

# **I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember**

*An Expanded View of the  
Alien Abduction Phenomenon*

***K. Wilson***

*I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember: An Expanded View of the Alien Abduction Phenomenon*

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*I would like to express my sincere appreciation to Erik and Tom, whose assistance and devotion made the Second Edition of this book a reality.*

*Very special thanks to Linda and my fellow travelers who have shared their incredible encounters with me over the past two decades.*

*Your courage is an inspiration.*



*This book is dedicated to the memories of*

*Doreen and Rose Marie*

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*Rose Marie*  
*Second Edition Update*

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I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember

# Foreword

## *An Expanded View of Alien Abduction*

What you are about to read is a true story of alien abduction. This book covers my life over a period of approximately 14 years and many of the encounters I experienced during those years. It is important that you read the chapters in this book in order since each chapter is based upon information in the chapters preceding it; if you skip around, the “life-story” and many of the experiences will not make sense to you.

The footnotes, published in the Notes section at the end of each chapter, contain important information pertaining to my case. I have tried to include certain information from my previous books to help people who have not read them better understand my story. Appendix I *Doreen’s Experiences* will be easier to understand after Chapter Seven and all chapters preceding it have been read. The Second Edition of this book, which you are reading now, contains the most up-to-date information relating to my case. The majority of these additions are located at the end of each chapter prior to my Notes under the heading *Second Edition Update*.

Describing human interaction with alien species that are telepathic, technologically advanced and perhaps even interdimensional is not only highly controversial; it is also subjective. Due to the nature of the phenomenon, some of the encounters may seem to lack continuity at times. It is simply the way the phenomenon operates. If you are already familiar with this subject, you will quickly realize that this book is an *expanded view* of the alien abduction phenomenon.

Experiencers of this phenomenon may live their entire lives with only scant memories of what has happened to them while others remember their encounters consciously and completely. Some will only be able to remember their encounters when they surface in dreams, and sometimes their memories will occur spontaneously when something in their environment triggers a sudden recall of the event; and for some people, regressive hypnosis may be required.

Abductees do not always remember traveling to where we interact with these Beings, but some of us remember being inside a light beam or of being floated or levitated out of our homes and into what appears to be an extraterrestrial craft. Sometimes the Beings interact with us in our home while at other times they may take us to what we believe to be another planet or dimension.

For the most part, experiencers of alien abduction are still ridiculed and disbelieved. Over the past twenty or so years this has been slowly changing, but the

subject is still very controversial. It can also be potentially dangerous to publicly admit that you are interacting with extraterrestrial or interdimensional Beings.

Even knowing the risks I am taking, I have decided to publish this book online and have made it available free to the public because I believe it is very important for this information to reach the people it is intended for at this particular time.

### *Second Edition Update*

Those of you who are familiar with what abductees experience will understand why I titled this book, *I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember*. For the majority of abductees, or “experiencers” if you will, for many years it appeared that the aliens preferred it if we did not remember what they had done to us.

They carry out their activities under the cloaks of secrecy and invisibility. They are extremely technologically advanced compared to humans and this allows them to succeed in keeping their activities secret more often than not. Many of these Beings are also capable of erasing people's memories and are capable of sometimes successfully implanting screen memories in people's minds: events that did not actually occur. They employ screen memories to deceive or confuse the abductee and sometimes to protect them from psychological harm. After a time however -- and sometimes it takes years of experience to accomplish this -- abductees are often able to differentiate between screen memories and their real experiences.

The title of my book refers to the many, many conscious memories I have had of my encounters with these Beings. Understanding that over the course of my life, they have often tried to keep me from remembering what has happened to me; it's hard for me to really know what I *was* and was *not* supposed to remember. As I explain later in this book, many times I remembered both the screen memory as well as the real events that occurred to me. For the record: I would not publish a screen memory in this or any other book if I knew it was a screen memory and without stating that clearly for the reader.

Additionally, the nature of abductions is changing and evolving into something completely different from what it was 60 years ago when abductions began to be reported. This is a subject I write about in this book and on my Web site in my article titled, *The Hybrids*. We have reached a point where the Beings now want us to remember and they want us to share our knowledge with others in preparation for a great transition that is occurring to the human species.

###



*“In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth  
is a revolutionary act.” - George Orwell*

# Introduction

My first sighting of a UFO occurred when I was 16 years old. It involved three disc-shaped craft with lights circling their midsections. These were not lights in the sky. They were silver-gray, *structured* craft. Several children who were playing on my street outside that night also watched as these craft hovered in the sky. We watched as they made hairpin turns and then shoot off and blink out. It was an incredible moment in my young life; one that I thought would change the world. However, the only thing that changed was me. I don't remember any of the other children ever speaking about that incredible sighting, and after being ridiculed by my friends in school after I told them about my sighting the following day, I didn't speak about it again for a very long time.

Many years later, after I began my personal investigation into the incredible events that were occurring to me, I would remember other sightings of what appeared to be alien craft as far back as my early childhood. As with most people like me, I discovered *they* had always been a part of my life.

Another life-changing event occurred to me on July 12, 1992. I was at an airport heading home from my first MUFON Symposium, which was held in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I was walking through the airport toward my gate and while I was walking, I received a message that I believe was relayed to me telepathically:

*“Do not ever give up. Do not let anyone discourage you or frighten you and do not allow yourself to become disillusioned. People will try. You must keep to your own truths of your experiences with us. We depend on you. You are our emissary.”*

It was at that instant I knew I was to publish the journals I had been keeping since 1983 and write a book about my experiences with these Beings. I thought about the message I had just received and I was stunned that this had occurred, especially in such a public place. I went to a nearby window and I found myself staring at a mountain range beyond Kirtland Air Force Base. I tried to process the emotions the message stirred within me. A tear streamed down my face as I continued to look at the mountain range, and it occurred to me that I had seen it before and it was familiar to me. It wasn't just a mountain range: It was a *place* and it was familiar.

## A Duty

My life story as it relates to the UFO abduction phenomenon was published in journal form in *The Alien Jigsaw* in 1993. That book ended in 1992 and was followed

with *The Alien Jigsaw Researcher's Supplement* in 1994. In addition to analytical data and drawings, the *Supplement* provided the reader with a general overview of the year 1993. In 1996, I published a monograph on this Web site titled *Project Open Mind: (MILABS) Are Some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?*

This book begins in 1994 and covers my experiences through the year 2006, a total of 12 years. The Second Edition of this book, which you are reading now, was published in 2009 and contains additional information taken from encounters that occurred from 2007 through most of 2009. I have also included new information from my journals concerning some of the experiences published in the First Edition. All of the information in this book has been remembered consciously; no hypnosis has been used.

I am still impressed with how important it is for an abductee or “an experiencer of this phenomenon,” if you will, to keep a journal. I begrudgingly kept writing in my journal even after swearing off aliens in my life and trying to distance myself from people associated with the phenomenon. Too many strange things were occurring and I realized I was approaching burnout and I needed to ground myself. I decided to stop speaking publicly about my experiences in 1997. Since that time I have shared what I have learned about this phenomenon through the publications on my Alien Jigsaw Web site.

What surprised me when I reviewed my journals for this book was that: (1) I actually experienced so many things I would not have remembered had I not kept a journal and (2) I survived them. Not everyone makes it through the encounter experience in one piece. I have my husband, and some very special fellow travelers, to thank for my being able to share this information with you.

My goals in writing this book are to help others going through these experiences and to educate people who are interested in an *expanded view* of the abduction phenomenon. I am also writing this book because specific Beings have given me important information they want shared with the people on our planet who are ready for it. The information in this book is deeply personal, and at the same time it is fascinating. It may also be very disturbing to some people. If I have interpreted my experiences correctly and if only *some* of what I have learned from these incredible Beings is true, then I feel that I have a duty to share it.

## *Disclosure*

I was raised to always tell the truth even when it was not to my advantage to do so. It is against my nature to keep silent regarding the information I have learned from these incredible Beings. Today I firmly believe that one of the reasons we are



being contacted is because certain Beings want people who are ready for this information to know what is coming. I believe some of these Beings are trying to prepare us for a great transition in humanity's future.

While discussing the pros and cons of the Disclosure Movement recently with a fellow abductee, the concept of abductees being the first, true "whistleblowers" was brought up. I guess that really is what abductees are doing. We are blowing the proverbial "whistle" so humanity will wake up. This is how I view myself as well, especially regarding some of the concepts I talk about in this book. While some of my experiences may not relate to the abduction phenomenon as we have come to understand it, they certainly relate to what many abductees are experiencing and what we have seen. Many of us have been allowed to glimpse humanity's future, and we are talking.

### *Second Edition Update*

Since the publication of the First Edition of this e-book, which was downloaded over 10,000 times, I have occasionally been criticized for my use of the term "emissary." This is not a term I would have chosen to describe myself and others like me, but it is the term whoever was communicating with me telepathically in the airport used. They told me, very clearly, that I was their emissary. Please understand that I do not consider myself "important" by using this term. I also know that these Beings view many other people like me in this same manner; so again, I am not singling myself out as being any more important than anyone else who is in my position. The general meanings for the word "emissary" are: representative, envoy, messenger, agent, and ambassador.





## Psychological & Physical Evaluations

My personal investigation into what might be occurring in my life involved undergoing two psychological evaluations. Three years prior to what I call my “awakening” to the fact that I had been abducted by alien Beings, I was rushed to a neurologist because I was experiencing an unusually intense headache that was different from anything I had experienced before.

On the neurologist’s orders, I was hospitalized for three days for medical tests. While in the hospital a CAT scan of my brain was done, with and without contrast, which showed there were no organic problems with my brain, thankfully. The neurologist released me from the hospital and told me to “...stop worrying so much.” Sometime after I was released from the hospital, I went to see a psychologist to try to determine what was happening to me.

He administered the MMPI (Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory) to me. At my next appointment with him, this doctor told me the test showed that I was “a normal young woman.” I remember asking this doctor if he believed in UFOs. The question surprised me almost as much as it surprised him. At that time, I had no idea why I would ask him such a question. He answered by telling me that he had never seen a UFO and did not know anyone who ever had. Needless to say, I did not bring up the subject of UFOs with him again.

For the next three months I had to chart everything I did each day, everything I ate each day, and where I was during my menstrual cycle. It was very methodical and I was very honest. I wanted the pain and anxiety to stop so I could get on with my life. After three months, he diagnosed me -- believe it or not -- with “a serious case of PMS,” which certainly took me by surprise. I was somewhat insulted and felt it was no better than what the neurologist had told me about the way I was feeling: that I should “...stop worrying so much.” I came away from this experience feeling that the entire three months I saw this psychologist was a complete waste of time.

My next visit to a psychologist was after I had conscious recall of what I found to be very bizarre, very vividly detailed experiences with what I now know to be alien Beings. This information is documented in depth in *The Alien Jigsaw*, so I’ll make this succinct. In 1987 I filled out a questionnaire in *Omni Magazine* about missing time and the possibility of alien abduction. I mailed my questionnaire to abduction researcher Budd Hopkins, who lived in New York City. After meeting with him a couple of times, he put me in touch with an investigator from MUFON.<sup>1</sup> Through this investigator I was then put in touch with another psychologist who was a forensic clinical psychologist.

He administered The Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, The Rorschach Inkblot Test, The Thematic Apperception Test, The Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale, and The Draw-A-Person Test. The results of each test were carefully explained to me and the findings were as follows: I was a psychologically stable individual with an above average IQ who was not fantasy prone or suffering from any psychological abnormalities. However, he did tell me I was exhibiting symptoms of posttraumatic stress disorder or PTSD and commented on my low self-esteem.

I believe I had posttraumatic stress disorder at the time I was working with this forensic psychologist, but not to the extent that I have it today. This is probably because I have had many more abduction experiences since then and several of them have been fairly difficult to process.

The physical evaluations I have had since that time include the above mentioned CAT scan of my brain, two MRIs of my brain, one x-ray of my spinal column, a CAT scan of my sinuses, a cardiac ultrasound, and three neurological evaluations by three different neurologists all practicing in different parts of the country. Nothing has ever been shown to be abnormal with the exception of an unusual spacing between two of my upper vertebrae.

For those of you who do not know what posttraumatic stress disorder is or think you may suffer from it, I have listed the diagnostic criteria as they appear in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual for Mental Disorders or DSM-IV-TR*:<sup>2</sup>

### *Be Informed*

It is important to understand that posttraumatic stress disorder can be caused by many different things. If you are reading this because you believe you have had experiences with non-human Beings and you are having problems, please contact MUFON, the Mutual UFO Network or OPUS, Organization for Paranormal Encounter Support. These, and other abduction support sites, are listed after my notes.

Someone from one of these organizations may be able to put you in touch with a person in your area who is an investigator. They may already know of someone in the mental health community who is open to this phenomenon. Believe me; most mental health care professionals are not open to this subject. I would hate to see anyone end up in a mental hospital and be forced to take antipsychotic drugs because they are misdiagnosed by a mental health care provider who is not cognizant or refuses to consider the reality of this worldwide phenomenon. Contact with non-human Beings is real and it is occurring to millions of people on our planet.



## *PTSD: Posttraumatic Stress Disorder*

### *Diagnostic criteria for 309.81 Posttraumatic Stress Disorder*

- A. The person has been exposed to a traumatic event in which both of the following were present:
- (1) the person experienced, witnessed, or was confronted with an event or events that involved actual or threatened death or serious injury, or a threat to the physical integrity of self or others.
  - (2) the person's response involved intense fear, helplessness, or horror. **Note:** In children, this may be expressed instead by disorganized or agitated behavior.
- B. The traumatic event is persistently re-experienced in one (or more) of the following ways:
- (1) recurrent and distressing recollections of the event, including images, thoughts, or perceptions. **Note:** In young children, repetitive play may occur in which themes or aspects of the trauma are expressed.
  - (2) recurrent distressing dreams of the event. **Note:** In children, there may be frightening dreams without recognizable content.
  - (3) acting or feeling as if the traumatic event were recurring (includes a sense of reliving the experience, illusions, hallucinations, and dissociative flashback episodes, including those that occur on awakening or when intoxicated). **Note:** In young children, trauma-specific reenactment may occur.
  - (4) intense psychological distress at exposure to internal or external cues that symbolize or resemble an aspect of the traumatic event.
  - (5) physiological reactivity on exposure to internal or external cues that symbolize or resemble an aspect of the traumatic event.
- C. Persistent avoidance of stimuli associated with the trauma and numbing of general responsiveness (not present before the trauma), as indicated by three (or more) of the following:
- (1) efforts to avoid thoughts, feelings, or conversations associated with the trauma
  - (2) efforts to avoid activities, places, or people that arouse recollections of the trauma
  - (3) inability to recall an important aspect of the trauma
  - (4) markedly diminished interest or participation in significant activities
  - (5) feeling of detachment or estrangement from others
  - (6) restricted range of affect (e.g., unable to have loving feelings)
  - (7) sense of a foreshortened future (e.g., does not expect to have a career, marriage, children, or a normal life span)

- D. Persistent symptoms of increased arousal (not present before the trauma), as indicated by two (or more) of the following:
- (1) difficulty falling or staying asleep
  - (2) irritability or outbursts of anger
  - (3) difficulty concentrating
  - (4) hypervigilance
  - (5) exaggerated startle response
- E. Duration of the disturbance (symptoms in Criteria B, C, and D) is more than 1 month.
- F. The disturbance causes clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.

Specify if:

**Acute:** if duration of symptoms is less than three months.

**Chronic:** if duration of symptoms is three months or more

Specify if:

**With Delayed Onset:** if onset of symptoms is at least 6 months after the stressor

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> MUFON: Mutual UFO Network. Official Web site: <http://www.mufon.com> 155 East Boardwalk Drive, Suite 300, Fort Collins, CO. 80525. Tel: 970-232-3110 or 888-817-2220. FAX 866-466-9173 / [hq@mufon.com](mailto:hq@mufon.com)

<sup>2</sup> American Psychiatric Association. 309.81 Posttraumatic Stress Disorder: *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, Fourth Edition Text Revision. Washington, DC, American Psychiatric Association, pp. 463-468, (2000).

## ABDUCTION SUPPORT

Organization for Paranormal Encounter Support <http://www.opus-net.org>

MUFON, Mutual UFO Network <http://www.mufon.com>

Yvonne Smith, CERO: Close Encounters Resource Organization  
<http://www.ysmith.com>

John Carpenter, MSW, LCSW [Carpenter2655@aol.com](mailto:Carpenter2655@aol.com) and  
<http://www.jarmag.com/board.html>



Deborah Lindemann, C.Ht. <http://www.lpgmindworks.com>

Dr. David M. Jacobs and ICAR: International Center for Abduction Research  
<http://www.ufoabduction.com/>

Joe and Linda Montaldo, ICAR: International Community for Alien Research  
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Eve Lorgen, C.Ht. <http://www.evelorgen.com/>

Kathleen Marden <http://kathleenmarden.googlepages.com/>

Budd Hopkins' Intruders Foundation <http://www.intrudersfoundation.org/>

Dr. Roger Lier: Implant Removals <http://www.alienscalpel.com/main.htm>



## Chapter One: 1994

### *Super Conscious Beings*

It is inevitable that after you publish a book, you have to promote it if you want anyone to read it. After publishing *The Alien Jigsaw* I reluctantly went on a “book tour.” I was invited to speak at various UFO conferences from 1994 through 1996 and gave lectures and slide presentations about the experiences I had documented in my journals and published in my book.

My first presentation was hosted by an organization called Project Awareness for a conference in New Orleans. The hosts, Vicki Lyons and Pat and Buddy Crumbley were the directors and they gave several abductees their first shot at speaking publicly about this subject. They also knew how to put on great conferences. Their conferences were professional, upbeat, and always overflowing with up-to-date information about UFOs, abductions and related phenomena.

My two-year “tour” was fairly intense since I dislike flying and after each flight I would come down with a migraine headache, something I found out later is common for migraine sufferers. I usually ended up giving my lecture and trying to be polite and attentive to people while in much physical pain.

I found it interesting how different each conference was as well as the people who hosted them. The attendees at one conference and city might be very positive and upbeat while attendees at another would be negative and fearful. Overall, I met a lot of down-to-earth people who were genuinely interested in what I had to say. I also met a lot of people who were searching for answers because they were experiencing the same things I was: interaction with non-human Beings.

It was at a particularly “dark” conference when I realized I was interacting with a new type of Being, what I refer to as Super Conscious Beings. They had shown themselves to me before, but I did not really understand who or what they were.

I found myself at this particular conference feeling very tired and somewhat blue. I had spent a grueling day behind a book table without any food. A lot of people were focused on the negative aspects of the phenomenon, and a few other author-researchers who were also in attendance weren’t particularly friendly to me. There seemed to be a lot of jealousy and suspicion in the air, which I found very odd. I went to my room at the end of the day and as I got ready for bed, I thought to myself,

*“If there is anyone or anything positive here, please help me through this weekend.”*

I then got into bed and as I did, I felt an alien presence.

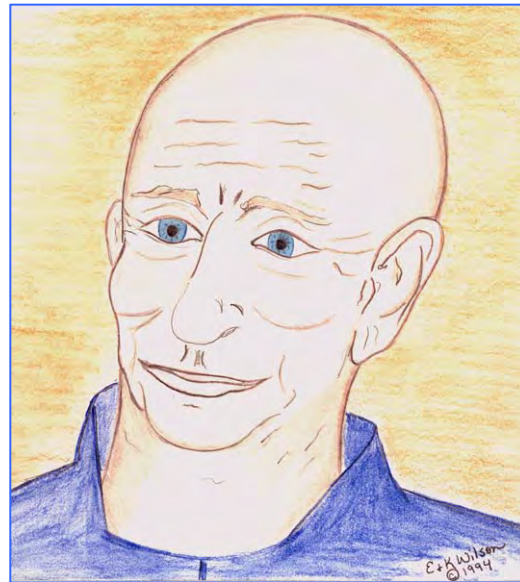


## *An Alien Presence*

It is difficult to describe what an alien presence feels like, but if you are an abductee, then you know that it takes time and guts to open yourself up to it -- to really feel and experience it rather than fearing it. By that time, I had come to know what it feels like when they are nearby and I cannot see them. I had also learned that different types of Beings have a different type of presence associated with them. At least, this is what I have found. That evening in my hotel room, I strongly sensed the presence of a non-human Being.

Sometime during the night I got out of bed to get a drink of water and I remembered just having been with an elderly male who looked a bit like Sir John Gielgud. We conversed for a while about some of my past experiences and I drew a picture for him of a Being with red eyes, which I handed to him. This male seemed to be there just for me. I felt "love" for him and he for me. It is difficult to convey the intensity of the type of emotion associated with these particular Beings. It is a synthesis of platonic love, sexual love, nurturing love, and a parent's love -- all rolled up into one emotion. I was feeling this from him at the same time he was feeling this from me. It was absolutely overwhelming and it was telepathic. This male was a Super Conscious Being.

From my experiences with them, it appears that Super Conscious Beings are Beings who can literally manifest their energy into any form they choose, whether it is a humanoid form or an object. When they are an object, which is rare and as far as I can tell is only done as a teaching tool, the object itself radiates a consciousness or a life force, if you will. I am uncertain why they would keep an actual object such as my drawing, but this is what they sometimes do.



They interact with me when I am going through difficult times. After the death of my beloved cat for example, or while I was writing *The Alien Jigsaw* and felt overwhelmed by the duty the Beings assigned me when I became a so-called emissary. They also interact with me when they want to instruct me about a particular new concept.

They appear as both male and female and in one experience, they appeared as child-like angels who fluttered down from the night sky like leaves slowly swaying and



falling with the wind. In that experience, they allowed me to touch a piece of a golden “rope” that they were holding on to when they descended. The rope itself emanated the same type of love and consciousness that I described earlier with the Super Conscious Being who visited me in my hotel room.

During this particular encounter, I was walking with these child-like angels at three o’clock in the morning through the neighborhood I was living in at the time. There were other Super Conscious Beings that appeared as large animals. I believe they took this form because I have a great love and respect for all animals. Their presence is always the same, which is how I know it is them and not, for example, a Grey Being using a mental or telepathic screen, or camouflage as I sometimes refer to it. These types of mental screens are more commonly referred to as “screen memories,” which is a term that abduction researcher Budd Hopkins coined.

I realize how strange this account may sound to some people, but I believe I was really walking with them through my neighborhood at night. It is possible they were able to keep themselves from being viewed by other people who may have been up that late at night and happen to look out their windows, but I am not certain that was the case. I walked, while they appeared to float very close to the ground. I walked to a nearby park located in our neighborhood and it was there where they ascended upward and then disappeared. I did not see a craft, only the night sky. Telepathic communication did occur between us, and the main part I remember was toward the end of the encounter. They telepathically told me I was asking for too much when I requested to keep a piece of the golden rope. They “spoke” to me as if they were gently scolding a child.

The next morning I walked my dog along the same route I had walked the night before. My dog became terrified when I passed the area they descended from, as well as at each place where I stopped and looked at the “animals.” Dogs, cats and other animals have been known to react to UFOs and the aliens’ presence.<sup>1</sup> My dog had a strong fear and avoidance reaction the next day at each of these locations and this was an incredible validation that this was a physical experience.

My dog also had a very negative reaction to the cover of my book, *The Alien Jigsaw*. Shortly after it was published, I stood a book up on top of our television set and she immediately began to growl at it. Her hair stood up on her back and she looked like she was going to attack the book. She very much disliked it and I had to take the book away. She also reacted badly to children because their stature is similar to many of the Grey aliens who have interacted with me. However, my dog was gentle and loving toward my cats and my husband and myself at all times during her life.

In a different experience with these types of Beings, two female Super Conscious Beings taught me a lesson by transforming from a humanoid form into a wooden cross. The cross had consciousness and later I was to learn that the particular cross they chose for this lesson was shaped similar to the cross that belonged to Saint Bridget. The lesson they taught me was that all things -- ALL Things and Beings and Animals in the Universe have a life force or consciousness and this consciousness comes from the God Force; what I refer to as the Creative Force.



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Woodward, Joan. *Animal Reactions to UFOs: A Preliminary Investigation from the Animals' Perspective*, (Summary of Original Paper) MUFON Special Publication, July 2005, p.60, and also published as a submitted paper in the 36th Annual International UFO Symposium Proceedings, pp. 229-278, 2005.

