy), and they set him on the table, and he's not liking it. And so he's making a fuss, and then they put my younger brother on another table, because they only have two tables in this place. And I'm left to just kind of wander around."

"What kind of things do you see?"

Jack: "Well, two tables and several people. It seems like there's...again I get this impression there's my two brothers and my neighbor, and there's also other people that are going to

be examined, and they're standing, talking to each other, milling around a little bit. There's also a large group of aliens, six or eight."

"What do they look like?"

Jack: "They're the little Grays with big black eyes. They're not little to me. Quite large. They give me these impressions. It feels like I'm being thought-fed. Yeah. Like in a way I'm on a leash. I'm being reassured. And these impressions of color and playing and so on. It's kind of like a pacifier. And so I'm not walking around either. I'm not paralyzed, but just minor movements is all that I'm making. And I can observe either table."

"Are they putting pictures in your mind or is it impressions, or...?"

Jack: "Yes. Distinct pictures as well as a feeling, impression, like I'm comfortable, and I'm okay. Like playing in a bright meadow with some colorful things around. They do something to paralyze my neighbor, neighbor boy. He's awake, but restrained, so he can't make a fuss or crying like he has been. Because when we first arrive, he didn't like the situation, and he started to get upset and wanted to go back home. One of the aliens picked him up and put him on the table, and they like restrained--not strapped--him. And they have some various things hooked up to him. And they've taken a tissue sample. That must be what they're interested in this time is tissue. But they have a much larger group than they typically have. Anyway, after their turn is done then it's my turn and Derek's turn. And I'm on the table. Anyway, they go down my throat with an instrument and look inside. They look in my ear. They have some electrical probes on my foot that aren't comfortable. It's like I feel a shock each time they shock me. They bore into my sides through the ribs, and that stretches them a little bit. So there's some pain and discomfort associated with that. And then they scrape some tissue. Then again I get this really odd sense like I'm being mentally fed images and pictures, so I have a false memory about what we did and where we were. Because I'm sitting on the floor in this room, you know, with the other four, and we are mentally fed these things about what we did, that we didn't really do. So we go back down the stairwell that goes on the outside of the house, and he goes back to his yard. But I feel uneasy about this part. I feel that he's angry at me, and that I betrayed him. Anyway, he goes back over to his yard, and he won't say much, and he goes on to his house, and we go back to our house. So I have these pictures in my mind that cause me a little confusion 'cause they don't jive with my feelings, what my emotions are saying what's happened."

"Are these false pictures?"

Jack: "Yeah. Yeah. I kind of have impressions of what really happened, and yet I have a hard time recalling what did happen other than these fake pictures. Instead of a colorless, sterile room, it's colored, it's green, I played with little things. And yet my feeling, impression is not comfortable. Anyway, this kid doesn't trust me anymore. And the thing of it is I feel kind of guilty about it, too."

The following attic episode details some very intriguing psychological implants that reveal the Grays' manipulation of religious beliefs, attitudes, and behavior.

"Return to the incident you haven't covered yet." (At this point Jack had uncovered five attic incidents, and he knew there were a total of only six, so this was the obvious question.)

Jack: "Yeah. It's somewhere between three and five. And I think it's either four or five (that is, the 4th or 5th attic abduction). Derek is always the one who initiates it. The first few times I was willing to go up, and after the third time I was less willing. I'm not sure how he induced me to go up. It might have been alien-induced, because on this particular time he was holding my hand going up the stairs. So I wonder if it's like I'm...one of the images that flash through my mind...so when it comes time for them to abduct me, I am very willing to go up the stairwell even though there is some resistance."

"Is there a programming there?"

Jack: "There is because it doesn't make sense for me to, you know, to do things that Derek does. Given my internal desire not to, I do. It's almost involuntary, like moving without choice." "See if you can contact that programming." (Note: I have taken the liberty of capitalizing the aliens' hypnotic commands to emphasize the programming content and intent.)

Jack: "`IF YOU DO WHAT WE SAY HERE, YOU'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY. YOU HAVE TO BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY. IT'S NECESSARY TO OBEY. IT'S NECESSARY TO BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY. WE'LL DISAPPROVE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY.'" And the reverse is when I show resistance and express myself verbally, he uses this line: `Well, you know, our friends won't like that.' And it's important to be good, or something about good. And he's saying something about how it's important, the responsibility on my part and his part to them. So it's partly guilt, and I guess that's what it is, you know. I mean that's the feeling sensation that I have when I contact this memory, is like, god, I don't want feeling this guilt for doing what I shouldn't, just because I think it was implanted by them. And it all feels uncomfortable. I go ahead and go up. Derek and apparently Bobby is to be brought up later. He must have taken me up because he's not present. Anyway I go up. I think I'm getting chewed out, and it must be for my resisting and not wanting to do it. It's very important, you know, and I have to do this, and it's like I'm in trouble. Like I'm kind of at first feel guilty, and then I feel like I'm being punished verbally for not wanting to be there. My gosh, how dare I, how could I, and these people are good to me, and this is good `for' me, and I shouldn't make any fuss about it. So it's confusing to me, and I diminish a little bit as a result of it. Kind of feeling hurt and draw in. We go through the door, and I know the procedure. It's getting to be very familiar. The bright flash comes, and I'm standing; I'm paralyzed. We're taken away, kinda like a tractor beam, taken away. For whatever reason I seem to have more memory of going through the roof of the house. With Derek and I standing close like stiff little toy soldiers, being trapped by this tractor beam and being, `whish,' beamed to the ship."

"You're going up through the roof?"

Jack: "Uh-huh. Beam up through the roof, sort of has a steep slant to it. I'm getting a lot of pictures about what's happening this time. When I'm on the table there aren't so many instruments as

much as they're just programming, a mental programming that I resist, and that's why...and part of me is really rebelling against that because I'm not what they're like describing telepathically to me. I was chastised first by Derek for not wanting to be with them. Chastised by them and then the programming about my characteristics. (They) Chastise: I OBEY. I DON'T QUESTION. I AM WEAK. I AM DEDICATED TO THEM AND THEIR CAUSE, DOING WHAT THEY WANT ME TO DO. THEY WILL TAKE CARE OF ME. THEY WILL GUIDE ME. THEY WILL NURTURE ME, FEED ME, I'm not sure in what way. And I HAVE TO DO CERTAIN THINGS FOR THEM. I'M A FRIEND. I'M FAITHFUL TO THEM. SOMETIMES IT'S PAINFUL, BUT IT HAS TO BE THAT WAY BECAUSE I'M NOT TRUSTWORTHY, and I CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF OR EVEN THINK. And THEY HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO AND WHAT DO THINK, HOW TO BE AND HOW TO DO IT. And THAT'S REALLY OKAY, and that they're MY FRIENDS, and they're THERE TO TAKE CARE OF ME, and IT MAY BE A LITTLE PAINFUL AT TIMES, BUT THAT'S JUST A SMALL PRICE TO PAY. These are some of the things. And I have this thing attached to this part of my brain here on my left side, like a little bar or something, and it's a slight curving shape. First I'm getting these thoughts of stuff, confusing and overwhelming and overstuffing. And I just get this feeling of like being stuffed and crammed. It also seems like they've implanted certain things, certain phrases and things, and in other words I will say them at various times throughout my life to people. I can't bring up any examples just yet of what I'm supposed to say at various times to various people. And in a way it feels like a part of me inside is being molded, so that it's not as elastic or flexible, but rather more molded. I get the very strong sense that there are phrases, key phrases and certain things trigger, so then they'd be like post-hypnotic suggestions. As far as the molding goes, it feels like it's the molding on religious beliefs. Like, BE RELIGIOUS AND BELIEVE and to, you know, just those two things. Instead of being free and open-minded and flexible, I am being trained to limit my thinking in religious terms and beliefs, not think, but believe what I'm told. And I suspect there are certain key words and phrases that are implanted in me that when I say these things to other people, it like triggers them into what they've been programmed. It's like...not a secret identification code as much as it's the reinforcement of the programming. Mutual reinforcement. I also sense that something implanted wasn't...it's like it agitates me, it aggravates me, and it predisposes me for being more angry than I normally am. It's like it encourages my anger or fosters anger, fosters agitation. Kind of like they put a thorn somewhere in me that is like a continued irritant. Only this is not a thorn; it's something...it's like a continual irritant. Only I feel that they're sprinkled throughout me, several of these thorns, that agitate and pulls and hurt and incline me toward expressing anger. That's the entire theory of this abduction is just a mental re-education or re-programming. This is why a few days later I was talking to our neighbor about going up, too, this time, even though I had an uneasy feeling about it and an uneasy feeling about talking to him and a distrust of Derek and a growing concern about what was happening in the attic. And I didn't completely forget this. It's not completely or wasn't completely buried. So this was a major attempt to program me, yet it also seems to have triggered

survival, triggered in me, like certain words turned on, and a desire to resist them, to not acquiesce. And yet this was a deeper programming--I couldn't help myself--in all ways. But more like in a long term--the overall perspective--that part of me remained awake and alive. It's as if I'm playing a battle between them and myself. A very subtle battle. And it's really got me a problem, and I must have an avenue that they sense and that they can get to me through and then manipulate me that way. 'Cause while I am determined and strong in some ways, in other ways I buy into their propaganda. Like they tell me I'm this way and this way. It's like guilt makes me agree with them or listen to them or buy into it, which is the best term. Like I'm an 'angry, upset, frustrated young boy' is one of these whisperings in my mind. Another part of me knows--no, that's not true all the time--sometimes, part of the time. And they're telling me this is the way I am. So apparently they use guilt to manipulate me. When this is all finished, and I return back downstairs this is really odd: I feel like I'm schizophrenic, like I'm confident and determined and know who I am, and like I'm weak and subservient, still want to do what they say. Like I have this real...yeah, like a split personality when I come back down the stairs. But I have the memory of who I am. But I'm very agitated and go to my Mom, and I tell her that there is something, somebody up in the attic. They're tall. Of course everything is really tall to me. But this big, tall witch is up there in the attic. And I, let's see, I have...I'm disturbed. I have some emotions about it. I mean, I'm serious. And I'm kinda disturbed, agitated a little bit, not fast-speaking, like that, just a serious tone. And Mom calms me down and tells me that nothing's up there; nobody's up there and so on. And then I go to the bathroom, and that's the end."

"Return to the beginning and recount the incident and see if you can pick up more of the programming."

Jack: "Well, Derek comes and talks to me and says, 'It's time to go up to the attic again.' I say, 'No, it's not.' And he's just talking, normal at first, and then he starts to get agitated and talking in an emotional pitch, an emotion-pitched voice and reasons why I have to go up and need to go up and should go up and so on. I don't normally use the word responsibility, but--you know, the concept--I'm supposed to, I have to and so on. And the argument doesn't last very long because I start going up. It's like I can't resist. So I start walking up, and (he) doesn't hold my hand this time; I go up on my own. When I get up there, upstairs, and this time there is very little delay in going in the door and closing it, standing there, and the tractor beam takes us on out. I'm drawn up on an angle. The ship isn't exactly straight over our house. I'm going at a slight angle on a tractor beam, and when I arrive on the ship, I'm placed on this table, and I have some...I don't know if it's metal or Teflon or soft metal...something like that. But anyway--actually it's not a metal--it's some kind of material like metal placed on my head, and I start being fed. First of all, I'm reprimanded for not obeying. They're displeased." (I've experienced this kind of scolding from Grays on more than one occasion, so I can relate very well to what Jack is describing here. They're very arrogant, and they demand full cooperation and obedience.) "They are trying to make me feel obligated to them, responsible to them, that I did something

wrong. I don't know what I...they're not wanting to tell me what's wrong. So they go through a little reprimanding period there at first. It's training. They're like socializing me or training me mentally, emotionally, to be inclined to exhibit certain behavior. Not think about certain things, (but) think about certain (other) things. And two of the main things is to BE RELIGIOUS and TO BELIEVE. Which means: DON'T QUESTION. IF IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, DON'T QUESTION. JUST HAVE FAITH. BELIEVE. I think they are doing something with my energy that's nice and fluid and free-flowing, flexible. And that they're somehow molding this, fixing it up, shaping it, so that it is not flexible. It's rigid, taking on a certain shape. Like moments pass...it's not subtle, but it also holds its shape, holds its form. And they're giving me all that I'm going to live by. And again there's these phrases and key words. I swear it's just something that comes up in people's conversations frequently throughout the week. Maybe not everyday. But it's like to think something, to know something, to believe something. When we hear it from each other, it's like these phrases and words are designed for programs that have a certain response to them, like reinforces our programming. I have unwittingly helped to perpetuate the programming by using key phrases that they have programmed to respond to me internally. I'll say a word like 'now' for example. Other people like myself, I am programmed to respond in a specific way to specific words and phrases. And it's locked in. This behavior is locked in, and it's to believe in a certain way, to have certain basic assumptions like 'I AM A CREATION. THERE IS A GOD. And HE'S ALL POWERFUL, ALL EVERYTHING. And I CAN'T DO; I DON'T DO; I'M NOT CAPABLE.' In other words, there's no self-confidence, no self-esteem. It's like it scares me away from being experimental and flexible and open-minded. Like the WORLD AROUND ME IS ALL MATERIAL. YOU HAVE TO WORK TO GET. THERE IS A GOD; IT'S A 'HE;' I'M HIS CREATION. Whenever I try to approach a certain subject, a certain idea, or experience, or flexibility, I shy away on a subconscious level. I take myself out of that environment, and I push away from that thought. That's what these words and phrases do."

"What if you didn't obey these words and phrases?"

Jack: "Flexibility is frightening, overwhelming. I would lose my place in society, my ability to relate to reality. It's like there's these fears that scares away, and then these other implanted words and phrases and pictures make certain that my mind thinks along certain lines, ONLY along certain lines. And it continually enforces others to do the same thing when I use certain words. It triggers the programming. This is an intensive brainwashing session. And there is a struggle between myself and the part of me that is buying into this, because a part of me 'is' buying into this. Yet a part of me is able to maintain perspective and stay alive and stay awake and remain functioning. And that's the conflict that is going on between us. They don't have me totally programmed, and it shows up on their machines or whatever. They can see how much I'm receiving versus how much they want me to receive, or whatever, and they can see, you know, the effect; they can measure. But they're gettin' a pretty good fill. It's gettin' pretty good results. And they're satisfied with the results of what I've accepted and taken on. And I feel that this time I adopted a new belief

structure of my environment and of myself that I did not have previously. But IF I QUESTION AND GO OUTSIDE WHAT THEY FEED ME, I CAN GET LOST, OVERWHELMED AND DIE. A part of me does survive and stays intact, and there's a part of me, as I'm walking down the stairs, makes me feel schizophrenic, like I'm two people. And it's confusing and doesn't make sense. It gives me an uneasy feeling about myself and about the attic that I came from. But some of my memory is intact of what went on, and yet it's clouded. And there's fear in all that really went on consciously. And so I just describe it as something that's unknowable, and I can't picture it; I can't see it; it's dark; it's frightening, and it's somebody else working in cooperation with Derek."

"Does she (Jack's mother) go up with you?"

Jack: "No, she doesn't go up for another two or three months. It just seems like as a child, I don't have a proper perspective of time. For instance, for a young child it's long after the last incident, or it seems like a long time, maybe weeks, maybe months...maybe three months. I sense like disapproval when I arrive (on the ship), and they put that something-like-metal patch on my head, and that's attached to a cord or conduit. And it's what's flashing a lot of this stuff into my head. It's either that or telepathically or both. And it seems like a combination of both, 'cause I feel a flow of stuff, like it's stimulating certain parts of my brain; it feels like planting thorns. Not a lot of them, not hundreds, but more than like five or ten. Twenty throughout my brain, whatever these little things are that upset and agitate. 'Thorns' is not the right word. They feel more like a small cylindrical...and they may not be physical. Probably 1/8 inch long, or 1/4 inch long. It's hard to be precise. I don't know if they're physical or non-physical, but they feel 'as if' they are physical. They may not show up on an X-ray or brain scan, but they pour out an influence that keeps me thinking, living, and going in a certain direction. Keeps me standing on the same road of this perception of reality. Without stopping off, veering off in a different direction, or exploring."

(These "thorns" may be a type of energy implant rather than the typical solid physical implant. Perhaps they are electromagnetic or a similar energy form. Whatever the case, I place them under the heading of "physical implants" in which there appears to exist two forms: solid and energy.)

"Was the programming in words, symbols, or impressions, or intuitions, or ideas?"

Jack: "Well, a variety. I feel the streams in my mind, sometimes, like a trickle, like a stream. Also in a different sensation as pictures. It's like an energy through my mind, my brain, and it feels like it kind of swells, causes a swelling. And the source seems to be from the Gray as well as the cord that's attached to my head. Because that seems...like flooding me with impulses. It's like information, pictures, sensations, emotions, like the Gray is whispering words."

"What kind of pictures do you see?"

Jack: "Like I'm a stubborn, obstinate little boy, fighting, like resisting, and I'm determined. I get a distinct picture of KNEELING IN PRAYER, BEING IN A CHURCH. Also, I'm not sure how to describe that picture. It's more like instructions. I think I'm being given a bunch of instructions. And some of

those are accompanied by pictures."

"Are these pictures your own memories?"

Jack: "No. No, they're projections of how I'm going to be, how they want me to be. A preprogrammed destiny."

"You mentioned before that there might have been some programming to go out and recruit other kids to bring up to the attic?"

Jack: "This was one of the inducements we had."

"This was the programming?"

Jack: "Yeah. But damn! The problem is when I was doing it, I didn't feel comfortable, and then after the event I felt rotten. I felt responsible for that boy's lousy experience. In that sense, I overcame that programming. That was the only time I ever did that. That was the only time I ever recruited for them."

Although there were six attic abductions, I have only presented the four most interesting and information-yielding incidents here. One of the attic abductions that I haven't mentioned in this chapter was the very first incident that popped up in the first session that Jack received.

It took about four years before Jack got over that feeling of distrust for his older brother, Derek, who had no memory of anything ever occurring in the attic.

In the next chapter we'll continue to follow the chronological abduction pattern through Jack's life.

PHYSICAL & PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLANTS

Jack's abductions continued throughout his life. Bear in mind that the following incidents are only a sampling of an untold number of abductions that occurred in his lifetime. We never did exhaust the memories of his abductions. Although more abduction memories kept surfacing, we had to arbitrarily end the sessions because he and Karen had sold their business and were getting ready to leave town.

Jack's Session #3 -- June 1, 1994 -- Incident at Age 4 or 5

One night Jack's father was driving home with both Jack and Bobby in the car. Their father became too sleepy to drive anymore, so he pulled over to take a nap. Apparently he was put to sleep by the Grays because Jack was abducted soon after the car stopped. Jack said he was about four or five years old at this time. A very painful examination ensued. Afterward he was returned to the car, and they continued on their journey home.

Jack's Session #3 -- June 1, 1994 -- Incident at Age 6

At the age of six Jack was abducted again while playing inside his house. It was daytime and his mother was in the kitchen doing the ironing. He found himself lying naked on a table and being probed, shocked with electricity, and injected with some kind of "serum." He was scared and said that the darkness in their eyes was frightening and sinister. "They look like mean, compassionless people. They look at me with total disregard. Like I don't count."

Jack's Session #3 -- June 1, 1994 -- Incident at Age 11

Jack was abducted at the age of eleven by some extra-terrestrials that didn't look like Grays. Once again he was subjected to psychological implanting.

It was a sunny day and Jack was out hiking around when he suddenly became very sleepy. He lay down on the ground and fell into a sound sleep. He then heard whispering in his mind, beings telling him that they're friendly and helpful. After about four or five minutes of reassurances, he was beamed up to a ship. Although these beings were not as "cold or invasive" as Grays, they didn't respect his freedom of choice. In fact this appeared to be a continuation and reinforcement of the Grays' programming, which further demonstrates a collusion, or network, between the negative aliens.

A "pad" was placed on his head and his mind was flooded with "images of the future." A female alien dressed in a loose-fitting, shimmering gown said, "This will be important information for you in the future." The visual pictures that flashed in his mind were of him and his environment in various stages in life. He was aware that they were trying to plot his life out for him without his consent, thus indicating once again the aliens' purpose in creating a programmed destiny. He said they also performed some emotional programming that "was like, do this and you'll be rewarded; do this and you'll be

punished." Reward/punishment programming is a common tool used by ETs to control humans and Earth societies. He described this image programming as being uncomfortable in spite of the female alien's reassurances that this would be beneficial for him. He also said the programming was "like they're trying to wean me away from dependence on other people" to create "separation and distrust." The programming ended with a bright flash in his mind that made a "pop" or "click." (Sound familiar?) He then woke up from his midday "nap" without any recollection of the event.

He described the female alien as having a big head and light tan skin. The eyes were smaller than a Gray's eyes, about one and a half to two times larger than a human's. The iris was a medium brown with a lighter shade of that color surrounding it. It was also elliptical, not completely round. There were no noticeable ears and not much of a nose and a small mouth. This may have been the same type of ET as the ones who visited Kevin in our tent.

Another very curious aspect of this abduction was that one of the pictures that they flashed in Jack's mind was that of a high school that he had never seen. At the time he lived in Yakima and was in the fifth grade. Two years later his parents bought a cafe in Pasco where he later went to high school, and it was the same high school that the aliens had shown him in this incident. Two possible scenarios that one could postulate are that either these beings traveled through time to find out where he would go to school, or that they simply programmed his parents to move to Pasco. The high school would serve (theoretically) as a stimulus to trigger the alien programming of this particular abduction.

Jack's Session #1 -- May 29, 1994 -- Incident at Age 12

Jack always had the strange impression of a door and a corridor inside his closet. It wasn't until twenty-five years later that he discovered the real reason for this aberration.

Two Grays suddenly appeared in his room and took him into his closet, through the wall, and into the corridor of a ship. He was then taken to the usual examination table where a "three-pointed head device" was attached, and pictures were run through his mind. A human-looking "nice" person with light brown/blonde hair whispered in his ear, reassuring him and telling him to "stay connected."

The following three incidents were connected together as a chain of similar incidents that involved the implantation, testing, and utilization of a type of brain implant that many abductees have. This particular implant was inserted into the left side of Jack's head by his ear and then installed in the center of his brain. The first incident that came up during this session occurred in a hospital at the age of twenty-five in which three Grays checked to make sure Jack's programming was still in place. I then asked for an earlier, similar incident and another hospital incident cropped up at age sixteen when Jack's brain implant was damaged from a bicycle accident and was subsequently replaced and then tested. This incident was subsequently connected to the initial implantation of this device at age eleven. For purposes of this book, I have presented these three implantation incidents in chronological order as they would have occurred in Jack's life, as opposed to the order they appeared in this session. These three incidents are very significant because they reveal how this insidious implant is used to program abductees.

As Jack first began penetrating the amnesia of the initial

implantation of this device at the age of eleven, he was quite confused because he was running in a field and suddenly blanked out for no apparent reason. Apparently he had smacked into an invisible forcefield or obstruction, which knocked him out cold. However, there may have been some other kind of alien technology involved here that rendered him unconscious.

Jack's Session #11 -- June 21, 1994 -- Incident at Age 11

Jack: "I see a field that I'm running through, but I don't crash into anything. I mean I don't see anything that I crash into, and yet there seems to be a collision, and I fall down, and I'm unconscious. But what doesn't make sense to me is that I wouldn't run into a rock, because I'd see it. And besides that, how would I hit my head without hittin' my lower body? So I'm not sure what I ran into. I can't see what I collided with." "Give me the first thing that pops into your mind, is it this lifetime?"

Jack: "Yeah. It's like I'm somewhere between eight and ten...maybe eleven...yeah, I am, I'm a little bit older than eight; it's probably between ten or eleven. I did see an unexplainable track one time, though, in that field when I was with another cousin. It was a foot track that was impossibly huge. And it was just the biggest footprint imaginable. And I was twelve at that time that I saw that foot track. And there was only one foot track, too. But it was as long as three of my feet. And of course the width was, you know, just huge."

(Many reports are now surfacing that indicate that Sasquatch are extra-terrestrials, and they are sometimes seen with Grays. Apparently, they usually act as guards and are probably at the bottom of the chain of command like the short Grays. Last lifetime two Sasquatch escorted me onto a large, triangular Grays ship. In 1993 I met Chuck who had consciously seen a Sasquatch with his brother when he was nine years old. The Sasquatch was "shaking a pine tree like he was going to pull it up by the roots. The next day that tree was gone." He later retrieved the complete memory of this incident with "self-hypnosis," which revealed a silver disk hovering above the Bigfoot right before he was abducted aboard their craft.)