Schuessler, John F. *UFO-Related Human Physiological Effects*. Geo Graphics Printing Company, La Porte. 1996. Also available from MUFON. Although this work focuses mainly on human physiological responses, there are some reports that contain information relating to the affects of UFOs on animals.

Additionally, I cited in *The Alien Jigsaw* several occasions when my cats became very excited and meowed and ran around in their enclosure or in our home while I was near them and an alien Being was with me. They also became very excited just before or after an encounter and sometimes ran all through the house meowing.



## Chapter Two: 1994

### *Life Force*

In July of 1994, at approximately 7:30 p.m., I was standing in my bedroom completely conscious when I saw several gray figures moving in my peripheral vision. They moved quickly, were about three feet tall, and floated down the hallway leaning forward at a 45-degree angle.

I felt the familiar alien presence very strongly, although this presence was different from that of the Super Conscious Beings. Due to the posttraumatic stress disorder I suffer from, I ended up checking all through the house to make sure things were safe. I finally went to bed, still sensing a disturbing presence. I documented in my journal what I believe to be an experience with the Greys and a more human appearing species I call the Blondes:<sup>1</sup>

Although I do not know how I arrived in this place, I found myself standing in front of a large glass window inside what appeared to be a medical or scientific facility. There was a window that began at the height of my chest and went all the way up to the ceiling. The ceiling seemed higher than the standard 8 to 10-foot ceiling in a house. The wall beneath the window was solid.

On the other side of this wall and window, to my left, were what appeared to be two human female nurses sitting down. To my right was a Grey alien and a Blonde alien child. The child looked to be about three years old and was wearing pampers-like diapers. The Grey alien's skin was a medium gray with a blue tint to it, similar to a steel-blue gray color.

The Blonde child was sitting next to the Grey Being on what appeared to be a shelf or an elevated bench. I was completely aware and conscious of what I was looking at. One of the nurses said in a matter-of-fact and unsympathetic tone of voice, referring to the Grey,

*"It won't be alive much longer."*

I felt a great sadness for the Grey and he looked at me. The reason I was brought there was that I was supposed to witness this. Suddenly it happened:

The life force of the Grey left his body and entered the body of the Blonde alien child. The child then got off of the elevated bench and stood on the floor. He had an unusually muscular body for a child of three or four years old. The child then levitated himself and floated across the room into another room to play. He took a

small ball and levitated himself up to what looked like a miniature basketball hoop and dropped the ball through the hoop.

It was obvious that I was supposed to witness this: A death followed by the transference of a life force into another living species. Questions flooded my mind: Is this how they continue on after death? Was this done willingly or was this forced upon the Grey to strengthen the life force of the child? Are there two life forces coexisting within one physical body?

In all of my experiences, I cannot remember ever having seen a Blonde levitate, but I *have* seen the Greys levitate themselves and float. That is what I believe I saw when I was in my bedroom and the gray figures were floating at a 45-degree angle. This appears to be the manner in which two particular types of Greys move or “walk.” I have seen what I refer to as the shorter Type One Greys move so quickly that one of these Beings appeared to be in two places at once. (This account is published in *The Alien Jigsaw*.)

At the time, the Grey who appeared to die, at least in a physical sense, seemed to me to be a helpless experimental subject. I wanted to express my love and compassion for the Grey as he was dying and I wanted the child to thank him after the transference was completed, but none of those compassionate acts occurred. It was as if what I witnessed was an everyday occurrence. I also understood why they were behind a glass wall in a separate room and were separated from me. Had I been in the room with them, I would have touched and probably held the Grey as he died and this would have most certainly interfered with the process. I found it somewhat callous that these “nurses” referred to the Grey as an “it” when clearly “its” presence was that of a male Being.

I wrote about a similar incident in *The Alien Jigsaw* when an alien was dying and his life force was leaving his body, but it occurred behind our house and over water. I did not see a transference of energy from one body to another. At the time, I asked a Blonde Being who was nearby to pray for his soul. This was interpreted by some researchers as my teaching them about the concept of an eternal soul, but I now know that is not the case. *They* know, understand and accept more about this life force or eternal life concept than we do. It is not viewed the same way as humans view it however. We have created entire religions around this belief, but to these Beings, it is just the way things are. There is no fear and there is no ritual.

### *Do They Clone?*

It appears these Beings would be able to acquire vast amounts of knowledge from this transference process. If they can combine two intelligences and two life



forces into one body and retain their knowledge from one lifetime to another, they must indeed be quite brilliant.

There is also something else that is important to consider, and that is cloning. It is possible that the child was a clone and was created specifically for the Grey's life force to continue. However, this does not explain the possible duel or shared body by two Beings since it is highly logical that clones have their own unique life force or soul.

Interestingly, several years ago during another encounter, I had an opportunity to ask a group of Blonde aliens if they cloned themselves. To put this into context, one of the Blondes was laying on his back on top of some type of machine. I asked him if that was how they cloned themselves and the group of Blondes appeared to be amused with me. I mention this because it seemed that on some level, I already knew they were capable of cloning. I then asked them if they remembered all of their past lives, and the older Blonde of the group said,

*“Yes. Sure. We remember everything.”*

The next logical questions to ask are: Is something wrong with the Greys? Could they be dying off? Are they becoming a new species through this type of life force transference? How many abductees have reported seeing a *pregnant* Grey alien?

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> I have seen at least four different types of Greys and today I readily admit that they do not all have gray skin. Some of them have tan skin, brown skin, even bluish skin and sometimes very white skin; still, they are all generally referred to as “Greys.” In *The Alien Jigsaw* I categorized them according to their height. My descriptions in that book are highly detailed, but in this footnote, I will be succinct.

*Type One Greys* (pictured with brown skin on the right) are three to 3-1/2 feet tall and move by floating or levitating themselves. To me, their energy or presence feels the most “alien” of them all.







*Type Two Greys* are slightly taller at about 4 feet tall. These Greys have gray skin and some have white skin. They wear gray, tight fitting body suits and all look very much alike. These Greys appear to stand on their feet, but I have also seen them float or levitate themselves, usually in single file. Overall, they are very task oriented.



*Type Three Greys* are about 5-1/2 feet to six feet tall and have a bony ridge around their eyes and forehead area. I noted in my first book that some of them have hair, but today I believe that any hair I saw were probably wigs used as a form of camouflage or a disguise to make them appear more human. I have seen these Greys working alongside humans that I feel are in the military or perhaps associated with an ultra secret group of people and Beings. I have also seen several of them operating as pilots and navigators of their unusual craft. The Being on the left was piloting a large cigar-shaped craft.

*Type Four Greys* are about 7 feet tall. Over the past 12 years I have noted that some of the females are somewhat shorter and are about 6 feet tall. These Greys have very

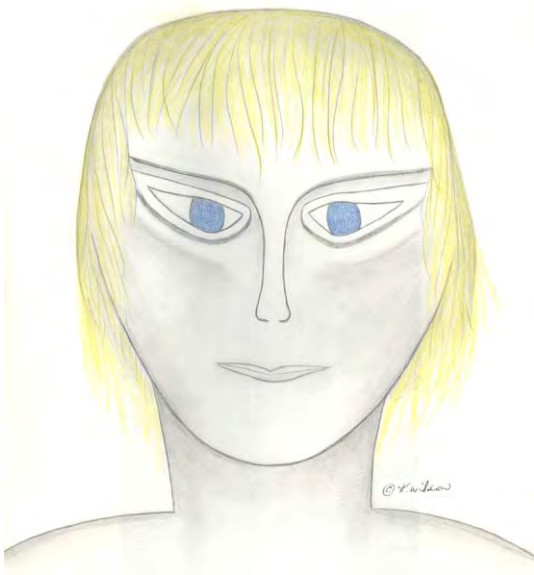


thin lanky bodies and their skin color is more often a light tan color. Their arms and legs are very long and thin and when they walk they have to bend over slightly and their torso slowly moves forward and upward, and then backward and downward, as their legs move. I believe this is due to their extreme height and the structure of their backbones.

I have never observed external genitalia associated with any of the Greys (including tan Greys, blue Greys or white Greys) even though it appears most of them do not wear clothing. It is also possible they wear bodysuits or body coverings that are indistinguishable from their skin.



*The Blondes:* The particular type of Blonde Being in my experiences may not require a physical body all of the time. The Blonde I have had most of my experiences with (pictured below on the left) appears to be a minimum of six feet tall and has an attractive build. He has beautiful blue eyes and I have observed vertical pupils in them. I have also seen Blondes with brown eyes (pictured below on the right). I am not certain if he has ears. His nose is slender and his lips are also slender; however, they have much more shape to them than the Greys'. He has blonde hair and it is usually messy.







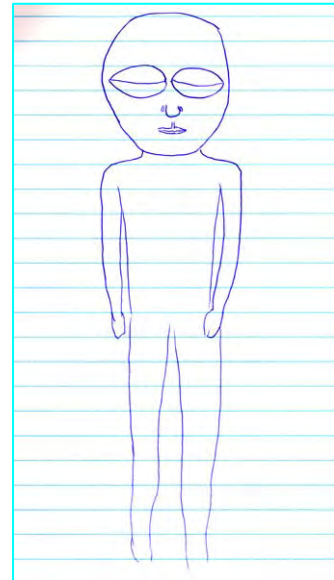
## Chapter Three: 1994

### *The Proud Father*

As most readers of this subject probably know, abductions tend to run in families and continue throughout most abductees' lifetimes. Sometimes people will be abducted only once due to their proximity to another abductee. Others sort of "marry into the phenomenon."

In August of 1994, my husband Erik had an experience during which he witnessed an alien baby being born. He watched the child emerge feet first. It was eight inches tall and was able to walk almost immediately after birth. Of course, this is not uncommon in the animal kingdom, but it is quite uncommon for humans. Erik was also shown another alien baby that was about two feet tall and it was also walking.

One theory purports that the Greys may be a dying species who desperately need something from us. For example, Budd Hopkins and David Jacobs have theorized that they have a great interest in human sperm, ova, and our emotions.<sup>1</sup>



Physical and emotional interaction is important for the infant bonding process in humans and other animals on our planet. In addition, alien-human bonding experiences have been written about by several abduction researchers and abductees. I have heard about this from other abductees and have experienced it firsthand. For example, abductees are often asked to hold unusual looking babies. An abductee friend of mine was told outright that she was brought to see her child every so often so the child would know her as her birth mother and that emotional bonding was important.

The ova and sperm are obvious. If they are indeed a dying species, then the Greys may be trying to combine our genetic material with theirs in order to strengthen their species or to create a Hybrid Being. This is one of the ideas behind the Hybrid Breeding Program. David Jacobs, Budd Hopkins, Yvonne Smith, (the late John E. Mack and Karla Turner) myself -- and the list goes on -- have all theorized about this because of what we have seen over years of studying abductions.<sup>2</sup>

If the Greys can transfer their life force into a cloned body and share a body with another life force, then why would they be abducting humans for sperm and ova? I'm not sure there is an answer to that question unless they are approaching the

creation of Hybrid Beings from two different angles. The other possibility is that perhaps cloning doesn't work as well as humans think it does. I do know that they are collecting genetic material other than sperm and ova and I will elaborate on that in a later chapter.

### *A Pregnant Grey*

If you have read *The Alien Jigsaw* or the previous chapter's notes, then you know that I have seen several different types of Greys and I categorized them according to their physical appearance and height. By 1993, I had categorized four types and I refer to them as Type One, Type Two, etc.

The tallest Greys (Type Four) appear to be at the top of the hierarchy and are in charge of or rank above the shorter Beings. I have met with a particular Type Four Grey whom I call "The Diplomat" because that is exactly what I believe his role is. We shake hands when we meet and it is usually my left hand to his left hand.<sup>3</sup> I have seen him in the presence of other aliens as well as humans.

I briefly want to jump ahead to the year 2005 in order to share one of the most fascinating events I have ever witnessed as far as this phenomenon is concerned. On March 4<sup>th</sup> of that year, I had another conscious memory of what I believe was an abduction, although this was not a typical abduction. I was with these Beings to witness something very special. I found myself with two Type Four Greys: a male and a female. We sat down together on a bench-like object and it was then that I realized the female was pregnant. Her stomach was not very large, but she was definitely pregnant.



The male was touching her stomach and I could see parts of the baby inside her womb. When the baby would move I could see dark areas through her skin. Her skin was very thin and she was very frail looking. She was leaning back slightly to accommodate the weight of the baby and she was holding her tummy to help support the skin and the baby inside. She looked to be in physical discomfort. Because her skin was so thin, I cannot imagine that she could walk without physically supporting her stomach.

I watched, completely amazed at the baby moving inside of her while the



Type Four Grey, whom I knew was the father of this child, gently touched her stomach. I felt happiness and a sense of them being extremely proud of their child. I sensed it was very rare for them to conceive and carry a pregnancy this far. The male then telepathically told me that I could touch the female's stomach and that I could feel the child within her. I did and it was absolutely amazing. While I was touching her, I felt a great sense of joy from the male.

This was the first time I had ever seen a pregnant Grey alien and it was an amazing thing for me. I felt so honored to have been allowed to touch her because in my past encounters with the Type Four Greys (with the exception of "The Diplomat") I have to ask the females' permission to touch them. I suspect this has to do with our emotions and their being telepathic Beings. I believe we are emotionally overwhelming for many of them and because they are telepathic, physically touching them may have an "emotional amplification" effect on them.

I believe the Greys need humans for something very important and perhaps we need them as well. What if they can teach us to transfer our life force, our souls if you will, into new bodies rather than die? Of course, I believe our souls (our consciousness or life force) continue on, but when (and if) we are reborn on Earth or perhaps elsewhere, it seems we forget everything we learned the last time we were here. What if we could remember everything we learned in this life and continue on in a new body instead of dying? Would we choose to do it? If clones have souls, would we choose to coexist in the same body? Alien questions, to be certain.

### *Second Edition Update*

I am somewhat perplexed at how my information concerning this particular encounter has been overlooked by the abduction research community. With the exception of my suggesting that *Journal of Abduction Encounter Research* include part of this account in an article written by Elaine Douglass, this account has been ignored by most researchers. This, as far as I am aware, is the first and perhaps only time any abductee has witnessed seeing a pregnant Grey. The whole premise that the Greys are a dying species and can no longer conceive offspring has been cited as a possible reason why alien abductions are occurring in the first place.

This information should have served as a wake-up call for serious researchers. The possibility of seeing a pregnant Grey was the last thing I ever expected to witness during an abduction. I was in agreement with the portion of the abduction premise that there is in fact something wrong with the Greys and they do need something from us for their species to continue. This is not something I neither wanted nor expected to witness. Is anyone else wondering the same thing I am? Could the Greys have found what they were looking for?

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Hopkins, Budd. *Intruders: The Incredible Visitations At Copley Woods*. New York: Random House, 1987

Jacobs, David M. *Secret Life: Firsthand Accounts of UFO Abductions*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1992.

<sup>2</sup> Hopkins, Budd. *Intruders: The Incredible Visitations At Copley Woods*. New York: Random House, 1987

Hopkins, Budd and Rainey, Carol. *Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings*. New York: Atria Books (Simon & Schuster), 2003.

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Mack, John E. *Abduction: Human Encounters With Aliens*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1994.

Turner, Karla K. *TAKEN: Inside The Alien-Human Abduction Agenda*. Roland, Arkansas: Kelt Works, 1994.

<sup>3</sup> The handshake was initiated simultaneously. When I first remembered shaking his hand, I shook his left hand with my right hand. Since then, I have learned to use my left hand because it has less strength in it and is awkward and this makes it more difficult for me to exert a firm grasp around his delicate hand.



## Chapter Four: 1995

### *White Light: Black Cloud*

This was the year I was stalked by three people claiming to be abductees. Needless to say, it was the year I approached burnout with the support group. Not only did these people claim to be abductees, they also considered themselves witches. Of course, they believed that they were “good” witches. Two of these individuals who began stalking me came to be called the “Twins from Hell,” by several other people who knew them. They were *that* creepy.

It was because of the amount of stress these people caused in my life, that I broke down when introducing Budd Hopkins at a Project Awareness Conference in Pensacola, Florida. A well-known abductee named Linda “Cortile” (pseudonym) left her seat and came up to the podium and gave me a hug and whispered some comforting words in my ear. I felt terribly embarrassed and mentally kicked myself for breaking down in front of so many people. I didn’t feel I could tell anyone about the hardship these individuals were causing in my life and it really had a negative effect on me.

For years, I had been volunteering my time, money and energy helping others like me: abductees. Some months my phone bill was 600 to 650 dollars. It was a full time job that didn’t pay anything. Part of my volunteer work involved taking referrals from MUFON, (the late) John Mack’s organization PEER, as well as The Intruders Foundation, Budd Hopkins’ organization in New York City.

No one really knew how distraught I was feeling over the stalking and harassment I had received from these people. I wanted to make mention of this to finally explain to the hundreds of people who attended that Project Awareness Conference why I reacted the way I did.

Any time you put yourself in the vulnerable position of going public with this information or opening your home and life to people involved in this phenomenon, there is always the chance that things like this will happen. Debbie of *Intruders* had her house broken into and her favorite piece of art stolen. And, heaven knows that Linda Cortile has had her share of crazy and vindictive people to deal with. Leah Haley had to put up with quite a lot of bizarre harassment as well. I suppose it just goes with the territory. Since the stalking occurred to me, I have become a much more private person: more guarded and more aware of how bizarre this phenomenon can make some people behave.

## *Doreen*

There were several kind and sincere abductees I met and one of them was Doreen. We met prior to my publishing *The Alien Jigsaw* and became fast friends. She shared some wonderful experiences and wonderful drawings with me, some of which I have published on this Web site and in this book. She was a member of my support group and we also got together socially outside of the group.

Doreen once told me that she had a sister who died very young and she always believed that I was her sister who reincarnated again on Earth. I always thought that was sweet, but I had no memories or feelings about it one way or the other. Interestingly, she also shared with me an experience she had with the Greys that I was a part of, which had occurred several years *before* we met one another.

She was on board a craft with the Greys and she said that I was there too, but across the room and not in close proximity to her. She said one of the Greys told her that I was going to write a book and telepathically showed her a mental image of my book, *The Alien Jigsaw*. She said she was excited about this and began to approach me to let me know what I would do in the future, but one of the Greys prohibited her from approaching me. He told her that she was not allowed to tell me or to meet me yet.

Doreen attended my support group meetings during the time the “Twins from Hell” started their shenanigans. It all began when I gave a small party just after the publication of my book and of course, they insisted that they attend. They basically invited themselves. It was a strange evening to say the least. These two individuals completely humiliated themselves and the police were called. After that disastrous night I found out about the stalking. It had been going on for a while, as “The Twins,” in a bizarre act, let me know some time later.

## *The Mind's Eye*

In January of 1995 I began seeing a white light in my “mind’s eye.” It was vivid and constant. I wrote in my journal that I felt I was at the beginning of a new chapter in my life. I also wrote:

“I remember turning on my side just before going to sleep last night and saying, ‘Okay, I am ready to begin.’”

On January 5, 1995 I received a phone call from my friend Doreen. We always shared our experiences and enjoyed talking with one another over the phone. She told me that she had a dream the previous night about our future. She said she saw the cover of a book we were going to write together, but that the authors had not



really been decided. She said it had a blue cover, lots of pictures, including a picture of a crystal city and her owl-man Being.

Since I had already published *The Alien Jigsaw* and the *Researcher's Supplement* and had started work on my monograph *Project Open Mind*, this was really the last thing I wanted to hear. My plans were to “...never write another book again!”

I continued to see the white light, but I noticed that it was now followed by a black cloud on the horizon. It is difficult to explain; all I can say is it was something I saw in my mind's eye.

About one month later on February 1<sup>st</sup>, an event would occur that I believe changed Doreen's life. It may have even changed the course of the future for all of the people involved.

At 5:45 p.m. that evening, I had just completed a long day working in my office. Suddenly I became overwhelmed with anxiety, nausea and dizziness. Of these, the anxiety was the strongest. I saw Doreen in my mind's eye. She was in her car with her husband. I thought that perhaps something was wrong and that maybe they had been involved in an automobile accident. I went downstairs and called Erik at work. I asked him,

*“Are you okay?”*

Erik replied,

*“No. I'm feeling dizzy and nauseated. What happened? Who died?”*

I told him no one that I knew of, but I did see Doreen in my mind's eye in her car and I thought she might have been in an accident. Erik told me,

*“This feeling is so strong. It feels like death. I'm coming home.”*

Kendra (also in my support group and published on this Web site) called during this time and left me a message on my other answering machine. She sounded scared, but I didn't call her back right away. I wish I had. Two days later I found out that during this same time period, she said she felt the aliens' presence very strongly, and she felt as if something was going to happen. She also said that she was experiencing extreme dizziness and nausea.

I called Doreen the next day and asked her what she was doing at 5:45 the previous evening. She said that she was in her car with her husband and suddenly became dizzy and nauseated trying hard not to vomit. She felt compelled to look at her husband and she said:



*"I know that something has just happened that will change my life forever."*

While reviewing my journal for this book, I came across the following entry:

*"Erik and I feel very strongly that something did happen... What was to follow was several weeks of sadness, anxiety and feelings of despair for both of us."*

Unfortunately for Doreen, there was much more to this than she ever imagined.

At the end of February, at three o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by our dog who was "woofing" softly in her sleep. She was in the kitchen sleeping with our cats, which she usually did at night. We ran downstairs and found that one of our cats had died in his sleep. He was still surrounded by his sister and our other cats who were sleeping, still cuddled up with him. It seemed that only our dog heard his last breaths. We were devastated.



## Chapter Five: 1995

### *Transition*

Even after his death, I continued to see the white light and the black cloud in my mind's eye. The image seemed to be getting stronger and occurred more frequently. I would often talk to Doreen about it, but she didn't really want to hear anything negative. That was one of the things about her: she had a very positive outlook on her abduction experiences and she could not deal with me telling her about the dark stuff I sometimes experienced. And she was aware, as was I, that other abductees we both knew were experiencing similar encounters and sensing the same things.

One day it got too much for her. We were talking on the phone and I asked her if I should participate in an upcoming conference that was going to be held aboard a cruise ship. I had trepidations about it when I discovered I was going to have to share a cabin with another speaker who was a total stranger as well as a "mind reader." Doreen coldly told me, in a voice I had never heard from her, that it was something I was going to have to figure out for myself. The coldness in her voice stunned me. It was so out of character for her. It seemed that at that moment, everything had changed, and I suddenly felt confused and alone. After an awkward silence, I politely thanked her for her advice, and then said goodbye.

### *Conversation with A Hybrid*

If you are somewhat new to this phenomenon, Hybrids are alien Beings with varying degrees of human characteristics. The difficulty in being precise about who is and who is not a Hybrid is because there are several different types of aliens interacting with us. Generally speaking, Hybrids appear more human and exhibit more emotions than the Greys and other Beings.

From the research by Hopkins, Jacobs, Mack, Turner, and others, and from the descriptions given by abductees, and certainly from my own experiences, it has been noted that over the past three decades, the Hybrids are becoming more human-like, and that includes exhibiting emotional behavior.

My experiences have also shown me that there are Beings that are perhaps Hybrids who look so human you would not be able to differentiate them from humans if you saw them in public. I share a few of my experiences involving these Beings in

later chapters of this book. When I use the term “Hybrid,” I will always try to give a physical description of their appearance.

Twelve days after my conversation with Doreen, I had an experience with what looked like a Hybrid Being. This Hybrid was thin, had wavy, dark, medium length hair, was a little over six feet tall and wore normal street clothes. He seemed fairly human, except he was telepathic. There were other Beings with me, but I don't remember what they looked like. They told me telepathically that I should spend some time with this male Hybrid so I walked over to him.

The Hybrid began to telepathically communicate with me. He said he was working on eradicating a form of crustacean-type life form from the desert zone of a planet. He told me that he was always away from his home and that he was frustrated and had grown cynical because of his work. I either telepathically replied to him or he read my thoughts. I said,

*“I was away from my family so often as a child, that a real space developed between my family and me. They began to view me as being different. It is damaging that I am perceived as being different from everyone else in my family.”*

I had tears in my eyes and I was a bit surprised that I would relay this to him and that this would evoke such sadness in me. I didn't realize how much this aspect of my life bothered me until that moment. My travels with the Beings and my mission in life have made me different from most humans.

The Hybrid and I walked together and as we did, I thought about Doreen and how sad I was that our friendship was over. The pain was still strong and would be for a long time. As I was thinking about everything that had transpired over the previous weeks, I felt the Hybrid inside my mind telepathically reading my thoughts and emotions. He seemed to understand my pain and somehow I knew it was something I had to go through.

I came to a realization as he was reading my mind; it was an exchange of feelings and emotions between the two of us. I understood the importance of his mission, my mission -- *our* mission. There are a lot of us involved and it's not easy for any of us: Human, Hybrid or Alien. The Hybrid told me that my relationship with Doreen had to change and that it was for the best.

I felt relieved that this part of the transition was behind me and I was ready to move forward again. I refuse to live in an artificial world. I wrote in my journal:

*“I am a seeker of truth. The truth matters much more to me than making this phenomenon positive or negative. I choose to face reality and look it in the eyes.”*



## *Good-bye*

It was a long while, but I did hear from Doreen again. She called to tell me that she had an abduction experience during which a Blonde alien touched her breast and said,

*“Remember this...remember this...it is extremely important.”*

She decided to go in early for her mammogram screening. She said she would normally have one every two years, but decided not to wait. When she did, they found a growth in her breast that turned out to be cancerous. Shortly thereafter she underwent a lumpectomy followed by radiation treatment. Amazingly, she was really upbeat about it, or at least acted like she was. She told me that when her doctor told her of his diagnosis she laughed and said,

*“Oh, this is probably the best thing that could have happened to me!”*

I don’t know if she was in a total state of denial or something else. At the time, I thought it was just Doreen wanting everything to be positive, no matter what. She wasn’t going to let this get her down. I thought it was a good attitude to have, if I interpreted it correctly.

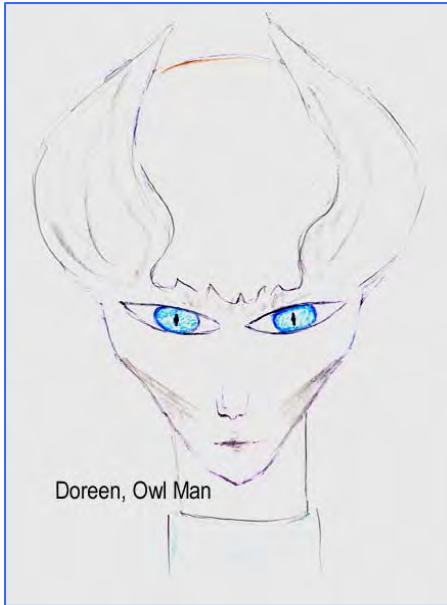
The next time I heard from Doreen, she called to tell me that while at work recently, her coworkers noticed she was slurring her words. She had been feeling a bit unusual and decided to go to the doctor. That was when they discovered an inoperable brain tumor. Again, I was devastated and I felt so terrible -- so sad and so sorry for her. I could not believe what I was hearing. More time passed, and I heard from Doreen again. The cancer in her breast had returned and she was scheduled to have a mastectomy followed by chemotherapy.

I remember Erik and I visiting her while she was in the hospital. She had just undergone a bone marrow transplant and we had to be very careful not to do certain things or bring certain things into her room. When I saw her, the only thing I recognized about her was her beautiful blue eyes. They were still shining with that positive radiant light that was Doreen.

After we moved to the East Coast a few years later, I heard from Doreen again. Her doctor’s had discovered an inoperable tumor in her stomach. The cancer had spread and she was having hospice care in her home. She told me that she had prayed to God, to the Universe, and had asked the aliens to heal her, but it seemed that no one could or would. She also told me that she felt really bad for the way she had treated me and that she knew how much she had hurt me and was really sorry.

Doreen fell into a coma and died some weeks later. I will never forget the emotional and physical feelings that we all experienced on February 1, 1995 at 5:45 p.m. I will never forget Doreen telling me that at that instant she turned to her husband and said,

*"I know that something has just happened that will change my life forever."*

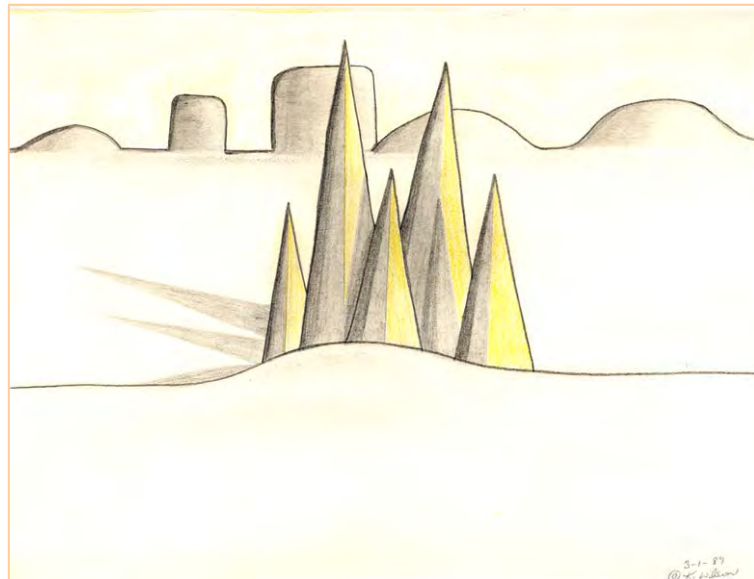


I will always believe that whatever we all experienced, this was when she either contracted the cancer or knew on some level that she already had it. It was as if she was told that something life-changing was about to occur to her and it did. I am so thankful for having known Doreen and for her sharing her experiences and her artwork with me -- with us all. She was a beautiful person.

This is a Being with whom Doreen had several encounter experiences, although she never went into much detail about him. It is probable that the "owl" portion of his forehead is some sort of mental camouflage and he is probably a Hybrid of some kind. His face is very similar to a Being I had contact with once, and I

write about that experience later on in this book in the chapter titled *The Trio*.

This drawing is from *The Alien Jigsaw*. It is a base of some kind that I saw during an encounter in which I was told I was "...on the dark side of the moon." The foreground reminded me of the picture of a "crystal city" Doreen said would be published in this book. Perhaps what I saw during this particular encounter was indeed a crystal structure of some type.



## Chapter Six: 1995

### *MUFON 1995 International Symposium Ufology: A Scientific Paradigm*

I was asked to speak at the 1995 MUFON Symposium in Seattle, Washington this year. It was a wonderful opportunity for me and I believe, at that time, I was only the second abductee to have been invited to speak at a MUFON Symposium; with (the late) Karla Turner, Ph.D. being the first that I am aware of. The International Director at that time was Walt Andrus. The title of my paper was *The Alien Jigsaw: A Fresh Look at an Old Puzzle*.<sup>1</sup>

It was somewhat stressful because the ever relentless debunker, good old Phillip Klass had to jump up out of his seat and violate the symposium rules by clicking off photographs of me when I stepped up to the podium. He was told to stop immediately and to take his seat: Nothing like an ice-breaker for a first-timer. One of the funny things about Phil Klass was that he always wore an “Abductee” button at UFO conferences.

This was also the year that the alien head with the universal “No” sign debuted, which I thought was quite funny, especially since they were originally discovered plastered all inside the bathrooms. What a great marketing tactic! Overall, the energy was really positive and there was a lot of good information exchanged, and the people in MUFON were great, with one small exception.

I took a chance and spoke about some of my “military type” abductions I had experienced since I felt it was finally acceptable to speak about them, *even* at a MUFON Symposium. What was exciting to me about my paper and the information I had to share was that theoretical physicist Michio Kaku’s *Hyperspace* had been published the year before and Doreen had allowed me to publish an amazing experience she had involving space and time. I had also been having experiences involving space, time and what I perceived to be other dimensions, and for me, these were some of the most fascinating experiences of them all.

My presentation was well-received and I received a lot of positive comments afterward. There was one exception and that was the (then) editor of the *MUFON UFO Journal*, whom I will simply call, “Mr. Editor.” His problem was that he either didn’t care about the previous researchers’ past descriptions of what an alien mental screen is (what I sometimes call camouflage) or he wasn’t paying attention when I painstakingly gave descriptions and examples during my presentation. This aspect of the phenomenon had been long supported by previous researchers such as Budd

Hopkins, David Jacobs, Ph.D., (the late) John E. Mack, M.D., John Carpenter, MS, LCSW, and Yvonne Smith, C.Ht.

“Mr. Editor” actually laughed out loud while I was speaking about the subject of the aliens’ use of mental screens or screen memories. He seemed to have a mean streak in him that surfaced more often than not. One example was the time he faxed me and told me that he wanted to omit the ISBN number of my book in a review that Forest Crawford had written for the MUFON Journal, referring to it as “unimportant and a waste of space.”

It was apparent to many people that “Mr. Editor” didn’t have an open mind when it came to abductions and really didn’t listen to my lecture. When he wrote his review of the MUFON Symposium he ridiculed the screen memory portion of my presentation.

A few years later Walt Andrus decided to retire and I sent him and his wife a retirement card. I knew that Mrs. Andrus was very supportive of her husband and of MUFON. A few days after I mailed the card, I received the sad news of his wife’s passing. It was so sad and came as such a shock to me. John Schuessler took over as the International Director after Walt Andrus retired and the organization benefited greatly from his leadership and the new initiatives he implemented. John Schuessler remains on The Board of Directors of MUFON.

The current International Director is James Carrion, M.A. I recommend that you visit their Web site and consider becoming a member and subscribe to the Journal. For four decades, MUFON has been a successful grassroots organization dedicated to the scientific study and investigation of the UFO phenomenon, and they are always looking for educated and motivated volunteers. James Carrion defines MUFON’s Mission Statement as: “The scientific study of UFOs for the benefit of humanity.”<sup>2</sup>

Overall, my experience as an abductee-speaker at the 1995 MUFON Symposium was positive and another good learning experience for me. I will always be grateful to Walt Andrus for having the confidence in me to invite me to speak at MUFON’s International UFO Symposium in Seattle, Washington.

My next speaking engagement was held in Chicago, Illinois for a conference that a wonderful lady named Mary Kerfoot hosted at the Museum of Science.<sup>3</sup> She worked tirelessly and succeeded in hosting a highly informative educational program during National UFO Awareness Week.

My flight from the Northwest to Chicago was -- how should I say it -- surreal? It wasn’t so much the flight as it was what occurred just before it landed and then after I got off of the plane and walked into the ladies’ room. I had what I can only describe



as a most amazing “invisibility” experience that ended up being published in Budd Hopkins’ and Carol Rainey’s excellent book, *Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings*.<sup>4</sup>

## *Second Edition Update*

Many people may not realize this, but Budd Hopkins was the first person to coin the term “Hybrid” as it relates to this subject matter. In the study of alien abductions, the newer term “Transgenic Beings” also refers to alien-human Hybrids, but in a slightly different context. David Jacobs, a long-time associate of Budd Hopkins’ brought this to light during their joint presentation\* at the 2006 UFO Congress in Nevada.

For more information concerning experiences with Hybrid Beings, see my 2009 four-part article titled The Hybrids or click on the hyperlinks below.

The Hybrids: Can We Know Their Purpose? (Part One)

The Hybrids: How To Live Among Humans (Part Two)

The Hybrids: We Are Coming (Part Three)

The Hybrids: Summary and Discussion (Part Four)

For additional information concerning Hybrid Beings, please visit David M. Jacob’s Web site ICAR at: <http://www.ufoabduction.com>

\* Hopkins, Budd and David Jacobs. *Transgenic Beings*: A DVD presentation from the 2006 UFO Congress. Edited from the cover notes: Hopkins and Jacobs discuss the emerging evidence for Hybrids having an increased presence in normal society and even living among us. Through the years, UFO-abduction researchers have collected and investigated odd stories of “aliens” living among us. These stories were ignored as not having enough credibility and evidence and as being suggestive of the spurious claims spun in the 1950s during the contactee movement. In recent years, evidence from the abduction phenomenon has been building for the reality of an alien, i.e. Hybrid, presence in normal society. Hopkins and Jacobs reveal the evidence they have found for the presence of Hybrids on Earth and begin the serious debate about what this might mean. [www.ufocongress.com](http://www.ufocongress.com)

## *The Abduction Monitoring Project*

Several years ago three UFO organizations formed a coalition and created The Abduction Monitoring Project. The basic premise was to monitor abductees in their



homes using specific technical devices to see if any anomalous readings could be detected during an abduction experience.

The data for this project was collected several years ago, but it has never been analyzed. The main reason is because of a lack of funding to pay a neutral third party to perform the statistical analyses. The good news is, the Coalition has finally found a statistician who is willing to analyze the data; however, funding is very crucial in order for this important work to be completed.

I did not personally participate in this study, however, the abductees who did participate followed through -- they did their part, and they also had to trust the researchers and allow them to install these devices in their homes. The least we can do to repay these abductees for their trust, honesty and effort in participating in this study is to have the data analyzed and published. We now have a chance to do this and it is very exciting to contemplate what the data will reveal.

If you wish to make a donation to the non-profit Coalition so this important study can be completed you can mail your tax-free donation, made payable to: The UFO Research Coalition, (memo line should read: AMP) and sent to: The UFO Research Coalition 10621 John Ayres Dr. Fairfax, VA 22032.

To read the Research Design and Protocols for this study, please see:

<http://www.amstat.org/chapters/austin/Meetings/Powell.pdf>

Special Thanks to Robert Powell for publishing the Research Design and Protocols on the Internet and to Errol Bruce-Knapp <http://www.virtuallystrange.net> and the subscribers of UFO Updates for continuing the dialogue regarding this important study. The three UFO organizations involved with this study are MUFON: Mutual UFO Network, FUFOR: Fund For UFO Research, and CUFOS: Center For UFO Studies.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *The Alien Jigsaw: A Fresh Look at an Old Puzzle*. MUFON International UFO Symposium Proceedings: *UFOLOGY: A Scientific Paradigm*. Pages 85-99, 1995.

<sup>2</sup> MUFON: Mutual UFO Network. Official Web site: <http://www.mufon.com> 155 East Boardwalk Drive, Suite 300, Fort Collins, CO. 80525. Tel: 970-232-3110 or 888-817-2220. FAX 866-466-9173 / [hq@mufon.com](mailto:hq@mufon.com)  
John Schuessler's Web site is: <http://home.mho.net/schuessler/>



<sup>3</sup> The conference and UFO education program was sponsored by The Chicago Area Center for Encounter Support (CACES), Operation Right To Know (ORTK), Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) and Chicago MUFON.

<sup>4</sup> Hopkins, Budd and Rainey, Carol. *Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings*. New York: Atria Books (Simon & Schuster) pp. 100-110, 2003.

Higbee, Donna. *Human Spontaneous Invisibility*. Unfortunately, the Web site “Homestead” is no longer being published; however, I was able to locate some of her writings at: <http://www.v-j-enterprises.com/protect.html>



## Chapter Seven

### *It's About Time... It's About Space...*

During my lecture at the 1995 MUFON Symposium, I referenced Michio Kaku's new book, *Hyperspace: A Scientific Odyssey Through Parallel Universes, Time Warps and the 10<sup>th</sup> Dimension*. In it he wrote,

"There is a growing acknowledgment among physicists worldwide, including several Nobel laureates that the universe may actually exist in higher-dimensional space. If this theory [of Hyperspace] is proved correct, it will create a profound conceptual and philosophical revolution in our understanding of the universe."<sup>1</sup>

Theoretical physicists are postulating that instead of the four dimensions of length, breadth, width, and time -- that ten dimensions are required to make enough room for our four fundamental forces of nature.

"Imagine being able to walk through walls... or having the ability to repair the internal organs of patients without ever cutting the skin... What being could possess such God-like power? The answer: a being from a higher-dimensional world."<sup>2</sup>

### *Levitation*

This is a very unusual chapter. It is difficult to write about these types of experiences without the subject matter coming across as science fiction. I have approached this chapter a bit differently because this chapter and a later chapter of this book contain controversial information relating to the abduction phenomenon. It is important for the reader to understand how real and vivid these encounters were for me at the time they occurred, and how vividly they have remained in my memory to this day.

This is one of those portions of the abduction phenomenon I mentioned in the beginning of this book that does not relate to abductions as we have come to understand them from research conducted over the past 30 to 40 years. There is no experimentation, no medical procedures, no presentation of Hybrid babies and children, etc. However, these experiences do sometimes involve non-human Intelligences. The underlying thread in these experiences involves the manipulation of space and time. I can only guess at how this is accomplished, but it is happening, and not only to me. There are Beings interacting with us who are teaching us about subjects of an interdimensional nature. They want us to understand that we have

multidimensional capabilities. It sounds astounding, but after you read the following accounts about what I have seen and done, they will hopefully help you understand what I am trying to communicate. Again, I want to remind the reader that all of my memories of these experiences are consciously recalled.

In Chapter One, I wrote about the Super Conscious Beings and how they sometimes visit when they want to teach me something. One of the areas of learning concerns teaching me how to use my mind to accomplish certain things.

In 1995, a Super Conscious Being took me to a place that I would describe as a large room with a very high ceiling, but I did not see anything in the room. I did not know where I was or how I got there. I was instructed to use my mind to move myself to a different area in this room. I looked up and I concentrated on the high ceiling. I used my mind to pull the space that was above me, down toward me. This had the effect of lifting my body upward through what seemed to be part of the structure, possibly the ceiling. It was mentally exhausting, but I was told that it was time for me to learn this.

Immediately after I had achieved this mental feat, I remembered my future at the moment I decided to come to Earth. I was to leave my time (what we would consider the future) and travel back in time to where I am now. I wrote in my journal about the “knowing” I suddenly experienced:

“It’s because of my life mission that I am here. We all have a mission in this and I have chosen to be an educator. We are to wake a sleeping world to the aliens’ presence.”

In another experience shortly after this one, I floated myself through a pair of doors and into a long hallway that appeared to cross a parking lot. I was in a place that resembled an airport, but when I was outside, it appeared that part of the building was underground. It was considered bad manners for me to float or levitate myself in this particular place. It wasn’t something I was supposed to do in front of others so I had to be careful that no one saw me.

Someone did see me and I telepathically sensed that this Being (whose features I do not consciously recall) was worried that I wouldn’t be able to control myself when I returned to Earth and that I needed to learn discipline.

### *Bi-dimensional*

This same year I found myself with a male Super Conscious Being, and again, I do not remember how I got there or where exactly I was. We were standing in front of a door and he wanted me to look through a small opening constructed out of an



emerald cut crystal lens. I did and I saw myself! It was another me and I was at a UFO conference and I saw myself walking across a room. I was wearing a long black skirt and a purple shirt. My hair was longer and I noted that it needed to be brushed. I knew it was me, but it was another me in another dimension. It was amazing!

The Super Conscious Being *wanted* me to know that I was looking at myself in another dimension and in this other dimension I am also involved in the phenomenon. It was another lesson they wanted me to learn. There was no doubt in my mind after seeing this that his message to me was that we, or at least *some* humans, exist in more than one dimension.

### *Removed From Earth?*

In this next experience, I was being graded on my performance as an educator of this phenomenon here on Earth. I saw Betty Andreasson Luca, Karla Turner and Debbie Jordan Kauble. I also think I saw Leah Haley, but I was not 100% certain. (For those of you who do not know them, they are all abductees and have either had books published about their experiences or have published their own books about their abduction experiences.)

A “chalkboard” appearing object was rolled in front of us that had papers hanging off of the bottom part. The papers had numbers on them. We looked at the papers and realized we were being graded. I looked at my score and my mean (average) was about the same as the other abductees who were with me, so I felt like I was doing okay -- hanging in there, so to speak. I felt relieved to know that the Beings still considered me of value. I wrote in my journal,

“...it’s hard to keep this up, but I’ve survived another test.”

Just after the test results were given to us, a male Being telepathically said to me,

*“You have been here for one year.”*

My mind reeled from the information -- I could not believe what I was hearing. I then remembered something of what happened while I was with them. I had been with Betty and a male humanoid who had very mottled, pink and purple skin, and it appeared that there were dried pieces of skin flaking off of his face. Betty and this male humanoid told me that I was in the process of becoming more telepathic.

I was to turn my back to them and try to telepathically hear their thoughts. I did as I was requested. Betty’s voice was calm and encouraging and she said to me,

*“Yes, that’s it... you’re getting closer.”*

Just after that, I felt a very warm sensation in my upper back where I have an uneven spacing between my 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> vertebrae. The warm feeling continued and Betty told me that this had something to do with telepathic abilities. The session continued for several minutes with Betty calmly encouraging me saying,

*“You’re doing it now... Very good.”*

When this was over, I went to look in a mirror and I saw my face. I was appalled. I had the same mottled skin as the male humanoid. I panicked and said to myself,

*“I’ve got to get out of here! A year...unbelievable. I’ve been here for a whole year!”*

The next day and for two weeks after this experience, I had a peaceful, wonderful feeling come over me. I felt extraordinarily good, mentally and physically.

I was left with many questions after this experience: Could I have been removed from Earth for an entire year and then brought back to my current time? This would mean that some of these Beings have perfected time travel. Why would they go to these lengths to deceive me into believing that I, and some other people, exist in more than one dimension or that we can move through time, if this is not true?

## *Time Quake*

On the one-year anniversary of the strange experience when Doreen, Kendra, my husband and I all shared the same dizziness, nausea and anxiety, I had another experience involving time. It was as real as my everyday reality and it is one of the most unusual experiences of this type I have ever had.

I remembered having felt a “quake” or some type of very strong vibration. I instinctually knew that it was a rip in space and that a tear in the timeline had just occurred due to an alien craft crashing here on Earth.

I was telepathically told that I had to contact a man. I was given a phone number in my mind, which I repeated over and over so as not to forget it. I then dialed the number on an old rotary type phone that would have been in use during the middle to late forties or thereabout. I was to contact a man named “Chevaz.” (I’m uncertain about the spelling, but the first part of his name was pronounced with a “Sh” sound and the “vaz” had the emphasis with a long a.)



His wife answered the phone and I said,

*“Please try to understand what I’m about to ask you. Do you know what year this is?”*

She replied, as if I was some nut case,

*“Yes. I’m quite certain I know what year this is.”*

She handed the phone to her husband and Chevaz began speaking to me. Someone had contacted him and told him to expect my call. I think the crash altered the timeline and allowed me to contact him. I knew that I had to be extremely careful about what I said. As I spoke to him, I could see, telepathically, in my mind what he saw: the crash debris in a desert area. At that moment I realized that he had been to a crash site involving an extraterrestrial craft.

He told me that he had lived his entire life feeling despondent about what happened and that he was consumed with a terrible guilt. He told his wife about what he saw and he felt terrible for having betrayed his government. His love and loyalty for his wife was greater than his loyalty to his government. He told me that his guilt was overwhelming.

I then said to him, because I absolutely “knew” what was happening,

*“Don’t worry. Don’t worry. It’s okay. The government is initiating a huge cover-up of the crash. The cover-up will hold through 1996. That is where I am now. You shouldn’t worry that you did anything wrong. It’s okay.”*

It was my job not to let him tell anyone else about what he saw. I had to convince him that no one should know about the crash and that it would be better in the long run. Chevaz was relieved by my words. He no longer had to be consumed with guilt for the rest of his life because I helped him to make things right.

During this unique experience, I felt as if I existed in my time and in his time simultaneously. It was incredible, and I wrote how I felt about this experience in my journal:

*“It’s like my ‘higher self’...a part of me that knows and understands everything about this phenomenon. I know that time is not the barrier humans believe it to be. I’ve traversed time before...I’ve been here before. I don’t understand what part of my being is capable of moving like this. I seem to have a physical body [when I move through time]... it’s supposed to be impossible for humans to do this. How can I live with this knowledge? How can I be like this?”*



## *Soul Mate*

One interdimensional experience that I had no problem with involved my husband. I often think back to this with a beautiful and peaceful “knowing” that we will always be together. From my journal:

“Erik and I traveled together through space. It was dark and we were both telekinetic. With our thoughts, we were moving our bodies or our Beings through this space. The beginning of our journey felt familiar and there were fire streamers in the space around us and we knew that this was the path the aliens often took with their craft. We called this energy ‘after sparks.’ We traveled along the same path as the Beings.”