"That track, the impression in the ground, was that before this incident?"

Jack: "It was after this incident. It was probably a full year or two after this event."

"Where did you see it?"

Jack: "On the farm where I grew up. A crick ran through the farm, and it was like across the road and downstream from ours a ways. There were cattle in that pasture frequently. There wasn't this time, though. Maybe it's just that I'm running along and all of a sudden stunned into unconsciousness, because that's about the only thing I can get, or the only connection I can make. Because I can see myself running and moving and then just laying on the ground, as if I collided and `bam.'"

"Um-huh. And what happens next?"

Jack: My body is taken up into this spaceship. It's like I'm floated up on a beam, a tractor beam. I'm taken into this spaceship, and they...I'll go into details on it. They put a probe up through my nose into my nasal cavity. And it also feels like they put something in through the temple area, through my temple

into my brain, some kind of a probe. It seems to be a very intensive head operation here. I'm definitely unconscious. I don't know if they used a drug on me, but it doesn't feel good. Whatever method they used to put me unconscious, it doesn't feel very good to my body. It feels kind of awful. Yeah, I just get this real distinct impression of something, of some instrument, you know, bulging up my nostril, my left nostril and kind of going up through my nose. Yeah. What they do with my temple area, I don't know. It's like a really thin needle that they poke into there. And I'm not sure why they poke it in. I don't know what they're doing with that. I suspect that the implant has an effect on my brain that it might interfere with...yeah, interfere with my image conjuring like this implant would project images, too. Or else be like a relay for them to telepathically implant ideas and suggestions, so that I'm no longer independent on the ideas and the impressions that come into me or that I conceive or come up with are my own. Only after this implant it's like I'm no longer independent, an individual. I sometimes get fed impressions or images or sensations, possibly even. It feels like in a way I've been made a slave. Mentally made a slave. Not entirely, okay, but like on the fringes. It would be a fringe definition of a slave. It's like I'm only impinged upon in small ways or in certain ways or infrequent times. I'm no longer the independent individual that I was. Now I have--like a lawnmower has a governor--I have a limitation device on me. That's what it feels like, this implant is. It's a limiting factor, a restrictor. But also it seems to give them access, maybe on a remote control basis or maybe on an automatic basis where they don't even have to check in, where it's like a continual slow feed. But my impression is it's not just an accumulator of data, it's also a transmitter that actually transmits into my own mind, thoughts or ideas as if they were mine. Where it actually is in my head or how...see there's like three entry points: like up my nose into my sinus cavities, through my temple, and then somewhere back here above my ear. So there's three entry points that go on in this operation, all on the left side of my head. After the device is implanted then they test it to see that it's functioning, transmitting and receiving. At the very beginning of this incident what occurs to me is a real...kind of like helpless tears rolling down the side of my face. 'Cause it feels like a real...not just a traumatic event, but a real violation, a real desecration. A real strong sense of rebellion at first when this is initially happening, like an innate sense that this is really wrong comes flooding over me. And yet, since then I've kind of desensitized to that. And it's a pretty emotional event at first. And yet I feel like I'm in a stasis, and I can't move, and it feels and seems like there's nothing I can do about this stuff going on in my head. When they finish with the implants and then the test, you know, turning it on and testing it, I'm returned to the same spot in the field where I was taken. And I'm once again laying face up in the field. But I don't have the pain sensations in my head. They're there, but they're not throbbing; they're not intense, not splitting like a splitting headache. It's not like that. It's more like a low-grade head throb, enough to certainly be aware of it and be uncomfortable with it, but not enough to alarm me."

"Are you unconscious when you're laying on the ground?"

Jack: "I am after they return me, for awhile. It's like I slowly come around. In fact I lay there for a little while after they leave. Probably, I don't know, maybe as much as a half hour before I finally start to groggily become aware. That's the end."

"What happens when you come conscious?"

Jack: "Well, I get up, and I decide I don't have any more enthusiasm for going down that direction and doing what I was going to do. I was just going to go down there, well, explore, do whatever. 'Cause I turn around and go back home 'cause my head kinda hurt."

"Previous to today have you had any conscious memory of this event? Did anything ever occur to you...?"

Jack: "No. No. Huh-uh. No memory of that nature."

"All right. Return to the beginning of the incident where you're running in the field. Recount it and see if you can pick up more than you did before."

Jack: Well, I'm running along, and I still don't know how to explain it, but I just run into something, collide with something. And it's kind of abrupt because I'm running. And it just knocks me over backwards, and I'm out cold like a light. My body is taken up in a tractor beam 'cause I am still lying flat on my back as I'm being drawn up into this ship. I'm put onto this table, and very shortly afterwards of being on this table they start to invade my head with instruments. And they go into three places."

"Who are they?"

Jack: "These Grays, the black-eyed Grays. I have a very disturbing emotional reaction to this. It's just a great sense of wrongness, and I am unconscious. And yet a part of me still is registering this great wrongness. That I have this attitude, that I have to succumb to this 'cause I have no choice, and yet it is a very difficult thing to do. I have a very strong desire to rebel, to resist. And the thing that goes up my nose hurts considerably, stretches my nostril considerably. I don't know if they left anything behind or not. There's a needle-like instrument that goes into the temple area. And that's a very uncomfortable situation. I don't know what they do with the needle once it's inserted. And then this instrument goes into the side of my head, and it leaves behind a little implanted device that's about the size of a grain of rice."

"This is the original one?" (This particular implant was replaced in the hospital at age 16. We had already covered this hospital incident in the same session prior to this field abduction.)

Jack: "Yeah. Right. This is the one that they originally implanted. They turn on this little thing, or they activate it--whatever word--and test it to make sure it's functioning. My impression is that it both receives and transmits, because it occasionally inserts thoughts that are not my own into my consciousness."

"Was it in this incident, you mean?"

Jack: "Right, but initially they test it by seeing if it receives and transmits, and it does. Maybe they were just exploring in the other two previous insertions, 'cause the one inside the head was the last one. Perhaps they were exploring for a place to locate it. I'm not sure. But this insert in place, I get ideas that are not my own; I get urges sometimes that are not my own;

I get suggestions."

"While you're on the ship, you mean, or later in life?"

Jack: "No, all throughout life. Yeah. It's like a very slow, insidious programming process."

"What kind of images are you getting when they test this?"

Jack: "Well, they're ideas that are very limiting as far as possibilities, as far as having lived before, knowing myself, knowing my history, exploring what God or the Creator may or may not be, who these particular individuals are for example, how we fit into the bigger picture in relation to life outside of our planet. But especially that way. Especially life on other planets throughout the galaxy. It's like these thoughts and ideas are discouraged and drawn away from. But rather I'm influenced to be a Catholic and to believe in all the very narrow concepts that it promotes."

"Do they use the word 'Catholic' or...?"

Jack: "No, I am a Catholic, and it just encourages me to be that. To believe that I'm helpless, and I have to pray in order to get anything. And there isn't even the thought of a possibility of life on another planet, let alone explore it. It's like these are the kind of things that are prohibited or almost prohibited. That's the kind of conditioning this imposes. Also, I suspect a conditioning towards divisiveness instead of united, but one rather of criticism and rejection and dividing. In other words, I think conflict is promoted as well. The two basic elements of conflict and a religion that focuses just on life on this planet in a very narrow way."

(Historically, the Roman Catholic Church suppressed any person reporting contact with extra-terrestrials during the Middle Ages. Even after the scientific revelations of Copernicus and Galileo, which controverted the Church's stance against any possibility of life "out there," an Italian philosopher Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600 A.D. for stating his belief in life on other planets. In Book Two I will tell my own account of how I was pilloried in 1129 A.D. for talking publicly about an incident in which Grays had abducted me.)

"Do they discourage thinking about past lives as well?"

Jack: "Um-huh. Yeah. Yes, it's the overall connection of us being centered, and remembering and knowing who we are is very discouraged. But rather the concept of you only go around once in life, you're only living one time, and you'll go to hell if you live in sin and that kind of thing."

"Do the ETs implant the idea of going to hell or heaven?"

Jack: "I don't know on that one. But I do know that the beliefs of the Catholic Church are exactly what they (ETs) encourage me to embrace and stay with."

"And this is being done via the implants in the middle of the brain?"

Jack: "Yes. It may not be physically located in the center of my brain. I'm not real clear, because I get the impression that it's offset to the left side. But where...the maybe physical location of the stored programming would be in the center of my brain. But it's (a) really difficult emotional experience, this one is. There's a lot of grief...filled with this event. Perhaps that's why when I wake up again I have no enthusiasm for continuing on with what I was gonna do. I just turn around and head back toward home in a rather despondent manner. And yet no memory of what happened. It's just like I wake up, and I feel

awful and a slight pain in my head, kind of a hurt feeling like as if I crashed into something. And overall, lessening of my lightness and more of a despondency."

"How old are you?"

Jack: "Eleven. My impression is that I'm eleven rather than ten. But it's really close to...and it's warm weather, because I'm not dressed in coats, I'm dressed more in summer attire."

(I guided Jack through the incident a third time in which he uncovered further details on the implants.)

Jack: "...and up the nose goes this instrument that stretches my nose, my left nostril." (He later said that this implant went up into a sinus cavity behind the bridge of his nose.) "And this is when the emotions start. When they poke into my nose and into my temple, it's like it starts a flood of emotions, of this tremendous sense that this is an invasion, that this is really wrong, and it's a travesty as to what's happening. It's not just an injustice, it's a major travesty that they're doing this. And yet my input to myself is that I can't move. There's nothing that I can do. I'm resisting it, and it's like there's nothing to resist, because there's no outlet for my resistance, so it leads to a grief, a frustration. Just a deep grief like I'd been grievously violated. And third and lastly, this instrument that enters my head, a real thin tube that allows an interior instrument to go through the tube and then plant this little grain device. This implant is like pointed forward like a grain of rice--imagine a grain of rice going through a tube--and it has these little tiny thin wires that hold onto it, going through this tube that's inserted into my head, gets into the brain, it flips up like this (vertical) when it comes out of the tube. And then these little tiny thin wires that hold it, put it in place, retract, and then come back through the tube. I suspect there's a miniature camera, because they can see perfectly well where they are inside of my head. I suspect there is a miniature camera or light or something that transmits pictures. And after that is implanted then they activate it just to make certain that it functions properly. And it does. It both receives and transmits. It also does a remote distance continual feed programming. And another function is that it helps them to stay in contact with me telepathically. It's like it is a relay transmitter or something like that for them whenever they want to drop in and check."

"What's that like when they check that transmitter when you're on board the ship, right after they implanted it?"

Jack: "Well, I get the impression that they...some of the initial messages that they send is that 'You won't remember.' No other distinct impressions other than just little things. My other impression, too, is that this device has an effect, a dampening effect on me, on my creative thinking, on exploring possibilities, encouraging me towards being very narrow-minded--I don't know what else to call it--narrow-minded and religious and discouraging other people to be exploratory and unusual or atheistic. This is not the only form of mind control or influencing that they have done and will do. It's just one form. Perhaps what's different about this is that this can be done...they don't even need to be around. This is being done on a slow, but consistent method."

The following incident is the incident where this same brain

implant was damaged in a bicycle accident five years later.

Jack's Session #11 -- June 21, 1994 -- Incident at Age 16

"Return to an earlier, similar incident."

Jack: "Yeah, I get the impression that something similar happened, and it was engineered by them. And again it might seem like fate, but it wasn't actually. It was interference, intervention by them. 'Cause I get the very distinct impression of being contacted again by them when another forceful separation of my consciousness, or whatever, occurred. I get the impression that when I was in the hospital with a head concussion, that they had to check an implant to make certain that it was still functioning. But maybe it malfunctioned or something like that, and they either had to re-implant it or fix it. And so there was a visit there, too."

"When is this?"

Jack: "When I was sixteen. It seems like they had to check on an implant that was in my head. And then I get a picture of another event, too. That they brought about so that I would experience an injury and go unconscious. Well, it's a little difficult for me to bring this up into conscious memory. It was when I was younger. It was before the concussion at the age of sixteen, when that was initially implanted. At sixteen they were checking, because of the concussion, they were checking the device that they had implanted at a younger, earlier time, making certain that it was still functioning, and they perhaps replaced it at that time. When it was implanted, however, there was some kind of a traumatic incident related with it where I was...that separation occurred. I'm not getting the details real clear."

(Jack was starting to pick up the earlier incident at age eleven in the pasture where he hit the invisible wall, was beamed up, and then implanted. He didn't recover that memory until after this session.)

"Okay. Well, let's stay at this one at sixteen. Let's run through that one first."

Jack: "Okay. I'm totally unconscious in a bed. Only this room, it's the only bed. It's more like a motel room bed actually. Well, not exactly, but anyway it's only one bed in the room. Yes, I'm unconscious. I'm in a deep sleep, and again the dreams I'm having are disjointed. The thoughts that I'm having are like disjointed. And they do something physically to me that immobilizes me, so I can't move. And there's an instrument that goes into the side of my head by my ear, just behind the temple a little ways. And it penetrates the skull and goes into the brain. My impression is that it has a little light on it, so that they can see, a little tube, like a little microscope tube and a little light. I also sense that this chip can transmit and not just receive. It's almost like a forcefield is holding me down, like it's a net. It's like a web that's covering my body. It's very tight, very close to my body, but it keeps like everything immobile. I can't even move my foot like that. I'm lying on my back, but it's got every part of me immobilized, 'cause it's such a tight-fitting net. The instrument enters my left side, the left side of my skull. But I'm not really clear on if they adjust it or if they actually remove it, draw it into their tube and remove it and insert another one in its place."

Apparently, they have some kind of a machine, monitoring machine; it's like a hand-held thing that takes readings from the implant. And it's not functioning properly (the implant). And they go in with this machine, or this long, elongated tube. But what doesn't make sense to me is how they can pierce the brain. My impression there is that they just kinda--rather than puncturing the brain itself--it kinda like wedges and pushes it aside. But I'm not clear on that. Anyway, this very narrow tube that's injected into my head or inserted into my head, takes this device and like sucks it into it, leaving the hollow tube inside while they pull out the inside (implant) and then stick another one in and insert it in its place. It's a little tiny ting, the sensor is. It's just a little tiny thing, yeah, like a grain of rice. 'Cause it's a little bit fatter than a grain of rice. But it's like cylindrical in shape, like a cigar, well, kinda like a cigar shape. The pain of this thing being inserted in through my skull is just absolutely intense. It's like head-splitting. It's really intense. And that added to the trauma of the shock to my brain from hitting my head makes the pain pretty intense. But apparently this implant is not an easy thing to do. It's not an easy thing on my body, because of the pain it causes. So the tube is withdrawn. I don't know if it left a scar or not, but I sense that they really didn't do anything to disguise... 'cause they didn't do anything for the pain. They just left the pain as it is. I don't feel any scar. After they pull out that tube that replaced the implant, yeah, there was quite a bit of head-splitting, brain-splitting pain. As far as the sensation on the skull goes, it was pretty painful, too, but I didn't notice 'em injecting drugs in me to handle the pain. Anyway that's the end of the incident."

"Okay. So they took the old implant out and put a new one in, is that right?"

Jack: "Yes. Yeah. And it was done on the left side of my body this time. There was like a hand-held instrument that kind of took a reading, or brain wave readings, or something like that to see how the chip was functioning. It was kind of garbled and distorted at times, intermittently, so it wasn't functioning wholly or properly. And I suspect that it was due to the head injury that I sustained."

"What was the original head injury?"

Jack: "It was a bicycle crash. Yes, the one that I got into when I was sixteen."

"And where are you at in this incident?"

Jack: "I'm in a hospital bed. Yeah. Only this time it's daylight outside."

"Is this after or before that dream-like episode?"

Jack: "This was before that dream occurred. At least a full twenty-four hours later."

(When we first went through this incident in Session #5, this visitation by the Grays didn't crop up. What did crop up was a "dream" that occurred the following day after the accident while he was still in the hospital. In this very real "dream" Jack went through a dark area, into a brightly lit area "like clouds," and then into a gray area with walls. There were several people there in brown-gray robes with pointed hoods, and one person was writing in a "book of life" at a podium as numerous experiences in Jack's life flashed through his mind.

This man conferred with Jack's brother Stan, and it was concluded that it wasn't time yet for Jack to leave his life here on Earth. So Jack is convinced to go back, he wakes up, and then enthusiastically relates this "dream" to his father, who has been sitting by the hospital bed. His father dismisses the event as inconsequential. Since Jack's brother Stan is still alive, it would indicate that this "dream" was either in reality just a dream, or that it was a mental manipulation by the Grays who had just visited him in his hospital bed the day before. Since the Grays and other ETs have been actively involved with manipulating our religious beliefs, it is highly suspect that the latter scenario is the case. Could it be that the "book of life" idea is actually an alien psychological implant? Could it be that these highly-touted "after-death experiences" are nothing more than extra-terrestrial manipulations?)

"All right. Return to the beginning of this incident and recount it, please, and see if you can pick up any additional data."

Jack: Okay. I'm asleep in the hospital room, and it's in the daytime. It's just before noon. So, it's a full day...let's see the crash happened in the afternoon about three, so this is the next morning, and it's probably around between ten and twelve. I'm asleep. Nobody's in my room. The door is closed. There is no curtain around my bed, because it's the only bed. There's a chair, and it really reminds me of a motel room. 'Cause there's a chair on one side and like a table. The bed is in the middle of the wall, and then there's a chair and like an intravenous stand that they use that I'm not hooked up to. They enter the room, I believe, through the walls. And the first thing they do is they take this energy net that is like broad strips, probably, you know, like four inches or four fingers in width. And it's like a network over my entire body. It's like being shrink-wrapped. Like 'whhhht,' (it) shrinks down over my body, and then it kind of compresses, and it just holds me there like in a stasis, like absolutely no movement except for my head, because my head is turned over to the right side. And this 'person' on my left holds the unit. Again it's three 'people' (Grays). And there's only one, the one on the left who's really doing anything. He or she checks this little hand-held unit to see what kind of transmission is coming out, and it's not clear; it's not consistent; it's sometimes garbled. So this long instrument is probably ten inches long, is then inserted into my head through the skull. And it's like a hollow tube with a light in the tip of it, so they can look around and see. They locate...it locates the implant. It's already there from an earlier experience. And my impression is that the opening of the tube goes up to it. And it's like a grain of rice only a little bit thicker in diameter. And it's like 'whhhht,' draws it through the tube. And they bring it out through the tube, and then take another one, another 'grain of rice' implant, and send it in through the tube and put it in place. While this is going on, there's a real aching in the bone where this occurs, where the skull is penetrated, breached, and then when it goes into the brain itself--I don't know if this is possible or likely or what--but it seems like it's pushed aside like folds of skin as it penetrates. It doesn't like pierce a yolk, for example, with a needle. It's more like it just kinda goes

through the folds and crevices. And it's implanted. I'm trying to figure if it's at the exact nexus of the two imaginary lines, or the center of my head, or if it's off to the left side. I'm not sure, because the confusion is...with imagery I can imagine the center where the file is kept, the programming. It's like in the imaginary center of my brain, and I can kind of even see the tunnel that leads to it from the back. But this 'grain of rice' I don't think is in the exact same coordinates, point. It seems to me like it's offset some; I think it's on the left side. But this invasion of the brain causes a deep, interior pain, and it's not much different...it's kind of hard to distinguish between that throbbing, splitting pain of hitting my head and this. It's like a similar pain. However, the bone...it's more like a dull ache, intense and yet dull. Not like the really intense, sharp, splitting pain of the brain. When they pull out this...about ten, twelve inch instrument, they stop the bleeding, but they do nothing for the pain. The hole is somehow covered up, so that it's not sensitive. But anyway, they leave after they do just a little bit of something with the hole in the scalp, in the skull that they made. Then they leave, leaving my body to deal with and process the pain that the invasion into the brain caused. That's the end of the incident."

"Is the webbing that they hold you down with, that's not a physical webbing?"

Jack: "Yeah, it would be more like an energy webbing. Although it does have a yellowish glow, or at least that's the impression of the color that I see around it."

"Where are you viewing this incident from?"

Jack: "From right in back of my head. Right...yeah, right in back of my head. Not above and looking down like I was with the appendix operation, but rather just right by my head. I'm laying on my back, so it's like slightly off to the left side or right behind, directly behind the top of my head."

Jack's Session #11 -- June 21, 1994 -- Incident at Age 25

"Return to the most recent contact."

(We ran through this incident three times. I have edited out considerable information not pertinent to this book such as the rupture and removal of the appendix.)

"Where are you at?"

Jack: "I am in a hospital, and I am twenty-five years old. Nineteen eighty-two is the year."

"Are you in a hospital bed or...?"

Jack: "Yeah, I'm in a room, my private room. Yeah, I can see it quite clearly. There's another bed; it's a two-bed room. And I'm still quite heavily drugged. This was a few hours after surgery, probably four hours or so after surgery. But when I become aware of them (Grays) is when they do the telepathic communicating. 'Cause again it feels like a whispering in my mind. Kinda like the wind through the pines when it's not actually happening on the physical...oh, I don't know, there isn't an appropriate description, it's just that it's kind of hard to make an analogy. Anyway that's the end of the event. When they communicated to me, then it did clear some of my delirium, and I did come up some. But I was still asleep and unconscious. Wasn't quite as deep, though. In a way what the

`person' on my right was doing, who was leaning over the bed looking at me, it reminds me of a way of going through the files. I mean what was happening in my mind, was a telepathy, was like doing a check, like we would run our fingers through the files, just kinda checking the files making sure they're all still in place and still there, like in the file cabinet drawer."

"So they actually come into the room?"

Jack: "Yes. They're physically present in the room. My impression is that they're--speaking in analogy--is like there's trip wires in place that keep certain phrases, trigger phrases, or post-hypnotic suggestions in place. And they're like going through and checking all these trip wires to see if any of them have been tripped or dissolved. Apparently, there's something like this where there's a heavy drug intake and surgery. It apparently interferes with what's stored in here, or wherever in our body, and apparently that's why they came to check. Probably less interested in whether I was going to live or to die, but more like to check on the programming to ascertain if it was still in place and maintained."

"Do they hook anything up to you?"

Jack: "No. No, they don't hook anything up. I became aware of the stirrings or whisperings in my mind. Kind of being tickled with a feather, so to speak, in my mind, and it kind of made me conscious. And I come awake in a certain part of my mind, although I was still asleep consciously and physically. Like this stirred me out of a drug-induced stupor that I was in. And it's pretty dark, both in my own mind and in the room around me. Because this time the door is like open just a little bit, not much, so there's no light in the room, well, not much light in the room. And there are three Grays, three `people' that are around and near my bed. And one is on my right, and it is checking me. Checks my pulse, my heart, and I guess probes around and takes a look at the incision and then starts doing the mental check, telepathically doing a mental check of their files. Just think if I had the passwords I could probably get into those files and unlock 'em."

"What's this sensation like? Can you describe this in detail to me?"

Jack: "Well, I just had this like clear picture of a file system of files like a file cabinet with a drawer that has files in it. And this person is just doing a brief check, probably a few seconds on each file, just kind of checking through making certain they're still intact."

"Can you see the files he's looking at?"

Jack: "I can see one person standing at the foot of my bed, and another person like over here on this part of the bed quadrant (by his knee). Nobody's on the left, and then one right here by my chest and head. The one that's here by my chest and head is the one that's doing everything, and the other two are just observers. And my impression is that the one at the foot has a weapon of some sort. Perhaps a stun gun or else a machine or somethin' like that. As far as the files are concerned...brief, vague impressions. What seems to open each file is a key word or a phrase. And what's inside of the file is like behavior, a behavioral response. I can't get any further impressions as to what's in the files, what the content is, or what the access words are, or trigger phrases. They're there only briefly."

When they leave, the mental contact breaks, and I once again slip back into a very dark...like a mental blackness. Not just because of the room, but it's like internally. It's very dark. Very dark. Not much sense perception at all. Not much activity. That's the end of the encounter. I've been scanning for trigger words, but I'm not sure about any of 'em. `Skepti...skeptical.' `Nova.' Those are two words that pop into mind. But this is the odd thing about this mental file that I have, 'cause it's all mostly involuntary behavior pattern. It's like when these phrases are mentioned by myself or somebody else, it's like (a) highly predictable shift. It's a shift to a high, predictable behavior response, behavioral pattern."