“That particular path was one that many have traveled, including us, but it was an intermittent space along the path of a longer journey. We moved so quickly that I could feel g-forces against my Being and we were doing this solely with the power of thought. We then traveled faster and farther and we experienced quite a lot together. It was a beautiful experience.”

I began calling some of the places I would travel to “Hyperspace.” After having the interdimensional and time-related experiences, this term seemed to make so much sense to me. It was just logical.

## *Rose Marie*

I lost an abductee friend six months prior to abduction researcher Karla Turner’s death. Her name was Rose Marie. Her death was very tragic and somewhat suspicious. Many people in the abduction community were aware of Karla Turner’s intense battle with breast cancer, which sadly, she lost. No one knew about Rose Marie -- until now.<sup>3</sup>

I had an unusual experience where I saw Rose Marie and Karla Turner. It was a very dark place. Rose Marie was acting as a sort of guide for Karla. Although I had not received official word from anyone, I knew that Karla had died when I saw her with Rose Marie. There was a “cancer” in this place and it was represented by a dark round object, a spiked object and blackness. Rose Marie was trying to guide Karla away from this blackness and she wanted her to follow her. Although it was a very dark place they were in, both women had a white light beaming down on them and their heads and faces were bathed in this white light.

I received the news of Karla’s death some time after this experience. It was a very sad day to have lost yet another one of our own, and for the abduction research community to have lost such a resolute researcher and human being. Approximately



three years after both Rose Marie and Karla died, in July of 1999, I wrote in my journal about an experience I had just had:

“I went into ‘Hyperspace.’ The same place I went the last time I saw Karla when she was with Rose Marie.”

I found myself in what I knew was a “different space.” I knew that Karla was dead and I knew that I was in a place where you go to contact people who have already left Earth.

I kept trying to contact Karla by reaching out to her with my mind. I became frustrated because I could not locate her. I knew it was imperative that I speak with her. I knew I could contact her if I kept trying...reaching out...reaching out with my mind.

Finally, she was there. I saw her and she had a serious look on her face, which she usually did when she spoke about the subject of abductions. I don't know why I felt as if I had to go there and tell her this, but I did:

*“You were supposed to contact me and we were supposed to work together. Why didn't you? Didn't you realize this?”*

Karla gave me a serious look and then looked down. I continued,

*“When we first met, you looked right through me. You did nothing to try to contact me. Didn't you realize that we were all supposed to work together?”*

Karla looked at me and said,

*“Yes. I did. You're right. I'm sorry.”*

I felt awful because I knew she could do nothing from where she was now except communicate with us, if we were smart enough and lucky enough to be able to reach her. I didn't know if I reached out to her or if she reached out to me or if it was a two-way mutual contact.

Suddenly, I realized something I had not remembered consciously before. I'm not sure if Karla told me this, but it is quite possible that she did: I was told there was a group of experiencers that consisted of 12 people, and now there are 8 because four people in the group have died. We are supposed to work together. What we have done is good, but it is not enough. The whole reason we are on Earth is because we are supposed to work *together*.

My contact with Karla ended after my realization of this. I felt compelled to write to some of the other abductees who I thought were a part of our group, but I could not remember all of their names. I also felt as if I was supposed to keep this secret and that only the remaining eight should know about this. I did tell a few of them, but I don't know if anyone took me seriously.

I am unable to provide any mathematical formulas or describe the physics behind these types of travels, but I know they are real. Most of these places are familiar to me and I seem to have an inner knowledge about them, as if I am a part of them. In some cases it's like being home again after a long trip. It feels comfortable. Sometimes these places feel like a school and sometimes it is a Hyperspace where people go after they leave Earth and time does not exist.

Perhaps publishing this book online will enable the message to reach the appropriate people -- the remaining people in our group -- as well as a new generation of people experiencing this phenomenon. They probably know who they are, just like I know. I believe it will be the Internet that allows us to complete our missions of working together to wake our sleeping world to the aliens' presence.

One question these types of experiences leave me with is: Could I really be from somewhere "out there," or Hyperspace? Frankly, it would not surprise me if a lot of abductees were.

### *Second Edition Update*

It is now well into the second half of 2009, and because I have continued to have these types of experiences, I am beginning to suspect that two things are true: (1) Some humans -- perhaps all humans -- are indeed multi-dimensional. Perhaps not in a physical sense, but rather, it is our consciousness that has multidimensional capabilities. (2) Some of these intelligences visiting us have indeed mastered certain aspects of time travel.

Three similar experiences that occurred after the First Edition of this book was published were particularly astounding to me. Another event involving a "time quake" occurred. When these quakes occur, the time displacement or time travel is immediate. Certain people are aware of what this feels like and when it occurs, they know what is going on; however, most of the people surrounding the event are unaware of any change. This particular event involved traveling back in time and concerned a corporation involved in the study of genetics, which I was able to document is still in existence today.

Another experience that involved dimensional travel occurred as well. It was quite frightening in that the Beings involved were using a device that was capable of taking a person from our dimension to another place, and without their permission, I might



add. It was more of a “capture” as opposed to travel. A feedback in time occurred during one of these captures and there was a team of three males wearing suits who were aware of this feedback or time loop and they were monitoring -- literally following -- these particular Beings. An illustration of what these Beings look like can be found in the chapter titled *Two Babies*. During this recent encounter, however, these Beings were wearing yellow cover-all type garments with hoods.

The other time experience was extraordinary in that just prior to my appearing on a particular military base, a female Being asked, “*What time do you want to go to?*” I knew I only had a few seconds to make up my mind and since I already knew everything that happened from the 1960s forward, I quickly said, “*1948.*”

I then found myself standing in an office on a military base that I knew was associated with what is now referred to as Area 51. The military personnel were wearing the uniforms that were correct for that particular time. They were sitting at a table studying black and white satellite photographs. I was standing in their office observing them and I said,

*“Don’t bother to be so secretive about Area 51. In the time I come from, everyone knows about its location. It’s no big deal anymore.”*

At that moment, one of the uniformed men was so taken aback and shocked by what I said, he ran out of the office in search of his superiors. My situation changed abruptly after I said this. I was reprimanded by a male Being who was traveling with me because I was not supposed to provide any information regarding the future or interfere with anyone I encountered while I was there.

The last encounter concerned the future and the end of all life on our planet. It was far enough into the future that some of the devices I saw reminded me of something out of Star Trek. A team of scientists had created a life form that appeared to be the combination of more than one animal. It looked like a piglet with a snout-like nose shaped like a large earthworm. Its body contained the entire genetic code for all life on the planet. A catastrophic event was approaching, one that would end all life on Earth, and this was the only way life on our planet could survive the cataclysm. All of the life on Earth would have its genetic code dispersed as this little animal and all other life perished. The rebirth of the Earth was going to begin from scratch, all over again.

My last memory was of cradling the little animal in my arms, which I felt love and empathy for. I knew what was approaching, and I was waiting to die. Then I suddenly realized that this has happened before. This is what we have to go through; a cataclysmic death followed by a rebirth of the planet, and then we begin all over again. I felt extremely disappointed and betrayed, and I did not want to be a part of this cycle any longer. I told myself that I did not want to come back here if this was the way it was going to be.

These experiences were a glimpse into our past and into our future. I will not go into all of the details I saw because the information could be used by someone who might manipulate and misuse it to benefit themselves. The implications are frightening to me, and I doubt that I will ever publish anything further about them.

The reason I mention them briefly here is because there is a recurring thread flowing throughout this whole phenomenon: There is an aspect of time travel involved. It is a notion that most people are not willing or able to accept; however, some of these Beings have known that something is heading our way and they have known it for a long time. A major transition is going to occur to Earth.

These Beings could only know this if they had the ability to travel through time using their consciousness or if they have the ability to time travel in a physical sense. They know what is coming and a lot of humans know what is coming as well. As you will see when you continue reading, these are not the only examples I provide in this book of certain Beings' ability to travel or see through time. One group of Beings would tell me about 9-11 a week before it occurred and they would not allow me to remember their having contacted me until it was too late.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Kaku, Michio. *Hyperspace: A Scientific Odyssey Through Parallel Universes, Time Warps and the 10<sup>th</sup> Dimension*. New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1994.

<sup>2</sup> Kaku, pp. 13-15.

## *Rose Marie*

<sup>3</sup> Rose Marie was a nurse and an avid animal lover who rescued many animals, including dogs, cats, horses and goats, from certain death. She wrote to me many times and in her letters she described having terrible "female" problems, which she believed were directly related to her abduction experiences and she eventually had to have a hysterectomy. Some time in late 1994, she began hormone therapy and was taking Premarin and Provera.

She also suffered from thrombophlebitis, which Mosby's Medical Encyclopedia defines as: "The swelling of a vein, often along with the formation of a clot. It occurs most commonly as the result of injury to the vessel wall, abnormal increased clotting capacity of the blood or hypercoagulability, infection, and chemical irritation."

In her letter of January 1995 Rose Marie wrote to me about the hormone therapy she was placed on. She said,



“...but now I have had a bad earache, burning and tearing of my eyes, nose bleeds and a sore throat for weeks. I’ve developed so many allergies, some with severe reactions.”

Her next paragraph read as follows:

“I received a letter from the U.S. Army, begging me to at least sign up for Army Reserves. It’ll be one weekend a month and two weeks a year. A long time ago when I became a nurse, I wanted to join the Army, but they would not take me because I didn’t have a BSN (college degree in nursing) and also I was told they only take you till you’re 35. I just turned 39 in January and they know it.”

“I’m worried why they are so desperate for nurses. Is something bad going to happen soon? They not only offered me a good salary, but a \$5000.00 bonus! This worries me. I’d love to join and serve my country...”

She continued with another paragraph about how she would serve her country as a nurse if a war or a national disaster occurred. She was very patriotic.

Rose Marie died six months after I received the letter from which I partially quoted above. I received a letter after her death from her son. In it, he told me that his mother’s doctor (a gynecologist) had prescribed a blood thinner for the thrombophlebitis and it caused Rose Marie to hemorrhage to death. It was very sudden and during a telephone conversation with her son, he told me that he believed this doctor murdered his mother.

Why would a gynecologist keep a patient on hormones such as Premarin and Provera while she was experiencing serious side effects such as nosebleeds and severe allergies? And, even with the nosebleeds, he also prescribed a blood thinner?

I have always believed Rose Marie’s death was very suspicious and I was so saddened when I learned about it. She was such a beautiful person and it seemed to me that she suffered so much: both at the hands of the aliens and an incompetent physician. It is so unfair that such a beautiful person’s life could be cut so short and again, I wondered: Why couldn’t -- or wouldn’t -- these Beings save her?



## Chapter Eight: 1997

### *Military Abductions 101*

My journal for 1996 is not very lengthy, but the experiences were amazing. I was still living in the Northwest and although I had discontinued hosting a support group, I organized luncheons from time to time with a group of abductees and researchers. Part of my getting grounded involved working out again on a regular basis and I was feeling pretty good.

My journal for 1997 is somewhat lengthy and although I had “military abductions” before, this seemed to be *the* year for them. I am publishing a slightly edited version of my Introduction to *Project Open Mind* in this chapter because I believe it is the most succinct way to explain to you what may be occurring with military abductions. These also appear to involve specific intelligence personnel, and I focus on experiences involving them in later chapters of this book.

Most people realize that as a single entity, the Government is not aware of the extensive nature of the UFO-ET phenomenon. Although it is safe to assume their knowledge has been highly compartmentalized, there are specific people within the Government (specific agencies and military personnel connected with those agencies) who have a “need to know.” It is these individuals I am referring to when I talk about alleged Government involvement in abductions. The types of abductions they carry out have been termed “MILABS.”<sup>1</sup>

There are different hypotheses as to why some abductees are seeing military personnel during their supposed alien experiences.

#### *1. Who Are We Seeing?*

The military personnel...

- a. may actually be aliens using the techniques of camouflage and screen memories to deceive abductees into believing their government is involved.
- b. may be part of a secret agency or military team that is involved in retrieving information from abductees about the aliens.
- c. may be working with some of the aliens.



- d. may be Hybrids - a genetic combination or cross between humans and aliens, who wear military-type uniforms to confuse the abductee.<sup>2</sup>
- e. may be part of a secret human agency or military team abducting humans in order to create or increase the impression that aliens abduct humans; or to sow confusion regarding the possible presence and activities of aliens on Earth; or for some other reason beyond our current understanding.

## *II. Motive*

Regardless of whether our abductors are human or extraterrestrial, possible motives for interacting with us or abducting us include:

- a. A longitudinal study: studying abductees' psychological and physiological responses over long periods of time.
- b. Studying different types of human responses and how they relate to cultural and socioeconomic differences.
- c. The creation of a new race. (A controversial hypothesis.)
- d. The creation of a "new and better" soldier.
- e. Performing physical experiments for the secret testing of:
  - (i) new drugs and vaccinations
  - (ii) cloning techniques (through tissue and fluid collection)
  - (iii) behavior modification / "mind control" techniques
  - (iv) alterations and/or mapping of the human genome
  - (v) unknown (perhaps alien) substances
  - (vi) inducing paranormal experiences

## *III. Maintaining Secrecy*

Whether we are dealing with extraterrestrials or a nefarious group of powerful human beings, there appears to be a disinformation campaign underway. This has been orchestrated to mislead abductees -- and therefore the research community and the public -- as to what the truth is. In order to take the focus away from the true agenda, the aliens may want us to remember seeing "humans," and the humans may want us to remember seeing "aliens."

## *IV. Helping Mankind*

It is doubtful, but not impossible, that the human group would have intentions of helping their fellow human beings in the future. Unless the human group has



developed the technology to look into mankind's future, my hypothesis is that any "helping purposes" related to this phenomenon would include a small group of humans who have split from the "nefarious human group," extraterrestrials, spiritual Beings or all three. It is also sensible to assume that spiritual Beings come in both positive and negative forms and may also be influencing the overall UFO-ET phenomenon.<sup>3</sup>

There may be efforts to show abductees what mankind's future holds, perhaps even to demonstrate what some of the aliens are planning to do. Many of the visions and teaching dreams that abductees experience illustrate that a catastrophic war and Earth changes will occur in our future.<sup>4</sup> Through desensitization and training, the visions, teaching dreams, and other scenarios may be tools the ETs are using as a way to help abductees maintain a certain level of functioning during a future event of this magnitude.

### *Second Edition Update*

The term MILABS is an acronym that refers to "military abductions" or abductions during which military personnel are seen, sometimes working alone and sometimes working alongside of alien beings. There are divergent opinions about these types of abductions. Some researchers believe they are perpetrated by aliens alone or alien-human Hybrids dressed in military uniforms. Other researchers believe they are a highly secret group of specially trained humans using alien technology who are working with one or more groups of aliens. Still others claim this is all an illusion perpetrated by "mind control" agents and these events are created via technology such as neural implants, holographs and wave technology that create what are referred to as virtual reality scenarios.

MILABS are extremely controversial and MILAB abductees are viewed by some researchers and organizations as "The Black Sheep" of the abduction phenomenon. In other words, being abducted by aliens is one thing, but to be abducted by one's own military or government is quite a different subject. However, all we have to do is look at the past actions of the Bush-Cheney Administration to see that our government has illegally abducted people before for interrogation purposes. Yes, some of them were terrorists, but not all. How do the people in our government who are "in the know" about the extraterrestrial presence feel about alien abductees? Do they view us as *more*, or *less* dangerous than the people they have admitted to abducting in the past?

What I've learned from studying MILABS is one of the main reasons these perpetrators abduct abductees is because they are trying to learn everything they can about the aliens' motives and activities; in other words, everything the abductee knows.

It is important to understand that both the way the abductee is abducted and the location of the interaction are key in determining who and what we are really dealing with when we talk about MILABS. Some of the questions to ask when studying these cases are: Do they use drugs? Does the abductee report seeing the abductors wearing military uniforms or terrestrial clothing such as medical attire? Is the abductee taken out of their house or automobile and loaded into an awaiting helicopter, or suddenly find himself or herself onboard another type of aircraft or in an unknown automobile? Does the abductee find himself or herself inside an abandoned hospital or military base?

No one could really know how the public would latch onto the term MILABS as it has done since I published *Project Open Mind* in 1996 and The Lammer's published *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction* in 1997. Not since Martin Cannon's seminal work *The Controllers: A New Hypothesis of Alien Abduction* has a possible alternative explanation for alien abduction been as overblown and misconstrued as the MILAB phenomenon has been.

After having published *Project Open Mind*, I can certainly relate to Martin Cannon's frustration when he told me he regretted ever writing his monograph because so many people used it as an excuse to explain everything from mental illness to alien abductions. We are now seeing the same phenomenon occurring with the subject of MILABS or "military abductions." It disturbs me to see "milabs" as the top search string on my Web site because The Alien Jigsaw Website is 98% alien abduction and 2% other.

Many people may not be aware of this, but in 2007, Dr. Lammer published a disclaimer regarding his MILAB research on UFO Updates\* that reads as follows:

From: Helmut Lammer  
To: ufoupdates@virtuallystrange.net  
Date: Sun, 20 May 2007 09:53:30 +0200  
Subject: Disclaimer

Dear Errol Bruce-Knapp,

Please note that I've not been involved in this kind of private research for more than 10 years, and the content of the article [below] does not reflect my present day opinion.

Best Wishes,

Helmut Lammer

\* Reprinted with permission from Helmut Lammer and Errol Bruce-Knapp of UFO Updates.



The article attached to this email is titled: *Preliminary Findings of Project MILAB: Evidence for Military Kidnappings of Alleged UFO Abductees*, by Helmut Lammer, Ph.D. (1996).

In *Project Open Mind*, I referenced *The Controllers*, as well as many other sources, in order to make a comparison between what appeared to be military type abductions and the technology involved in mind control programs. However, when Lammer published his MILAB articles followed by his book of the same title a year later, the UFO community was taken by storm. Unfortunately -- and I say *unfortunately* because MILAB encounters are not the norm -- sometimes it appears more people are interested in the “MILAB phenomenon” than in true alien abductions and interaction with extraterrestrial Beings. This was an unfortunate and unintended consequence of both my research and Dr. Lammer’s research, and I hope by publishing this now, this misconception will be corrected.

I concluded *Project Open Mind* by stating:

“Although all I have to offer is my eye-witness testimony, I sincerely believe that alien Beings have abducted me. I emphatically state, for the record, that most of the experiences I documented in [my books] were alien experiences. A smaller portion of my experiences (both published and unpublished), may indeed consist of some type of black-ops [covert ops] involvement.”

I still hold to this opinion today. If you will take the time to read my four-part article titled *The Hybrids*, you will have an idea of just how human appearing some of the Hybrids may now look, some 60 years after the Hybrid Breeding Program was begun. It is, as David Jacobs has theorized, possible that many of the humans, which abductees report seeing during their alien abductions may in fact be Hybrids who look very much like human beings. I readily admit that not all MILABS can be explained with this theory; however, it is a very important reason to reevaluate the overall MILAB phenomenon.

An important step in the reevaluation process of the MILAB phenomenon has also been undertaken by researcher/abductee Melinda Leslie. She has suggested the use of a new acronym called RE-ABS, which stands for “reverse engineering from abductees,” with the hope that a more accurate description of these types of encounters will be understood and accepted.

While we may not have exact numbers regarding how many abductees are experiencing RE-ABS, or MILABS, Leslie’s research sheds new light on how and why these types of experiences really do involve *the reverse engineering from abductees by covert forces*. In this book, you will also read about several encounters I have had involving this process. Whether they turn out to be human operatives, Hybrid operatives, or a combination of the two; ufologists and abduction researchers

can no longer deny this aspect of the multi-faceted abduction phenomenon that is very much a part of ufology as a whole. As I often like to remind ufologists: Those 'lights in the sky' come down to Earth a lot more often than you realize; and ETs are not the only ones who are interested in abductees.

To read Melinda Leslie's 2009 position paper click on: [RE-ABS – Not MILABS](#)

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The now infamous term "MILABS" was coined by Dr. Helmut Lammer and is an acronym for "military abductions." While this term is not a completely accurate description of what really occurs during these experiences, it is the term that is most often used. Please also see my Second Edition Update above.

Former military personnel have gone on the record (via video and the Internet) as having had either firsthand knowledge about, or direct experience involving UFOs and alien intelligences. [National Press Club Video](#)

The Disclosure Project: National Press Club Video <http://video.google.com>

The National Press Club: <http://www.npc.pressclub.org/>

See also Robert O. Dean, Army Command Sergeant Major, Retired  
<http://www.beyondzebra.com/bobdean.shtml>

Watch Robert Dean's amazing lecture presentation at the [2009 Exopolitics Summit in Barcelona, Spain](#)

<sup>2</sup> Options (d) and (e) have been published by Dr. Jacobs in his books. I propose the same hypotheses from my personal experiences and research. If you are new to this subject and have not read Dr. Jacob's books, I highly recommend the following: David M. Jacobs, *The UFO Controversy in America*, Indiana University Press, 1975; *Secret Life: Firsthand Accounts of UFO Abductions*, 1992; *The Threat*, 1998; Simon & Schuster, and *UFOs And Abductions: Challenging the Borders of Knowledge*, (Edited by David Jacobs) University Press of Kansas, Lawrence Kansas, 66049, 2000.

<sup>3</sup> For the purpose of keeping this somewhat concise, I have opted not to discuss what I believe the spirit-world impact might be on the UFO-ET phenomenon at this point in the book. I do believe it is possible that some portions of the abduction phenomenon may possibly involve a type of "spiritual warfare."

<sup>4</sup> Teaching "experiences" may be a better term since they are not dreams. However, many abductees feel more comfortable calling these dreams. Teaching dreams occur within the context of an abduction. The abductee actively participates in a teaching



dream or teaching experience. Visions are normally shown to the abductee, although there is some overlap between the two. The main point is that visions and teaching dreams are used to convey a lot of information over a relatively short period of time. Both could represent truth or be of a deceptive nature. Most abductees describe both of these phenomena as being incredibly vivid and many abductees remember many details about them.



## Chapter Nine

### *Someone to Watch over Me*

This chapter is about unusual occurrences that happened prior to my awakening to the fact that I was deeply involved in this phenomenon. When I wrote *The Alien Jigsaw*, I had not yet connected certain events in my past. However, because of continued abductions by aliens as well as what appear to be humans, the events published in this chapter are significantly relevant, and as you continue to read my story, I believe you will understand how they fit in.

During my first marriage to a USMC pilot named Mark, as well as during his deployment, I would often feel compelled to get in the car, drive to the beach, which was about 20 minutes away, and take long walks. I did this during the winter months as well, and I did not think it was unusual at the time, but today I do.

I would walk a deserted beach in the cold winter months with the wind whipping around and the sand blowing. My goal was to walk all the way to a barbed wire fence that had a sign on it stating something to the effect of, “No Trespassing: Beyond this point are live explosives.” I distinctly remember that this was always my goal: to walk to this barbed wire fenced-off part of the beach and then I would stop and read the sign. I was always curious about what I would find if I crawled through the fencing, which I could have easily done. There is a part of me today that feels I probably did not stop there, but I cannot remember anything else about it.

During the winter months, the only time I ever saw anyone on that beach was when I passed two people under a blanket making love. I knew what they were doing and I just pretended that I didn’t see them. That’s how deserted this beach was during the fall and winter months. They must have seen me because on my way back to my car, the couple and the blanket were gone.

This beach was so deserted sometimes, anything could have happened to me. I think back to this today and realize what a fool I was for putting myself in such a vulnerable position, but something or someone compelled me to go there.

### *Mormons or Hybrids?*

Two very strange events occurred when I was married to Mark and he was deployed for seven months. Some time during his deployment, two Mormons came to



our house. I opened the door and let them inside. They began talking to me about their religion, which I knew absolutely nothing about.

I sat on my couch with my two cats who immediately began acting very strangely. They both jumped up on the couch with me and were very, very excited. My oldest cat was so vocal that the two men became uncomfortable. They asked me if he was okay and if I wanted to take him into another room, but I thought the whole situation was quite comical. I continued to sit with my cats while the men tried to talk over my cats' meowing; actually, if this particular cat had been a human, I would say that he was yelling at me in disbelief.

I could not believe the story these two Mormon men were telling me. I was listening to a story about how their religion got started when their chosen leader saw a UFO in the desert, or something to that effect. I was absolutely amazed and I asked,

*"You mean he saw a SPACECRAFT?"*

It was as if someone had just told me that the sky had really been pink all of my life and I never recognized it. It was crazy. I almost laughed at them, but they seemed to be quite sincere so I continued to listen.

These men appeared to be amused with my lack of knowledge about their religion, and my cats continually tried to climb all over me while constantly meowing. I don't remember much more than that, except that my cats' behavior was very, very uncanny. The only thing I remember them telling me about their religion was the part about the spacecraft in the desert.

It would be a few years later when I would have my awakening to the fact that I had been involved with alien Beings all of my life. Even when I wrote my first book, I did not realize how strange this meeting was with these two men. I realize now that I have *never* seen my cats behave like that unless the aliens were around.<sup>1</sup> Today I believe it is quite possible these were not really Mormons, but rather, aliens, and more specifically, Hybrids. My cats knew who and what they were, but to me, these men appeared to be completely human.

## *Trigger*

Another telling event occurred during the time I was still living near the military base. One day a man and woman came to my door. I distinctly remember them standing in the doorway, but I do not remember if the door was shut or open. The female had black hair and the male had dark brown hair. They were both dressed nicely in dark suits with longish overcoats.



I began to bend over to pet my cat who was part Persian and the woman said,

*“Oh, what a beautiful cat.”*

With those words, everything suddenly changed. I began to lose physical control and felt instantly drugged. I knelt down and started petting my cat and I could feel myself losing control. I knew that the phrase she uttered, “Oh, what a beautiful cat” was what made me feel this way. It was some kind of phrase that was used as a key or a trigger for something. I fell on the carpet and lost consciousness. I do not remember anything else about that day.

I find it inconceivable that it would take me over a decade to remember this event, but it did. I remembered this woman, and I would see her again.

### *OCS Dream*

Other strange precursors occurred as well. I didn't really understand how important this was, but since I have had many years to think about it, I think I do now. After I lost my musical abilities <sup>2</sup> I decided to join the military, which was a very strange decision. I decided I wanted to be a pilot. I actually took a ground school course and decided I was going to learn how to fly.

I really wanted to do well in OCS (Officer Candidate School) so I got the books for OCS and took this course for learning how to fly. I don't know why, but I could not do any of the math. The course just about drove me nuts and I became so angry one day that I yelled,

*“This shit is for the birds!”*

Of course, birds don't need math.

To make a long story short, I became so frustrated and so psychologically dysfunctional when it came to math that I gave up on my dream. I always made an A and the occasional B in the subject. All through high school and into college and when I took statistics courses for psychology, I always made As and Bs. And, in all of my statistic courses I made almost all 100s on the tests.

I reluctantly gave up on my dream of joining the military and learning how to fly because I suddenly could not cope with mathematics. First my music abilities were gone, and now this. It was shortly thereafter that I married Mark who was a Marine in military flight school.

## *CIA-FBI Aspirations*

After my separation from Mark, for some inexplicable reason, I decided to join the CIA or the FBI. I was leaning toward the CIA, but my father knew someone in the FBI so I got applications for both agencies. If you have never seen one of these applications, I'll just say they are *very* thorough.

They wanted to know who the friend of the friend of my brother-in-law was. They wanted to interview my neighbors. They wanted to know everyone I knew. I couldn't believe it. I diligently began filling out the applications until one day, again for some inexplicable reason, I suddenly decided I could never join either organization because of my heritage. My German grandfather had been in the SS branch of the German military during the war.

I distinctly remembered my father telling me this several years prior, but I had forgotten about it. I felt that neither organization would even consider me because of this "stain" on my past. Interestingly, I didn't "remember" any of this until I started filling out the applications. I gave up that career path as well and ended up going back to school. I learned German and studied psychology and met my soul mate, Erik.

A few years later we were having a family get-together and I relayed my memory of not having joined the CIA or the FBI and laughed at my reasoning saying,

*"Imagine what they would have thought when they read the history part on my application about my grandfather being in the SS!"*

My parents looked at me as if I was nuts. Although my mother is German, her father was never a Nazi soldier, much less in the SS. I looked at my parents and said to my father,

*"But you told me that a long time ago. I had just forgotten about it when I asked for the applications."*

Nope. I was definitely wrong and this was a touchy subject. I never met my grandfather and no one really knows what became of him after he divorced my grandmother.

As an interesting aside, we had a neighbor who lived two houses down from us and he worked for the CIA (career officer). They lived there from the time I was 12 until I graduated from high school and left for college. My sister was their regular babysitter. I babysat for them on a few occasions, but I felt they preferred my sister to me.



In any case, I ran into one of the daughters we used to baby sit for during the time I was filling out the CIA and FBI applications. I was working a retail job and one of the daughters (now grown-up) happened to get a job as a security guard in the same department I was working in. For some reason I was very suspicious of her and the fact she was hired the same time I was. The situation became extremely uncomfortable for me and I ended up quitting the job. At the time I didn't understand why I would feel this way about her, but today I believe it is because on some level, I knew there was a connection between her, her father, the CIA and myself.

### *What If?*

I can only imagine what my life would have been like had I not suddenly believed I could not do math, or had joined the CIA or the FBI. What if I had joined the military or one of these organizations and all of these memories surfaced? Who is to say that had I been in the military, I would have picked up *Intruders* that fateful day and eventually read it? <sup>3</sup>

Had I been accepted into any of these organizations and then became aware that I was an abductee, my career would have been ruined. No one would have ever heard about me. I would never have met Erik and I would probably be locked up somewhere in a "Gitmo-land" for abductees by now. The one thing my ex-husband was right about was this: Once you join the military you become "property" of the United States Government.

I strongly believe that someone or certain Beings have been watching out for me throughout my life. Someone has been guiding me and leading me in a certain direction so that I would be at a certain place in my life at the correct time in order for me to complete my "emissary duty" to them. Since the Greys knew that I would publish a book (*The Alien Jigsaw*) and they relayed this information to Doreen years prior to our even meeting one another, I believe it may be they who are responsible.

It all seems so clear to me today, but it was not so clear when I wrote *The Alien Jigsaw*. I realized unusual things were occurring in my life, but not the feelings of being compelled to drive to the beach and take the solitary long walks. Not realizing how strange it was that after spending 10 years preparing for a career in music, I suddenly felt I was supposed to join the military. Each time I tried to do something that might have taken my life in a specific direction, some *one* intervened or some *thing* happened to keep me from accomplishing it.

Even after I moved back to the East Coast and decided to leave the phenomenon and the aliens behind, it didn't work. I would be reminded, in no uncertain terms, what these Beings expected of me.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> I refer again to the several instances when my cats would become extremely agitated when alien Beings were in our house or would be outside our cats' enclosure. They usually become extremely hyper and meow a lot and sometimes run around. I also refer again to:

Woodward, Joan. *Animal Reactions to UFOs: A Preliminary Investigation from the Animals' Perspective*, (Summary of Original Paper) MUFON Special Publication, July 2005 and also published as a submitted paper in the 36th Annual International MUFON UFO Symposium Proceedings, pp. 229-278, 2005.

<sup>2</sup> This event was sudden and occurred after an experience that involved a light appearing in my bedroom one night. The complete event is described and published in *The Alien Jigsaw*.

<sup>3</sup> This is rather lengthy and involved. My "awakening" process is also published in *The Alien Jigsaw* in Chapter Four and is titled *The Awakening*.



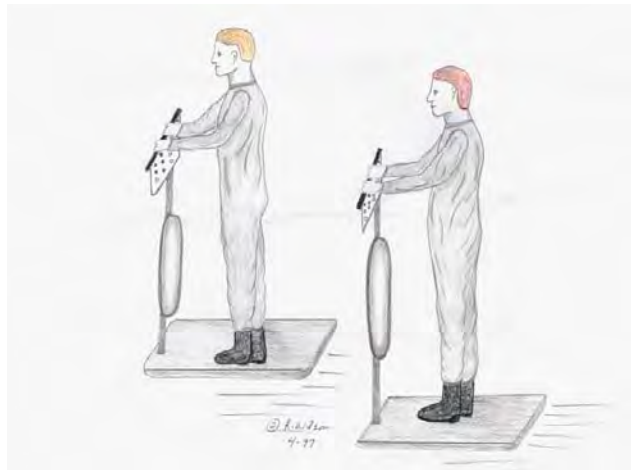
## Chapter Ten: 1997

### *White Sands, New Mexico*

In April of 1997, I remembered being in White Sands, New Mexico. I don't know how I got there, I just *knew* I was there. I had absolutely no doubt where I was because I had been to this base before and it was very familiar to me.

I stood in the desert and I watched two test pilots test an unusual jet-scooter or jet-Segway, but these devices did not have wheels. They were wearing light to medium gray, loose fitting flight suits and the platforms were attached to a pole-like device. It reminded me of a child's pogo stick, a toy that was popular when I was growing up. The pole had a handle with controls on it at about chest high and the bottom was attached to a small platform that the pilots stood on. The stick-like portion had a slender pressurized container or tank attached to it. The tank was rather thin, about five or six inches in diameter and about two feet tall.

I watched these two pilots fly horizontally across the desert and just above the ground. They then moved into a vertical landing position. They came down slowly in a very smooth and controlled landing. It was such an interesting invention and I thought to myself,



*"I had no idea we had these jet-scooter transportation devices."*

After landing their jet scooters, I watched the two test pilots, who I assumed were military, being greeted by another man. I then remembered that I left a stack of my abduction related notes back near where these two men were. I began walking toward two white tents and a small white building. The building was a very simple square shape with no windows.

I went inside one of the tents and I walked over to the table where some of my abduction notes were. I thought I would calmly take my notes and leave, but I didn't. My next memory was of being inside the white building with no windows.

I realized immediately that this small white building with no windows was actually a cover to the entrance of an underground base, which is where I was taken. The portion I saw looked like it was some sort of scientific laboratory.

I sat on top of a metal table and a man walked into the room. He, too, was wearing one of the gray flight suits like the two test pilots were wearing during their flight on the jet scooters. The man had dark features with dark brown eyes and eyebrows. He looked to be about 40 to 45 years old and later on I would find out that he was an Admiral.

As he was speaking to me I suddenly realized that they thought I was part alien. I was told that the military was very interested in studying me because even though I looked normal on the outside, they believed I was an alien on the inside. I couldn't believe it. I then became somewhat afraid because I wasn't sure what they were going to do to me and I felt as though my life was in danger.

A woman scientist with deep reddish-brown colored hair entered the room to study me as well. She was a civilian and I felt she was from one of our intelligence agencies. It seemed that everyone in this facility was extremely curious about me. I looked around the room and realized there were certain objects in the room I could not identify.

There were several people studying me. All were military except the woman. They were interested in studying "the alien within me." None of the military personnel in the room was below the rank of a full Commander. It was strange; I saw Commanders and Admirals in the same room with me and I wondered,

*"What the hell are they doing in the middle of a desert?"*

As I contemplated this, I was told that another Admiral wanted to meet me and that he wanted me to try one of his favorite foods. A part of me dreaded this meeting because they always drank coffee during these "meetings" and I don't like drinking coffee (except for a small cup in the morning).

The woman scientist, the Admiral, and another officer and I seated ourselves around a small table. I was given a mug of soup that was dark colored with small pieces of clover-like leaves in it. I used my fingers to pick out the greens and I began to eat them. I sensed that my behavior was unacceptable to them, but they tolerated me.

I was glad to get some food and I didn't realize how hungry I was. As I ate, I realized that the Admiral was very uncomfortable being in close proximity to me. When we met earlier I telepathically tuned into his thoughts and it made him fearful and agitated. My last memory was of sitting at this table, picking the little green



vegetables out of my soup and eating them while noticing this Admiral's extreme discomfort with having to sit so close to me.

The next day I woke up feeling physically sick and was close to vomiting. I was so weak that I could not get out of bed the entire day. I experienced a humming or vibrating sound in my left ear for two days following this experience.

### *What Am I?*

What could be happening in these types of military experiences? Am I really an alien and none of my doctors I've seen over the course of my life have been able to detect it? Did a life force transference occur, such as I witnessed between the Grey and the Blonde child? Was there an alien life force within me and if so, did I willingly allow this transference to occur for learning purposes?

Was I really taken to White Sands, New Mexico where I witnessed a test flight of the jet-scooters and introduced to some higher-ups because I'm a "freak"? Could I be some sort of Hybrid and not know it? As crazy as these questions sound, these are questions that I would be forced to ask myself again in the future.

Another interesting thing about this event is that it was not the first time I had experienced this or had been to that base. When I was told they wanted to meet me and study the alien within me, "...part of me dreaded this meeting because they always drank coffee during these 'meetings.'" I also had a strong sense of familiarity about the base and I believe I had been there before.

### *Phone Strangeness*

One day in May of this year I wasn't feeling very well and I decided to close my eyes and relax for a while on the couch. In that particular house, the kitchen and den area was basically one room separated by a countertop with cabinets underneath. I sat on the couch. I'm not sure how much time passed before the phone rang and I got up to answer it.

When I walked toward the phone I realized that I felt drugged, so much so that I could hardly stand up or speak. I answered the phone and a man told me that he was with the Federal Government and for me to give him my telephone number, which was unlisted. I decided to lie to him and gave him my home office phone number. I was going to change the last two numbers, but as I got to them, he finished my phone number for me. He already knew what it was. I leaned against the counter to try to



steady myself because of the intense drugged feeling I was experiencing and the man then yelled,

*“Stay away from your State Government!”* and he hung up.

I must have gone back to sit on the couch and then fell asleep because of the drugged feeling I was experiencing. Some time later, I bolted from the couch feeling very scared. I didn't know what had just happened to me and after gaining some composure, I felt that I needed to go upstairs to take a shower.

I thought it was odd that a stranger supposedly from the Federal Government would call me and tell me to stay away from my State Government because I had not had any interaction with my State Government that I was aware of. It was also very strange that I would suddenly feel as if I had been drugged.

Another day I was making a telephone call from my home office phone. This particular phone line always had strange clicking sounds on it. I picked up the phone and I heard two men speaking to one another. They were with the INS (Immigration & Naturalization Service). I listened long enough to realize this and then they somehow discovered I was on the other end. They became paranoid and told one another to quickly hang up the phone because someone else was on the line. This happened three times during the same week.

I never could understand how that happened, but it did. My phone was always making strange clicking sounds and I had the phone company check it, the lines, and the switching station to see if someone had tapped my line. I actually had one operator tell me that they, too, could hear the clicking and thought my line did in fact have a tap on it. After a couple of years, I realized that, with one exception, every time they sent someone out to check my phone and the lines, it was the same man. After a while I began to wonder if this man actually worked for the phone company because the problem was never resolved.

### *Secret Base in Alaska*

About one month after the White Sands experience, I had a very detailed memory of being taken to a base in Alaska near the Arctic.<sup>1</sup> The compound was self-contained and so huge it was like a small city. I believe I saw Air Force personnel and I definitely saw Navy personnel on this base. I was with a father and his son, and they were both in the military and stationed there.

The son, who was wearing his officer “dress blues,” escorted me through the place. We began to walk by a large window, and thinking we were going to go outside, I



walked toward it because there was a door near it. The officer said to me, quite sternly,

*“We would freeze to death in a matter of minutes if we went out there.”*

I stood looking out the window for a minute and I saw the snow misting and blowing in the strong wind. Everything was a pale blue color and the sky was a midnight blue. It seemed like twilight. I saw the aurora borealis in a semicircle shape arching with the curvature of the Earth. It was absolutely beautiful. The officer then motioned for me to continue walking with him down a wide hallway inside this large compound.

We arrived at his quarters and his father greeted us on his way out. We entered his quarters and I sat down on a couch and picked up a magazine on a table in front of me. I thought we were supposed to go to a dance or a dinner because he was in his dress blues, but the officer headed for the door, turned and looked at me and said quite forcefully,

*“I’ll be back for YOU in 45 minutes.”*

After he left, I went to use the bathroom. As I was using the bathroom I heard a strange sound. I looked to my right and saw an alien Being, similar to a Type One Grey, in the corner watching me. I looked at him and mentally thought,

*“Sick SOB... I don’t give a damn about you anymore.”*

I was angry and tired of these Beings interacting with me and always watching me. I was also tired of all of the experiences I was having; they were wearing me down.

This entire facility looked completely terrestrial -- completely human. When I was in their quarters I saw commercial grade carpet on some of the floors. There were chairs, a television, a coffee table; everything that one would have in their home. I even saw a kitchen. I also saw other military personnel while I was walking through the compound; and there was at least one alien that I saw. There could have been hundreds of them in that place; it was so isolated and so large.

I have no other memory of why I was there or if anything was done to me. However, I hardly think they would go to the trouble of taking me there simply so I could take a stroll through the facility and have an alien watch me use the bathroom. I am certain much more occurred than I am remembering.

This appeared to be a self-contained, permanent compound or base. If a special, “ultra secret” military organization is stationed there, they probably never leave. If they do, I can only imagine the type of debriefing they must be subjected to.

My guess is that it is similar to what certain abductees are subjected to and may possibly include the removal and/or manipulation of peoples' memories.

### *Second Edition Update*

After the First Edition of this book was published, I received an email from a reader who informed me of research done by a scientist named Viktor S. Grebennikov titled, *Natural Phenomena of Biological Anti-gravitation Associated with Invisibility in Insects and Grebennikov's Cavity Structural Effect*

I encourage you to read this paper about Grebennikov's research and the devices he created. Incredibly, pictured in this paper is his own flying platform he created that bears a remarkable resemblance (for the time) to the flying platforms I witnessed in my White Sands experience.

I believe the technology for these flying platforms or "jet scooters" as I called them exists, and what I saw in my White Sands Experience was an example of some of the technology that is being created and tested at this facility. Looking back on this incredible experience, I also believe these military people and this civilian scientist were indeed studying an "alien." I am almost certain that somehow, I and another Being were sharing the same body. I cannot explain how this was done, other than to refer you back to Chapter Two: *Life Force* when I described seeing the life force leave the Grey's body and enter the body of the Blonde child.

They have the ability to transfer their life force or their consciousness into other bodies. Perhaps this is something they have taught me to do, or maybe I was part of an experiment that was conducted at White Sands or very near that location. I also published an encounter similar to this in *The Alien Jigsaw* involving a Being I call The Blonde (See "The Blonde Revisited"). Somehow, he, or I, was able to transfer my consciousness into the body of a young woman who was experiencing very difficult economic times. I was suddenly able to feel and experience all of the emotions she was experiencing, and it was quite an overwhelming experience, to say the least.

During a different, and horrifying experience, my consciousness was placed in the body of a primate who was being used in the terrible "head bashing" brain experiments\* that were performed at a University in Pennsylvania during the 1980s, and are still ongoing today. Scientists were using live, conscious primates and creating brain injuries to them without anesthesia. This is an awful truth that PETA, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals brought to the public's attention during the 1980s. While inside this primate's body, I experienced the terrible suffering this animal endured. It was beyond description. There are no words in the human



language to describe the pain and the suffering I felt. Simply to have one of the scientists *look* at me, caused unspeakable pain.

More recently in 2009, I had an encounter during which I learned about a device a group of these Beings are now using. It is what I can only describe as an “Empathy Inducer.” When used on a human being, it forces the human to feel the pain and suffering of the animals that humans were inflicting pain upon. I suspect they use this device to show the pain that is being inflicted from human to human as well. During this encounter, I watched as this device was used on a man who then cried and cowered like a beaten animal or child, and I remember thinking,

*“They are forcing humans to finally wake up...forcing them to feel empathy for something other than themselves...Good; it’s about time.”*

I have often been asked if I thought the aliens made me the way I am, i.e., an animal lover, environmentalist, and vegetarian. My answer is “no.” I cannot remember a time in my childhood when I was not an animal lover and an environmentalist. Even at an early age, I experienced cognitive dissonance over eating beef, and I would often ask my father to explain to me how cows were killed. He assured me that it was quick and they did not feel pain. Of course, today, we know this is not true for any of the animals that humans kill for food.

I became a vegetarian two years before I had conscious recall of my alien experiences. Budd Hopkins has always believed that it was my own behaviors and beliefs that the aliens were very interested in, and not that the aliens made me the way I am. I completely agree with his assessment. However, when I did begin eating fish again, after a while, for some inexplicable reason, I started to become nauseated during the meal or afterward, and I would go for longer periods of time before I could eat fish again. I now suspect this may have something to do with certain Beings “reminding” me of something I already know: Fish feel pain and suffer too.

\* <http://www.all-creatures.org/saen/about.html>

PETA: People For the Ethical Treatment of Animals <http://www.peta.org>

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> I find it quite interesting and relevant that Ingo Swann, a renowned psi researcher and remote viewer, wrote about being taken to a remote location near the Arctic to watch an expected arrival of an extraterrestrial craft over a lake in Alaska. His book was not published until 1998, yet I had this experience an entire year earlier in 1997, where I was taken to an actual base. I believe this base I was taken to and Ingo Swann’s experience years earlier may have something in common with one another:

A secret base in Alaska near the Arctic that is home to extraterrestrial Beings and specific military personnel.

Swann, Ingo. *Penetration: The Question of Extraterrestrial and Human Telepathy*. Ingo Swann Books, P. O. Box 2875, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57709-2875, 1998. See also: [www.biomindsuperpowers.com](http://www.biomindsuperpowers.com)

*Second Edition Update: Natural Phenomena of Biological Anti-gravitation Associated with Invisibility in Insects and Grebennikov's Cavity Structural Effect*  
<http://amasci.com/greb/greb2.html>

\* <http://www.all-creatures.org/saen/about.html>



## Chapter Eleven: 1997

### *“Your Life Won’t Mean Anything...”*

About one month later, I had a very disturbing memory surface in a dream. It was not a complete memory, but it was enough for me to begin to suspect that I have been drugged against my will by human beings, not aliens.

I was sitting on a bed and I was with a Caucasian male who was out of shape, almost to the point of being fat. He had thin balding, light brown hair and was dressed like a medical orderly. He said he was going to give me something and then held up a syringe and carefully checked the amount of liquid inside of it. When I saw what he was doing, I became terrified. He smiled, chuckled, and came toward me with the syringe. He then said,

*“This will make you become an instant addict.”*

I began fighting with him, but he was so much bigger and stronger than I was. I was being pressed against something and ended up on my back on a bed or stretcher. I lifted up my left leg and pressed my foot against his shoulder to keep him away from me. He was still able to reach me and we continued to struggle. Suddenly, the needle went into my right inner arm below my shoulder and above my elbow.

Before he even took the needle out of my arm, I began to feel the effects of the drug. My arm went numb almost immediately and I didn’t feel anything when he jerked the needle out. My entire body began to go numb and I passed out. The last thing I remember about this “dream” was telling Erik about what had happened to me.

I found it very strange that I remembered enough about this experience at some point to tell Erik about it, but that I had consciously forgotten about this until it surfaced in a dream. This was a traumatic event for me. I don’t know what he did to me afterward and I don’t understand why I would be treated this way unless it was part of an interrogation or worse. It’s possible the real intention of this injection was that someone wanted to turn me into some sort of addict. I believe this was attempted in order to discredit my information concerning my abduction experiences, most probable the abductions during which I saw other humans. The logic behind this is simple: Get the abductee to become an addict and they will either discredit themselves or kill themselves or both.

Interestingly, less than a month later, out of the blue, I had a memory spontaneously come to consciousness: I remembered talking with a doctor and smiling at him because I was in a drugged state. I asked him if he used a drug that

induced amnesia. At the time I knew the name of it, but I have not been able to remember the exact name of the drug.

### *The Y-8*

Two nights after that memory surfaced, I remembered having been with a man who had gray hair near his temples and a military haircut. He looked to be in his fifties and I didn't remember seeing him before. I started talking to him about one of my military abduction experiences that had something to do with a war and some type of craft. He said to me,

*"You know it wasn't one of ours because we don't have the Y-8."*

I believe he then told me that one of my experiences I thought involved the military really didn't.<sup>1</sup>

### *The Military Man*

Two weeks later I would have an experience involving this same man and I recognized him. He was very familiar to me this time and I strongly believe he really is a member of our military.

I was in a place and I thought I was going to be examined. I was naked and was lying down on my back with my legs in stirrup-type devices that were situated under my knees. There was a male next to me lying on his back on a stretcher or table. He seemed to be slightly physically disabled or disfigured. He looked to be in his twenties and had dark brown hair and a beard. He had a bad complexion; a lot of scarring from acne. He was there for the same reason I was. We were both waiting for someone.