"Do you get any impressions or anything about what kind of behavior or programming it is?"

Jack: "Yes, it has to do with beliefs, with self-assessments. I guess those are the two best descriptions of it. What I basically build my image of myself on."

(On the third run-through of the incident Jack makes further comments about the programming:)

"It reminds me of a computer program that has a lock, a password to get in to where these files are stored, where these commands and trigger words are stored. Even that requires an access, an entry point, and it's done in a way that I don't know, I can't explain. But it's kind of weaving the way into a certain part of the brain, a certain physical point, part in the brain. And I suspect it's a combination of technology and telepathy. But there may be an electrical device that is used to generate a frequency that allows them to access that file, that stores files, which is just simply a set of behavioral instructions, response instructions. Like Christians would be talking along, and they'd all say `Amen' together. Well, that's kind of like what this is. When a certain subject is discussed, it elicits a very predictable response."

"Can you think of a specific example like a word that they use to get a certain response from that word?"

Jack: "Geez, well, once again the analogy that pops into mind is the lobster that starts to crawl up the side of the tank, and the other lobsters pull it back in. It's that kind of thing when a certain concept is considered or talked about or explored, it's like a shutting down response, either in my mind or other people's minds. It's like...internally, if a subject ever starts to come up, some part of me unconsciously veers away and changes the subject so that it's not even talked about or discussed. And what happens with me towards other people is something similar like a dismissal or a changing the subject type of response or saying words that are basically reinforcing this misinformation."

The type of psychological implanting that Jack has just described affects people as a group as well as individually. I, therefore refer to this type of programming as a "social implant." The type of social implant just mentioned is received below one's awareness, so it falls under the heading of hypnotic, or psychological implantation. For purposes of further discussion, I will refer to this specific type of implant as a "hypnotic social implant," because 1) it is implanted while the abductee is unconscious, and 2) it is intentionally designed to affect people as a group, not just as individuals. However, not all

social implants are received while in an unconscious state. Jack's abduction account in the following chapter illustrates a common type of social implant that has been repeatedly used by ETs for millennia to keep mankind in spiritual darkness.

Jack's analogy of the lobster climbing out of the tank is a very apt description of a very common phenomenon in our society. As any intelligent, free-thinking individual well knows, there is tremendous pressure in our society not to deviate from "accepted" thinking patterns. Any truly new ideas are often greeted with disdain. This is nowhere more apparent than in the arena of religion and spiritual evolvment. In the book JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL author, Richard Bach, dramatizes this phenomenon in a novel way by telling the popular story of a sea gull who decides not to be like the rest of the flock. I've noticed that when I find myself in a social situation where a group of people are enjoying casual conversation, and I bring up the subject of UFOs or past lives, I get a lot of blank looks, and the conversation quickly shifts back to some other banal subject. Jack Wylie's detailed accounts of extra-terrestrial brainwashing demonstrate in no uncertain terms the source of this phenomenon.

However, certain people in the UFO field have been promulgating a false scenario--either wittingly or unwittingly--that abductees are being implanted and programmed as some kind of Frankenstein army to attack and murder American citizens. Nothing could be further from the truth. I've found no evidence whatsoever to support this paranoid hypothesis. It appears that there are two sources for this lie: channeled entities and the CIA, both of which spew out a steady stream of disinformation and propaganda.

The programming, as you have just seen, is primarily intended to disempower abductees as spiritual beings, make them feel guilty for things that they haven't done, and generally lower their self-esteem, etc. I have personally known about forty abductees, and every one of them could only be described as a peaceful, gentle person who dislikes war and violence. The CIA, on the other hand, exhibits quite the opposite characteristics, and we now know what their ultimate secret is, as well as many other crimes against humanity. Criminals, as you may have already noticed, can be counted on to point the finger of blame in another direction.

Perhaps the real reason for this programmed army propaganda is to discourage abductees from identifying themselves as such and talking publicly about their experiences. Perhaps this scenario was also created to generate a fear of abductees amongst the populace, or to cast doubt on abductees' "anecdotal stories." Since abductees have the real scoop, it would be expected that the military/intelligence community will continue to sponsor debunkers to discredit abductees who talk and to invalidate the abduction phenomenon in general. In fact, one of my sources told me of a female abductee who is being paid a monthly stipend just to keep her mouth shut. We should acknowledge and support those abductees with enough courage to speak out publicly against the government cover-up and this unconstitutional and unwarranted harassment of American citizens.

Another fact that shoots holes through this Frankenstein abductee army hypothesis is that the Grays don't want us dead because then they wouldn't be able to use us. Human reproductive cells are not only just valuable to them, they're almost sacred. In this context we are to the Grays as aphids are to ants. They would no more want to kill us than a dairy farmer would want to kill his cows. I'm walking proof of this fact. I give the Grays a really hard time whenever I can. I've been involved in knock-down, drag-out fights with them, and I've even

killed one of them during an abduction. They know I'm writing these books to expose them, and I publicly speak out against the Grays and the government's collusion with them. They intensely disapprove of my actions, yet they haven't killed or even punished me. They still keep abducting me and extracting sperm from me.

Another flaw in this hypothesis is that if the Grays wanted us dead, they could do it very easily--possibly at the push of a button--since their technology of weaponry is incredibly superior to ours. Why would they go to all the trouble of creating a programmed army of unwilling participants when they could very easily wipe us out with their technology?

Of all the abductees I've known, an inordinate number are pacifists. But no matter how meek or mild, the most submissive abductees will sometimes surprise themselves by resorting to "Grays-bashing" or otherwise fighting in self-defense to escape their tormentors. As you will see in the following chapters and in Book Two, the Grays and other malevolent ETs have no desire whatsoever to establish peace on Earth, whereas abductees often actively support worldwide peace (and I'm not talking about the totalitarian one-world government kind of "peace").

However, one might argue that, like Karen's father--who was controlled by the Grays to torture and brainwash her during an abduction--all abductees could be controlled in like manner to murder fellow Americans. Recall, though, that her father was not a nice man to begin with. A person with a tendency towards violence, can be more easily programmed to perform a violent act. Theoretically, one could easily program a convicted murderer to kill an innocent victim, since the murderer didn't have a conscience in the first place and sees nothing wrong with murder. The problem with this kind of hypnotic programming that you keep running up against is ethics and morals and people with a conscience. Murderers are a very small minority in our society in spite of the publicity they receive in the media.

Yet another phenomenon that negates the programmed army hypothesis is the often demonstrated ability of abductees to break free of the Grays' hypnotic control and run around the ship or fight back. This fact alone demonstrates that Grays don't even have the ability to consistently keep an uncooperative abductee at bay on the ship, much less create a Frankenstein abductee army. The will of the human spirit can be much stronger than any psychological programming.

Before proceeding to the subject of social implantation, let's summarize some of the various aspects of psychological implants:

1. Psychological implants, which can also be called hypnotic implants, have the effect of post-hypnotic suggestions and are installed below the person's awareness when he or she is unconscious. Unconsciousness is usually created by ETs with the use of psychotronics and hypnotic drugs. Amnesia is often reinforced by the aliens' command to "Forget" or "Don't Remember."
2. Family members and other environmental stimuli are used to trigger and reinforce psychological programming.
3. Religious programming: Believe in God; God is male; We are his creation; Be religious; Worship; You must pray to get what you need and want; Rely on faith only, don't use logic.
4. Don't question (authority); Just obey.
5. Pain and suffering are good.
6. Guilt programming: Blame; Shame; Self-doubts; Self-conscious;
7. Invalidation programming: Can't do; Don't do; Evil; Wrong; Cowardice; Unhappiness; Loneliness; Disempowerment as a spiritual

- being; Mental and physical torture; Breakdown of will/spirit.
8. Propaganda Programming: Post-hypnotic suggestions and mental/metaphysical manipulation to convince abductees that the aliens are benevolent, friendly, loving, and will save mankind and save the planet; Programming that abductees should be grateful to them; Abductees are "Chosen Ones;" Aliens will save Chosen Ones to build a New World; Doom and gloom prophecies (Perhaps this is the source of "millennium fever").
 9. Limitations and restrictions on thinking and being; Don't think about life on other planets or past lives; no creative thought; narrow-mindedness.
 10. Programming to keep people divided; Disunity; Reinforcement of many different religious beliefs to maintain disunity.
 11. Physical implants acting as relays for remote implantation of "ideas and suggestions" and monitoring; Physical/energy implants designed to agitate and aggravate to lower emotions; Possible on/off physical implants to switch consciousness on or off. (Note: There are other physical implants, which I've not mentioned in this chapter because they are not directly related to psychological programming.)
 12. Psychological programming triggers and reinforces earlier psychological implants installed millions of years ago (or even earlier).
 13. Telepathic implants create false perceptions, which are used to trick abductees into performing sexual acts, etc., which the abductee would not agree to under normal circumstances. In other words they are used to circumvent abductees' moral codes. This phenomenon is also called telepathic hypnosis and can be used on the abductee not only during the abduction, but also while the abductee is fully conscious. There is a particular class of telepathic implants known as screen memories, which are artificial, substitute memories designed to trick abductees and mask the actual events of the abduction, so that abductees will think they have recovered the memory of the abduction when in actual fact they have not.
 14. Implantation of key words, phrases, or ideas which trigger specific implanted behavior and thought patterns; Mutual reinforcement and triggering of key words and behavior patterns in others to keep society going in a specific direction. This phenomenon is also known as a hypnotic social implant, psycho-social implant, group thought, Jack's Lobster-In-The-Tank Analogy, or the Jonathan Livingston Seagull Syndrome.

AKARAT'S ABDUCTION

Extra-terrestrials have not only implanted individuals, but also society as a whole. This is accomplished by the selection of a prophet, a "Chosen One," to broadly disseminate the ETs' message. The following is a classic example of a social implant in the form of a new religious sect and secret society.

Although I had heard about a possible connection between extra-terrestrials and secret societies, I had not yet found in my reading research any specific eyewitness accounts of anyone being approached by ETs with this purpose in mind. Consequently, the discovery of this heretofore unrecorded historical event came as a very pleasant surprise to me. Akarat's abduction is the "missing link" that implicates ETs as the hidden source of religions and secret societies. I have included the entire transcript of this session due to the profound significance and far-reaching implications of this incident.

(Note: When I first transcribed this tape, there were names with which I was unfamiliar, so consequently I misspelled them. After conducting some historical research on the subject, I discovered the accepted spellings, and therefore I have indicated the most commonly used spellings in brackets.)

Jack's Session #12 -- June 23, 1994 -- 1632 A.D.

"Put your attention on the last session we had, on that event."

Jack: "Okay, that was when I was eleven. Yeah, and running along and blacked out. Okay."

"Okay. All right. Return to an earlier, similar incident."

Jack: "The first thing that comes to mind is more like a sound, a sound of...I guess a woodwind instrument. When you mention that, it's like instantly a flash of a sound, kind of like harmonics, an environment of listening to music. It's a place that's different than Earth." (He soon realized that this event did indeed occur on Earth.) "Not getting any other details yet or flashes. What I'm wondering is if, in this particular instance, a sound is used...emanates from a source that is used to mesmerize or entrance. 'Cause my image...my impression here is that I...like standing or sitting or something, I'm just...I'm doing, being, and this sound kind of floods over me and...as opposed to communicating something to me. It seems like it, well, I guess in a way it does communicate something, but it's like it captivates my attention completely, perhaps to the point of hypnosis."

"Give me the first thing that pops into your head: Are you in your body?"

Jack: "I think so. Yeah. Yeah, 'cause it's like I'm like looking up at the sound of the sound and just kind of immobile, perhaps because it's got my whole attention captivated."

"All right. Here's another question. The first thing that pops into your mind: Are your eyes open?"

Jack: "Yes."

"The first thing that pops into your mind: What do you see?"

Jack: "Nothing really, just kind of a vague fog, a cloud, or something like that, nothing specific or identifiable."
 "Any kind of body sensations?"

Jack: "Well, it's real sweet. It's a repetitious rhythm, melody I should say, that's a few notes. The lower...like below middle C, right around middle C register, or not register, but, you know, in that range. And it's real sweet. It kind of makes me feel safe and loved. It also feels like a memory trip, as if I'm viewing the past, the time line of the past. I don't feel like an old body, old person. It feels like I'm less than middle aged, and yet not a teenager."
 "Are you a human body or other form?"

Jack: "It's kind of hard to say. I'm assuming a humanoid form, and it feels like I'm...well, my impression is that I'm outside and that it's a warm day, kind of sunny day. Partly sunny, part clouds, I should say. And my distinct impression it's a vehicle in the sky that's emanating this...transmitting this sound. It feels like it's Earth, only in the past. Not this lifetime, but in the past. And something I don't fully understand...have no words for, because it's not something that I see at all anywhere around me. It's like a totally anomalous...well, let's see, it's a sight that I can't understand. These are the other impressions that are kind of coming through. It's indistinguishable, because it's kinda like blurred from my vision. It's like there's clouds or a cloud or something like that obscuring it. And it comes down after...it hovers for a while and plays this music, and I'm totally enthralled. It lands near where I am. I have this impression, too, that it's like I've lost motor function of my body. I'm just kind of, well, either with awe or something, I'm just like held in place. And I'm basically instructed or told to come on board, that they want me to see and hear some things and then in turn go and tell other people. So I feel like I'm in heaven, because it's, well, the music is very...it puts my body like in total ease, total comfort. And so my attitude and feeling is like I'm totally safe, nothing to fear, I'm loved and I'm being shown something special. It's privileged. But also I get this impression, too, that even after it lands, there's still an ob...an `obstitucation' (he is probably intending to say 'obfuscation')--or however you say it--obscures the...my vision is kinda like obscure. Maybe from dust and stuff, fumes, I don't know. Although it does calm down before I walk up this little ramp and into this place, into this ship. You know, my impression is that it's like a little later than the medieval ages, more like in the Renaissance era. I'm not real clear if it's eastern Europe or if it's the Middle East. Well, not the Middle East, but Asia, like in Turkey or somewhere, that part of Asia. It's like somewhere back there. A lot of what I see is incomprehensible. I can't comprehend that it could...because I have no vocabulary for it. I have no technical basis of experience or knowledge, like I feel like in total awe. But also I feel not `with it,' like I'm `out of it,' like I'm a tape recorder, in a way, being impressed, and yet my faculties, my mental faculties aren't with me. They're kind of like dulled. I seem to have some resistance to describing what I'm seeing or listening to. On the interior of the ship it's just absurd. It's like total insanity. The actions of these people--and there's several of them, and they look humanoid--but things that

they are doing make no sense. Their actions, their....it's almost as if I'm watching people through a drugged state of mind. That what they're doing is like illogical and insane. Or, yeah, it's like they're playing with my mind or something. Because they like say things, and then they fall on the floor, and they do some writhing and pretending, and I just can't, I can't make sense of what it is that they're doing. Or why they're doing it. And also I'm having a really difficult time seeing them clearly. It's like they're dressed in distorted costumes, distorted garbs. So it's kind of hard to see them. Except their overall humanoid shape of two arms and two legs and a body, a trunk. But they wear these clothes that are so different than my plain ones that are functional. Theirs are, well, I just can't relate to them, can't relate hardly to their shape, their form. I can't say why they want me to...well, because they want me to tell other people. I'm just kind of having a difficult time, 'cause it seems like I'm viewing people in an insane asylum as opposed to sane people. The ritual, or whatever it is that they're doing, the dance, it's like one person talks, they seem to exalt one person, and I'm not sure how to describe that. And then suddenly that person is not the exalted one, that one other person out of the group is being exalted, and it's totally confusing coming from a hierarchical society. These people seem to interchange in who's being exalted and praised, and then they do this writhing around and dancing around. So I don't know what to make of it."

"Do they speak verbally or telepathic? Anything?"

Jack: "Verbally. Their words were all verbal. All their sounds...I mean they're making lots of raucous noises and sounds."

"Any language that's distinguishable?"

Jack: "Well, it's the native tongue. My native tongue. I assume it's not English because it's not England. But I mean they're speaking the same language that I understand and know. I feel uncomfortable with this because it's like I've been given an insight or a view to insane people. And it's just confusing and confounding and a little bit frightening. And yet this is like supposed to be...I mean here I am supposed to communicate this to my fellow neighbors in the country, and here it's supposed to be God, and because my image has always been 'God lives in the sky.' But here I am supposed to report hysterical babble and dances and sequence of movements that would be considered insane! (Laughs) I also see a lot of gold in this particular room. Some of the people wear clothes that look like they're made of gold fabric of some kind. Others are wearing a fabric that looks like it's a dark...a black gray. Let's see, I'm not sure what material...well, looks like a black gray. And then there's another who wears like a purple sequined garment that's got like really distorted angles like the shoulder's like...one has a real accentuated shoulder pad on this side and then nothing on this side. It's almost like I would see out of surrealistic painting. (Laughs) So there's the variety of colors on these garments that these people are wearing. Throughout this nonsense and babble there are times where the one who's seated on the throne and who is the current exalted one, says something that's supposed to be profound and truth. And this is what I'm supposed to remember and relay to the people. So I guess I'm supposed to be on an interview with God, with these people, and that they're telling me truths that I'm

supposed to relay. And yet they dress it in all this elaborate ritual of movement, psycho...well, okay, psychotic-seeming, no-meaning movement and gestures. My eyes have been fully open the entire time from the initial sounds, all the way through. I'm not unconscious. Not at any point. And yet I seem to be an automaton, in a sort of paralysis. I can walk, and yet a lot of me is like numb. It's like only my observer part of my brain is functioning, and I'm just recording data from what I'm observing."

"You say you are unconscious or are..."

Jack: "I am conscious."

"Oh, you are conscious."

Jack: "Yeah. It's just that all my faculties aren't working. It's like I'm a verbatim recorder or a...yeah. I don't feel like I, you know, I guess they've put me in a position of being a prophet to the people around me. A messenger of God, I guess, is what a prophet is. The area is definitely Asia, near eastern Europe, like north of Greece." (He later discovered that this particular event had taken place in Turkey.) "It's just that the serious things that they do say on the occasions when they're seated goes something like: 'THE SECOND COMING OF THE GOD, THE SON OF GOD, TO REMIND THE PEOPLE TO PAY OBEDIENCE TO THE GODS, TO GOD. THE BELIEVERS WILL BE SAVED.' Basic things like that. Just kind of a reinforcement of things that have been said before. And then I'm supposed to describe these other things to prove to the people that there is validity in what I say. One of the individuals...one of the men on the throne right now is saying, 'I'M THE GOD OF AGAMEMNON AND IMHOTEP, IMENHOTEP [AMENHOTEP]. I'M THE GOD IN HEAVENS, AND I SEE ALL. I KNOW WHAT'S IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF MEN. I KNOW THE BELIEVERS, THE TRUE BELIEVERS. THEY I SHALL SAVE ON THE JUDGEMENT DAY. MY SILVER WINGS...MY SILVERY WINGS STRETCH FAR ACROSS THE EARTH, AND I WILL UPLIFT THE MEN WHO BELIEVE IN THEIR HEARTS AND ADORE AND WORSHIP ME.' The next person on the throne who's being exalted is a woman, and she's dressed in a...like a ruby red...a beautiful ruby red gown that's sparkly. Again I would guess something like sequins or something like that or a mass or series of little shells. She claims to be the God of the Far East...the Goddess, I mean, of the Far East. She seems to have an emphasis on sensuality and sex. I'm not sure what her name is. It's one of those...Shah-ti [SHAKTI], or somebody like that. Is...Ismet? She claims to be the mother of God or the mother of humankind, mother in heaven, Goddess that gave birth to humankind. And she, too, expresses veiled threats, basically. WORSHIP ME OR I WILL DESTROY THOSE WHO IN THEIR HEART DON'T WORSHIP ME. And she gives me instructions to give to the people of our area to erect a shrine to her. And she gives me this visual impression of what she wants to look like, dark almond-shaped eyes, long brown hair and a smooth brownish color skin. Then the next person who is on the throne being exalted wears green. The woman's name just really bugs me because it's like there's three names. She goes by three names, and they're on the tip of my mind. It's difficult for me to recall them. ISHTAR. Hikate? [HECATE] There's a third name, one of her names from Thailand and China or wherever she was worshipped over there, and I can't quite recall that name. But the other two names were names that she was known by in other civilizations, more in the Middle East and the north. Anyway

she wants me to assure the people that she hasn't gone away, that she's still in the Godhead, the pantheon of twelve (he probably meant `pantheon') and that it's time for us to start worshipping her again, also. This green fella, the guy who's dressed in green, he feels less comfortable to me. He's giving us instructions about sacrifices and tithes, let's see, gifts to the Gods. And he tells...he gives me instructions about where to put all this stuff and what quantities, like loaves of bread, animals, especially sheep, other things, too, like rugs, woven fabric. And it just seems like...I don't like it, because it seems like it's a lot to have to give to these people, like it'll be a burden on our people. And we're supposed to put this in the shrine that we're gonna build with the statue of these two previous people, the woman and the other fellow that preceded him. And he also gives me, it seems like, instructions on a ritual that we have to do. We have to practice like on a...not necessarily a daily basis, but like a couple times a week or somethin'. And it has to do with gyrations and touching our head on the ground and other nonsense. Things like that that really don't...are not done because of a logical reason, but just because he tells us to do them. In other words they don't make sense. He just wants us to go through these motions. No reason given, just to worship and honor him."

"What is his tone of voice?"

Jack: "Well, this guy seems to have another symbol that he wants me and other people to wear, and it's like a cross. Let's see, there's...I can clearly see the crimson color blood droplets coming down from it. Let's see, it's a shape like a dagger or a cross with little drips of blood. It seems like it's a cross, and he wants us to like put this as a badge on our fabric, you know, weave it into our fabric. And it's supposed to be a green background with this crimson color of blood drops and a brown staff or a...a cross? Wood, anyway. But we're supposed to do some gyrations and standing on one foot, dancing like on one foot and doing a circle and bowing down, touching our head onto the ground, just a bunch of nonsensical moves. (Laughs) This is really quite a long encounter with these people from beginning to finish. It's like I'm gone for half of a day with them. There is one more person who's dressed in that black...let's see, black with some tint of gray to it. So it's not like an ebony black or an onyx black; it's more like a murky black. He's the one who's exalted now...on the throne, and they're all doing their gyrations and honorings of him. And so I guess I'm supposed to imitate these people in their...in other words the rituals that I'm supposed to do are like the same steps and movements and twists and jerks and jumps and falls and bangs. I'm supposed to do the same things as them apparently. I'm supposed to teach this ritual of movement to the people I'm supposed to go back to. Yeah, the guy in the green, he seems to have a fierce looking face, a frightening countenance. He just feels frightening. The others...more like they're insane, more like they're awesome and inspiring and powerful, but this guy seems to be just frightening. He seems to have a pretty cold, frightening feel to him."

"Are the faces human?"

Jack: "This guy in the green has a distorted, contorted mask on. And it's like exaggerated features that look pretty frightening like a jutting jaw, a hooked nose, big ridge on the brow, sunken

eyes, indrawn cheeks. But then a forehead that like goes up. Instead of a smooth forehead, it's like a distorted forehead, like one side comes up in a point, the other side less so. (Laughs) But, too, it's not a whole head mask, it's just a linear--What do you call?--a facade, a thin frontal mask."

"Can you tell at all what they really look like?"

Jack: "No. This one does seem...let's see...white, bearded is my impression of what they really look like. White skin, beards, brown beards. The guy in the black costume seems to be giving me instructions about a secret, about something that's supposed to be kept secret. Something that only select people are supposed to do and be a part of. He seems to be coaching me in secrets. Kinda like there's going to be a church, and then within that church there's gonna be a smaller group. And that's what he's instructing me in. But this seems to be like a delayed memory recall, too. What he's instructing me in is like a gradual memory recall. It's like I have a--What do you call?--time release realizations. Yeah, there'll be certain things that will trigger a series of his instructions. In other words his instructions are in like three parts in all. As I go through experiences or time, then I will become aware of the first revelation and the second series of instructions and finally the third. But everything else I'm supposed to report to the surrounding countryside. He's the last one, the black one is the last one. I just get this veil, this dark like...it's hard for me to hear what he's saying; it's hard for me to understand what he's saying; it's hard for me to recall what he's saying. But it's like secretive and mysterious, and it also makes me afraid. I'm afraid to recall it. I'm afraid to remember it. So after I'm done with him I march on back out the ship to the sound of music with the instructions that I am their messenger to the people. And I'm supposed to convey this message, and I will be honored for being the messenger of the Gods. I walk out with my back to the ship and again this uproar, upwell of smoke and dust and roaring, and they leave. They go up into the sky in a bright, very bright blaze or, well, not blaze, but a very bright, white light. And it takes some time...my impression, it takes some time for me to come back to my normal senses. Probably a couple of hours. Whereas it was close to noon in the earlier part of the day, the sun is approaching the horizon. It's been a long time in this experience, a lot of hours. Probably six or seven hours have elapsed."

"What's your name?"

Jack: "Ah...A...Akarat. Something like that...something like that. It's a weird one."

"When is this? What year?"

Jack: "1632. It must be in the western part of Turkey or whatever country borders northwestern Turkey. Maybe it...yeah, it's like in that area, in that region. I'm just a goat herder, sheep herder. I just am a--What do you call it?--an animal husband?"

"What's the nearest large city?"

Jack: "Oh, gosh, I don't know. Istanbul's a long ways away. I can't say the names, 'cause they're like long ones, many syllables long."

"All right. And are you at the end of the incident?"

Jack: "With that, yeah. I can kinda see what my set of instructions are, I'm supposed to go to the village center and announce to

everybody that I have a message from the Gods and that there's supposed to be like a town gathering in three days. And the word is supposed to be spread and everybody is supposed to come in, lay down their things in the fields or whatever it is that they're doing and come into town and listen to my instructions from the Gods. So that's kind of the aftermath of that experience."

"And do you do this?"

Jack: "Um-huh. Yeah, three days later there is a gathering in the village square or whatever you'd call this, you know, the area, the central part of town. And there's a large crowd of people. I would say probably a couple hundred...maybe three hundred people. It's quite a large gathering, 'cause it's just a small town, not a highly densely populated area that I live in. Okay, anything else?"

"Okay. What do you tell them?"

Jack: "Well, actually I tell them...I start at the beginning about the music that I heard and the sight that I saw and how I was entranced and then walked into this place of theirs, into this ship where I saw a lot of bright...a lot of gold in the room. And they were wearing very colorful costumes. There was also a lot of brightness. It was like kinda interfering with my eyes or a little too much light coming...anyway, it was somewhat hazy, my view. My ability to see was a little bit hazed. And then I go through what each of the Gods told me, and the movements and motions that they made, and then the verbal praises that they were giving to this God and to this God, and how the people were supposed to imitate this. And the Gods gave me knowledge about--to pass along to them--instructions on ritual, obedience and praise, how we are supposed to praise and exalt them. And build two statues to two of them, and then it be encompassed in a shrine that we are supposed to give sacrifices to. So that kind of covers it."

"How are the people receiving this information?"

Jack: "Some with disinterest, some with muttering, some with absolute acceptance, and awe of me and like a little bit of fear of me, and whereas I used to be one of them, suddenly I'm not. There's some of these people who have this really intense acceptance and worship, and 'yes we'll do it,' and belief, and I'm gonna be saved, and I want to be saved, and I believe in my heart...they tend to elevate me, too, in the process, thinking that I have to be special because the Gods chose me to speak to them. My distinct impression is that some in the crowd mutter and were restless, and they left. They decided to migrate to other areas with their families and flocks and their business. And then a lot accepted it hook, line and sinker. But I wasn't stoned; I wasn't killed; I wasn't rejected. It was kind of a parting of two kinds: some that just outright rejected it, and some that were skeptical, and then the others that just took it all in completely and decided they'd start following out the instructions of sacrifice and ritual and movements and building the shrine and praising them, exalting them."

"Anything else?"

Jack: "Yes, the black one was the one out of the group who would come and visit me physically in person from time to time. And I was supposed to gather a group, that he would come, and he would talk to us and instruct us. But he was like only an occasional visitor, maybe every four, six, eight months, something like

that."

"One of the people in the spaceship?"

Jack: "Yeah, the guy who was dressed in the black...grayish black garment."

"And he appears in person with you or in front of a group?"

Jack: "Yeah. Not this large group of the whole village, okay. So I'm supposed to find and select a small group, maybe twenty or fifty people over time, and he would come and give us instructions essentially, make certain that our ritualistic moves and all that stuff was done precisely. And he would just...I mean we had our gatherings from time to time, and then on an infrequent basis he would come in and guide us and instruct us and so on. Something like once every eight months. But I didn't see the others again."

"When at first you do see him, is he always wearing a mask when he appears or does he appear as he really was?"

Jack: "Well, no, not ever. Not ever. He always wears garments that are radically different than ours. Only it's not the same as the ship. There it was kind of fancy and somewhat sparkly and shiny. Whereas, he's got like fabric on now. Something that's more like ours, but more elaborate, and it's not the drab colors of ours. (Laughs) But his definitely covers (the) whole body, and he's got a hat on. Yeah, I can't see his face. I suspect it's covered."

"Can you see now?"

Jack: "It reminds me somewhat of the Ku Klux Klan. Not the light, but the covering, the head, how the face is obscured from view somewhat reminds me of the Ku Klux Klan. 'Cause we all, too, are supposed to have our heads covered. But again it's not white; it would be like a brown paper bag color, I guess, like a grain sack or somethin', so that our identities are obscured." "Anything else?"

Jack: "Yeah, I was just getting some impressions of the green, of the person in the green and the woman. It's like a group of women in the area kind of decided to take on the characteristics or the attributes of this Goddess and kind of made their own little group, worshipping the Goddess, above and more so...primarily is what I should say. Primarily worshipping the Goddess and the others is part of it, but they kind of formed their own little group, sect. The God dressed in green was supposed to have a particular appeal to a certain group of people, too, and they were the people that were dealing with the water that were like the boat people and the fishers."

"This was the God dressed in green?"

Jack: "Yeah. Right. They like adapted him as their patron saint kind of concept, as the one that would protect them and watch over them and kind of protect them from the weather. And yet they were not a continuous water-living group, either. They were more like both. I mean they weren't like sailors going across on the oceans. They were just like fishermen that worked the waters and transported some cargo, but it wasn't long distances. Because this part of the country did not have ships that sailed long distances. They just mainly like followed the coast lines, and they would go from...they would transport cargo, but not great distances. Well, the God dressed in green was like their exalted one. And then there was like one God over all of them. He was the first one on the throne, and he was the one who was saying about, 'MY SILVERY WINGS STRETCH FAR OVER THE EARTH, THE

SECOND COMING OF THE SON OF GOD IS COMING. I WILL LIFT UP THE BELIEVERS.' He was the one who was like the main God, and then all these other groups like had their favorite little God that they could perhaps more personally identify with and relate to. I was just trying to get that woman's third name. It was something like Ashur...Ashureth or...I can't quite get it...Ash...Ashur...(Laughs) It's the closest I can come is Ashureth [ASHTORETH]. I'm not sure, that just doesn't sound quite right, though. She seems to embody--oh, yeah, I've already said that--sexuality and sensuality and independence, too. The women who follow her are not exactly Geisha women who only study the art of sexual pleasure for men. They also have like an independence, too, a strength and independence of men. Some of them don't take up with men at all. Some do, but it's like an optional thing. But I guess their main thrust is feminine strength, strength in the feminine way."

"Anything else?"

Jack: "My impression is that this developed into kinda like a religion within a religion in that area. Over a couple of hundred years it basically just developed into its own religion even though it fits into the broader religion of that region. I'm not sure what the dominant religion in that area is. I think it's Muslim...Moslem."

"What are you at this time? I mean, what's your religion?"

Jack: "I don't know. I do know that I have some basic beliefs and superstitions, yeah. I don't know. Don't recall the name of the religion right now. I think it's Moslem."

"Anything else?"

Jack: "No."

"All right. Let's just see if we can pick up some more information, especially on the ship. So return to the beginning and recount it."

Jack: "Okay. I'm in an area that's rocky, and yet it's kind of lush, somewhat hilly, but there's like grasses and trees and some trees and some bushes. I'm an animal husband, and it's, oh, approaching noon or midday, I guess. It's probably around eleven o'clock in the morning. I hear this music that is just beautiful. It's like it captivates my soul. It sounds like a woodwind instrument, and it's one note at a time, and yet there's like harmonies in this. And it is like it just totally entrances me. It's repetitious, and it has a certain beat to it, beat from that, kind of slow, rhythmic. But it has this incredibly calming effect, and I'm looking up in the direction of the sound because it's coming from the sky. And it's a partly cloudy day. It was just a few clouds in the sky, but here's this bright cloud up in the sky. It's kind of...I can't make out exactly what it is, but it's there. And it seems to be the source of this beautiful music that...it seems like it's more telepathic when they communicate it, as opposed to a broadcast. Because it's not like I hear it echoing over the hills, it's like it's in me. And it's really beautiful, and I just stand there, enchanted. My eyes are wide open, I'm fully conscious, and it starts to descend. And it's cloudy and obscured from view completely, and yet there's a bright...there's an object inside of it that's metallic, and let's see, it would be like a silver gray color, silver white, I guess, is more...a little closer. It doesn't look huge on the outside. Well, I can see it better. After it lands I can see

it more clearly, more distinctly, 'cause there's not all the swirling smoke and dust. And it stands like on some fairly short legs, and there's this ramp that comes down out of it, like out of the belly of it. And after a certain amount of time passes where I'm like, let's see, about all I can do is see and hear. Well, let's see, I can't think very clearly, very well. Only my observing part or sense is functioning. And after awhile I walk up onto this ramp and into the ship. My instructions--now these are telepathic instructions--I am told that I'm supposed to observe and record and then tell my people of the area that I live in, what I have seen, what I've heard. When I go in, I can see, and yet there's a haze. No, it's not a smoky haze, but I can't see clearly. I can't distinguish clearly, and yet some walls like the wall behind the throne is gold. It's not a blinding gold, but it's a beautiful, beautiful gold. Looks like the actual metal gold. And there are other things that are kind of hard for me to describe, 'cause of the walls are like featured, and it's a fairly small room, and it's kinda cluttered in there. There's a throne up against one wall. Well, a chair actually that looks like a throne; it's on a little raised dais, a step. The other details of the other walls just...they look like they belong more in a home, 'cause there's some wood, and there's some...like what a lady stands behind to disrobe, you know, there's one of those. It's kinda like that, and it's dark wood color. Well, it's just hard to describe. (Laughs) It's confusing. Now, let's see, I'm standing by the ramp and how many are there? There are what...six?...seven?...five, six, seven? Must be seven people that are like standing in a semi-circular shape, like a half-moon shape. They're all standing erect, and they've got costumes on. These kind of outrageous dresses that are all fairly similar in their shape...they come down to their feet, and they're wearing like either a slipper or a boot that's like gold with pointed toes. None of 'em have hats. They all have masks. And they have these...the upper part of their dresses are like distortions, like the accentuated shoulder pad out one side and not the other, like...I guess you'd call it the collar in back of the head, kinda like the ancient royalty--well I shouldn't say that--but like the royalty used to wear, that big old backed collar. Anyway, when I come in, and I stand inside the ship, I've got this knowing I'm supposed to observe this and report. Then everything becomes verbal, verbally spoken. And that's when they start doing their crazy dance and movements and jerks, and they all get down on their knees and do their head three times to the guy that's sitting on the throne. And he's the first...the primary God. He's the one that...after they do a buncha nonsense, then he says some words that he conveys with a feeling, a profoundness. You know, like: `I AM THE GOD IN THE HEAVENS, AND YOU'RE TO TELL THE PEOPLE THAT I KNOW WHAT THEY FEEL IN THEIR HEARTS. AND THEY'RE TO PAY ME OBEDIENCE AND WORSHIP ME AND EXALT ME AND BUILD A LIKENESS OF MY IMAGE IN A SHRINE TO HOUSE THAT IMAGE' and so on. And there is a...`A SECOND COMING OF THE SON OF GOD' will occur. `THERE WILL BE A FINAL JUDGEMENT DAY, AND ALL OF THE BELIEVERS WILL BE LIFTED UP AND SAVED. AND EVERYBODY ELSE WILL BE DESTROYED FOR BEING NON-BELIEVERS.' He has like a deep booming voice when he's doing this. I also see his gown raised up a little bit as he's seated, and he has straps...sandal-like, strapped boots

different than the others."

"Can you see any fingers or are their hands covered?"

Jack: "No, their hands are uncovered. I see his hair behind his mask, let's see, just kinda like out to the side it comes down to probably just above his shoulders. Looks like I can see some brown whiskers under his mask. He's been the God of mankind forever, he says. Down through the ages and through civilizations he's been known by many names. And he says he's the God of Aknoten, and so I'm supposed to relay to the people his message about believing, paying obedience, basically converting to his worship."

"What's his name?"

Jack: "I don't know, he said he's the God of Aknoten and Om...Im...Imno..hotep...Imhotep...or however you say it. I guess it's RA, I'm not sure." (Jack later confirmed to me that this "God" had indeed identified himself as "RA.")

"And what was that again, please, the God of what?"

Jack: "The Egyptian pharaohs, Aknoten, I.m.n.o.m.m.hotep...m.m.hotep. I'm not sure how you say that pharaoh's name. Imenhotep. I think that's how you say it, Imenhotep." [AMENHOTEP]

"How does it sound when he says it?" (Note: There are various spellings and pronunciations of Egyptian words because no one knows what the vowels were. However, these vowels and pronunciations could be pieced together by anyone who would conduct extensive past life work in this area.)

Jack: (Laughs) "Imenhotep. His garb is one of two colors, white and gold. Anyway, he's done and they all start doing their stuff again, they're dancing like a deer and banging their head three times and doing some jumps and jerks and all this kind of stuff. And he steps off the dais, and he starts going around with them, and it just looks to me like a babbling bunch of insane people. And then another one steps onto the throne. And finally all this nonsense settles down, and she starts to speak to me, and she's the one dressed in the ruby red gown, dress. She has on the mask of a woman of a beautiful countenance. And again I can see some of the dark brown hair of her that goes down past the top of her shoulders, probably to the middle of the shoulder blades. It's not really long, but it's a beautiful, thick, full, brown hair. She requests that we build an image in her likeness, and this is conveyed telepathically, the picture that I see of her that's supposed to be built in a statue form. This is kind of odd, but she seems to be wearing like a pants, like...this image that we're supposed to build of her...a shirt that looks, well, like a vest, kind of, where her bust is partially revealed, and the pants would be like a pajama type of pants, a balloony, flimsy kind of material. Not quite see-through, but close. No shoes. Beautiful face, beautiful hair. A jewel in her nose, it looks like a diamond in her nose. And then she says that she is the MOTHER OF CREATION, THE MOTHER OF GOD. She created humankind. And that we are to exalt and worship her. I don't get a lot else from that. Anyway, (Laughs) the group starts goin' into their gyrations again, and they're raising their voices and chanting things like 'WE WORSHIP YOU, AND WE HONOR YOU, AND YOU ARE THE MOST EXALTED' and that kind of stuff. But they writhe around on the floor some, they dance like an animal, they jump, they jerk, and they raise their voices in a loud pitch, and then they lower their voices sometimes, kind of a rising, swelling, falling in their singing

voices. Then the God dressed in the green gets onto the throne. And after awhile they...it dies down, all the raucous and the moving, and the noise dies down. And this one feels harsh. He feels unforgiving. He feels frightening. Feels...yeah, he feels...those kind of attributes. I like the color of green that he wears. But again that little insignia, well, yeah, I guess that's what we're supposed to do is as a show of obedience and dedication to him, weave onto our clothes, like our shirt, our top, green with crimson drops of blood like two, maybe three drops of crimson blood. And this is what I'm not clear about if it's a staff or a cross or a mix in between those two, but it's some wooden centerpiece on this patch."

"Is it made of wood?"

Jack: "No, it's just supposed to look like wood. I mean the symbol is a wooden object, yeah."

"Is it a cross?"

Jack: "I don't know, because it's like I see both. It's like I see a cross and a staff."

"Are they together?"

Jack: "That might be it. It might be that there's a cross with a staff with a hook around the top part of the cross. No, that's not right either, because this staff is more like a crooked staff. It's not like the hooked staff like Jesus carries or somebody like that. It's more like a physician's staff, more like a snake that looks like a staff. You know, like a wavy...kind of like a wavy staff that goes to a point with a bigger head that comes down to a tip."

"Is there a handle on it, an enlargement at the top of the staff?"

Jack: "No, there's no...I don't know. Yeah, maybe both of them are on the...no, I don't know. I'll have to move along 'cause they just have me confused 'cause I can see both of 'em. Maybe they're supposed to be two different insignias and one for one group and one for the other. That might be, too. Then the final person on the throne is the dark...the man in dark...in the black. And he gives me some instructions about secrecy. These things are supposed to be done in secret without the larger congregation knowing, the larger religious following knowing. So this is supposed to be a select group, and I'm supposed to select only men. And it's gonna be like a secret society within our religion. And I'm supposed to pick out mostly younger men, men of different trainings and temperaments. But it's supposed to be like a very slow process of picking out these people. Very slow. Like I'm not supposed to have fifty right off the bat. It's like...one and two...and five and ten...for a few years, and have that number gradually but really slowly increase. So they will become large numbers like in a few hundred years, but for the first fifty years, you know, just a small group of people, maybe twenty or thirty. And my impression is that it takes several months before I choose one person. So my first instructions are...it's like they will slowly come to me. The first set of instructions will slowly come to me over the first few days and months after I have this experience. Like I won't remember anything immediately right away. It's like it'll be delayed over a week's period of time. Two weeks period of time, and then I'll start to remember the first parts of this person's instructions. But these last two, the one in the green and this one...well, the one in the green

had just a mean looking face, a really mean looking mask on. This one is dark, obscure, hard to see his face, his facial features. His mask is a very dark mystery."

"Is this the one who visits later on?" (The dark one)

Jack: "Yes. This is the one who will infrequently visit, come to my...our meetings. But we're supposed to have meetings every so often like once every other month, or something. And we're supposed to have him as our secret God and worship and praise, you know, do our ritual dances and movements to him. We're not supposed to tell the other church about him. Only we get to worship him. And the feeling is...we feel like we have an extra bonus because this is a very powerful God, and he works in invisible, mysterious ways that adds to us a greater strength, a greater greatness. It's like we're distinguished and exalted among the people in our own...of our neighbors. We're like better than them. Seems as though we're supposed to wear like a t-shirt, an undergarment that is not shown to the public. But the people in this order, or this group, are supposed to wear something that kind of mimics him, and it's a dark gray color of cloth. It kinda keeps us...it's like keeping it close to ourselves so that we remember, and we kind of have his presence with us on a continual basis, because it's closer to us. It's like inside of our clothes is secret and sacred and a continual reminder of our presence. Kind of like wearing a cross under your shirt only this is a piece of cloth. It's supposed to be highly secretive. Step Two and Step Three, which he will eventually reveal to me will be learned of as we get a larger group of people, larger organization, more established and more accustomed to doing the rituals and, of course, making certain that we're faithful and obedient and all that. Then the other steps will be revealed to us, to me, with...it seems like Step Three coming like many years later, twenty, thirty years later. He was the last one on the throne. And after they did all their gyrations again, then the music started, and I turned my back to them, walked out the ramp, out and down the ramp. Then I turned around and faced the ship as the music's still going in my head, and it raises up the smoke and the dust and the wind. And it rises up in the sky and goes away."

"What does the ship look like?"

Jack: "Well, not a saucer, more like a bowl, or a ball, I mean. More like a ball. Somewhat...not a perfect sphere, but, you know, somewhat dis...but there's like a big bulge. Yeah. I would have to say it looks close to like a ball. But, kind of a circular edge to it, too. More like a top only not pointed on the bottom. You know, like a spinning top? Yeah, more like that, kind of a bulgy center part with just a thin edge. Not really thin, but kind of thick like a top, actually."

"What do their hands look like? You say they're not covered?"

Jack: "No, they've got a little bit of hair on 'em. They're just normal, white-skinned hands."

"Like humans?"

Jack: "Yeah. Uh-huh. Just like humans."

"They're not like tan from the sun or anything?"

Jack: "The woman had dark skin. The first God was white. He even had a few freckles."

"And what...four fingers and a thumb, just like a human?"

Jack: "Um-huh. Right. Exactly. The green and the black one, they were a little bit different than the first God. Oh, I'm not

clear on that 'cause I get several impressions like one was a Negro and the other was brown...brown-skinned. I don't know."
"That first God, the mask he has, he had a hooked nose? Is it like a nose or like a beak of a bird or...?"

Jack: "The God dressed in the green dress."

"The first one?"

Jack: "That wasn't the first one."

"Oh."

Jack: "That was the third one. He was after the woman."

"Oh."

Jack: "The first one had gold and white garb on."

"Um-huh. And that nose you said looked like a hooked, big nose...?"

Jack: "Yeah..."

"Was it more like a beak, I mean...?"

Jack: "No, just a big nose that was, you know, totally fake, because it was so large. It was like really large."

"Um-huh. Any other details on the saucer?"

Jack: "Oh, it was a silvery white. After it got a ways off the ground, then it was a little more visible. It wasn't quite as obscured by the smoke, but when it was like hovering there, yes, it was like really obscured, and I couldn't see it too well. But as it was leaving it didn't leave real fast, it just kinda moved away kinda gradually. It was a silverish white color. After it lifted off, the legs fairly quickly retracted. And after it was up, oh gosh, quite a few feet, maybe a thousand feet or so, then the music stopped playing in my head, and I sat down. And I was totally in a daze. And I sat there for quite a long time, maybe a couple of hours, maybe an hour. But I sat there for quite awhile slowly, actually, regaining my normal sense of awareness and presence."

"And see if you can scan ahead in time to contact the points where this secret information was time-released. Please scan to the first point where you remember."

Jack: "Okay. I was a young man, early twenties when this occurred. I was probably twenty to twenty-three is my guess. And it was about five to seven years later the second, the Phase Two, was revealed to me. We'd seen him probably two to three times since then, since my initial meeting of him. Then he attended our meetings, about three times is my guess. Yeah, about three times. Phase Two was revealed. I get the distinct impression that Phase Two was re...Phase Three was revealed when I was probably in my sixties, maybe my late, no, may...actually my late fifties. Right around the age of sixty. Like fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty was when Phase Three was revealed. And that's when our group started to travel and spread. That was when we basically sent missionaries, contact other groups, to start other groups. It had spread out. It spread out some between Phase Two and Three. In other words in the first five years I and my group were all of the people that I knew, were just in my vicinity of...probably a twenty mile vicinity of the country that I was living in. After seven years then we started to spread out to neighboring districts and areas and expand. We sent some of the younger people to the neighboring areas to basically recruit. It's a certain personality type, too, it seems like, that's recruited. Fanatics. Young men who are fanatics. And yet, there's also some people that are recruited that are wise people, too, that have some wisdom and balance."

Yeah. So between Phase Two and Three, it was mostly just in our surrounding countryside, but when Phase Three occurred, that's when we started sending them over long distances, through great distances. Black was the color. That was the cloth that was worn that was like the identification of people. It was the secret code."

"It's worn as an outer garment?"

Jack: "It's a t-shirt. It's inside. It's hidden from view. Supposed to be very sacred. It's just that it's shown...is a way to identify, in a secret way, to other people who are in the organization. Any other questions?"

"Okay. Is there anything else about this secret information or the secret society, whatever you want to...?"

Jack: "Phase Three...the God dressed in black was the leader who would preside over our meetings infrequently. Otherwise I was the one who would preside over the meetings. I was the one who initially taught people how to do the rituals, all the moves, kind of talk and communicate how secret and how sacred this was and how special the individual was for being able to be in this group, how we had special favored status from this God. We got his favor, basically, which was a very powerful thing, because it gave us higher status in our own minds over everybody else. We were special. And we did get favors from time to time from...or as a result of this God. And we did. We got, you know, special class treatment from some of our other fellow neighbors and such. So, you know, it looked like we had the luck of life on our side, essentially. We didn't have to strive and toil quite as much as everybody else. And yet we did, but just not quite to the degree as everybody else. It was a very slow process in getting started, because I and the first person had to start out at the very bottom and, you know, gradually work our way up. And so did everybody else, but it was just a real slow graduation process for each person that got in. It's like they wouldn't reach the higher levels until the very end of their life, towards the very final years of their life."