I thought I was going to be examined, but when this man walked up to me I saw that he was naked and it was obvious he was going to have sex with me. I became terrified, but I could not move. I said,

*"Please don't do this to me."*

He looked at me somewhat sympathetically and said,

*"I'm sorry, but this is the way it has to be done..."*

When it was over he was still standing. He looked somewhat sorrowful and shameful. Then he walked away from me.



The next morning I wrote in my journal that my left eye was feeling like it had a lot of pressure behind it and that it felt funny. I also noted that I felt that part of my mind or memory was somewhere else. I also wrote:

*"This man was so familiar to me...I've seen him before...I know him. I could almost draw a picture of him."*

I did not try to draw a picture of him. I was sickened from what happened to me and I felt terrible. I do remember him, and I'm sure I would recognize him again. I have no doubt that he is a human being. I saw his chest. I saw all of him. He was naked.

### *Abducted By the Military*

One month to the day from this last experience, on October 2, 1997, I woke up at 4:00 a.m. with "a head full of memories." I had just heard a jet screaming over our house. It seemed very low and was very loud. Strangely, Erik remained sound asleep.

I had just been with a man from our military. He showed me a film they made of me being abducted. I saw myself in a small plane or helicopter with some other men. In the film, I looked toward the camera and in a drugged state, I took my right hand and lifted up a small braid I had made in my hair that night to keep it out of my face. One of the men with me said in a comforting voice,

*"Don't open your eyes Kay."*

Then I sort of smiled and closed my eyes and my head fell backward against the seat of the aircraft. I was totally out of it.

This military man who was showing me this film was studying the terrain we were flying over. He said that without a doubt we were flying very close to Nellis Air Force Base.

I asked him if he was certain about the location and he said he had no doubt about where I was taken. He noted a particular rock formation and pointed to it on the screen. He said the pilots that fly over it named it "Sybic." (It could have been spelled different ways: Cybic, Cibic, C-BIC, C-BIK, or perhaps even Subic.)

This man I was talking with was one of the pilots who flew some of the military abduction missions. He had light brown hair and was about six feet tall with a medium build. He had either green or blue eyes. He continued to talk to me:

*"Without a doubt, you have been abducted by the military."*



I then heard a woman, whom I did not realize was within hearing distance of us, interject herself into our conversation as she was walking by us. She said that NASA was even involved and sarcastically stated,

*"Yeah - and they say 'no sex.' Right!"*

Was NASA involved in abducting abductees and having sex with some of us? My mind began to spin and I vividly remembered my recent memory of the unwanted sexual contact by the military man who seemed so familiar to me.

The pilot continued to talk to me about the missions he has flown. He was angry because about ten years ago (1987) the mission was in full swing, but now the "group" had fragmented and split. No one could decide on the proper course of action. He explained that he wanted to continue to fly the missions, even though he said it was terribly difficult to abduct fellow human beings.

I said to him,

*"I want to continue to participate because I want to know everything. I want more knowledge and to get that, I have to stay on the inside and find out what's really going on."*

He replied,

*"It's not like it used to be. Your life won't mean anything -- not like before."*

There was a pause and then he said,

*"I'm going to pursue the mission against their orders."*

He continued by telling me that he didn't feel as if he was disobeying orders because the group had splintered and he really believed in what he was doing.

I told him,

*"Keep me in the game so I can figure out what's going on."*

He emphatically replied,

*"You would be nothing more than an experimental subject. I don't think you should do it."*

It certainly seems that on some level, I am working with someone in the military and we are both involved in abductions, with me on the more precarious end



of things. I wonder sometimes if I really made a deal or was forced into some sort of weird “relationship” with a secret group of military personnel who have an ultra top secret clearance and are involved in the abduction of other humans, specifically alien abductees.

Some of these memories are very difficult to process. I have continued to have these types of experiences and today, I have no doubt that a very special, covert group of military personnel are involved, very intimately, with certain abductees.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> After I completed this book, during the final edit for the First Edition, I did a search on “Y-8” and “military aircraft” and I found the following information. I have no idea why I would have seen or known about any Chinese military or civilian aircraft, especially as far back as 1997, but this is what I found. Note that this was first “discovered” in 2006, nine years *after* I learned about it during one of my MILAB experiences.



<http://cnair.top81.cn/gallery1.htm>

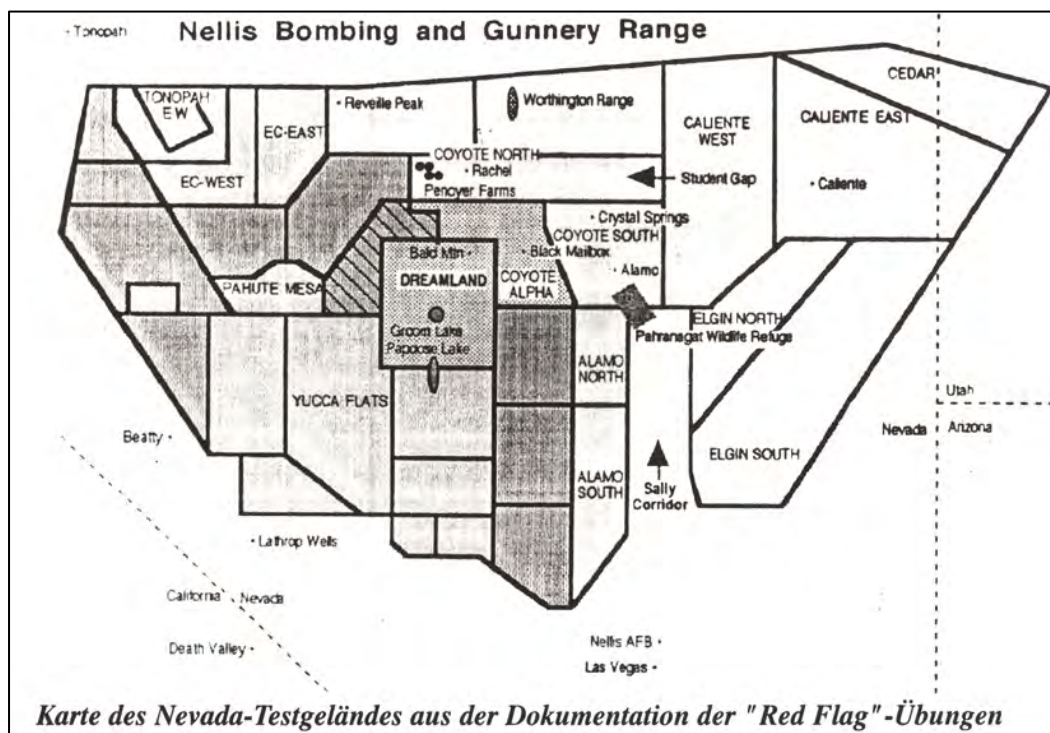
(This has been edited for spelling.)

“A rare glimpse of a Y-8 AWACS (serial # T0518) prototype is shown here. It was first discovered at CFTE in early 2006. Unlike the KJ-200, this variant carries a traditional rotodome above its fuselage, a configuration similar to a wind tunnel model first seen in mid-90s. The aircraft came as a surprise that the Chinese have turned what was believed to be a ‘dead’ design into a reality. However it has been speculated to be for the export market only as it is less advanced than the KJ-200 AWACS which features a PAR radar. The AEW radar may be the product of 38th

Institute, but no details are available. The aircraft also features a solid nose and tail as well as two small vertical tail stabilizers. Y-8 AWACS have been promoted to Pakistani AF.” <http://www.fas.org/man/dod-101/sys/ac/row/an-12.htm>  
<http://www.sinodefence.com/airforce/default.asp>



This map was mailed to me from Germany by an anonymous source this same year.



## Chapter Twelve: 1997

### *The Holographic Pilot*

On November 10, 1997 I wrote in my journal,

“I had another one of those distinctly clear military memories...Here I am again, living some sort of other-dimensional military life that I had no idea I was living.”

I was in a military type school and a young woman was showing me my room that I used when I was there. I did not remember this being my room, but I did see some items and personal effects that looked familiar to me.

I have an enormous amount of detailed memories concerning this event, but I will not repeat them here. It was similar to what I’ve written about before. I had clothing with the United States Air Force emblem on them. I had a USAF manual, a duffle bag -- all sorts of things. I documented a very detailed description of my room I bunked in when I was there. So many details, it is like a second life. Some part of this is real. I just don’t know if it’s happening here or in another dimension.

### *Inside My Mind*

On November 21<sup>st</sup> I was experiencing a bad migraine. I had to go to bed during the afternoon hours. The pain was on my right side and behind my right eye and it was very intense. I was lying in bed and I noticed a man standing next to my bed. I was not really asleep, but just getting there.

This man looked familiar and I think it was the same military pilot who conversed with me about the film that showed me being abducted by the military. He was holding a small device in his hand. It was about ½ inch thick and about three to five inches square. It was cream-colored, almost white. It had some kind of buttons on it, but his hand was covering the surface area so I did not get a good look at that part of the device.

He began talking to me and I regained complete consciousness. I sat up in my bed and listened to him tell me about the device he was holding in his hand. He said it emitted a certain frequency that could affect people. He said the device had been in use for four years by our military, but the aliens had been using it much longer. He told me the frequency it operated on and that this particular frequency allowed the

operator to “get inside of the mind” of whoever they wanted to affect or communicate with. He further stated that the device was allowing him to communicate with me.

I sat up in my bed and fought against the pain in my head from the migraine. It was difficult, but I continued to listen and tried to remember everything he said. I sensed that it was very important for me to remember everything I could about what he was saying. I knew he was taking a great risk by communicating with me and giving me this information.

I am uncertain as to how this man got into my bedroom. I did not touch him, but he was clearly there and I saw a physical body. I suspect he was a hologram and that the device he was using was a holographic emitter as well as a communication device. He didn't “walk” into the room or “walk” out of the room; he was simply there, spoke to me, and then he was not there. It was fantastic to be completely conscious while a person you have conversed with before speaks to you in holographic form. It was an experience I will never forget.

Unfortunately, I do not consciously remember the frequency this device uses or operates on, but I have no doubt about what he was telling me. It was a device our military was using on abductees and it was of extraterrestrial origin. This seemed to be one more telltale sign that a group of ultra secret military and intelligence personnel are indeed very, very interested in certain abductees and in what we know.

### *Second Edition Update*

Today, I believe this pilot may have actually been in my room with me. I have seen some of the Beings seemingly appear and disappear instantaneously using a light beam or energy beam. The military/intelligence members of the ultra secret team may have learned how to duplicate extraterrestrial technology. It is also possible this technology was given to specific military/intelligence personnel in some sort of an exchange program with the aliens.

Additionally, scientists are now capable of rendering objects “invisible” according to research carried out by scientists at the Hong Kong University of Science and Technology. See their paper, *Active Remote Cloaking and Optical Transformations from a Boundary Element Perspective* (August 2009) by H.H. Zheng, J.J. Xiao, Y. Lai, and C.T. Chan. [http://xxx.lanl.gov/PS\\_cache/arxiv/pdf/0908/0908.2279v1.pdf](http://xxx.lanl.gov/PS_cache/arxiv/pdf/0908/0908.2279v1.pdf)

*Abstract:* We show that the scheme of exterior cloaking using active sources for the two dimensional Helmholtz equation...can be extended to create arbitrary illusion effects. Using a boundary element approach, we show that active sources can create a silent domain which can conceal any objects inside and at the same time, can make



the objects look like any other object. The sources can be placed in continuous curves that do not encircle the objects to be cloaked.

Quoting the authors: “...In other words, we are proposing an active wave-generating device, which when placed next to arbitrary objects, can make them appear like another object. Invisibility is a special case in which the object looks like air...”





## Chapter Thirteen: 1997

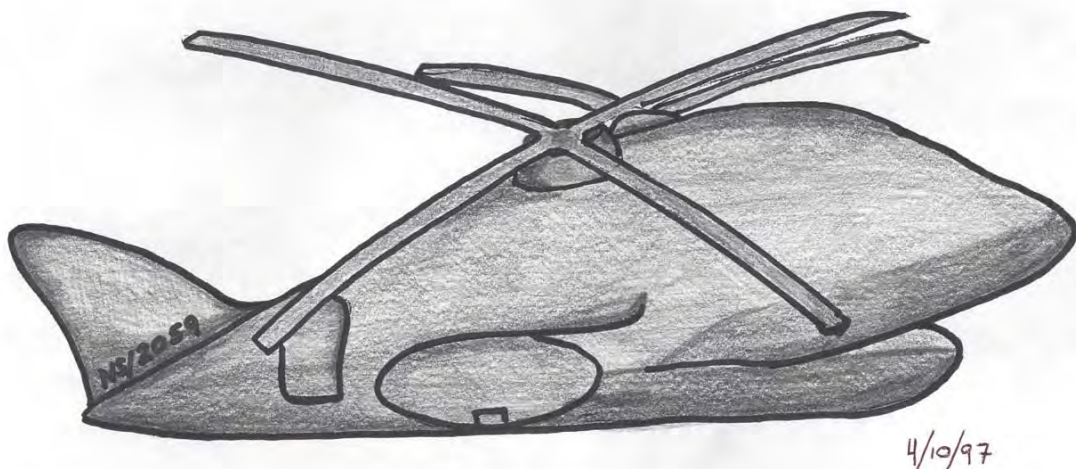
### *NS/2059: One Hell of a Helicopter*

I don't often share my husband's experiences publicly, but this one was just too important not to share. The drawing has been on my Web site for years and recently I found the search results we did -- and printed out many years ago -- on the numbers that were on the tail of this helicopter. They have been scanned and included in this chapter for documentation purposes.

In April of this year, Erik told me about a memory he had from the previous night. He saw a helicopter very high in the sky. The altitude of the craft was as if he were holding a dime at arm's length. At first he thought it was a CH-46 or CH-47 (double rotor transport helicopter), but it was too high for him to be certain.

The next thing he remembered was that the helicopter "landed." I use quotes because he said the helicopter remained one to two feet above a concrete pad even though the rotors were no longer turning. He was certain of this. He did not hear any sound from the helicopter.

The rotors were unique. He described them as double tilt rotors with four blades on each side. The rotors were situated at a 45-degree angle to one another. He couldn't understand how this thing could fly, but surmised that somehow they had worked out precisely the spin speed of each rotor so the blades would not hit one another. (The blades overlapped each other when they were spinning.)





The helicopter was a matte black and was so dark that he could not see any windows. He walked along both sides of the helicopter and noticed a number on the base of the tail that read: NS/2059. He said to himself,

*“So that’s how they do it.”*

The craft had numbers, but you couldn’t see them unless you were right next to the craft and knew where to look. He said the numbers were made out of something like a flat black vinyl material. He saw that the craft had a panel construction, but did not see any rivets, so he assumed that if it had any rivets they were flush mounted. He also talked about how the entire craft could have been constructed out of composites that were glued together like some race cars are. The entire surface of the helicopter was very smooth.

He believes the windows of the helicopter (if there were any) must have been made out of the same black matte material, because even while standing next to the helicopter he could not see them. The only reason he saw the door (see picture), was because he saw a man come out of the aircraft. The man was wearing green camouflage gear and a green helmet with possible black netting on the helmet.

Erik said it seemed “okay” that he was looking at the helicopter. He said he knew he shouldn’t go inside, but that it was okay for him to be looking at it.

The aircraft was hovering over a concrete area and there was grass beyond it. Off in the distance was a metal building that looked like a garage -- not a hangar. The “garage” was also sitting on a concrete slab. Because I have seen these simple square buildings that turn out to be covers for the entrance to underground bases, it is possible that this small building was the entrance to an underground facility of some type.

Our original search results follow. Interestingly, when you search on the tail number NS/2059 today, very little information comes up and thomson.com is now a financial services company. The designation and possible references pertaining to this particular craft essentially “disappeared” after I began making inquiries and published this illustration on my Web site in the late 1990s.

A search on “NS” with the online acronym finder is also of interest. Among a few others, NS may stand for one of the following: National Security, Navy Seals, Naval Station, NATO Secret, or Nuclear Ship. It is amazing just how many military related references there are (or were) to the NS/2059 designation given to this particular craft.



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The following items matched '\*NS/2059\*'

*50 matches returned*

1. **RPM**  
Revolutions / Rotations Per Minute
2. **RACHID**  
Reperage Acoustique de Camions et Helicopteres Instrus dans le Desert. Intruder detection system  
(France )
3. **QR (RN)**  
Queens Regulations (Royal Navy)  
(United Kingdom )
4. **PNS**  
Program on Non-violent Sanctions in conflict & defense  
(United States of America )
5. **MIPS**  
Millions of Instructions Per Second
6. **CETIS**  
Centre de Transformations des Informations Scientifiques  
(France )
7. **SEFT**  
Section d'Etudes et de Fabrications des Telecommunications  
*Defence industry* (France)
8. **MAESTRO**  
Multiple Autonomous Experimental Spacecraft for Telecommunications, Recording & Observations  
*Space vehicles* (United States of America)
9. **FWE**  
Foreign Weapons Evaluations
10. **UNSCOB**  
UN Special Committee on the Balkans  
*International organisations & agreements*
11. **UN**  
United Nations  
*International organisations & agreements*
12. **UIA**  
Union of International Associations  
*International organisations & agreements*

13. **TALT**  
Tactical Arms Limitations Talks  
*International organisations & agreements*
14. **PSG**  
Prazisions Schutzen Gewehr. Sniping rifle  
*Guns, mortars & unguided rockets (Germany)*
15. **ODCOPS**  
Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations & Plans  
(United States of America )
16. **MFER**  
Ministry of Foreign Economic Relations  
*International organisations & agreements (Russia)*
17. **MCOPS**  
Millions of Complex Operations Per Second
18. **INTERATOMENEGO**  
International Economic Association for the Organization of Co-operation in Building Nuclear Power  
Stations  
*International organisations & agreements*
19. **ICSU**  
International Council of Scientific Unions  
*International organisations & agreements*
20. **GONS**  
Guns Orientation & Navigation System
21. **FOR**  
Family of Operations Rations
22. **DCPO**  
Deputy Chief of Staff, Plans & Operations  
*Military ranks & defence appointments*
23. **DAMO**  
Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations & Plans  
*Defence forces & commands (United States of America)*
24. **ASEAN**  
Association of Southeast Asian Nations  
*International organisations & agreements*
25. **MFOM**  
MLRS Family of Munitions  
*Guns, mortars & unguided rockets*



- 26. **ITU**  
International Telecommunications Union  
*International organisations & agreements*
- 27. **INTELSAT**  
International Telecommunications Satellite Organization  
*International organisations & agreements*
- 28. **Sicile**  
Station Integree de Communications pour Interventions Legeres. Multi-media communication station  
*Communications (France)*
- 29. **SENS**  
Small Extension Node Switch. Communications  
*Communications*
- 30. **LENS**  
Large Extension Node Switch. Communications  
*Communications*
- 31. **ASTARTE**  
Avion-Station-Relais de Transmissions Exceptionelles. Airborne communications relay system  
*Communications (France)*
- 32. **WIS**  
Wireless Intercommunications System  
*Communications*
- 33. **VIS**  
Vehicular Intercommunications System  
*Communications*
- 34. **SRAZ**  
System Rucnich Automatickych Zbrani. Lada weapons family  
*Guns, mortars & unguided rockets (Czechoslovakia)*
- 35. **SA/AW**  
Small Arms / Automatic Weapons  
*Guns, mortars & unguided rockets*
- 36. **MKS**  
Multi-Kommunikations-System  
*Communications (Germany)*
- 37. **MICNS**  
Modular Integrated Communications & Navigation System  
(United States of America )
- 38. **ISC**  
Intercommunications Set Control  
*Communications*

- 39. **ICS**  
Intercommunications System  
*Communications*
- 40. **ICNS**  
Integrated Communications / Navigation System
- 41. **DNS**  
Direct Network Subscriber  
*Communications*
- 42. **CWC**  
Chemical Weapons Convention  
*International organisations & agreements*
- 43. **CNS**  
Communications, Navigation, Surveillance
- 44. **CNS**  
Communications Network Simulator  
*Training & simulation*
- 45. **CEOI**  
Communications & Electronics Operating Instructions  
(United States of America )
- 46. **TRAP**  
Tactical Receive equipment & related Applications  
*Communications*
- 47. **TRAP**  
Tactical Receive equipment & related Applications  
*Communications*
- 48. **TCC**  
Telecommunications Centre  
*Communications*
- 49. **NTS**  
Naval Telecommunications System  
*Communications*
- 50. **NSTN**  
Naval Shore Telecommunications Network  
*Communications*

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## Chapter Fourteen: 1998

### *Laparoscopy*

During the second week of November 1997, I had an abduction experience that left behind a severe physical problem. I remember lying on a stretcher or bed. There was a team of what looked like doctors and nurses standing around me. I saw one male face that I recognized in that he looked similar to Being who has been visiting me for all of my life whom I refer to as “The Doctor.” I believe this particular doctor is a Hybrid male or possibly a humanoid from another planet who looks very human and is telepathic.

As I was lying on the stretcher or bed, something was being done to my right ovary. I heard a female’s voice say to me,

*“This will make you be able to have a baby. It will make you fertile.”*

The next day, I thought about what they told me and I found it very strange because four years prior I had to have a hysterectomy, but my ovaries were not removed. By Thanksgiving, two weeks after this experience, I was in so much pain that I could hardly walk. I went to my doctor and he ordered an ultrasound. The ultrasound showed an enlarged ovary with a small cyst. About five weeks later and after taking birth control pills to keep the ovary from functioning, the cyst had covered one complete side of the ovary.

My doctor and I decided it was time to have it removed and I had a laparoscopic procedure performed in January of 1998. The pathology report came back as “all clear” and the diagnosis was, “an unresolved involuted corpus luteal cyst.” My ovary enlarged to the size of a large lemon and my doctor didn’t know why. But, I knew. It was because of what these Beings did to me two weeks before Thanksgiving while they were telling me,

*“This will make you be able to have a baby. It will make you fertile.”*

I regret not having another laboratory analyze it further. At that time, I did not think there was anyone I could go to. Now that I think back about this, I should have tried to find someone within the abduction research community to help me. It may have





been possible to keep the chain of custody intact by asking the hospital or lab to send it somewhere else for further analysis.

It was not until some time later during another encounter with these Beings, that I would be made aware of how wrong I was about my decision to have the ovary removed.

### *Amnesiac Drugs*

Because I had this surgery, I realized something I may never had realized if I had not gone ahead with it. Prior to surgery you normally meet your anesthesiologist and talk about what they are going to anesthetize you with. Erik was with me in the preoperative room and we both met my anesthesiologist. She explained that she was going to give me an amnesiac, which is a drug that induces amnesia. I already had an IV in my arm and she gave me the drug via the IV. She explained that as soon as it entered my body, I would not remember anything and it would affect me immediately.

I felt the drug as it entered my body and told the doctor I felt a warm, flushing sensation on my skin. The amnesiac did affect me and it felt very familiar to me. When she was finished administering it, she said something to me and asked me if I remembered what she just said. I responded, "Of course" and repeated every word back to her. She looked at me strangely and said,

*"Oh, the drug must not be working. You should not be able to remember anything I'm saying."*

Again, I repeated everything back to her. I laughed about it, and I realized it had no affect on me because I remember being given drugs like this during my abduction experiences involving military personnel and other humans. I actually looked at Erik and jokingly said,

*"Oh, I must have built up a resistance to the drug."*

I then said to Erik,

*"I'll let you know everything I remember."*

I also told him I loved him. They rolled me into the operating room and I noticed that my anesthesiologist had a worried look on her face. I was clear headed, but giggly when they were preparing me for surgery. I was still talking when one of the male nurses came over to me with a long white strap. I asked him,

*"What's THAT for!?"*



My doctor started waving his hands for the male nurse to “go and put that away!” and with an embarrassed look on his face, the male nurse turned around and placed the strap back on a countertop.

Still talking, I told my doctor that I couldn’t be put under until everyone told me how many pets they all had. I was driving everyone crazy. (Why won’t she just pass out like everyone else does?) One of the female nurses told me about her pets and then I looked up at my doctor who was peering over me and I said, “*Now you.*” He replied,

“*My kids have seven pets...*” Then he put a mask over my face and I finally went to sleep.

I was able to confirm, at least to myself, that one of the drugs I have been given during my MILAB experiences was indeed an amnesiac. I was not given a drug like this four years earlier when I had my hysterectomy. As a matter of fact, during that surgery my epidural didn’t work and I had an agonizing four-day stay in the hospital that I will never forget.

This is yet another telltale sign for me that some group of humans has abducted me. I am not alone in seeing other humans during some of my abduction encounters; other abductees have gone public with their experiences involving other humans and I have included a brief list of their names in the Notes section of this chapter for the reader.<sup>i</sup>

### *ET “Guilt Trip”*

This whole ordeal turned out to have sad consequences. After I had my laparoscopy I had another abduction experience. A small group of Beings were examining me and suddenly became quite astonished and their faces showed expressions of disbelief. They telepathically told me that what I had done (having my ovary removed) was no different than committing murder. They then equated me to being a murderer. I was despondent.

To this day, I don’t know how much life or how many life forms must have died and I still feel that I did something terrible by having the oophorectomy. I had no idea that by having the surgery, it would leave me feeling so incomplete. I was afraid that the ovary might be cancerous and I was in severe pain because of the pressure on my sciatic nerve. Sometimes I had to take medication just so I could walk.

I still feel emotional over this. I feel as though I may have lost my own child. Of course, I know he or she would never have been allowed to live with me, but just



knowing some of our children are “out there” and seeing them sometimes during a visitation with the Beings makes it better, in some strange way. It’s difficult to explain: You have to experience this for yourself to truly understand what I am saying and what it feels like.

What was inside of the ovary that meant so much to these Beings that by its removal, they would equate me to being a murderer? One can only imagine the discovery that might have been made had the ovary been examined by a pathologist who was knowledgeable about alien abductions and the Hybrid Breeding Program.

## NOTES



This image is from the video of my laparoscopy. The ovary is the size of a large lemon.

<sup>1</sup> Lammer, Helmut. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

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## Chapter Fifteen: 1998

### *The Diplomat*

My journal for 1998 is not very long. I had more MILAB experiences as well as alien experiences, including seeing my Diplomat friend, the Type Four Grey again.

The MILAB experiences were interesting, to say the least. One involved a mental test of sorts. I found myself in a place where I knew I was to have a sort of mental interrogation. It was a test, but it involved a mental test as well as verbal questioning and it involved telepathy. I went through this same test the previous year, but I didn't pass it. This time I knew I would pass their test.

There were four human females sitting in a semicircle in front of me and I realized that on some level, I knew who these women were. Something about this felt "military" and very familiar, but I did not see, or at least remember, anyone wearing military uniforms.

They asked me questions verbally and mentally using telepathy. After the test was completed, I was informed that I had passed and I was very relieved. I was now going to be accepted by them and it felt great. Then one of the women took off her wig, which I had no idea she was wearing, and said,

*"You may not know me, but I'm John's mother."*

I remembered John from high school and felt really happy that he was okay. Instantly, information was given to me and I knew he was now married and had two children. John was in the band with me, and after high school, he joined the Navy. That was the last I had heard about him until now.

Something was done to me because the next memory I had was of feeling extremely drugged. I knew the feeling and the way the drug affected me. It had become familiar. I was handed two pencil drawings I had done for someone in the room with me. They were of alien Beings. I was then asked to autograph them for whoever handed them to me. I was so drugged that I do not remember what the person or the drawings looked like. I slowly wrote my name on the two drawings I had drawn for them. I signed, "K. Wilson" as I do on all of my drawings.

I was then seated with the others who were there with me. I still felt that they were humans and possibly military. I looked up and saw a Type Four Grey. It was the Being I call The Diplomat. I reached out to him with my left hand and as we shook hands I gently cradled his hand with my right hand. I drew his hand toward me and touched my cheek to his hand and conveyed my feelings of love to him.<sup>1</sup>

I was very honored to see him again -- actually extremely happy to see him again -- and although I could feel the effects of the drug, I telepathically felt the same emotions from him; that he was happy to see me as well. He was very much respected by all of the humans in the room. That is all I remember from the experience.

For me, this was an incredible experience. Apparently, I was put through a test that involved testing my mental abilities by the use of telepathy. I am not 100% certain that the men and women I saw were humans, but they appeared to be. Either it was the Beings' using camouflage to make me think they were humans, or they were Hybrids, or it was as I remembered it.

I was also drugged and probably questioned about something. It is highly suspicious that I felt the familiar feeling of being drugged as I was when I had the amnesiac drug prior to my laparoscopy. This is another reason why I believe the males and females were humans and not aliens. Aliens don't need to use drugs, they can simply touch us and make the pain go away or use telepathy to obtain the information they desire.<sup>2</sup>

If you are highly doubtful that aliens are really here, you are probably asking: "How does she know that was really an alien she shook hands with and not something that the drugs and the interrogation made her believe she was seeing?"

That's a good question. I guess I would have to say that it's from seeing and interacting with many Greys throughout my lifetime that I believe he was really there. I felt his hand in my hand. I know what that feeling is like because I've experienced it when I did not feel as if I had been drugged.

After this experience I began to wonder if the Type Four Greys are working with the ultra secret team of military and intelligence personnel to try and find out more about *other* aliens? Perhaps that is why I was drugged and probably questioned and asked to sketch the drawings of the two alien Beings. It is very frustrating that I don't remember which Beings I drew for them. That could be the key to this whole experience.

The autographing portion was a little "over the top." Why didn't they just print my name on the drawing if they wanted to document who drew the picture? That is another reason I highly suspect that everyone except The Diplomat was a human (or Hybrid). There was too much "ego" in the room.

It is also possible that the telepathy I experienced during this encounter was from another human. They could have been using a similar device that the Holographic Pilot used.

It seems to me that we can no longer assume that simply because someone is speaking to us "inside of our minds" or what we think is telepathy, it automatically



means we are interacting with alien Beings. They very well could be humans: An elite group of specially trained people from our military and intelligence agencies who are using alien technology to “telepathically” communicate with or interrogate specific alien abductees.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> I always shake my left hand with the Type Four Greys. Their fingers are very long and bony and they have four fingers instead of five. Their hands are extremely delicate and I never use a firm handshake as I normally do with humans. It is probably the firm handshake that dictates the use of my left hand (or my subdominant hand) when I shake hands with them. From what I have seen and felt, their hands are so delicate that their bones could be easily crushed by the strength our hands possess.

<sup>2</sup> I am aware of several abductees, including Betty Hill and Betty Andreasson Luca, who have stated that when they were feeling pain during a procedure the aliens were performing, the Beings would simply touch them and the pain would diminish or disappear. This has happened to me and I published instances of this in *The Alien Jigsaw*. One experience in particular occurred in May of 1989 and involved a tan skinned Hybrid doctor and humans. I will always remember this experience because I was in a terrestrial looking building in a waiting room area and while there, I picked up an ink pen that had “Clark Air Force Base” inscribed on it. To view the illustrations associated with this encounter, please see the [MILAB Images](#) located on this Web site.



## Chapter Sixteen: 1998

### *New Elements*

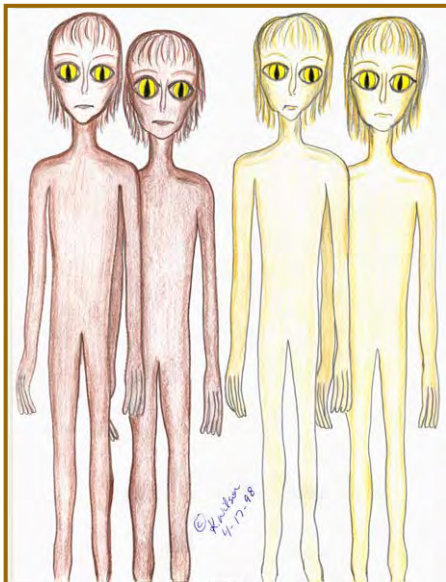
On April 17, 1998 I was in my bed and I had one of my cats cradled in my right arm. I heard a noise that actually sounded as if someone was walking on our roof! I got out of bed and looked out of all of our windows. I could see out of all of them except for our bedroom window. When I looked out of it, all I could see was the reflection of the mini-blinds, which was peculiar. The lights were not on in the bedroom and it was nighttime so there should not have been a reflection. My first thought was,

*"Oh, they don't want me to see them."*

I then became very afraid for my cats and my dog so I went all through the house making sure everyone was safe. I got back into bed and was immediately "out." I don't even remember laying my head on the pillow.

I then got out of bed and found myself standing in our bedroom looking at two dark skinned males standing next to two light skinned males. Somehow, I knew these four Beings were traveling together. They were at least six feet, five inches tall. Their bodies were very thin and lanky. They had very thin hair and enormous yellow-gold eyes that bulged outward. Their pupils were a dark brown or black and were vertically shaped. I thought to myself,

*"There's no way these are humans -- they have to be Hybrids of some type."*



I awakened the next morning with a very sore left nostril. I immediately remembered that just before I woke up I was standing in front of our alarm panel downstairs, making sure it was on. Then I checked my cats and my dog yet again.

I thought it was strange that I had just been downstairs checking the alarm system. I wondered; did I turn it off and go somewhere and now that I was back I was making sure it was on again?

I also felt as if someone had inserted something into my nose. It hurt very badly. My throat was also very sore and over the next several days I was sick with a sore throat and a fever.



## *She Has No Name*

On April 20, 1998 (three days after the experience with the golden-eyed Hybrids) I saw one of the women who were sitting in the semicircle during the mental test I finally passed. This was the woman who removed her wig and told me she was John's mother after I was told I had passed the test.

It appeared that I was in a house and she and her son and I were standing in her kitchen. This young boy was not her son John she referred to earlier, as he is two years older than I am and this boy appeared to be a child. I knew this woman, but even as I looked at her I could not remember her name. I can almost remember being told, "She has no name."

She took me around her house and briefly showed me a couple of large rooms, which looked to have "arts and crafts" type things in them. Otherwise, the rooms were normally furnished. I looked at the woman again and noticed that she appeared to be at least ten years my senior.

We then walked down two short flights of stairs. The light was dim and had a blue hue to it. The hallway went straight for a short distance and then turned to the right. There was a room to the left and a room to the right. I somehow knew this was a laboratory and this woman worked down there. As I was in the hallway I heard something like a cat scream. The scream sounded like a small wild cat. I then thought they were experimenting on animals down there and it made me feel sick inside. I knew I would probably not be able to psychologically handle what they were doing so I did not go into that part of the lab.

To my right was another room and I decided to enter it. It was the office belonging to "the woman who has no name." I looked at her desk. The light in her office was rather dim, similar to backup lighting that stayed on all the time. This woman had an L-shaped desk and a computer with some loose papers lying on her desk. There was something in the corner; a printer I suppose. Her desk was very neat except for the papers.

I looked through some of her papers and saw my name and some phone numbers written on a smaller piece of paper. From the numbers she had accumulated, I realized this woman had been keeping notes and reports on me since 1984, when I was in my twenties. I was living in an apartment at the time and had just separated from my first husband, Mark. I was amazed at how long this woman had been monitoring me. I was somewhat bothered by the fact that she had been in touch with me (in some manner) for nearly fifteen years and I realized how secretive this all appeared.



I picked up some paperwork, but then decided to look through a small notebook. The papers were bound together in a loose-leaf metal ringed notebook, but the metal rings were at the top. It seemed like a reference chart. I knew I wasn't supposed to be looking at it, so I hurried. At first I thought the pages referenced elements from the periodic chart, but as I continued to leaf through them, I realized that I did not recognize any of the elements. These were not elements as we understand them. They were newly created substances. Each page designated each new substance. The name was in the upper left-hand corner of the page, and to the right of the name of the substance was a barcode designation. The barcode lines were wider than the usual barcodes we use for pricing items in stores. Each substance had its own sequence of lines that formed its particular barcode.

Under the name and barcode was descriptive text about each substance. I don't remember any more specifics, like the names of the substances, but they were not from the periodic chart because I am familiar enough with it to have recognized some of them. None of these substances or elements looked familiar to me.

I realized that what I was looking at was secret and had been created by these scientists. They were creating these new elements and were experimenting with these substances on animals and probably even humans. While I was there I got the feeling that this was both a government lab and a private corporation: possibly a private lab that did work for the government. I realized this was so secret they were not under the control of the government, or at least not the government the public knows about.

### *Oh, What a Beautiful Cat*

I have had a lot of time to think about this experience and I have to say, if I knew this woman's name I would certainly publish it. Someone has programmed me not to be able to remember her name. Even when I look at her, I am consciously aware that I have known her for a long time, but my mind will not allow me to even "think" about her name.

The house we were in appeared to be a cover for this lab. That is, if you were to walk inside of this house, everything would look normal. There was a kitchen, a refrigerator, a dining room, etc. However, if you were to go downstairs, which appeared to be underground (no windows) you would quickly find yourself in what appears to be a scientific laboratory. I could not help but wonder if this was some kind of a "safe house." Could they be carrying out some of their operations in plain sight, right under our noses in neighborhoods across suburbia?

This woman had been following me and keeping tabs on me for almost fifteen years as of the date of this experience. That much was clear when I looked at her notes on

me. Her notes included my name, the different cities I have lived in, and all of the different telephone numbers I have had since the early 1980s.

Why did she want me to be accepted by her and her team? She was there when I greeted the Type Four Grey. I never thought I would feel this way, but it is unsettling to think that he might be involved with people like her.

I deeply believe this is the same woman who came to the door with the man when I was married to Mark. The day she spoke the simple phrase, "*Oh, what a beautiful cat...*" and I began to lose all control and became instantly drugged and fell to the carpet and blacked out. She was in my life in 1983 and I saw her again twice in 1998, and I would see her, yet again. An important question to consider now is, is this woman a human or a Hybrid, and who exactly does she work for?

### *Second Edition Update*

This woman remains somewhat of a mystery to me, but I still remember her face and I know I will recognize her again if I see her. I believe it is only a matter of time before I figure out who she is. I also suspect that she is most likely a Hybrid Being who is living and working among humans: Humans who are "in the know" about this phenomenon and who are culpable of not only keeping the lid on the cover up, but of abducting their fellow humans.



## Chapter Seventeen: 1999

### *The Trio*

On January 10, 1999 I found myself in the presence of three Beings and I had no doubt about the timeframe: it was between 2:00 a.m. and 5:00 a.m. It started with me seeing a craft that was shaped like a seashell with a scalloped edge. The entire craft had luminescence, but the main lights were on the back or scalloped edge of the craft. It had an unusual type of flight pattern -- the pattern a swing makes as it swings back and forth. The craft would “swing” backward and forward and then make an upward loop, and then repeat. It did this three times before landing. It was a familiar movement and when I saw it I immediately knew *they* were coming -- coming to interact with me again.

I was facing these three Beings. The Being in the middle was quite tall and thin and he resembled a wizard in a way. His long white and blue robe was moving and flowing as if it had an energy of its own, or perhaps it was even an extension of his self. There was an enormous amount of energy flowing around him with some of the energy appearing to come from within him. I knew I was in the presence of extraterrestrials.



There seemed to be other people behind me who were human -- they were afraid and were becoming threatening to the Beings, or at least to their purpose of being here. I knew I had to communicate my feelings to these Beings as quickly as possible so they would not “turn me off” like they were doing to the others.

The instant I had this thought, the Being on the left shape-shifted into a light tan dog (Welsh Corgi). I knelt down and lightly placed my hands on his back and I said,

*“I wish to communicate... please communicate with me... communication is requested.”*

In another instant he transformed back into his three-foot tall humanoid shape. What followed was total and instant clarity: The tall Being in the middle was directing the other two Beings. In human terms, I guess you would say he was “in charge.” There was instantaneous telepathic communication -- an instant “knowing.” He was asking my permission to take biological material from me. I knew that was exactly why they came to me. I answered,

*"You may, as long as it is used to help someone -- as long as I can be used to help somebody else..."*

As soon as I had this thought, with a smooth but swift move, the Being on the right placed a very thin, four-inch long needle in my thigh. As soon as the needle was removed, there was another smooth swift action: another needle penetrated my neck near my right ear. There was an enormous amount of pain and as I experienced it, I felt the tall wizard Being in telepathic contact with me and he said,

*"Only an instant longer..."*

Then it was over. The wizard Being then telepathically constructed a mental test for me to participate in:

I found myself standing in a house that looked similar to the interior of Whitley Strieber's New York cabin in the movie *Communion*.<sup>1</sup> The tall wizard Being was standing in the middle of the room next to a coffee table and I saw my husband, Budd Hopkins and Whitley Strieber and we were all standing near this table.<sup>2</sup>

There was a great amount of excitement from everyone because we all knew we were looking at a physical extraterrestrial Being. He was physically among us. Budd immediately said we should take a photograph of him, that this would be our only chance of real proof. It had to be done. Everyone else seemed to agree, but I was reluctant. Even so, I retrieved a camera off of a shelf. Everyone wanted and expected me to take the picture, but I handed the camera to Erik, my husband. I thought to myself how wrong it was for us to do this because I knew the flash of the camera would cause permanent blindness for the wizard Being; all for the humans' proof.

As I had this thought, I could feel the wizard Being in telepathic contact with my mind. At that instant there was a flash from the camera and the Being was gone. He allowed me to make my own decision as to whether I would photograph him or not. I could have taken the photograph before he phased out of our dimension (or disappeared from view) but I chose not to do so because I did not want to hurt the Being.

I wondered if the Being always had a way to prohibit himself from being photographed. In the end, I guess the answer is that he did and still does. They will test our minds whenever they have an opportunity; that much I know.

I awakened in my bed with a peaceful feeling of "knowing." All I could do was stay there in my bed and think about what had just occurred... *"Oh my God... Oh my God...."* was all I could think.

I wanted to get out of bed, to wake Erik and tell him what happened, but all I could do was close my eyes. Then, at 5:15 a.m. our dog let out a sorrowful howl. Erik



bolted from the bed faster than I've ever seen him get out of bed before. He was standing near the half-wall looking down at our dog as she was sleeping on her bed. By the time I got there, she was awake, looking around with a sleepy dazed look on her face. Erik said,

*"She was asleep while she was howling... that's really strange."*

I looked at him and said,

*"She just came out of it... they were just here."*

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Communion* A Philippe Mora Film: Pheasantry Films / Allied Vision LTD / The Picture Property Company present Christopher Walken & Lindsay Crouse, 1989. (Main theme composed and performed by Eric Clapton.)

This is one of my favorite movies about alien abduction. It's not the same as the book, so if you haven't seen it, it's well worth owning. The main theme, by Eric Clapton is hauntingly beautiful and one of my favorite actors, Christopher Walken, portrays Whitley Strieber in it.

<sup>2</sup> I do not believe Budd, Whitley and Erik were really with me. Their images were constructed by this Being's powerful mind (or by the other two Beings who were assisting him) simply for the test: to see if I would take his photograph knowing that it would cause him physical harm. I believe their images were used for the following three reasons:

- (1) The surroundings were from the movie *Communion*. I know this movie very well and mentally associate it with Whitley Strieber, and this information was obviously telepathically taken from my mind by the wizard Being. (2) Budd has worked for decades researching abductions and we know one another. If he told me to take a picture of an alien, I would feel rather compelled to accommodate him. (3) Erik's image is used sometimes by the Beings to give me a sense of calm just prior to them letting me see them as they really appear. This is not done as often today as it was prior to writing *The Alien Jigsaw*.



## Chapter Eighteen: 1999

### *Precious*

I awakened at 5:00 a.m. on March 1, 1999 feeling very frightened. I felt drugged and could hardly move. I managed to get out of bed and I walked into the bathroom. All of my muscles in my hands, feet, and legs felt stiff with pain. I used the bathroom and got back into bed. I thought about the gruesome dream I had just had and wondered why I would dream about being shown a film over and over again.

The dream was about me watching a film. It was quite gruesome and as I watched it, I realized I'd seen it before. People were being cut in the head with a large cutting knife. Each time it occurred, it was the left side of the head just above the left temple. A deep cut was made with one swift hard "slice." The cut would be made from the top, downward, and the depth of the cut was always the same each time I saw it. The knife would only cut about one inch into the cerebral cortex. I saw very little blood, and oddly, before anyone could fall to the floor, which is what I expected, they would go to the next victim.

As I watched this film I realized that I had seen it before. As a matter of fact, I wrote in my journal that while I was viewing it, it seemed as if I had been watching it for quite some time. It was as if the film was being played over and over again.

This was not the first time I had been shown a film during these experiences. In 1992, I had an experience in an underground base, which I somehow knew was in eastern Canada. I did not see any aliens, but rather people who I believed were part of an "ultra secret group" who did not answer to anyone.<sup>1</sup>

I have not been able to remember the content of the film I was forced to watch in 1992, but I knew it was a film to program people or in my case, to reprogram them. I knew I had not cooperated with these people and that was why I was being forced to watch the film again.

I came away from this brain slicing film feeling that it was a type of "consciousness splitting" that was designed to affect the left hemisphere of the brain for a specific purpose.

### *The Real Deal*

After I got back into bed shortly after 5:00 a.m., the memory surfaced and I knew that *this* was what had just occurred to me, not my simply watching a film. It is



important for the reader to understand that this experience was as real as my everyday life. It was as real as I am sitting in front of my computer with my fingers typing on the keyboard. After I remembered everything that happened that night, I had no doubt that the film was an implanted dream or a screen memory and what I remembered next was what really transpired.

I found myself in a dark place and I knew there were alien Beings there and I knew about this place from before. It was a building and it was supposed to be off-limits. The longer I was there the more I realized that I should not be there and I might be discovered.

I began using an unusual type of mechanical recording log. It was on a panel that was about three inches thick and measured about three feet tall by about five feet wide. It had rows of round, silver devices that resembled electronic buttons that were about as wide as the palm of my hand. These were almost flush with the surface of the panel. There were two contact points within this large panel. When I pushed on one of the round devices, the log was activated. A female voice began to speak, detailing different aspects of the abduction phenomenon.

I placed my head against one contact point on the panel. I was trying to be quiet so I put my left ear up against the contact point. A female voice began to speak detailing certain aspects of the abduction plan -- the abduction of humans by this group. The first panel did not reveal anything new to me, so I pressed another contact close to the first one. I began toward the upper right side of the panel thinking those would be the most recent entries.

I pressed my ear against the next contact point and received more information. I also began receiving visual images to go along with the recording. It was almost as if I were physically and mentally plugging my brain and consciousness into the device itself.

This part of the recording began rather benign, stating more things about abductions that I already knew. Then I saw and heard something I didn't seem to get consciously, but as soon as I heard it, I knew that many of the darker things about the phenomenon I had learned and did not want to believe were true. <sup>2</sup> This information covered aspects of abductions that were frightening to me; things I did not want to believe that concerned MILABS or military type abductions as well as negative entities.

I placed my head against a different access point nearby and the next bit of information that I heard was,

*"Kay continues to be a problem....she is remembering too much."*

This was stated very seriously and I felt that this group had tried to remedy me as a "problem" before, and they were thinking of new ways to deal with me in the future.



This bit of information I had just downloaded into my mind made me feel as if I had been discovered by one of the aliens in the area I had intruded into. I walked away from the mechanical log and went to a different area where I saw some shelves. There were very important items on these shelves, one in particular. I knew it was proof of extraterrestrials, and as I was looking at the items on one of the shelves, I felt the presence of an alien in my mind. It was a female and she was not pleased that I was in that location.

The female Being was very tall and thin. I couldn't distinguish her skin color because the lighting in the room was so dim, but she looked like one of the Type Four Greys and was about six feet tall. She made telepathic contact with me and I could feel her inside my mind. She was aware that I had retrieved some of the information from the mechanical log.

I then saw a shelf with small containers on it. I began taking some of the small containers because I knew they were proof of the Hybrid children. They looked like small jars about the size of 2-ounce makeup bottles. This is what the female alien wanted me to see. The top shelf housed actual biological material from the Hybrid Breeding Program. This biological material had consciousness and was in the process of becoming children. These little bottles contained *their* children. It was absolutely unbelievable!

The female Being tried to prevent me from consciously remembering it however. It was as if I saw it and it registered in my mind as being what I just described, but she took away my conscious memory of what the actual material looked like. What I remember, I remember from some other part of my mind that I did not think she could not reach. When I touched the containers I experienced an emotional response. The word that is closest to expressing what I felt by touching the containers with the biological material was *precious*.