"And what does that mean they would receive certain information or abilities, or something at that point?"

Jack: "The kind of gifts that they would receive and favors that they would receive kind of were proportionate to their level, and so their rewards would be greater as they got into the higher levels and towards the end of their life. And, yeah, there was also a point where they would become the teachers and the trainers of the new recruits and the medium recruits. And that was like...it impresses me that somewhere at the age of fifty-five, they would get promoted to like...or maybe fifty-eight, they would get promoted to be like the final stage, almost, I mean as far as normal people could go, they'd get promoted to the final stage. But then they'd only live three to five years, and then they were dead."

"What was the rewards?"

Jack: "They got to...the information that was then revealed to them was everything that I knew. A more direct access to make certain requests of this God. Personal conversations with this God when he would come and have meetings, and he would preside. He would also then talk to some of these people in this upper echelon, in the highest echelon. They would get like a personal audience, briefly. Also, they would get some fairly large gifts from some of the other people in the countryside, from wealthy

families or from politicians or the royalty."

"And how do you say your name?"

Jack: "Akarat. Such a foreign name. Seems like they got a key, a golden key. On this final initiation level they would receive a key that was gold. I'm not sure what that key is, too, but it's like they wore it around a cord, and it would hang from their waist inside of their garments. It would only show on the outside of their garments during our meetings. Very few people wore the golden key. But they were accorded like the highest of respect in our group. They were like the generals, you know, that really...people were in awe of the them in the later years of this organization."

"Do you wear that symbol you were talking about...the staff and the cross...do you wear that all the time or during the meetings or what?"

Jack: "That is the sign, or the symbol, of the God that was dressed in green. That's not the sign that we wear. It's not the signal or the insignia that we have. Ours is the black t-shirt."

"And what's the purpose of your group as you perceive it?"

Jack: "That was revealed to us after Step Three was revealed. We were basically just a group of worshippers that...we did get a little bit tangled in politics by, basically, bribings. Well, some of the politicians, but very few of the politicians in the whole region were involved in our group in Phase Two and Phase Three. But there were a few that got in because of the exclusivity of it, that were recruited. And there was some spying that went on, but it was kind of like dry-running, dry runs, like paper trading. It was just preliminary. After Phase Three is when the intrigue really set in and the entanglements in a lot of courts throughout Asia and Europe came about. It's when we started to connect up to other organizations, and extortion and threats to get our way into and involved in politics. Our way or our teaching was that we were special; everybody else was crap. No compassion. It didn't matter, they were to be exploited. We were to exploit them in the name of our God. They grew into a wealthy organization. A lot of that wealth was channeled right directly up to the leader. And, you know, we all got our fingers in the pie, and, you know, we had our fringe benefits in life. But a lot of the extortion, or taxes I guess you'd call it, that we extracted from various fiefdoms and kingdoms and dukedoms around the...our area. Our sphere of influence spread out of Asia there and grew. I mean it encompassed...you know, it just kinda grew."

"How far out did the influence...?"

Jack: "Well, in that lifetime before I died, we had sent missionaries down through...over towards Africa and towards India and across the Mediterranean to Northern Africa and to Europe. Yeah, some were sent north, the Russia/Germany direction, but just a few. It was just like trailer vines, just a few were being spread out. And nothing had been established and connected yet, but we started to get fairly powerful in the vicinity, in the region where we were at. And in fact we actually developed our own church. Castle, I guess you'd call it. Well, it wasn't a castle, but it was like our own headquarters where we worshipped and did our rituals."

"Is this in Turkey?"

Jack: "Yeah. Northwestern Turkey, maybe. I think it's Armenia. I think it's the country that borders Turkey. It's like on the

other side of Turkey, but it's right in that area anyway. But we definitely had people going down to Persia. Well, this actually was a part of Persia, but down to what's now Iraq and Iran and, yeah, over towards Afghanistan. We were starting to just get our feelers by the end of my life. Towards the end of my life I saw a pretty strong presence in my local area as well as just beginnings in the countries that I just mentioned, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq. And just the initial missionaries had been sent further afield over to Africa and Europe and northern Europe. And they were to use some means that were fear based to get established. In other words to get attention, to get paid attention to, 'cause they went as strangers into this country. And it would've been a medium to higher order of individuals that went, and they took some lower order newer people with them who would do the killing, would do the beating-ups, the threats, the face-to-face verbal threats. So some of the newer, younger people were used in that position, which, of course, they totally exalted in doing. After all it was for their God, and it was for the benefit of their order. If they ever died, then they would get a very special place in Heaven with this God of ours."

"What's the name of the order at this point and later on?"

Jack: "Well, Holy Order of the Semitar [Scimitar], it seems like. That's the name that comes to mind." [A scimitar is a long, curved sword with the sharp edge on the convex side.]

"And what's the purpose, to infiltrate politics?"

Jack: "Exactly. It's just that purpose, to extract wealth and then infiltrate politics and influence these people. We already do it anyway, though, but just to exploit the people, just basically get the vines, let's see, the clutches established. (We) further encourage the rulers to have a certain perspective about the people that they dominate and rule. They already do. To kinda harden their hearts, actually. Make certain that there aren't any soft-hearted rulers. Okay, is there anything else? Any other questions?"

"No." (I changed the tape at this point, so I missed a little bit of the conversation. He is talking about the God dressed in green who became the patron saint of the water people.)

Jack: "...God of the people who dealt with the water, who were the fishermen and the cargo transporters, not the deep sea or the long-expedition sailors. So it's like within this religion, and it's a general branch of the Moslem religion, and there's this one that has these several Gods that they worship. And then within that, there's several sects: one that worships the female Goddess, and then ones that worship the God dressed in green and the one in black. But they all in general look to the top God as the main God that is gonna send the `SECOND COMING OF THE SON OF GOD' and do the final `JUDGEMENT DAY.' I suspect that this is an offshoot of the Moslem religion. But this developed into its own religion."

"And do you have contact with these ETs later on in your life?"

Jack: "Nope. Just the black...the black heart. The black one."

"Do you actually give anything to him?"

Jack: "Oh, yes. Everything that's accumulated in the--What would you call?--the treasury, I guess. Because we do receive more than we use or consume, and it just increases as time goes by. We just get more and more, or demand, in some cases from some people, more and more. Yes, there's an excess, and he takes it

all every time he comes."

"What kind of stuff are you talking about?"

Jack: "Primarily things that are considered money. Jewels. Coins. That kind of thing."

"Does he specify anything he wants in particular?"

Jack: "Yeah, it can't be...well, animals or rugs or wool or anything like that. It has to always be converted to coin or whatever you call it, coin of the realm."

"What's that made of?"

Jack: "Well, gold, silver, and it's in the form of coins or jewelry or chunks."

"Chunks?"

Jack: "Yeah. Just chunks of gold ingots, lumps, I mean, well, you know, just chunks. So, yeah, it all has to be converted into that to be put into our treasury, and yet we do get animals and things like that, too, property, homes. But the stuff that we store is what he takes. And I'm talking about the stuff in the treasury. But, yeah, he empties it out every trip. We consider that our form of sacrificing to the shrine, 'cause we don't sacrifice to the shrine of the other two. We don't lay out wool or animals or food or grains or anything like that. We just give him our treasury, our treasure chests."

"Is this a considerable quantity of valuables or...?"

Jack: "Lots of pounds. Yeah, it's lots of pounds. Yeah. I would say each trunk holds probably four hundred, five hundred pounds, and they're buried in the floor of our large church. Actually towards the end there's not just the one large building, but there's also a lot of living quarters that, you know, are around it. I mean, we actually did build a...I don't know if church is the right word, but there was a room, a large room, that we did our rituals in, but there it developed into like it's own little, tiny city with time. But, yeah, we had in the floor by our alter, by the throne actually and in front of that, spaces for these trunks, and I think there were four trunks. Yeah. Towards the end of my time on the scene...we started out with one, we just added till there were four, and we, you know, filled those with our excess."

"And is this in the same place that...the village you started out or...?"

Jack: "Well, let's see. No. It was not in the same place. It was actually by a town that was a fair-sized town. Oh, I'd say a couple thousand people, probably. A town of, yeah, maybe about two to three thousand people. And it was within thirty miles of where I was an animal husband."

"How do you pronounce the name of the town?"

Jack: "Ankara? I think."

"Is this anywhere near any major cities?"

Jack: "Yeah. Yeah, it's one of the major cities. Yeah."

"And what is it...what would be the nearest really big city?"

Jack: "I think that was. That was the biggest city for quite a ways. Yeah. It was the large city of the area. I kinda get the impression that there were like four or five other major cities in this whole country or region. And it was one of 'em. It was one of the main cities."

"Anything else?"

Jack: "Oh, I was just tryin' to say this name...the other name that, Adi...Adidepolis...Adi...Adidepiol...Adoplia. Something like Adoplius, or somethin' like that. Adi...I'll have to look on a

map and see if it's one of the cities. Adepiopolis...I don't know how to say these words very well. Okay. That's all."

In the following chapter we will take a closer look at Akarat's experience and compare his encounter with that of other well-known "prophets."

ANATOMY OF A SOCIAL IMPLANT

Akarat's abduction dramatically illustrates a third type of implant, which I call a "social implant," simply because it affects society as a whole. This type of social implant is different from the hypnotic social implant discussed in Chapter Twelve in that the recipient is conscious and not under hypnotic control when he or she voluntarily accepts it. However, it appears that telepathic hypnosis was used in Akarat's first contact with the Ra/Ishtar ET group, and this is why I call it an abduction rather than a voluntary contact. Akarat then voluntarily devoted his life to spreading the word of Ra and expanding the Holy Order of the Scimitar, which makes it a social implant by definition.

Before we take a closer look at Akarat's abduction account, let's compare it with Ezekiel's experience from the King James Bible. I've put my own comments in brackets in order to point out the similarities.

1:1 Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God. [Recall that Akarat was also led to believe that he had been granted an audience with God and with several lesser Gods.]

1:4 And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber [Some Bibles translate it as "glowing metal" instead of "amber."] out of the midst of the fire. [This description is surprisingly similar to Akarat's description of Ra's spacecraft.]

1:5 Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

1:6 And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.

1:7 And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass.

1:8 And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings.

1:10 As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle. [As in Akarat's abduction, it appears that Ezekiel's ETs were also wearing costumes and masks.]

1:13 As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.

1:14 And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.

1:16 The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

1:17 When they went, they went upon their four sides: and they turned not when they went.

1:18 As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about them four. [This sounds like a description of a flying saucer with windows.]

1:19 And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up. [Could "wheels" be Ezekiel's word for disk-shaped "flying saucers?"]

1:22 And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creature was as the colour of the terrible crystal, stretched forth over their heads above.

1:24 And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of The Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host: when they stood, they let down their wings [landing gear?].

1:26 And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone: and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. [Just like Akarat, Ezekiel also saw a man on a throne, and this is the real clincher that exposes the Ra/Ishtar group as the perpetrators of this masquerade. Also, notice that Ezekiel doesn't specifically call this man on the throne "God." He does, however, appear to identify the whole experience with all its theatrical fanfare as "God" or "the Glory of the Lord."]

1:28 As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord.

2:2 And the spirit entered into me when He spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard Him That spake unto me. [This appears to be a description of telepathy and telepathic hypnosis, which was used on Akarat as well.]

3:14 So the spirit lifted me up, and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me. [This sounds very much like an abduction in which Ezekiel might have been floated up to the ship in a tractor beam or forced to walk aboard the ship through the use of telepathic hypnosis. Whatever the case, this has the earmarks of an alien abduction, and like most modern abductees it doesn't sound like Ezekiel was very happy about it either.]

Much of what Ezekiel described is difficult to visualize simply because back in those days there was nothing familiar with which he could compare this kind of experience. Nowadays we have commonplace terms like flying saucers, spacecraft, UFOs, tractor beams, lasers, electricity, electromagnetics, landing gear, plasma, holograms, extra-terrestrials, telepathy, hypnosis, etc. to describe phenomena associated with extra-terrestrials. People of ancient civilizations often described anything that flew as literally having wings, because the only things that flew then were birds, bats, and bugs.

Ancient "Gods" were often depicted with a winged disk or with wings attached to their arms to symbolically illustrate the ETs' ability to traverse the heavens. However, in some cases the reference to wings may be literal as there are indeed ETs with wings. I have uncovered evidence that sheds new light on the angel phenomenon, which I'll cover in detail in Book Two. Ezekiel's ETs may have been wearing wings as part of their costumes, though.

According to a 1966 Gallup Poll more than five million Americans

claimed to have seen a "flying saucer"--not just a nondescript UFO, but a real disk-shaped, exotic aircraft that they described as being a "flying saucer." Therefore, in modern times a definite image and concept comes to mind when someone mentions "flying saucers." On the other hand in both of Kevin's abductions in the 1800s in Italy (Chapter Ten), he first thought the flying saucer was a bird (from the viewpoint of a nineteenth century Italian). As it drew closer, he had no words with which to describe it because this occurred before the advent of the airplane, rockets, and sci-fi movies.

However, it is easy to notice the similarities between Akarat's experience and that of Ezekiel's. The difference is that Jack Wylie could describe it all in twentieth century terminology, and because of that, he knew it wasn't God; he knew it was a flying saucer with human-looking ETs aboard who were only pretending to be God. Therefore, Jack, as a twentieth century man, was not fooled by the ETs' shenanigans and even described their behavior as being quite insane. However, Jack, in his previous lifetime as a seventeenth century goat herder, was taken in hook, line, and sinker by these manipulating ETs who easily convinced him that they were indeed "Gods."

In Exodus 13:21 Yahweh (Jehovah) is described as leading the Hebrew people "by day in a pillar of a cloud" and "by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light." Today, extra-terrestrial spacecraft are often described as glowing or giving off a great deal of light or extending truncated beams ("pillar of fire"). Also, eyewitnesses, including myself, have seen modern-day UFOs produce a cloud around them, which completely shrouds their appearance; the UFO and its "cloud" can disappear completely in seconds. I've found that Mt. Rainier is a good place to observe this phenomenon.

When Moses delivered the ten commandments "the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking..." (Exodus 20:18). Whether this fanfare was due to the propulsion system of the spacecraft, or if it was pure theatrics, we can only speculate. In modern times extra-terrestrial spacecraft are usually reported as making little or no sound, but they can also produce a discomfoting din if the ETs choose to do so.

Both Akarat and Ezekiel revealed the true nature of these "Gods" when they noticed that underneath their outlandish costumes and masks were human hands. It's not surprising that even today some people imagine God to be a bearded man sitting on a throne. As can be personally proven by out-of-body experiences and past life memories, we are not bodies, we are spiritual beings. If it is true that we were created in God's image, then "God" would also be a spiritual being, not a human male in a glowing, noisy, smoking aircraft. Therefore, it is clear that we have been deceived. Also, it is interesting to note that in both cases the structure in which "God" appears to the prophet is made of metal. If one investigates other ancient prophets and the "mythology" of various civilizations, one encounters the same UFO/prophecy pattern over and over again. Even today this phenomenon still continues as some UFO contactees and abductees channel prophetic messages from entities who identify themselves as Ascended Masters, benevolent ETs, or beings from higher dimensions.

The "God" impersonations of the Ra/Ishtar ET group do not necessarily negate the existence of a Supreme Being or a Supreme Beingness. Akarat's and Ezekiel's experiences merely indicate that people's religious beliefs and practices have been manipulated by these masquerading ETs throughout history.

The most significant aspect of Akarat's abduction is the first-hand, eyewitness account of the creation of an antisocial secret

society within the framework of a religion, and all this is accomplished via extra-terrestrial manipulation.

My research took a dramatic turn when Jack Wylie and I uncovered his past life abduction as Akarat. In August of 1994 I decided to delve more deeply into secret societies and the identities of the ETs who had contacted Akarat. One thing that I discovered was that no matter who the prophet was or what the religion was or what civilization it was, the major secret societies were inherently wedded to a religion. The religions, in turn, could be traced to a "God" or "Gods" who flew in the heavens in craft of various descriptions. There are, however, purely political, non-religious secret societies such as the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), which were created either directly or indirectly as a result of the machinations of members of the major secret societies and ultimately the machinations of extra-terrestrials.

Akarat's abduction confirms much of the research of Zecharia Sitchin, who covers the activities of the Ra/Ishtar ET group in his series of books based on archaeological discoveries of the writings of ancient civilizations. The historical accounts of these particular ETs and the influence that they have exerted on Earth societies through religions and secret societies is so far reaching and of such magnitude that I can only give it cursory treatment here. I will expose the secret society phenomenon in greater detail in Book Two.

In the case of Akarat's abduction, we can postulate two different scenarios: 1) the ETs are lying about who they really are, or 2) the ETs are telling the truth about who they are.

Even if these ETs were lying about who they actually were, it still demonstrates that extra-terrestrials are the source of most, if not all, of this planet's religions and secret societies. However, if we proceed from the assumption that these "Gods" were actually telling the truth about who they were, then it becomes even more intriguing and revealing and more of the pieces of the puzzle fall into place.

When I first transcribed the tape of this session with Jack Wylie, I didn't know who these people were, so I used a phonetic spelling. I had heard of Agamemnon because my sixth grade teacher read the Iliad in class. I didn't know who Ishtar was, but I had seen the movie "Ishtar" with Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty, so at least I could spell it. History was one of my worst subjects in school; I found it quite boring. However, when I began researching the UFO phenomenon, I began to develop an interest in the history of this planet due to the cause and effect relationship between extra-terrestrial manipulation and Earth societies. Indeed, when I realized the far-reaching influence of extra-terrestrial manipulation on this planet, I began to realize that ETs were not just a part of our history, but the creators of it.

I also began to realize that the Grays were but one segment of a larger extra-terrestrial conspiracy to manipulate the people of Earth. Humans and other body types have been seen aboard Grays' ships, and other contactees, both past and present, have been confronted by humans and other life forms who have had a bad habit of feeding false information and doom and gloom prophecies to unsuspecting, trusting individuals. There appears to be a coordinated network of extra-terrestrials that have been working together--though not always in friendship--to keep mankind on Earth from discovering what's really going on. I will henceforth refer to these "negative aliens" as the Extra-Terrestrial Conspirators, or ETCs, to differentiate them from any benevolent ETs who are not oppressing mankind.

Jack Wylie's abductions illustrate one type of apparent coordination between the human-type ETCs who create the religions and

secret societies (social implants) and the Grays who later trigger and reinforce these social implants by using psychological implants wherein post-hypnotic suggestions are installed concerning beliefs, God, obedience, worship, etc. Furthermore, the Grays, Zeta Reticulians, and other ETCs are working off of very ancient psychological/electronic implants concerning religion and obedience, which were installed millions--even billions--of years ago.

It should be stressed that it is the social implant that is the most effective control tool. The reason for this is because the social implant is accepted by the individual consciously and of his or her own free will. The psychological, or hypnotic, implant is installed against the will of an unconscious subject and is usually ineffective unless it aligns with the desires and purposes of the subject. For example, let's say that the "powers that be" wanted to do away with a certain political figure who was going to reveal the alien/government collusion, and so they brainwash (drugs/electric shock/hypnosis) a patsy to pull a gun on this political figure. Unless the subject himself consciously wants to do away with the target individual or has no conscience concerning the taking of another person's life, he probably won't do it. He may have bad dreams about this or experience unpleasant sensations or feel a compulsion to kill this political figure, but unless he is predisposed to commit such an act, the post-hypnotic suggestion won't stick. There are, however, variables such as personal ethics, suggestibility, emotional level, drug use, long-term traumatization, etc. that affect this predisposition. Jack Wylie is a case in point wherein the ETCs implanted post-hypnotic suggestions to make him believe certain things about God and to practice Catholicism. However, these hypnotic implants didn't stick because Jack didn't grow up to be a Catholic; in fact, he's not even a Christian. Due to a high level of intelligence and spiritual awareness Jack was just not that suggestible, and so as he reached adulthood he made his own independent choices concerning religious beliefs.

The MKULTRA program, approved by CIA director Allen Dulles in 1953, was a modern attempt to override the subject's personal ethics and create a totally controllable robotic assassin. (Vankin, 1992) The CIA, in conjunction with the Office of Naval Intelligence and American psychiatrists, was responsible for introducing LSD into our society under this program, thus making drug abuse more popular than ever. Persons entering into the alien/intelligence field have reported being given drugs and hypnosis, ostensibly to insure the employees' allegiance and that they will remain silent about the U.S. government involvement with aliens. However, some people of integrity have talked in spite of this programming, thus once again demonstrating that the effectiveness of the psychological implant is inversely proportional to the subject's personal ethics and integrity. The fact that social implantation is more effective than psychological implantation demonstrates that the spiritual being itself is inherently more significant and powerful in relation to the mind or body.

A thousand years ago a secret society known as the Hashishin (users of hashish) reigned terror throughout Persia under the leadership of Hasan-i Sabbah. Although drugs appeared to be part of the rituals of indoctrination, it was primarily social implanting that created an army of adherents gladly willing to assassinate a political figure or even commit suicide on the command of their leader (Daraul, 1961). Their effective methods of seizing political power were emulated by the Knights Templar, Illuminati, Freemasons, and other secret societies that followed.

Our own government intelligence structure is patterned after these

tried and proven methods, and the personnel in super-sensitive and high-level intelligence positions are often members of present-day secret societies such as the Freemasons and Knights Templar.

UFO researchers are gradually waking up to the fact that these antisocial secret societies are behind the world-wide UFO cover-up and the military/intelligence collusion with the ETCs. For example, William Cooper was promoted to a high-level position in the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) where he was required to read information about our government's collusion with aliens. He also claims that all the men in this high-level Intelligence Briefing Team were Freemasons, except for Cooper himself, who had belonged to the DeMolay Society, which was established for the sons of Freemasons and their friends.

The "lone assassin" ploy is used to assign blame to one person, a "patsy," in order to cover up a conspiracy, and it was used in the Kennedy assassinations; it appears to have originated with the Hashishin who conquered by murdering and threatening political leaders in much the same manner that Akarat's Holy Order of the Scimitar gained control of political leaders. In fact the word "assassin" was derived from the mispronunciation of the word "Hashishin," and consequently the Hashishin became known as the "Assassins." The power of these secret societies lies in the fact that its members have consciously and of their own free will accepted the precepts of the society and are willing to even commit murder in the name of their "God" or leader or purported mission or to earn their ticket to "Heaven." Therefore, it is this type of implant, the social implant, that has by far the most far-reaching and oppressive influence upon mankind as a whole. These secret and insidious societies are very cleverly structured, and as we now know, they were originally created by the ETCs.

Most religions, too, are major social implants, which were created by ETCs, and like the secret societal social implant, they rely on blind faith and total allegiance for their power and influence. The ETCs, as we can see from the eyewitness evidence presented here, have developed a very precise and well-organized technology to keep mankind in the dark and in a state of war and confusion.

When I began researching the names given in Jack Wylie's past life abduction account, I discovered that the ancient history of our planet is riddled with accounts of "Gods" who not only could fly, but they exhibited a bad habit of pitting one group of people against another to create wars. They sometimes even participated directly in these wars and even fought with each other.

Of course, our current educational system presents this information under the heading of "Mythology" or "Folklore." Obviously some of the hieroglyphic stories and ancient myths were mere fabrications or misinterpretations by the Gods' votaries. Sometimes they were handed down from one writer to another (or transmitted verbally), with each writer or storyteller adding his own personal interpretations and embellishments. Also, many of the details and events in these stories were merely symbolic and not to be taken literally. However, now that we have a much greater understanding of the UFO phenomenon it is apparent that many of these "myths" were actually eyewitness accounts of extra-terrestrials and their craft.

The ETCs were revered as Gods not just because of their psychic abilities and ability to fly, but also because the ETCs told the humans that they were Gods and must be worshipped. This very significant fact has now been confirmed by past life research. Often the threat of death, or death itself, was the punishment that the "Gods" meted out to disobedient humans. Archaeologists, Egyptologists, and folklorists are not going to interpret these "myths" correctly if they are not aware of

the extra-terrestrial influence throughout Earth's history. Universities are not yet offering courses in ufology, which is just as well since it is highly unlikely that the subject would be presented in a truthful and unbiased manner.

Before 1870 A.D. the city of Troy and the battle of Troy, contained in Homer's epic poem the Iliad, were considered to be only an ancient Greek myth until Heinrich Schliemann excavated Troy in the same spot indicated by Homer. The evidence indicates that the battle of Troy was indeed an actual event, which took place in the thirteenth century B.C. (Sitchin 1985, p. 4) Likewise, Zecharia Sitchin approached the subject of mythology with the viewpoint that these were the actual observations of the people of ancient civilizations and not pure fiction. He correctly concluded that these mythological "Gods" actually existed, but were extra-terrestrials, not Gods. However, he incorrectly compared their technology with our primitive liquid-fuel rocketry and space capsules.

One of the intriguing aspects of these "mythological Gods" was that they appeared in different cultures, at different times, and under different names. In Akarat's abduction the female ETC who identified herself as Ishtar stated that she was still one of the "pantheon of twelve." I was very surprised to find that there actually exists a "Pantheon of Twelve" in mythology! That is, twelve principle, ruling deities appear in various societies and religions, and there are striking similarities in the personalities and symbols of the Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Indian, Hittite, Caananite, Babylonian, Sumerian, Nordic and Central/South American "Gods." Zecharia Sitchin put two and two together and correctly concluded that all of these similar sightings and contacts throughout history were actually the same ET group. The Pantheon of Twelve was often associated with constellations (zodiacal signs) as well as celestial bodies in our solar system.

These "Gods" had characteristics that were consistent from one civilization to next:

1. They were of human form and had human personality traits.
2. They traversed the heavens in metallic aircraft or spacecraft of numerous names and descriptions with weaponry at least as devastating as modern nuclear weapons.
3. They demanded to be worshipped and obeyed and often demanded that shrines, cities, and temples be built in their honor.
4. They appointed and educated kings, architects, priests, prophets, etc. to build and maintain cities and civilizations, such as Babylon.
5. Though they usually remained aloof from the general populace; they sometimes appeared in person to a king or prophet, but rarely granted theophany to a large group of people.
6. They were very promiscuous, often having intercourse with close family members and even Earth humans. "The Nephilim were on the earth in those days--and also afterward--when the sons of God went to the daughters of men and had children by them." (Genesis 6:4) The phenomenon of ETs mating with humans has been described in many other ancient documents.
7. They could channel messages to their designated prophets and kings in the same manner that present-day "New Age" channels relay messages from extra-terrestrials, or "enlightened beings."
8. They fought amongst themselves and instigated wars between human social groups like pawns in a chess game.
9. They often killed Earth humans as punishment for disobedience.

- Yahweh, especially, committed genocide directly, as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, and also indirectly by ordering a designated leader to do the dirty work.
10. They used humans as slave laborers.
 11. They created many religious sects and secret societies to keep mankind from discovering the truth and to keep mankind in a continuous state of war and agitation. The plan has always been to keep mankind in state of disagreement and disunity and out of communication. The misunderstood and mistranslated Tower of Babel incident was an example of the ETCs' attempt to keep mankind from progressing intellectually and spiritually by dispersing and separating people into social groups with the use of language barriers. Consequently, these social groups, or nations, could be more easily manipulated and pitted against each other in much the same way that we form and support sports teams. To resolve the disputes between two persons or nations, both parties must first get in communication with each other in order to end the fighting. Communication is the key to resolving conflicts, and language barriers have the opposite effect by putting people out of communication. Therefore, any "God" (ETC) who promotes and establishes language barriers is in reality perpetuating war and thwarting peace. The subsequent and continued wars contrived by ETCs keep mankind's attention focused on basic survival needs instead of discovering ways to evolve to a higher state of existence with greater social stability. In Genesis 11:6 we find that the "Lord" said, "If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them." (NIV, 1976) This sounds more like a paranoid ET than God, for why would a benevolent and all-powerful God be worried about human beings becoming self-empowered? This sounds more like an ETC who wants to keep mankind enslaved, not spiritually freed.
 12. They used the "Secret of Eternal Life" as a "carrot" to help gain allegiance of kings and pharaohs as well as the common people. Since the ETCs aged very slowly in comparison to post-Diluvian humans, it was easy to validate their claims of possessing the "Plant of Life," "Plant of Eternal Youth," "Water of Life," or "Fountain of Youth." The eternal youth and immortality carrots were such effective control mechanisms that they have been carried forward to present time. For instance, Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand backed Columbus not only for the prospect of gold, but to discover the waters of everlasting youth. (Sitchin 1990) The ancient "Tree of Life" symbol is still being used today in secret societies (Daraul 1961). The irony of this is that we have always had eternal life, and death is but an illusion. Bodies, of course, will eventually wear out just as any physical universe organism will. Earth humans are different because our bodies have been genetically altered by the ETCs to have very short life spans, and the ETCs (Grays included) have helped to keep the amnesia block in place from lifetime to lifetime. Dead-end religions that promote dire consequences for disobedience and free thought keep people from looking for and discovering the real truth of our existence and of our predicament.

To understand who Ra and Ishtar were we must backtrack through time to the beginnings of civilization here on Earth. In spite of what

modern science may claim, we did not evolve here. We, as beings, came from other places. How each of us arrived here is our own personal odyssey, which can be only discovered by contacting our own individual past life memories. Earth is a seeded planet. And in that sense we are all extra-terrestrials. A great deal of genetic manipulation has occurred on this planet and in spaceships above the planet for a very long time. As we abductees have witnessed, this genetic manipulation is currently being conducted by the Grays species, who have been genetically manipulating this planet for time immemorial. This has been confirmed not only by past life accounts, but also by "leaked" government documents. As I previously mentioned, I, as well as many other abductees, have been shown these hybrid children aboard Grays' ships.

According to Robert Lazar, who was hired to work on flying saucer technology at the S-4 facility near Area 51, the classified information that he read stated that the aliens referred to us (that is, our bodies) as "containers." Lazar claimed that this particular information was in an "extremely classified document" dealing with aliens and religion, and it was "extremely thick." (Good 1991, p.211) More than anything else, I believe that this statement by Bob Lazar confirms that he was telling the truth about his employment at the super-secret Nevada Test Site.

I've observed that Grays are very precise about how they word things, whether they are lying or telling the truth. And this is one instance where the truth was spoken. My own personal experience and research verifies this "container" statement by Lazar, however incredible it may seem. In Bob Lazar's video, "Excerpts From The Government Bible," he identifies the aliens as the typical Grays with large almond-shaped black eyes that hail from the Zeta Reticuli star system. The fact that they use the word "containers" to describe us instead of a word like "vehicles" or "bodies" indicates their intentions to entrap and hold spiritual beings in bodies.

I should also note that Bob Lazar has been intensely debunked, and someone even fired a shot at his car after appearing on television for the first time. The bullet only hit his rear brake and tire, so it was probably only intended as a scare tactic. There are also other employees who have come forward with information about the existence of aliens and their spacecraft at Area 51.

The oldest translatable writings in existence today came from the ancient Sumerian civilization, which existed nearly six thousand years ago. According to Zecharia Sitchin's interpretation of these writings, the extra-terrestrials, the "Anunnaki" (which means "Those who from Heaven to Earth came"), came to Earth originally to mine gold. The task apparently became too difficult for the Anunnaki alone, so Ea (also known as Enki or Ptah, the son of An), with the help of his sister Ninhursag, came up with the solution to create a hybrid slave race by genetically splicing Anunnaki with apes. And so the human race was born. It is my personal opinion, however, that it wasn't accomplished quite as simply as that, and that the Grays and other ETs have had a hand in creating and "seeding" the various races here on Earth.

Apparently, about twelve thousand years ago a great cataclysm occurred on Earth. Whether the Deluge was caused by the ETCs or was a natural occurrence, we can only speculate. Both the Bible and the earlier Sumerian texts report that mankind was corrupt and wicked, and that is why they needed to be wiped out. I doubt very much that that was the real reason, because it is difficult to imagine anyone being more corrupt than the "Gods" themselves. However, it is interesting to

note that before the Great Flood, humans lived to be very, very old. Noah, for example, was 600 years old when the flood hit. (Genesis 7:6) The longevity of Earth humans before the flood may have been the result of the ETCs having sexual intercourse with humans, thus creating a better hybrid human. Past life research and the reports from contactees indicate that extra-terrestrials consistently have a much longer life span, sometimes as much as one thousand years or more. If the ETCs did indeed cause the Deluge, then perhaps it was because mankind was getting too smart and genetically too advanced to serve as a slave race anymore. Perhaps they felt threatened by the rapidly evolving hybrids who wanted to become "Gods," too.

According to the Akkadian/Sumerian texts, which were written about two thousand years before the Bible, it was Enki (Ptah) who saved Noah (Ziusudra/Utnapishtim) and his family against the wishes of the other ruling Anunnaki. (Sitchin 1976, p. 380-1) Noah lived on to a ripe old age of 950 years old. (Genesis 9:29)

Apparently Ea didn't get along with his brother Enlil and this resulted in constant feuding between the families of these two brothers. Ea's first-born son was called Marduk, and according to Zecharia Sitchin he was the same person whom the Egyptians referred to as Ra. I believe Sitchin was correct in his conclusion. Also, according to Egyptian legends, Ra's father was Ptah. Ra eventually fought his way up to the head of the Pantheon of Twelve. Enlil had a granddaughter, Ishtar (Inanna in Sumerian), who also aspired to be a member of the Pantheon of Twelve.

Ishtar, the "Queen of Heaven", was known in many cultures as the oxymoron Goddess of love and war who commuted from place to place in a "Boat of Heaven." (Sitchin 1985 p.236) Actually, she didn't exhibit any attributes of genuine love, as her version of love was that of sexual pleasure and sensuality. She had a penchant for necklaces, which were often made from lapis lazuli stones, and she was often depicted riding a lion, bearing her breasts, lifting her skirt, or posing totally nude, and she used her sensual charms on any man who could further her goals. Like many of the other "Gods" she was ruthless and had a very dark side.

In an apparent attempt to gain power she married Ra's brother Dumuzi, but like Romeo and Juliet, the ill-fated marriage was ended when Ra apparently caused the death of Ishtar's husband. In retaliation Ishtar demanded that Ra be locked up in the Giza Pyramid to suffer a slow death, but he escaped and went into exile.

Ishtar gained the love of her great grandfather, An, and was given control of the Indus River area about one thousand years after the appearance of the Sumerian civilization. She established a new civilization there, and even today she is still known by her ancient Indian name of Shakti. (I had misspelled her name as "Shah-ti" when I transcribed Jack Wylie's session due to his pronunciation, and because I had never heard of that name before doing my research.) Like Ishtar, Shakti was usually depicted wearing nothing but her necklaces. When the Aryans conquered India and introduced the Hindu religion, Shakti maintained her status as the great Goddess. Even in modern times many Hindus consider Shakti to be an integral part of their religion and not just a Goddess, but a spiritual experience. New Age channeled entities often promote the use of sex to achieve higher levels of spirituality, and my research indicates that this is no mere coincidence.

The darker side of Shakti was Kali, or Kali-Ma, which means "Dark Mother." As Kali she was depicted menacingly and morbidly with a necklace of skulls, a yellow-streaked azure face, fangs and purple lips dripping with blood; sometimes she stood over a human corpse or held a

human head dripping with blood from one of her many arms. Her votaries were the "Thugs" or "Stranglers" who were well-known for their worship of Kali by offering blood sacrifices of humans. Their victims were usually travelers whose bodies, if found, were usually ritualistically mangled, gashed and gutted beyond recognition. Thuggee parents raised their children in the belief that it was not wrong to kill for Kali. The Thugs consisted of both Muslims and Hindus, and they lived off the ill-gotten booty from their victims, which may have numbered more than a million people. (MacKenzie 1967) It is interesting that two words that we still use today to describe criminals are "thugs" and "assassins," both terms originating with secret societies.

Kali was a Goddess of deception; her adherents were two-faced, living an outward life of benevolence and a secret life of destruction. (Daraul 1961) Most secret societies operate with a charitable and benevolent facade, which hides and protects their secret motives, which, as we have seen, were programmed by the ETCs. The worship of Kali became a religion as well as a secret society and a means for its members to achieve wealth. The cult of Kali is still in existence today. While researching Shakti I got quite a surprise when I received a form letter from someone named Kali. Apparently, whoever sent the letter thought was a female name, and they were trying to flatter me with my being a beautiful "Goddess." The letter stated that "Kali's only wish was to help me and to see me prosper," and that I could send \$14.95 for "my very own Goddess Profile." The letter, which presented the appearance of a helpful organization, was obviously targeted for females who felt that they were being oppressed by others or society in general. The six-page letter was printed on yellow paper with purple writing, the same colors of the ancient depictions of Kali. There was also repeated use of the five-pointed star (pentagram), which has long been used as a symbol to represent the Goddess of love and war.

The flying "Queen of Heaven" was also known throughout history and in numerous locations around the planet by such names as Ashtoreth, Aphrodite, Athena, Venus, Astarte, Inanna, Anat, Atar, Freya and also, as Akarat was told, Hecate, a Greek goddess of the underworld (I had misspelled it "Hikate" when I first transcribed the taped session). Jack Wylie also reported hearing one of Ishtar's other names that sounded something like "Ismet," but I couldn't find any historical reference on that name. However, it could be that she was referring to the Egyptian Goddess Isis, since there are similarities between Ishtar and Isis.

I was also unable to locate any historical reference on the prophet Akarat. It appears that his Holy Order of the Scimitar didn't develop into a major, well-known secret society. However, one of the secret society symbols that Akarat was instructed to wear was a black shirt. The Italian fascists and the Nazi SS all wore black shirts, too, so perhaps there is a connection. The Nazi SS, especially, could be appropriately labeled as a secret society even though it was not directly connected with a religion.

Ishtar's modus operandi for establishing rule over a city or area was to make love--but only one time--to one of her chosen warrior-priest-kings. This was done ostensibly not only for his and her own personal pleasure, but also to help insure allegiance and obedience of the priest-king and to add a little extra incentive to go out and conquer specified areas. A prime example of her warmongering manipulation occurred circa 2400 B.C. when she made love to a mere gardener who obviously must have done an excellent job of satisfying the flying floozy, because she molded him into a very successful

conqueror in Mesopotamia, "Sargon the Great." (Sitchin 1985, p. 246)

In Nordic legends Ishtar was known as Freya, goddess of fertility, who was accused of promiscuity and incest. Legend has it that she wore a necklace that she earned by sleeping with each of the four dwarves that made it.

In ancient Babylon there were no less than 180 outdoor shrines where Ishtar was worshipped, and even today Ishtar is venerated in Iraq. Saddam Hussein has been rebuilding the ancient city of Babylon, and a great celebration was held there in 1988 to commemorate its resurrection. Joseph Chambers, an American who was invited by the Iraqi government to witness the celebration, commented, "I heard them say that Ishtar is returned again to Baghdad, the capital of Iraq. They actually had a figure of the goddess Ishtar in the ceremony as they worshipped." (Marrs, 1990, p. 213) According to Zecharia Sitchin,

Ra/Marduk proclaimed Babylon as "Gateway of the Gods" around 3450 B.C., and the Tower of Babylon incident took place sometime after that between 3450 to 3100 B.C. It appears that Ra/Marduk played a part in instigating that event. This may have very well been the case since Ra considered Babylon to be his city. It was also during this time that Ra and Ishtar became enemies, and he went into exile after escaping from his interment in the Great Pyramid of Giza. Ra had been one of the ancient "Gods" of Egypt thousands of years before this time. He ascended to and descended from Heaven in his "Ben-Ben" or "Boat of Heaven," which was enshrined in the "Het Ben-Ben" ("Temple of Ben-Ben"), but afterward no longer to be found anywhere on Earth.

In light of what we now know about present and past ETC activities it is very apparent that the "All-Seeing Eye," "Eye of Ra," "Eye of Horus," obelisks, "Tree of Life," and the legend of the phoenix became associated with--and even equated with--the ETCs and their flying machines.

[Note: The phoenix is the Greek word for the legendary Egyptian Ben, or Bennu bird. The word Ben eventually symbolized reproduction, virility, and rejuvenation. The phoenix bird was most commonly said to have lived for 500 years when it then built a nest of spice tree twigs, which it then set on fire, burned itself to ashes, and then was reborn from its own ashes as a worm, which later grew into a new phoenix. The physician/chemist Paracelsus wrote about it in the sixteenth century, and other alchemists used the phoenix to symbolize their profession. (1870 Brewer)]

The secret society of Freemasonry makes liberal use of these symbols as can be seen on the back of a one dollar bill where there appears the front and back views of the Great Seal of the United States. Most people have no idea what a pyramid is doing on American currency. The answer is that some of the founding fathers of this country were Freemasons, such as George Washington, Ben Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, John Hancock, and Paul Revere.

Take out a one dollar bill and look at the reverse side of the Great Seal. The pyramid that you see there is an extra-terrestrial structure, which was built with human slave labor with the aid of some extra-terrestrial tools. Past life accounts verify this, and ETCs were even on-site and supervising the project.

The pyramid is truncated, and the triangular tip, or capstone, is glowing and hovering in the air above it in the same manner that UFOs have been reported to glow and hover. The capstone contains the "All-Seeing Eye," which is sometimes referred to as the "Eye of Ra," "Eye of God," "Eye of Osiris," or the "Eye of Horus." (According to Egyptian legend Horus was the great-great grandson of Ra and the son of Osiris and Isis, which would make Ra the great grandfather of Osiris and

Isis.)

We now have some clues as to the meaning of the All-Seeing Eye. Ra told Akarat: "I'm the God in the Heavens, and I SEE ALL. I know what's in the minds and hearts of men." Also, the Egyptian word for one of their "Gods" was NTR (Neter), which meant "One Who Watches." (Sitchin 1980, p.77) The Egyptian name for Osiris was Asar, which meant "The All-Seeing." The Assyrians worshipped a bearded God called Ashur, which also meant "The All-Seeing."

I discovered the true meaning of the "Eye of Ra" on May 16, 1995 while I was uncovering some of my own past life memories. I'm still conducting past life research in this area, so I'll reveal this new information in the sequel to this book, THE EYE OF RA.

The capstones of the Giza pyramids are no longer in place, and no one appears to know why they are missing or where they are. However, it appears that one capstone has been found buried in the ground some distance away from the pyramid of Amen-em-khet II at Dahshur. This pyramid-shaped stone bears the winged disk symbol and the inscription: "The face of king Amen-em-khet is opened, that he may behold the Lord of the Mountain of Light when he sails across the sky." (Sitchin, 1980, p. 240)

The winged disk emblem was used throughout the ancient history of the Middle East from Sumer to Babylon to Egypt to Persia. The Assyrians depicted their "God" Ashur riding in the middle of the winged disk, and the Persian "God" Ahura Mazda was also depicted riding in his winged disk, which had the added feature of two struts that probably represented landing gear. Thus the winged disk or "solar disk" did not just represent their "Gods" or sun worship; it was the vehicle that transported their "Gods." In fact in Egyptian bas-relief carvings of the winged disk, the disk itself is not flat, but convex like an inverted, shallow bowl or a saucer with a round surface on the bottom. The people of ancient civilizations--as well as the people of today--would see this convex surface when looking straight up at the bottom of a typical "flying disk" or "saucer." The wings of the "solar disk" obviously meant "flying," so this hieroglyph literally meant "flying saucer!" The past life research that I've conducted verifies that this interpretation is indeed correct.

It's understandable that Ra would be called the Sun God since his ship--like most flying saucers--could shine like the sun at night, could reflect the sun's light during the day with its shiny metallic surface, and traversed the heavens like the sun. Of course, in ancient times no aircraft existed, so the people had nothing with which to compare extra-terrestrial ships except natural objects such as planets, stars, and birds. However, it does appear that Ra wanted to be recognized as the Sun God, which may very well have reinforced his reputation as the Sun God.

Above the pyramid on the dollar bill are the words "ANNUIT COEPTIS," which has been loosely translated as "He has prospered our beginning." However, ANNUIT literally means "He nodded," so ANNUIT COEPTIS could also be translated "He approved of the beginning" or "He gave his blessing to these beginnings." Below the pyramid are the words "NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM," which literally means "New Order of the Ages," or as George Bush has uttered in public over two hundred times: "New World Order." This latter translation is not literal because SECLORUM does not mean "world," but nevertheless it is a valid interpretation that does indeed apply in these modern times.

On the other side of the Great Seal is an image of an eagle. However, originally this was a phoenix, but was later replaced by the eagle in 1841. According to author Rex Hutchins, a thirty-two degree

Mason, the eagle represents the Egyptian Sun God Amun Ra. (Epperson, 1990, p. 139) The symbol of the eagle has also been used throughout history in other cultures as a symbol for extra-terrestrial craft. (Sitchin, 1976, pp. 162-167) Although the phoenix is associated with the ETCs and their spacecraft and the concept of rebirth and eternal life, the exact original meaning of the legend of the phoenix has not been historically ascertained and is therefore open to speculation. The early Christians used the phoenix as a symbol of immortality and the resurrection.

The Grays apparently do know its meaning and even showed abductee Betty Andreasson a holographic depiction of the phoenix. In the book THE ANDREASSON AFFAIR by Raymond Fowler, Betty describes under hypnosis how she stood before a very realistic fifteen foot image of a phoenix, which burned into a pile of ashes producing a smell like incense. A gray worm then emerged out of the ashes. A loud voice told her that she had been chosen to show the world. Betty, having a Christian background, interpreted the event as a religious experience, and indeed, the Grays were leading her to believe that she was in the presence of God. The voice even referred to "my Son," thereby giving the impression of the Grays' involvement with Jesus Christ, who is believed to be the Son of God by Christians. Betty's experience not only demonstrates the Grays' manipulation of people's personal religious beliefs, but it also reaffirms by their use of the phoenix the existence of a coordinated conspiracy with the human-looking alien group of Ra, Ishtar, and the other members of the Pantheon of Twelve. There is much more symbolism in the Great Seal, which I will cover in greater detail in Book Two.

There is another symbol that ties together various alien groups and body types into a conspiratorial network. This symbol is a snake with wings. Although there are many cultures and religions that use the snake in some symbolic way or as an object of worship, the snake with wings attached to it is quite another matter. We all know that snakes don't have wings, and they don't fly, so why would any ancient culture paint hieroglyphs of winged serpents? Ancient Near Eastern cylinder seals sometimes contained depictions of the "Gateway to Heaven" guarded by winged snakes. (Sitchin 1980, p.139) In Egyptian hieroglyphs flying snakes and serpents with wings were often depicted along side of the "Gods." In fact the winged disk of the Egyptian "Gods" often had one or two snakes hanging on it. One hieroglyph in particular shows Osiris riding on a flying snake. The Greek "God" Typhon (Seth in Egypt) not only had the ability to fly, but was depicted as being half-man and half-snake and with wings. In a battle with Zeus Typhon was shot out of the sky. The symbol of Ra's father, Ptah, was the snake, and he was sometimes depicted with two snakes coiled around each other. Zecharia Sitchin posed the possibility that it was Ptah (Enki) who conducted a second genetic manipulation of mankind that enabled the human hybrids to procreate like the "Gods," and that this was what the Bible referred to as the "Serpent" in the Garden of Eden. The physician's caduceus, the winged staff with two serpents coiled around it, was purportedly carried by the "God" Hermes, whom the Greeks equated with the Egyptian "God" Thoth, one of Ra's constituents. Zecharia Sitchin has proposed that the coiled serpents of Ptah may graphically represent the double helix configuration of DNA molecules. Jack Wylie (Akarat) described a similar symbol that he observed while on Ra and Ishtar's spacecraft: "It's more like a physician's staff, more like a snake that looks like a staff."

If you take a look at the ancient "Gods" of Central Mexico and Central America, you will again find the serpent associated with "Gods"

that can fly. One "God" in particular, Quetzalcoatl, was referred to by the Aztecs as the "feathered serpent" who taught them the skills of goldsmithing. According to Zecharia Sitchin, Quetzalcoatl was probably the same person as the Egyptian "God" Thoth.

In 1967 Nebraska patrolman Herbert Schirmer was abducted by human-looking ETs--though they didn't look exactly like Earth humans--and taken aboard their craft. The ETs were wearing a winged serpent emblem on their silver-gray uniforms. The ETs also claimed that they had underground and underwater bases on Earth. (Ralph and Judy Blum, 1974) In 1978 William Herrmann was abducted by ETs who later indicated they were "Zeta Reticulians." They also wore a winged serpent emblem on their uniforms, which looks surprisingly like the winged serpent guarding the "Gateway to Heaven" on the ancient Near Eastern cylinder seals. (Wendelle Stevens, 1981)

Another symbol that is used in conjunction with ETCs is the circle with a point in the middle. This symbol often appears in Egyptian writing as the symbol for Ra, and sometimes the symbol has a snake wrapped around it. It is also a symbol of the secret society of Freemasons who have incorporated it and other symbols such as the compass, square, and the five-pointed star (pentagram) into the street plan and building lay-out of Washington D.C. The Washington Monument is a copy of the Egyptian "Beams of the Gods" ("obelisk" in Greek), and if you look at it from above, it is a point within a circle. Also, the Capitol Building itself is circumscribed by a circle, and the center is the pivotal point of the compass, which touches the front and center portion of the Capitol. One interpretation is that, like the obelisk, the point within a circle is a phallic symbol, and the circle around it is supposed to represent the female reproductive organ. The pharaohs erected obelisks for the purpose of obtaining the gift of Eternal Life from the "Gods." (Sitchin, 1980, p.76) Because of their shape and this eternal life belief, it's not surprising that obelisks have been regarded by some as phallic symbols. However, I doubt very much that they were first built with penis-envy in mind (unless, of course, it was Ishtar who first ordered their "erection.") Perhaps obelisks are nothing more than giant arrows pointing to the sky from which the ETCs came bringing the promise of everlasting youth and a lot of other lies.

I find it therefore intriguing that Kevin reported seeing the circle-with-a-point symbol on the wall of a Grays' spacecraft. Of course this doesn't mean that there is necessarily any direct connection here; the circle with a point is certainly not as unique a symbol as a snake with wings. However, it is perhaps more than just a coincidence that this symbol appeared on the wall of a spacecraft of a group of aliens that are genetically creating a new hybrid race. As we well know, one of their main activities in abductions is the extraction of sperm and ova, and sometimes this even involves the reproductive act itself (direct copulation).

Another interesting symbol that I found associated with the Egyptian "God" Amen was the scimitar, a symbol of power and foreign conquest. (Hart, 1990, p.23) One of the emblems of the secret society of Assassins was the scimitar. Perhaps it is more than just a coincidence that Akarat's secret society was called The Holy Order of the Scimitar.

Another "coincidence" is that the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, or "Shriners," also use the symbol of the scimitar. In the summer of 1994 I asked a Shriner--who had identified himself as a thirty-two degree Mason--what the symbols on his hat, or "fez," represented. He told me that they had no particular meaning, and that they were no different than the symbols of the Eagles or Moose

Lodges; he also told me that they had no secrets. Now in my younger days when I was more gullible, I would have taken him at his word, but I know that Freemasons place a tremendous importance on symbols, and they harbor many secrets, some of which are not ever revealed in the Lodge. This man had, in fact, blatantly lied to me. One does not have to be a genius to figure out that the scimitar was not used for carving wooden figurines; it was used for carving people. It is a blatant symbol for conquest through bloodshed, and of course it's a widely-used symbol of Islamic nations. Also, the five-pointed star on the Shriners' fez has historically represented Ishtar (Venus as the morning "star" in the east), the Goddess of War. The red fez was named after the Moroccan city of Fez, which was invaded by Muslims in the eighth century. The Muslims murdered tens of thousands of Christians and then dipped their caps in their blood as testimony to Allah. The dichotomy of the Shriners' image of helping children while publicly wearing a symbol of bloody conquest and violence illustrates once again the "benevolent facade" trademark of secret societies. If the secret society of Freemasons were truly benevolent, wouldn't they wear a symbol such as a dove or a family holding hands instead of a symbol for mass murder? Masons take oaths of secrecy under penalties of cruel and torturous death (called "blood oaths"), and in one particular initiation a dagger is pointed at the initiate's bare chest. Also, the symbol of Thirty-Three Degree Masonry is a double-headed eagle clutching a long thin sword in its claws, and the motto of the Thirty-Third Degree is ORDER OUT OF CHAOS (ORDO AB CHAO).

One of the primary purposes of secret societies is to create chaos on Earth; Akarat's Holy Order of the Scimitar, the Illuminati, and Freemasonry are just three examples of this principle at work. The "ORDER" of Thirty-Three Degree Freemasonry does not refer to the peaceful structuring of society, but rather the tightening fist of government control of the people. Only certain individuals are awarded the Thirty-Third Degree based upon outstanding contributions to Freemasonry. J. Edgar Hoover was an example of a Thirty-Three Degree Mason. The "Order Out Of Chaos" principle will be covered in greater detail in Book Two.

This, of course, doesn't mean that Masons don't help people; they often do. Nor does it mean that all Masons are bad. Secret societies have adopted the survival tool of presenting a benevolent public appearance to conceal their darker political and social motives; only the members at the highest degrees of initiation are allowed to learn the really dark secrets, and even many of them are not allowed into the inner fraternity. The members at the lower degrees are not given the true meaning of the symbols and are lied to by the "Adepts and Sages." This is not mere speculation; Masons such as Albert Pike, Manly P. Hall, and George Steinmetz have written books wherein they freely admit this. In fact, Steinmetz wrote in his book FREEMASONRY, ITS HIDDEN MEANING:

"It is in the ancient symbols of Freemasonry that its real secrets lie concealed, and these are densely veiled to the Mason as to any other. The most profound secrets of Masonry are not revealed in the Lodge at all. They belong only to the few."

Freemasonry consists of a secret society built within a secret society. Most Masons are basically good men who have absolutely no knowledge of this inner insidious secret society and will often speak out in defense of their fraternity by vehemently denying any such maleficent intentions. It should also be noted that not all Thirty-Three Degree Masons are admitted into this dark inner sanctum of Freemasonry; only Masons who exhibit sociopathic attributes are allowed

into this inner, occultic society.

Sociopaths often present a very believable facade of friendliness and benevolence; they are very clever at concealing their covert motives and activities. These antisocial personalities often surface at the highest echelons of government, especially in the military/intelligence sector, and coincidentally they are often Thirty-Three Degree Masons or members of such secret societies as the Knights Templar or Knights of Malta or Skull and Bones. An interesting exercise is to make a list of the persons involved in government cover-ups in the past and then find out how many of them belong to secret societies. If you do this, you will begin to realize who and what is actually running this country.

Historically, secret societies have sometimes run into disfavor with governments, and members have even been burned at the stake as was Jacques DeMolay, the Grand Master of the Knights Templar. Actually, it appears that this survival tool of a benevolent facade was taught by the ETCs and not just learned from experience.

Freemasonry is a synthesis, or melting pot, of all major secret societies and religions. Freemasons use symbols from Islamic, Jewish, and Christian religions as well as the ancient Greek and Egyptian "Mystery" religions. The ancient Egyptian "Mystery Schools" were created by the ETCs themselves, especially Ra and Thoth. (Thoth was known as Hermes by the Greeks and Mercury by the Romans; Ra was known as Zeus by the Greeks and Jupiter by the Romans.) The Egyptian Mystery Schools were actually secret societies in which its elite members were threatened with dire consequences if they revealed what they had learned. Some of the teachings of these Mystery Schools came from the Egyptian Book of the Dead (ca. 1600 B.C.) wherein the "God" Thoth alludes to the "higher degrees of initiation" and the title of "Grand Master." Here again is another piece of the puzzle that implicates the ETCs as the original source of secret societies. Even the Freemasons' tradition of wearing ceremonial aprons came from the aprons worn by the "Gods" and priests of ancient Egypt. (Bramley, 1989) The Scottish Rite of Freemasonry reflects the ancient Mystery religions, whereas the York Rite of Freemasonry incorporates the Christian religion.

The secret society of the Rosicrucians, or "Brothers of the Rosy Cross," is also deeply rooted in the ancient Egyptian Mystery Schools. Martin Luther, who started a new religious drama in the early 1500's, Protestantism, was supported by Rosicrucians and Illuminati, and his symbol, or seal, was a cross within a rose. (Bramley, 1989) The Eighteenth Degree of Scottish Rite Freemasonry is "Knight of the Pelican and Eagle, the Sovereign Prince Rose Croix (Cross) of Heredom" (MacKenzie 1967), indicating a relationship between the two secret societies. The Eye of Ra and the winged globe are also symbols used by Rosicrucians, and they also use the usual title of "Grand Master."

Another secret society celebrity Hasan-i Sabbah was also trained in Egypt. He became a member of the Islamic Shia sect and was indoctrinated in the Grand Lodge of the Ismailis (a branch of the Shia sect) at Cairo where he was given permission to spread the Ismailis gospel in Persia in 1078 A.D. He then occupied the fortress of Alamut, the "Eagle's Nest," and became the "Grand Master" of the Assassins as I previously mentioned. One of the Assassins' adversaries was the "Order of the Temple," or Knights Templar.

The Knights Templar--founded in 1118 A.D. and then based in a mosque purportedly on the site in Jerusalem where Solomon's temple once existed--protected Christian pilgrims in the Holy Land, helped the Crusaders, and pledged allegiance to the pope. Some believe that even today this secret society guards holy relics such as the Holy Grail and

robe of Jesus. Their mission of killing for Christ was not only bloody, but ironic, as Jesus had preached pacifism--turn the other cheek and love your enemies. Also, ironically, The Knights of the Temple, or "Militia of Christ," adopted the colors and hierarchy of one of their enemies, the Assassins. Their oxymoron colors were red, which symbolized bloodshed, and white, which symbolized spiritual purity and innocence. They, too, began using titles such as "Grand Master." According to a Muslim authority on Freemasonry, Mustafa El-Amin:

"More specifically, it was through the Knights Templar that most of the Eastern secret societies' methods were introduced into Europe. The Templars were influenced by the Order of the Assassins." (Still, 1990, p. 112)

They later grew very wealthy and became the first international bankers with vast real estate holdings and an annual income in Europe of ninety million dollars (MacKenzie 1967), which is not too bad for an organization in the twelfth century whose members originally pledged a life of poverty. They were also the first to establish a system of banking using checks and checking accounts. (Still, 1990, p. 113)

Knights Templar was incorporated into the York Rite of Freemasonry as was the Knights of Malta. The "Sovereign and Military Order of Malta," or SMOM, is the world's smallest country and is located in Rome. According to secret society researcher Jordan Maxwell, the Knights of Malta and the Jesuits are two secret societies directly connected to the Vatican. CIA director William Casey was a member of SMOM as well as Alexander Haig. CIA director Allen Dulles is reported to have been a member of both Knights Templar and Knights of Malta. You'll hear more about Allen Dulles in Book Two concerning the connection between the Nazis, the Rockefeller, and the aliens. After firing Allen Dulles President Kennedy chose another Knight of Malta, John McCone, to head the CIA. On September 18, 1947--less than three months after the Roswell flying saucer incident and the famous Kenneth Arnold UFO sighting in which the term "flying saucer" was coined--a devoted Freemason, President Harry S. Truman, signed the National Security Act, which created the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), a political secret society. Skull and Bones member George Bush headed the CIA and later became President.

At the base of the pyramid of the Great Seal are the Roman numerals for the year 1776, which is, of course, the year of the American Revolution. However, it's also the year that Adam Weishaupt "officially" established his nefarious secret society, the "Order of Perfectibilists," which later became widely known as the "Illuminati." (Howard, 1989, p. 61) According to secret society researcher Jordan Maxwell there is a document, which is still in existence from Weishaupt's Illuminati, that establishes this fact, and this document also contains the words ANNUIT COEPTIS NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM. This motto can be, in turn, traced back to the poet Virgil and the Greek Mysteries. (Recall that the head ET in Akarat's abduction identified himself also as "the God of Agamemnon"--in other words, the Greek God Zeus.) There are also letters in existence showing that George Washington was forewarned of the Illuminati's intent to infiltrate Freemasonry. Adam Weishaupt, who had been a law professor at a Jesuit university, later joined the Freemasons one year after establishing the Illuminati. The secret goal of the Illuminati was to overthrow governments and rule the world. He also wanted to abolish all religions and the right to private property. Weishaupt stated that they would secretly accomplish their goals within other organizations and under different names. However, the Illuminati was in existence long before Weishaupt established his secret Order. The

secret symbol that Weishaupt chose for the Illuminati was a circle with a point in the middle--the symbol for Ra. The Illuminati also used the symbol of the All-Seeing Eye in the triangle.

The subject of secret societies is so vast that I can only give a brief overview here, primarily to show that secret societies are connected and that they can be traced back historically to the ancient "Mysteries" and ultimately to the Ra/Ishtar/Thoth extra-terrestrial group. The bottom line is that the mystery to all these "Mysteries" is that there is really no mystery at all. All the initiations and mumbo jumbo ad nauseam of secret societies are virtually meaningless and without any significance whatsoever other than they are the misinterpretations and intended deceptions of the "elect" at the highest levels of initiation of secret societies, which are directly traceable to Ra and his cohorts. Lies are the primary tools of secret societies and the ETCs; the purpose of the lies in secret societies is to manipulate people so that governments can be controlled and eventually merged into a totalitarian one-world government, the New Order of the Ages, which has become known in modern times as The New World Order. I'll cover this subject in greater detail in Book Two wherein I'll show how secret societies have infiltrated and created religious sects, governments, and the world banking system.

Let's now take a closer look at Ra and his disciple Akhnaton. According to Zecharia Sitchin Ra made a big come-back and became head of the Pantheon of Twelve circa 2000 B.C. Apparently he reappeared in Egypt under a different name, "Amen" (The Hidden One), or "Amen-Ra" (The Hidden Ra). Ironically, four thousand years later people are still chanting "Amen" at the end of their prayers to God. Around 1500 B.C. the ruthless Pharaoh Thothmes III reported that he conquered and plundered on the command of his God Amen-Ra, just as other rulers in other areas were also commanded by their "God" to wage war. He also claimed that Ra gave him a ride up into Heaven in his spacecraft. In 1286 B.C. the conquering Pharaoh Ramesses II claimed that Amen-Ra appeared by his side and saved him from being killed against impossible odds in his battle with the Hittites. (Sitchin, 1935, p. 8)

Approximately a hundred years after the reign of Thothmes III a new Pharaoh brought a dramatic change not only to Egypt but to the whole world. The new concept was monotheism--worship of only one God. This change was brought about by the Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, or Akhnaten. (Note: I had spelled his names "Imenhotep" and "Aknoten" when I transcribed Jack's session. Also, the Egyptians excluded vowels in their written texts, so there are various spellings and pronunciations used for Pharaohs' names.) This Pharaoh began his reign under the name Amenhotep, which obviously showed that he was continuing the allegiance of his predecessors to the God Amen-Ra. However, he suddenly switched Gods in the middle of his reign, wiped out the name of Amen-Ra in the temples and shrines and introduced the God Aten. No other Gods were to be worshipped other than Aten. This obviously didn't set too well with everyone since Ra had been a well-established and worshipped Egyptian God for a long time.

When the Pharaoh introduced the worship of Aten as the new state religion, he also changed his own name to Akh-en-aten, which meant "Glory of Aten." (Spence 1990) Strangely, Aten didn't seem to have much of a personality. This is understandable since Aten wasn't a God at all, but the "Abode of Ra," the spacecraft that Ra used to travel from Heaven to Earth and back again. It is interesting that even in modern times people still refer to "Heaven" by pointing upward, because "God" historically came from the sky (the "heavens"). Extra-terrestrials and their spacecraft are the primary source of the myth of

"Heaven."

If the dominating ET in Akarat's abduction was in fact the Egyptian "God" Ra, who then claimed to be the "God" of Akhnaten, then we can conclude that it was Ra who started monotheism. This sheds new light on the mystery of the mysterious reign of Akhnaton. Apparently, Ra didn't just desire the status of being the top God in the Pantheon of Twelve; he wanted to become known as the "only" God. It appears to be more than a mere coincidence that one of the requirements for admission to the Freemasons and other similar organizations is a belief in a "one-God" religion. According to the Egyptian historian Manetho (ca. 300 B.C.), one of Akhnaton's High Priests became a great leader after being educated in the "only one God" philosophy. His name was Moses. (Bramley 1993)

How "Yahweh" fits into this picture is also open to speculation. Was Yahweh just another member of this same ET group who was either an adversary or a cohort of Ra? Or was Ra really playing two roles--both the bad God and the good God--in order to instigate chaos and wars between Earth societies like children playing with toy soldiers in a sandbox? The historical records dating back to Sumerian times reveal that Ra was always hungry for power and strove to become the top "God." Whoever Yahweh was, he "appeared" to have been the enemy of Ishtar and Ishtar's brother, Shamash (Utu), according to the Bible. This is rather ironic because Yahweh claimed to be the only God, but at the same time he acknowledged the existence of other Gods. Not only did these "Gods" fight amongst themselves, they ordered their appointed kings to wage wars against other kingdoms and sometimes provided their own high-tech weaponry to insure victory. Not exactly the kind of behavior you'd expect from a God. Yahweh was certainly not an exception to the rule as he brought about wars and plagues and commanded the penalty of death for worshipping other "Gods" in order to perpetuate the practice of monotheism.

In Chapter Twenty of Deuteronomy we find the God of Israel telling Moses:

"When you march up to attack a city, make its people an offer of peace. If they accept and open their gates, all the people in it shall be subject to forced labor and shall work for you. If they refuse to make peace and they engage you in battle, lay siege to that city. When the Lord your God delivers it into your hand, put to the sword all the men in it." (NIV, 1973)

In other words Yahweh was commanding Moses to give people the choice between death and slavery, a choice that inevitably leads to bloodshed. History is replete with examples that when a people's land and possessions are stolen by an attacking army, or if they are threatened with slavery, they will indeed fight back. It is obvious that whoever Yahweh was, he knew the consequences of his actions, and this made him no more, no less than a war-monger and an enslaver of men. This is rather ironic since Yahweh just brought the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt and was now saying that it was okay for them to enslave others. Even more ironic is that Yahweh violated two of his own commandments that he gave to the Israelites--"You shall not steal" and "You shall not murder." Also, if we divide the name given to Jacob and the "chosen people" into syllables, we get Is-Ra-El. El means God, and I don't think I have to explain what Ra means. Could it be that the Israelites were actually followers of the "God" Ra? The word Israel purportedly means "God fights." If indeed this was Ra, then this definition most certainly would fit.

The mass genocide that occurred at Sodom and Gomorrah was a prime example of the unconscionable violence perpetrated by Yahweh. It

is illogical to conclude that all citizens of a city are irreparably corrupt even to include young children and newborn babies. These actions were the result of a madman of the caliber of a Hitler or a Stalin and were about as logical as blaming the scorched and vaporized women and children of Nagasaki and Hiroshima for the cause of World War II.

When the "God" Marduk became angry with the king and people of Babylon, he ordered "seventy years" of "desolation" and allowed the Assyrian king Sennacherib to conquer the city with the guidance and weaponry of Ashur (the "All-Seeing"). In like manner Yahweh later meted out "seventy years" of "desolation" upon Jerusalem for worshipping Ishtar (the "Queen of Heaven") and other "Gods" and allowed the Babylonians to tear down the walls of the city of Jerusalem. (Sitchin, 1985, p. 14, p. 20) Does this mean that Yahweh, Marduk (Ra), and Ashur were really the same person manipulating wars between cities, or was this in reality rivalry between feuding ETs? Whoever they were, these repeated examples of warmongering indicate that these so-called "Gods" were quite insane, and untold numbers of unquestioning Earthlings have been suffering for thousands of years because of it.

In Chapter 12 of Numbers we gain further insight into the identity of Yahweh:

"Then the Lord came down in a pillar of cloud [transporter beam?]: he stood at the entrance to the Tent and summoned Aaron and Miriam. When both of them stepped forward, he said, `Listen to my words: When a prophet of the Lord is among you, I reveal myself to him in visions [telepathic implants?], I speak to him in dreams. But this is not true of my servant Moses; he is faithful in all my house. With him I speak face to face, clearly and not in riddles; he sees the form of the Lord...'"

So here we see that Yahweh was not only of a human form, but he was specifically referred to as being of the male gender. Although the "Gods" Yahweh and Ra have been referred to as "invisible" or "hidden" Gods throughout history, it appears that in reality they are nothing more than flesh-and-blood extra-terrestrials with clearly psychotic attributes. This "invisible" or "hidden" aspect of Ra and Yahweh was probably due to their abilities to telepathically convey messages to their chosen prophets without having to appear to them in person, in much the same manner that New Age prophets channel ETs, "ascended masters," or beings from "higher dimensions."

[Note: In Book Two I will clarify how I came to discover these phenomena. Unlike some armchair philosophers who merely speculate, I have actually experienced these phenomena firsthand, and at one point even heard the voices of "channeled Pleiadians" and saw a "vision" via the physical implant (transponder) in my brain, which had been implanted by Grays. In this lifetime I've experienced being a New Ager as well as a Christian. Channeling, in its various forms, has existed for millennia, and there are many examples of it in the Bible. It has always been one of the primary tools of manipulation of the ETCs.]

There were other religious changes and upheavals between the time of Thothmes III and the time of Moses. One of those changes was that Ishtar made a reappearance in Egypt and was worshipped under the name of Ashtoreth (Jack Wylie had pronounced her name "Ashureth.") True to her character she was still the Goddess of Love and War and was depicted in Egyptian art as standing totally nude on top of a lion or leading a battle in a horse-drawn chariot. Ashtoreth was also Ishtar's Caananite name, and she was already well-established there as the Goddess of fertility and sexuality long before the Israelites arrived.

Another significant change occurred during this time period in the

Indus Valley region when the Aryans invaded from the northwest with horse-drawn war chariots and superior swords, bringing with them a new religion, which we now recognize as Hinduism. The Aryans brought their ancient legends (Vedas) of flying "Gods," and they created the myth of racial supremacy that light-skinned people are superior and should rule over dark-skinned people. From there on an oppressive caste system developed, and false notions about the past lives phenomenon were promulgated. Persons born into a low caste were said to have sinned in their last lifetime, and it was virtually impossible to elevate oneself to a higher caste level. The Aryan tradition of racial prejudice and violence continued into modern times within such secret societies as the Nazi SS and the Ku Klux Klan.

Somewhere between 750 and 550 B.C. a Persian prophet--an Aryan by the name of Zoroaster--created a new religion. His "Judgement Day" prophecy was purportedly given to him personally by the one true God, Ahura Mazda, a human-looking bearded god who traversed the heavens in his winged disk.

The religion was complete with the reward of Heaven and the punishment of Hell. One of the faithful worshippers of Ahura Mazda, Viraf, wrote that he was "transported in a vision" to Heaven and Hell. He was taken first up to the "star station" in Heaven where radiant, "glittering" souls sat on "thrones," and he was also granted a personal audience with Ahura Mazda himself. (Hinnells 1973) He was shown that Heaven was a very pleasant place where the faithful were rewarded for their good deeds and adherence to the Zoroastrian religious practices. Hell, as might be expected, was underground, and it was where disobedient people were severely punished for their sins. Ahriman was the CEO of devils and was described as the "Great Serpent" or "Lord of Darkness." (Walker 1983) According to Zoroaster's prophecy Ahriman is finally defeated after the arrival of a third and final saviour who is conceived by a virgin, as were the previous two saviours. Ahriman was a later version of one of twelve zodiacal Gods, "Aryaman," of the Aryans' Hindu religion.

Another Hindu God of the Aryans was Mitra, who was later incorporated into Zoroastrianism as Mithra, the all-seeing, warlike son of Ahura Mazda and the enemy of the devil, Ahriman. Mithraism developed into a very popular, wide-spread religion and secret society that became the main rival to early Christianity. It appears that Freemasonry and the Illuminati borrowed some of the symbols and initiation rites from Mithraism as there are some very obvious parallels between these secret societies. Christianity also borrowed many customs and rituals from Mithraism, which predated Christianity by hundreds of years.

Mithra, the Persian savior of light, was born on December 25th, the "Birthday of the Unconquered Sun." It was believed by some that Mithra was born from the union between the Sun God and a mortal virgin. His birth was attended by shepherds and Magi who brought gifts. During his life he performed the same kind of miracles that Jesus performed, and he spent his Last Supper with his twelve disciples. His subsequent death and ascension to Heaven was celebrated at the spring equinox (Easter). One of the seven Mithraic sacraments consisted of a meal of wine and bread marked with a cross, the bread representing the flesh of the Sun God and the wine his blood. (Walker, 1983) The male-only initiates of Mithras underwent a symbolic rebirth by being literally washed in the blood of a bull. The symbol of the serpent and the caduceus of Hermes/Thoth (two snakes coiled around a staff) were also used in one of the initiation rites.

Was Ahura Mazda really Ra or Yahweh or was he some other ETC?

Whoever he was he promoted the myth of Hell, a netherworld torture chamber of intense burning fires (or extreme cold) where people who disobey "God" (the ETCs) were punished. Even in modern times millions of people, including Christians, believe Hell is a real place where the disbelievers and the wicked are eternally tortured. In the Bible Hell is sometimes referred to as "Gehenna" or "Valley of Hinnom," a narrow valley southwest of Jerusalem where sacrifices were made at the fire-altar of the God Molech. Molech, which means "king," was the tutelary fire-god of the "Ammonites." This may indicate that Molech was actually Ra (Ammon or Amen). The shrine was later converted to a dump where garbage and even the corpses of criminals and other outcasts were burned. This literally made Hell a hot stinking place where the wicked go (at least their bodies) after death. Therefore, it is not difficult to see how this myth got started. Also, Egyptian hieroglyphs depicted the wicked being burned in fire-pits in the underworld, thus further fueling the fires of a mythological Hell. (Walker 1983) Indeed, it appears that the concept of Hell was an amalgamation of the ETC social implants of the Egyptians (Duat), Greeks (Hades), and Persians (Zoroaster's Hell) with the Ra/Ishtar/Thoth group as the originators of this insidious lie.

Christianity appears to have borrowed many of its myths and symbols from earlier ETC manipulation. The cross, for example, is a very old ETC symbol. It has been proposed by some UFO believers that Jesus was a genetic manipulation of extra-terrestrials. As we are witnessing today, ETs do indeed have the technology to create "virgin births," so perhaps he literally was a son of a "God," a genetic hybrid ET/human. Was the "Star of Bethlehem" really a UFO? The "Son of God/Judgement Day" theme appears to be woven into numerous ETC social implants. Also, if you study secret societies in depth and then examine the teachings of Jesus, you'll see some striking parallels. Given the ETCs' track record of deception and the creation of an endless line of prophets, this may be more than mere speculation.

As you will remember in Akarat's abduction, "Ra" proclaimed a "final Judgement Day, and all of the believers will be lifted up and saved." This is not only a common Christian belief, but many New Agers believe that they will be beamed up into spaceships and saved by ETs right before a major Earth cataclysm soon to come. These revelations come from channeled entities who usually stipulate that only those who have achieved a higher consciousness or higher "frequency" will be chosen for this extra-terrestrial version of the rapture. For example, in the book PROJECT WORLD EVACUATION (1993), "Tuella" channels Soltec of the Ashtar Command who sends greetings from the spaceship "The Great Phoenix" and declares that evacuation from the planet up into spacecraft is inevitable. Not surprisingly, some of the New Age channeled entities bear such names as "Ra" and "Ptah." Many other channeled extra-terrestrials have been making cataclysmic "end of the world" prophecies, which indicates that the ETCs are alive and well even today and are up to their same old tricks.

In September of 1993 I was abducted from my van and was told by a female Gray that I would be beamed up and saved by them right before great catastrophes and wars occur on Earth. Thanks, but no thanks!

In THE GODS OF EDEN author, William Bramley, reveals how the "Custodians" (ETCs) have repeatedly set up Judgement Day prophets throughout history. This has obviously been a very powerful and effective tool for the ETCs. Mr. Bramley was not a UFO believer at first; he began his research to discover the hidden cause of war. This then led him to later discover the source of the problem, ETs. I would expound more on the subject of Judgement Day prophets here, but

William Bramley covers the subject so well in his book that it would be best for me just to recommend his book THE GODS OF EDEN. What is most interesting is that both he and I arrived at the same conclusions even though we employed two entirely different approaches. That is, he uncovered extra-terrestrial manipulation of religions, secret societies, and wars by thoroughly studying recorded history, whereas I made the same basic discoveries via the eyewitness accounts of abductees and through my own personal experiences.

During the Council of Nicea in the fourth century A.D. the Roman Emperor Constantine rejected the concept of reincarnation and other "pagan" beliefs. In Constantinople in 553 A.D. the Byzantine Emperor Justinian proclaimed that anyone who believed in the past lives phenomenon ("prior existence of souls") would be anathematized (accursed) by the Church, thereby reinforcing the Heaven/Hell myth in early Christianity. Later during the Inquisition the concept of Hell was brutally and severely reinforced by burning women and even young children alive at the stake. The Inquisitors' justification of this insanity was that the eternally damned should begin their punishment in this life so as to serve as an example to others who might start thinking "heretical" thoughts. Today Christianity owes much of its widespread existence to its previous modus operandi of acquiring adherents via torture and death and the ultimate threat of eternal punishment in Hell. When the Spanish invaded the Americas, they not only stole all the gold of the natives (who claimed that the gold belonged to the "Gods" that flew), but they even resorted to cutting off the natives' body parts until they pledged allegiance to Christianity. Fortunately, the Catholic Church no longer uses these methods to gain converts. However, the discussion of the past lives phenomenon is still considered "blasphemous" by many Christians today.

The ETCs have used the reward/punishment, Heaven/Hell, Eternal Life/Eternal Death, pleasure/pain dichotomies as an effective tool of manipulation for millennia. Here is the very heart of the social implant. Manipulation of individuals and societies is best achieved not by just pushing or pulling the individual toward a desired behavior, but by combining the two aspects, pushing and pulling simultaneously. That is, the carrot of the hope or promise of spiritual evolvment or Eternal Life "pulls" the individual in the desired direction, and the "push" of physical pain or destruction or the fires of Hell licking his heels keeps the individual from even thinking about checking out a different or better path. So here we have the pull toward pleasure (survival) and the push away from pain (destruction), which usually makes for a very obedient extra-terrestrial worshipper. Thus, most people who have bought into this type of social implantation won't even take a look at the truth even if you stuck their face in it. The force of the social implant depends upon the fact that the individual chose it consciously and of his or her own free will, to the exclusion of all other ideas or philosophies. Here is the ultimate in "thought police;" guilt is established in the mind of the convert by the church hierarchy in order to squelch any free thinking or "heretical" ideas.

The ETCs know that fear is one of the most effective motivations, and fear of eternal damnation works extremely well to curb intellectual thinking and free thought. By telling the chosen "prophets" to worship only certain "Gods," or one specific "God," or that there is only one correct way to worship "God," the ETCs have effectively divided people into many different and opposing religious groups that are out of communication with one another and sometimes war against each other. So here we are in the twentieth century, but still in the Dark Ages of

spiritual awareness.

It is not, however, the religions alone that have been the major cause of war and chaos on this planet, but the secret societies that have been working behind the scenes perpetuating social unrest and carrying out the plans of the ETCs. Religions serve as vehicles for many of these insidious secret societies; Akarat's abduction was a prime example of this principle. Another example of this principle is Freemasonry with its two main branches: the York Rite, which purportedly accommodates those of the Christian faith, and the Scottish Rite, which purportedly reveals the ancient "Mysteries." (Shriners must be either thirty-two degree Scottish Rite Masons or thirteen degree Knights Templar Masons of the York Rite.) In this manner Freemasonry could attract those who believe in past lives and those who do not; in neither case is the truth actually presented, though. In fact, one of the ultimate goals of Weishaupt's Illuminati was to destroy all religions (especially Christianity) and replace it with "reason." However, even Weishaupt's religion of "reason" was a deception; his actual intentions were to create chaos in the form of covertly planned oppressions and world revolutions. "Order Out of Chaos" is still one of the predominant tools used to usher in the "New Order of the Ages."

Obviously there are genuine spiritual experiences involved with certain religious practices, but people usually fail to see that what they are experiencing is a result of the fact that they are spiritual beings. Therefore, it is the spiritual being "experiencing itself." Also, past life psychological implants dealing with religious experience and belief are often triggered in conjunction with certain religious practices. The God/Satan dichotomy is an example of a rather common past life psychological implant, which can be easily triggered by the ETC-generated social implants of Earth religions, and this can create a very fervent fire-and-brimstone zealot.

I haven't yet addressed the question of what the ancient "Gods" Ra and Ishtar were doing in the year 1632 A.D. If they were indeed who they claimed to be, then they were obviously doing what they have been doing for thousands of years--manipulating mankind. As I pointed out earlier, if it wasn't them, then it still pinpoints extra-terrestrials as the source of secret societies, religions, political corruption, and war. However, if it was them, then we can consider some possibilities of how they might have arrived in Turkey in the seventeenth century.

According to the Sumerian records Ra and Ishtar existed long before the Great Flood, which would make them tens of thousands of years old. Therefore, I think we can safely rule out the possibility that their bodies are actually that old. However, it could be possible with their knowledge of genetics that new bodies could be cloned from the old ones. Perhaps they have the technology or still have the ability as spiritual beings to leave one body and take up a new one without suffering the usual amnesia and trauma that we Earth humans experience in the death to birth cycle. If this is true, then perhaps this is what has been referred to as "the Tree of Life," "Fountain of Youth," or "Eternal Life." Another possibility is that the Pantheon of Twelve is just a conspiratorial organization with executive positions that are vacated when someone dies, and then a new ET fills the vacated position. Some modern contactees have reported extra-terrestrial claims of time travel capabilities; this appears to be the most plausible explanation. All of these, of course, are just educated guesses, and it is not so important to know "how" the ETCs are doing it as it is "that" they are doing it. Therefore, we should focus our attention on solutions to the problem of extra-terrestrial

manipulation.

To counteract the negative aspect of social implantation, we can begin by being more tolerant of each other's religious/spiritual beliefs and not feel threatened by other belief systems. However, this does not mean that we should condone violence or war as a means to further the aims of any certain religion. Nor does it mean that all religions must be syncretized into a one-world religion. We only need to first disarm the ETCs' intentions of creating disunity and chaos simply by not allowing religious (and political) differences to come between ourselves.

It is not the purpose of this book to try to destroy people's religious beliefs, but simply to expose the source of them for those individuals who are open-minded enough to examine this new information. As I previously mentioned, abductees seldom if ever give up their religious beliefs when they discover their involvement with extra-terrestrials. In case after case abductees with strong religious beliefs have subsequently retained their beliefs and maintained their status as Catholics, born-again Christians, followers of the Great White Brotherhood, or whatever they were prior to learning of their status as abductees. These social implants are so firmly instilled that the abductee usually incorporates the abduction phenomenon into their belief system, sometimes making minor adjustments. This often results in misinterpretations of the abduction phenomenon by the abductee, but it also demonstrates that religions will not collapse if the UFO/ET reality is made known to the general public. For example, some New Age people may interpret the Grays as being benevolent due to their unquestioning faith in certain channeled entities; Christians may interpret Grays to be the disciples of Satan (which may not be too far off the mark.) Consequently, we can observe a wide variety of viewpoints, often at opposite ends of the spectrum. Television and radio evangelists are now speaking openly about UFOs and alien abductions, and some of them are even now addressing the possibility that contacts with extra-terrestrials are described in the Bible.

We cannot ignore also that churches often perform beneficial services to communities, and confessionals can sometimes provide great spiritual relief for people. In fact it is vital to the health of our society to allow freedom of religious thought by supporting the Constitution of the United States. History is replete with examples that without freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of press, and freedom of thought tyranny will reign. The main reason that history "repeats itself" is because the Extra-Terrestrial Conspirators have rigged it up that way. However, we should not forget our own responsibility in creating our planetary society. Social implants are transmitted from generation to generation voluntarily. Blaming our condition on extra-terrestrials in itself will not magically resolve the situation or bring us to a positive solution. It is, however, a starting point that exposes the source of the problem.

Secret societies are the source of the worldwide UFO cover-up. This is not surprising since it was the extra-terrestrials who set up the secret societies in the first place. Secret societies--whether you believe it or not--have taken over control of the United States government. The existence of underground U.S. military/alien bases proves that "we the people" no longer have any significant say-so in the operation of our own government under the Constitution. Although many Americans are keenly aware that there is something wrong with government and that our elected officials don't seem to be listening to the common people, they are unaware of why this is happening or how it came about. Furthermore, this Machiavellian cover-up is so

pervasive and so unbelievable, most Americans would think you were crazy if you told them. And it is the ETCs that are the ultimate source of the cover-up. The importance of "invisibility" is why UFO sightings are kept to a bare minimum. The machinations of the ETCs are effective only because they operate behind the cloak of secrecy.

Let's now summarize the some of the basic characteristics of the social implant:

1. Social implants are based on faith. They demand blind, unquestioning allegiance, worship, or acceptance of a God, prophet, leader, philosophy, discipline, cause, or secret fraternal doctrine.
2. Social implants are held in place by using the push/pull principle of reward/punishment, Heaven/Hell, Eternal Life/Eternal Death, power/victim, pleasure/pain, life/death; they appeal to emotions, not rational thought; fear is one of the primary motivations.
3. Social implants are accepted and agreed to voluntarily and consciously; they are passed down from generation to generation and from person to person like a communicable disease.
4. The ETCs are the hidden source of social implants.
5. The purpose of social implantation is to control Earth humans. Control (ORDER) is achieved by a) creating conflict, war, and disunity (CHAOS); b) creating and establishing unworkable "dead-end" religious practices and philosophies to keep mankind from discovering our true spiritual nature and the true nature of the situation we are in; c) maintaining the condition of amnesia to keep mankind from discovering both present and past life psychological implants, which would lead to spiritual freedom if revealed.
6. Social implants and psychological implants are mutually reinforcing; that is, the power of the social implant is dependent upon earlier psychological implantation, and likewise, psychological implants are triggered and reinforced by existing social implants.

Secret societies are social implants, which have certain identifying characteristics that I have summarized below:

1. The most obvious characteristic of secret societies is that they are secret. This is not the same as a club or society with an exclusive membership; secret society members are often threatened with death if they reveal their secrets; they take "blood oaths." The fact that they are secret is tacit admission that they have something to hide that is destructive to society as a whole.
2. The hidden source of secret societies are the ETCs.
3. The major secret societies are structured within the framework of one or more religions or ancient "Mysteries" that serve as vehicles for the secret societies.
4. The goal of secret societies is to infiltrate the political structure of countries in order to control each country. Political (non-religious) secret societies are formed within the governments of nations, such as "intelligence" agencies like the CIA and NSA or political/economic groups such as the Council on Foreign Relations and Trilateral Commission. The ultimate goal is to control the entire planet under an oppressive one world government. Secret societies are and have been the vehicle by which an elite few have gained control over the many. Only a small percentage of the population are aware of the real power

structure and chain of command on Earth and of the pervasive influence of secret societies.

5. Secret societies often profess spiritual enlightenment, secret knowledge, or "illumination," hence "Illuminati." According to Zecharia Sitchin the term "Ilu"--which meant "Lofty Ones"--was the Akkadian word for the flying people that in later civilizations became identified as "Gods." Perhaps this is more than just a mere coincidence.
6. Secret societies are usually permeated with rituals and symbolism.
7. Only some of the elect (also called "Adepts and Sages") in the highest echelons (degrees) of the order are aware of the true purpose and modus operandi of the secret society. Built within the system of degrees is a system to separate and promote sociopaths to the highest degrees. There are secrets within secrets and fraternities within fraternities. Most secret societies present a public appearance of being only a charitable and benevolent organization; most members are unaware of the other hidden, sociopathic side of the organization.
8. Secret societies often share similar symbols, rituals, myths and titles, which indicate a common heritage or source, i.e. the ETCs. Symbols of violence and death are commonplace. Both secret societies and religions use rituals and symbols that purportedly have "mystical" value, but actually they are arbitrary and, as Jack Wylie observed, nonsensical. Indeed, mysticism is a common attribute of both secret societies and religions. Mysticism is simply the result of ETCs assigning a significance to something that is insignificant. For example, the ETCs showed Akarat body movements that he must teach others in order to properly worship the "Gods." The pentagram and the hexagram are two examples of symbols that have been promoted as having mystical, or magical, powers (i.e. "sacred geometry"), and one or both of these symbols appear in such diverse social implants as Freemasonry, Judaism, satanism, and more recently the Ashtar Command and the Raelian movement. [The Raelian movement was founded by Claude Vorilhan who reported being contacted by ETs in 1973. They claimed to be the "Elohim," the ET group that had genetically created mankind on Earth. Their symbol is the swastika in the middle of a hexagram. Modern contactees and prophets will be covered more extensively in Book Two of THE PROGRAMMING OF A PLANET.] The rebirth ritual is a common denominator of secret societies; it is intended to create an altered viewpoint through a mystical experience of the initiate. If the initiate actually experiences a mystical "rebirth," it is due to the triggering of past life psychological implants.
9. Social upheaval and war are often historically associated with the activities of secret societies.
10. Secret societies have helped create the world banking system, both historically and currently.
11. One of the secrets of secret societies is to branch out by taking on different names and identities, but retaining the same unity of purpose. In spite of this, however, sometimes secret societies have been at odds with one another.
12. Mysteries and secrets are the magnets that entice initiates to venture deeper, degree by degree, into the inner mysteries, which are seldom ever revealed. The ultimate secret is that they have all been manipulated by the Ra/Ishtar/Thoth ETC group, and it is a game that everyone loses. The promise is "illumination," but the end result is de-evolution for all mankind.

13. The guarded secrets are usually not written down, but rather they are passed on verbally, person-to-person. In this way secrets can sometimes be communicated down through the centuries without there being any tangible proof of their existence or of a conspiracy.
14. An attitude of elitism is indoctrinated into secret society members, or as Jack Wylie put it, "everybody else was crap." Murder and mayhem are acceptable and justifiable means to accomplish goals.

The lifeblood of the social implant is its secrecy. Unworkable religious practices and other negative social implants exist because the secret is that extra-terrestrials have created them; they are created in such a way to prevent permanent spiritual evolvment or betterment. Likewise, secret societies are only effective because they are secretive; a secret implies that there is something to hide; something to hide implies that there is a person or people who are adversely affecting others' survival. Theoretically, there is nothing wrong with a secret as long as there is no harmful intent or activity. However, on planet Earth an innocuous secret is most certainly a rarity.

Therefore, the Achilles' heel of both psychological and social implants is to expose the secret. Truth is the ultimate weapon. Here again, we see that the old axiom "Know the truth, and it will set you free" offers a workable solution to disarm the ETCs' handiwork.

Indeed, solutions should be our focus, not all-consuming preoccupation with the problem. It takes a good deal of courage and self-determination, however, to initiate solutions. We are faced with almost insurmountable odds. Not only do we need to overcome our own individual psychological and social implantation, but we are also confronted with the programming of society as a whole. Society as a whole does not want to know about what is really going on. Like many abductees, society in general is currently going through a denial phase on the subject of alien abductions. This is due in part because of the social and psychological implantation, but also because the truth is for many just too unpleasant to confront. In other words we start getting into the subject of courage and integrity, which society as a whole is currently lacking.

The majority of the citizens of this country would rather, like the proverbial ostrich, hide their heads in the sand and ignore the problem. For most, the problem is much too messy and unpleasant to face, plus society is programmed not to confront or even recognize the problem. This viewpoint, however, blocks the way for a solution to the problem.

The ETCs have been manipulating this planet for a very, very long time, and there is no indication that they are going to cease their activities. Through my own personal past life investigations I have observed Grays abducting people over 15,000 years ago. UFO researcher Linda Moulton Howe reported that she was shown government documents in 1983 that stated--to the best of her memory--that the alien genetic manipulation went back as far as 25,000 years ago. (Good 1993) It is therefore folly to assume that this is some kind of short-term project.

What the ETCs' future plans are we can only speculate. The bottom line is that if we care about our children, and their children, and their children's children, we must do something about the problem now while we have the opportunity. We need to realize that "their children's children," will be, for the most part, "us." That is, if history repeats itself, most of us are going to discard our worn-out bodies and pick up new ones on this planet. So it will be "us" in the

future, only in different bodies. Our society, for the most part, promulgates the idea that the future will be populated with people other than ourselves; this is a gross misconception. Abductees, especially, have a vested interest in handling the problem now, because we are abducted again and again, lifetime after lifetime. The problem never goes away. Why? Because we have never confronted and handled the problem.

For the first time in many thousands of years we have discovered the source of the problem, and we can now understand it. This is a result of past life research and modern technology. We can now understand how our planetary society has been programmed to keep us from discovering the truth. In spite of the programming, we can overcome it. Therefore, we are in an entirely new situation at present. A golden opportunity presents itself in that we now have a chance--however slight--to possibly do something about the problem. Whether we indeed do something about it, will depend on our courage and willingness to confront the problem and our capacity to take on a large measure of responsibility. Responsibility for our own future. For we alone are responsible for our future. If we don't create our own future, then it's going to be created for us. And, as we have seen, those who have historically created our future have not had our best interests in mind (to say the least). The fact that the ETCs have, for the most part, operated in secrecy demonstrates that they are vulnerable and not all-powerful as they would like us to believe. I interpret this as a good sign, and this indicates that we can indeed do something about the situation. Although the ETCs have superior weaponry, they are not pursuing conquest by force, but rather they are controlling the planet through deception. The solution then becomes obvious: we need only to concentrate on disarming their weapons of deception.

There are those that believe that benevolent ETs are going to save us. However, there has never been an instance in recorded history where any benevolent ETs have successfully intervened on our behalf to prevent a major catastrophe or to thwart the negative aliens' manipulations. In fact just fifty years ago a major mass genocide occurred in Nazi Germany in which an estimated eleven million innocent people were brutally exterminated; before that an estimated forty million people were exterminated by Stalin; not one "benevolent ET" raised as much as a finger in assistance or even in protest! Both of these genocidal projects can be traced to the Illuminati, which can, in turn, be traced to the ETCs. I've discovered from my own past life memories that Adolph Hitler and his Nazis were hobnobbing with Grays even before World War II. It is time for us to stop being so naive.

Of course, there are self-proclaimed "benevolent ETs" who have appointed present-day prophets to "channel" their sugar-coated messages concerning the upcoming evacuation of planet Earth in which "The Chosen Ones" will be beamed up to a better life. This, however, is just another variation of the "believe and you'll be saved" deceptions that the ETCs have been using for millennia to hook the unsuspecting and foster complacency. I can only speak for myself by saying that this is one fish that has too often felt the sting of that hook, and I'll no longer take that bait.

This is a tough planet to live on. There is no survival value in being naive, gullible, innocent, ignorant, or being a sheep. The time to break away is now. Not with revolution, but evolution. Not with violence, but with understanding. The ultimate weapon is truth. The first step of the quantum leap begins with the peaceful dissemination of the truth. Without a proper understanding of our present situation

we cannot evolve with positive and stable results; to understand the solution we must first understand the problem. To do nothing is to allow a continuation of the status quo of war and suffering on this planet.

We must proceed forward in the spirit of unity, setting aside our differences so as not to encumber the greater goal. Part of the solution may involve an amnesty program for the military, intelligence, and civilian personnel involved with the collusion with the negative aliens. It's not likely that the secret government is going to confess the truth if they know they're going to be facing a lynch mob. Also, the powers that be must be brought into the understanding that in the long run--that is, in their own future lives--they ultimately have nothing to gain and everything to lose by cooperating with the ETCs to carry out their plans for the continued enslavement of mankind.

Although the ETCs are by definition "the enemy," the primary enemy that we must confront and handle is amnesia. Without amnesia the social and psychological implants would have no force whatsoever. That is, if we all contacted and fully remembered our past existences, then we would not only disarm the psychological implants, but we would each know personally that we are indeed incredible spiritual beings with incredible abilities. At the risk of sounding like a broken record, I will once again allude to the principle of truth leading to freedom, which applies most efficaciously in this matter. I say this not as a matter of theoretical principle, but that in actual practice past life therapy, done properly, has been proven to effectively release and free people from the past life trauma that restricts or limits our abilities.

Please do not just simply accept or reject the discoveries that I and others have made regarding alien abductions and the past lives phenomenon. Do your own research; find out for yourself. As I mentioned earlier in the introduction to this book, the research that I have conducted and the subsequent results and conclusions that I have presented in this book can be verified by others as well. These discoveries are not dependent upon my credibility, therefore anyone who debunks these discoveries or me personally is either admitting their own narrow-mindedness or their affiliation with the government debunking program. Any intelligent being who is willing to put in the time and effort required to do this research in an unbiased manner will arrive at similar conclusions. Workable solutions are needed. The future is ours to create.