I then realized that the word *precious* came from the mind of the female Grey the moment I touched the containers. She remained in telepathic contact with me. She was responsible for protecting the biological material -- the children. She then telepathically said to me,

*“What you want to steal from us is precious to us. We will not give it up.”*

As I began taking the biological material with consciousness, I sensed the female Grey was being extremely tolerant and patient with me. It was as if she knew that she was much more powerful than I was and she would allow me to only go so far before she would act.

I then noticed that she was with many small child-aliens who were about two to three feet tall. I don't remember much about them except for their wide-eyed looks on their faces when they saw me. They were very curious and excited to see a human there. It

was almost as exciting for them to see me as it is for a human to see one of their craft hovering in the sky.

The female Being then telepathically directed me to take a nightgown for my return trip home. I saw a rack of nightgowns and pajamas that all looked the same. It looked like they had removed an entire rack of sleepwear in all different sizes from a department store.

I retrieved a long purple nightgown, but I did not put it on because I already had my nightshirt on. I then took off running. I had several of the small samples of the conscious biological material in my hands along with the nightgown, and I ran out a door. I got inside a gold, metallic vehicle of some sort and the female Grey quickly got inside with me. It all happened very quickly. She then began using camouflage or a mental screen to make her appear more human looking. I heard some sort of engine start inside this metallic “vehicle” and I realized I wasn’t going to get away with the biological material I had taken.

My last memory was of the female Grey looking at me and I telepathically felt that she was extremely disappointed with me and that I was a troublemaker. I could feel there was something about me she liked, but every now and then, I really disappointed her and her species.

### *Sleep Enforced Memory*

My interpretation of this experience has changed somewhat since I first documented it in my journal over ten years ago. Immediately upon awakening I knew these aliens did not want me to remember what I had seen. They wanted me to remember the gruesome “brain splitting” film. It was their way of forcing my mind to remember the screen memory they chose for me. This has been done to me before and many times it has not worked. I tend to remember both the screen memory as well as the real experience.

I believe that psychologically, a human might focus more on the gruesome film and had I gotten up at 5:00 a.m. and started my day that might have indeed been what my mind would have focused on. I may never have remembered what really occurred that night. Or, as it sometimes happens, the true memory might have surfaced spontaneously during the day.

One thing I have learned about my experiences and memory is: if I can sleep right after these Beings interact with me, I am often able to remember many details about the experience. I never understood how or why this worked for me, but I know it does. In 2007, I came across an article about new research involving memory. It seems that what helps me to remember my experiences -- *sleep* -- has scientifically



been proven.<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, many times I remember my encounters consciously and immediately.

I wonder if the same device that the pilot told me about was used on me by this Type Four Grey female when I thought I was seeing a film? It is my realization of this alien technology that has made me reexamine some of my experiences. Are their minds so sophisticated that they can mentally project a screen image into our minds or are they using a technological device that enhances their telepathic abilities, which then allows them to achieve this feat? In addition, does their technology employ ELF waves such as the type that are used by humans in “mind control” experiments? I believe it is quite possible these Beings are using a combination of mental prowess combined with technology.

One conclusion I am beginning to draw from all of these experiences is that it is the Type Four Greys, including the Diplomat, who are heading the Hybrid Breeding Program. The biological material with consciousness was in the process of becoming Hybrid children. It -- *they* -- were alive and had consciousness, yet were not born yet. It was fascinating that even in this extremely early stage of development I could sense their consciousness and that they were telepathic. It was one of the most remarkable things I have ever experienced.

Because I have seen the Diplomat in the presence of members of the ultra secret team, I believe they too are involved in the Hybrid Breeding Program and are assisting the Greys. Much of what I have seen points time and time again to this conclusion.

The question now is: Why would an ultra secret group of humans consisting of military and intelligence personnel be cooperating with the Greys in the Hybrid Breeding Program? Is there a logical reason to pursue such an endeavor? Is it because of global warming and the destruction humans have caused to our planet and our atmosphere? Are we working together to save some part of ourselves -- perhaps our genetic code itself -- to be “replanted” on another planet or perhaps back on Earth after the asteroid *Apophis* or some other asteroid hits? <sup>4</sup> Are things much worse than we are being led to believe?

I was told that I was part of an important process to “...wake a sleeping world to the aliens’ presence.” I often think about what I was told prior to writing *The Alien Jigsaw*:

*“Do not ever give up. Do not let anyone discourage you or frighten you and do not allow yourself to be disillusioned. People will try - you must keep to your own truths of your experiences with us. We depend on you. You are our emissary.”*

I never completely believed that I was a true emissary; however, today I realize and accept that I am one of *many* abductee-emissaries between aliens and humans who are involved in the awakening process of humankind.

### *Second Edition Update*

In June of 2009, the Pentagon stated that observations by top secret government spacecraft of incoming bolides were to be classified as secret and information about them was not to be released, even to organizations such as NASA. For many years, our scientists have benefited from data received by classified military satellites about these natural fireballs and related phenomena that enter Earth's atmosphere, but it now appears that sharing this important, potentially lifesaving information between the military and scientific organizations has come to an end.

Perhaps not coincidentally, in July of 2009, one month after this new policy went into effect, an Earth sized object impacted the surface of Jupiter. I believe the U.S. military's classification of this data one month prior to the impact on Jupiter was planned. We can expect to hear about more such impacts in our solar system, and perhaps even on Earth, after the fact, of course. The impact site was discovered and made public by an amateur astronomer in Australia named Anthony Wesley.

<http://www.newsherald.com/news/pasadena-75967-earth-calif.html>

I also suspect this new secret classification also has a lot to do with our visitors: the aliens and their craft. Something has changed and our military policy makers are changing their tactics. During the new, supposedly "transparent" Obama Administration, this is an important event to take note of. It is yet another tactic the military industrial complex has taken to maintain their 60+ year cover-up of the truth.

Let us hope this decision has inspired amateur astronomers across the world to become more vigilant and more aware of how important they are to the rest of us -- left in the proverbial dark -- here on planet Earth.

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Wilson, K. *The Alien Jigsaw*, Puzzle Publishing, pp. 213-214, 1993.

<sup>2</sup> Wilson, K. *Project Open Mind: (MILABS) Are Some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?* 1996. <http://www.alienjigsaw.com/Milabs/milabs.html>  
(Also personal conversations and correspondence with Lisa.)



<sup>3</sup> “Sleep Enforces The Temporal Sequence In Memory.” *Science Daily*. Chevy Chase, Maryland. The findings in “this study shows that sleep associated consolidation of memories enforces the temporal structure of the memorized episode that otherwise might be blurred to a timeless puzzle of experiences.”

<http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2007/04/070417203156.htm>

Additional articles pertaining to memory and sleep:

<http://psychcentral.com/news/2009/06/26/sleep-strengthens-long-term-memory-building/6754.html>

<http://www.newser.com/story/32362/a-good-nights-sleep-shores-up-memory.html>

<http://www.news-medical.net/news/20090612/Sleep-promotes-lasting-changes-in-memory-for-emotional-scenes.aspx>

<sup>4</sup> Information on this and other asteroids can be found at:

<http://neo.jpl.nasa.gov/risk/a99942.html> for .99942 Apophis

“*Apophis* is one of more than 600 known potentially hazardous asteroids and one of several that scientists hope to study more closely. In *Apophis*’ case, additional measurements are necessary because the 2029 flyby could be followed by frequent close approaches thereafter, or even a collision.”

<http://www.umich.edu/news/?Releases/2005/Aug05/r081605c>

“Based on available data, astronomers give *Apophis* - a 1,000-foot wide chunk of space debris, a 1-in-15,000 chance of a 2036 strike. Yet if the asteroid hits, they add, damage to infrastructure alone could exceed \$400 billion. When the possibility of the asteroid passing through two other keyholes is taken into account, the combined chance of the asteroid hitting the planet shifts to 1 in 10,000, notes Clark Chapman, a senior scientist with the Southwest Research Institute in Boulder, Colorado”

<http://www.csmonitor.com/2005/0726/p01s04-stss.html>



## Chapter Nineteen: 1999

### *Honey to the Bees*

On April 4, 1999, I had a disturbing vision during which, incredibly, I was told some part of this phenomenon I am involved in was being orchestrated by a secret group of “Nazis.” I was also told these “Nazis” are a small group of descendants of those who waged the horrible “ethnic cleansing” during World War II. I wrote in my journal:

“As I was given this information, I bent my head back and looked up into a dark sky. Way, way up into the blackness, I saw a group of people standing in an oval circle. All around these people were dark entities or beings of some sort moving around and through the circle of humans. These were the negative beings who are directing the group of ‘Nazi’ descendants. These are the ones responsible for the deception and the great hardship that abductees are going through. As the vision ended, I was told:”

*“To know of them could cost you your life. Just to even think about them or to be aware of them, is dangerous.”*

After this vision occurred, I didn’t know what to do with the information. It seemed as if it belonged in the “They’re going to think you’re nuts” category. I have never suspected there was a Nazi connection to this phenomenon, even after taking into account the different levels in which the phenomenon manifests itself. I considered there may be a negative spiritual connection perhaps, but Nazis? No way.

I mentally put the information aside and went about my new routine of planning our move to the East Coast. We felt the need to move to be closer to family members who were going through a particularly difficult time in their lives. Erik had gotten a new job and I was spending most of my time packing our belongings. Approximately two weeks later, on April 16<sup>th</sup>, I had an encounter with two familiar Beings:

I was with two female Beings and I remembered them from a previous experience. One had long brown hair and was about 4-1/2 feet tall and the other had long black hair and was about 4 feet tall. I did not clearly see the female with the brown hair, but I got a good look at the female with the black hair.

They were acting strangely. We were in a small cluttered place and they were carrying out some sort of ceremony with little pieces of food. They seemed like old hippies with the surroundings, their long hair and the food. There was something special about the food. The Being with the black hair carefully handed me (with two



hands) a small dough-like thing. It was soft and shaped similar to a fortune cookie and there was something inside of it.

I felt I needed to be polite to them and respect the ceremony they were performing with this piece of food. I thanked them for it and began to eat it. I know it was soft, but other than that, I do not remember that much about it. The next thing I knew, the Being with the black hair was looking up at me and her eyes were shifting back and forth so fast it was as if they were vibrating. I knew exactly what she was doing: she was telepathically probing my mind.

While she scanned my mind and her eyes were vibrating, I noticed she had eyes shaped similar to a human's, but her irises were a little larger and they were black. Where we have black pupils, she had vibrant baby blue pupils. Her eyes were incredible and her skin was very tan and wrinkled.



It only took her a few seconds to scan me and when she finished I said,

*“Well -- what did you get?”*

She looked at me as if I didn't deserve an answer. I got the distinct feeling she thought I was quite “beneath” her. She simply turned around and began walking away from me. When I spoke again, she turned to look at me.

I asked again,

*“Look -- even I have visions and can see mental pictures sometimes -- and even feel certain emotions -- you should have at least gotten that much. What did you get?”*

She ignored me a second time and turned away from me. In my frustration I thought to myself,

*“What a couple of jerks.”*

These two Beings then began to telepathically take certain memories from my childhood from my mind. What they were doing was setting up a scene in order to deliver an important message, and that was the reason for the strange eye and mind scan.

I then found myself with my grandmother, whom I do not believe was really there. These Beings were projecting her image to me. They gave me a message through my grandmother and an old piano that appeared to be from the 1700s. A simple, but distinct melody was playing on the piano.<sup>1</sup> I am certain the piano was also a projection as well, but my perceiving it in a visual sense enabled me to expect



to hear a melody. This was something the Beings very much wanted me to remember because along with the melody was a message.

The message they gave me follows:

*“...Like honey to the bees they will come. You are the honey... They are the bees... You are like honey to the bees.... They are coming.”*

There was no mistaking this message: It was a warning. Although I did not know exactly who was coming, their message left me feeling that another group of non-human Beings were coming to Earth to take all they could, and perhaps with the feeling of dread they left me with, I thought this “taking” might include human life.

After I contemplated their message further, I realized how the analogy of “honey to the bees” could be applied to many abduction accounts. Honeybees make honey by taking nectar from different flowers. They use the honey as food for their offspring while humans take the excess honey and use it as food. The production and consumption of honey follows a specific hierarchy and is also a symbiotic relationship between: (1) flowers and honeybees; (2) honeybees and humans; (3) humans and flowers (through the planting of crops and the production of food).

### *Mining My Body*

Much to my surprise, five days later on April 21<sup>st</sup> I had another experience. This felt completely different from being in the presence of the two female Beings with the long hair. I knew those females. I had interacted with that species of extraterrestrial before. They were familiar to me.

This next encounter had the flavor of many of my MILAB type experiences. The Hybrids were familiar and the humans seemed “human,” and although I knew there were other aliens connected with this encounter, I do not recall directly interacting with them. I also did not see military uniforms even though I would classify this as a MILAB type experience:

I was in a large scientific laboratory. There were several humans there and I also saw two Hybrids. They were males and they were almost insanely jealous of me. They ridiculed me and tried to make me think I was “nothing,” but what happened while I was there was completely the opposite of my expectations.

The building was well lit and modern looking. I was there for some sort of meeting or interview. I met with a woman who had brown wavy hair, wore silver wire rim glasses and appeared to be in her thirties. There did not appear to be

anything alien about her. She communicated with me through spoken words. She was informing me, while looking at a DNA chart of some type, that I was very special to them.

She said,

*“Many people carry the genetic marker we are looking for, but your body can create the actual gene. Your body produces the equivalent of gold for us.”*

She continued talking while looking at my DNA profile and sometimes making eye contact with me. She told me their organization would take care of me for the rest of my life if I would agree to let them “mine the gold” from my body, so to speak. I would produce for them what they considered a rare find -- almost more precious than anything else they could want. I was told that I had a special purpose and that my life had great meaning. In exchange for my allowing them to periodically take these genes from me for the rest of my life, they would take good care of me. I would never have to worry about anything again.

After her conversation with me the male Hybrid was made aware of who and what I was. This is when he became strangely jealous. He mocked me and tried to belittle me. He was once considered special by this group of people and the aliens they are working with, but now they had me and people like me, and the Hybrid hated me for it.

As we walked toward another area of the lab where this work would be carried out, we passed a counter with people working behind it. It reminded me of a hospital nurses' station or a check-in area. I saw a male with blonde hair standing at the counter communicating with someone. He had some sort of apparatus attached to his back. It looked similar to a blue scuba tank and he was either wearing a matching light blue body suit or he had blue skin. The tank had a couple of tubes coming out of it which were surgically implanted into his torso. This device seemed to assist in one of his bodily functions.

As I was observing this unusual Being, I asked the male Hybrid,

*“What happened to him?”*

The Hybrid sarcastically and laughingly said,

*“Oh -- he is just like his father... never took care of himself... grossly abused his body...”*

The Hybrid was speaking very flamboyantly and was talking down to me and could care less about the blonde male or me.



We reached my work area and another Hybrid with lighter brown hair walked up to me, cocked his head toward his left shoulder and made a strange face at me. Like the other Hybrid, he looked human, but this Hybrid had some sort of small attachment going into his brain. He was wearing an unusual pair of copper colored glasses and attached to the glasses was a small tube that was implanted into his brain. This Hybrid hated me too.

I sat down in my work area and I saw the woman scientist with a friend of mine. I became somewhat worried that these people would like her more than me and would no longer need me. I turned to the woman and said,

*“Oh -- you’re taking Debra. You might like her better -- her German is better than mine.”*

The woman scientist acknowledged me with a nod. I sat down at my workstation and relaxed my arms on top of a white desktop and waited. That was my last memory.

### *Reciprocity*

The first part of this chapter involved the vision of the negative entities that are influencing the supposed group of “Nazi descendants.” I did not see an extraterrestrial Being show me the vision on a screen, but the information came from “someone” and it was definitely a warning to me. If this information is true, then it is very frightening and potentially dangerous.

The second encounter involving the two females with the long hair was orchestrated so they could scan my mind and deliver a message. The telepathic scan was carried out in order to obtain information about my childhood. They took someone I loved and trusted and had a lot in common with, and used my background as a musician. (My grandmother was also a musician and an abductee.) They delivered their message, which was actually another warning:

*“...Like honey to the bees they will come. You are the honey... They are the bees... You are like honey to the bees.... They are coming.”*

They were warning me of the third visitation. The encounter that had MILAB overtones: Humans working in a scientific laboratory of some type that also housed Hybrids and at least one male Being with blonde hair and possibly blue skin.

The analogy of “honey to the bees” and “...mining my body for gold,” (producing the gene they need, and in turn, are using for something else) is unmistakable. The last disturbing event was when the scientist brought an old family friend into the lab. Debra speaks fluent German and we are both first-generation German. Perhaps it is

just a coincidence, but we are both in our forties, are happily married and neither Debra nor myself have children.

The warning the two female Beings gave me left me feeling that another group of aliens were coming to Earth to take all they could, and it also left me with a feeling of dread. So much so that I thought this “taking” might include human life. Was I overreacting to their message or was this an emotion they intended me to feel? Do they really believe this group is that dangerous?

I keep asking myself if there really might be a connection between the dark vision of the “Nazi descendants” who are controlled by the negative entities and the group of people orchestrating the MILAB type abductions. This woman scientist was not the same woman with the dark hair in the two previous encounters that had MILAB overtones so it is possible this is a different group. It could also be that perhaps this was simply the first time I remembered her and she is working with the same group.

After all is said and done, I, in no way, want to imply that abductees who have had MILAB type experiences are taking part in a “Nazi” experiment, willfully or otherwise. This would be completely outlandish. However, perhaps “outlandish” is exactly what they (whoever they are) want people to think when they come across this information.

The analogy of “honey to the bees” may represent a cosmic hierarchy and symbiotic relationship for the use of genetic material from humans. It is also possible that a symbiotic relationship exists between the Earth, humans and certain aliens.

My experience with the woman scientist and her offer to “take care of me for the rest of my life” if I gave them what they wanted seems to fit in well with this hypothesis. It appears I agreed and gave them permission to take specific genes from my body as I agreed to allow the wizard Being to take from me, “...as long as it is done to help someone.” I only hope they continue to honor their half of the agreement, and I hope they are really helping others with the genetic material they are taking from me and other abductees.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The melody was very distinct, but I could not remember it well enough to write it out. After a day, I could not remember any part of it. It was not a melody I had ever heard before and it was so unique, I believe it was actually “alien” music.



## Chapter Twenty: 1999

### *The East Coast*

When it came time, we reluctantly left the Northwest. It was a difficult cross-country drive. We rented a motor home as we did on our original move because we were traveling with our pets. The time had passed so quickly, but it had really been 10 years. Several years later Erik would tell me that as soon as we turned the corner and got onto the Interstate to leave, nothing felt right to him.

Prior to our move, Erik drove a truckload of our belongings and one of our cars out to the East Coast and found a rental house for us. We were planning to build our “dream home,” and needed a place to live until it was completed. Strangely, before he told me anything about the rental house, I had a peculiar “dream.”

I was standing in a house unknown to me. It had green carpet and was a split-level home. I was standing just inside the front door in a small landing between the two staircases: one went up and the other went down. I was face to face with several dark entities that appeared as black humanoid shapes. They were not aliens. They came across to me as incorporeal negative entities. I felt their energy when they said to me, “We are already here.” That house turned out to be our rental house.

### *Man on the Moon*

Our alien experiences continued as they always seemed to do whenever we moved to a new place. I had an encounter that left me with detailed memories of having been inside a medical facility. I remembered a procedure that was performed on me during which the Beings went into the old surgical site (scar) where I had my laparoscopy two years earlier. The next day there was a protrusion with blood and fluid seeping from it, which fortunately for me, healed without any further problems.

These types of procedures and other procedures similar to it are commonly reported by abductees, especially females. I was actually told during one encounter that they use old scars and surgical sites repeatedly, ostensibly so it will not be as noticeable.

During this timeframe I also had an interesting experience during which I was used by some sort of military intelligence team to intercept a message from a group of scientists who were working either under the ocean, or on the moon, or perhaps even

on another planet. This sounds very far-fetched, but this is what I was told, or at least led to believe. I would classify this experience as a MILAB-type encounter:

I was in a dimly lit room and was instructed to sit in a particular chair. A man wearing a suit placed a set of padded headphones over my ears, and I listened as two teams of people spoke in a type of coded dialogue. Because I did not know the meaning of all of their code words, I began to mentally “tune in” to them and I began seeing images. I saw a man wearing what looked like an astronaut’s suit or a deep-water dive suit without the metal-type headpiece. The headpiece matched the suit and looked more similar to what an astronaut would wear in space.

I felt the need to protect this man who I thought was either underwater or on the moon or another planet, so I deceived the people who were using me. I still do not know exactly where this man was, but the mission had changed and they were having communication difficulties. I realized this while I was listening in on their communication. That was all I was supposed to do, just listen, but I didn’t.

I believe there must have been a microphone in front of me because I whispered and told him that I would give the message about their communication difficulties to someone I knew who had military contacts. I thought this was the best way to help this man in the astronaut suit. After all, he was the one who was risking his life. After I relayed this to him, I took the headphones off and returned them to the man who had placed them over my ears.

I then turned around in my seat because I sensed telepathy. I suddenly realized that two of the people in this group I was with were telepathic and they just realized I had deceived them. These people were so angry with me I thought they were going to physically beat me, but what was done was done. As I felt their telepathic probing they gave themselves away: I was able to telepathically tune in to their thoughts for a few moments and the information I retrieved was astounding: There was something really important going on there concerning the NSA, extraterrestrials, some form of time travel and, of course, there was a hell of a lot of anger directed toward me. It was all pretty scary.

I did, in fact, give this information to a friend who is retired from the military. However, I never heard back from him as to what he did with the information or if I was able to help this man in the astronaut suit, wherever he was.

### *Second Edition Update*

It is possible these were humans working with at least two ETs. I say that because two of the individuals were telepathic. Rather than using the alien device the holographic pilot told me about, they could have been using their mental prowess.



This encounter was so unusual. I knew this man in the astronaut suit was really in a different environment. I reviewed my original journal again to make sure I didn't omit anything of importance because this encounter still disturbs me ten years later.

The only information that might be noteworthy to include was a bit more descriptive text about the suit. I wrote:

"I do not see a true color [referring to the astronaut suit] because either the atmosphere or the water is masking the color of the suit. There is an enclosed head covering attached to the suit and there are one or two tubes coming out of one portion of the suit and going into another portion of the suit. The suit looks very terrestrial. It is one of ours."

There were one to two females in the room along with two to three males. The man who put the headphones over my ears looked to be in his fifties. The room was rather large and these people were working with a lot of electronic equipment.

There was one female and one male whom I focused on after I detected telepathy and when I did, they appeared to be trying to mask their images, perhaps by using "camouflage:" a telepathically induced screen image. This would put them in the category of being extraterrestrials; mostly likely Hybrids. In my journal I wrote,

"They are not really the humans they are portraying themselves to be."

I also felt that I had betrayed this group I was intercepting this message for. It is a feeling that is still with me today. Overall, my instinct and my goal were to help save the life of the man in the astronaut suit because his life and his team were in danger. I disobeyed the "team" I was working for (or who were using me) and I tried to help this man and his team instead. These people whom I suspect were working for the NSA (National Security Agency), including their two Hybrid aides, were intercepting the communications of the astronaut team.

What is telling of my feelings about this encounter is the fact that I had written in bold letters across the top of this journal entry: "Confidential -- not for publication or distribution."





## Chapter Twenty-one: 2000

### *The Year That Never Was*

The year 2000 was a very strange year. The rental house seemed possessed at times and at other times, it was just creepy. I sometimes thought about the negative entities that told me, “*We are already here,*” before I even saw the house. I never actually saw them while I lived in that house, but the place certainly had a strangeness about it.

Shortly after moving in, one night while taking out the recyclables I was bitten by something, but I didn’t really feel it. After I came inside and looked at my leg I immediately knew that whatever bit me was very strange. I called it an “X-Files bug.” I got my camera and took photographs of the bite because it transformed so quickly. Today I suspect it was a brown recluse that bit me because after doing some research, I realized we had these spiders all over the place. The spider bite was bad enough, but I ended up getting a secondary skin infection all over my legs as well as a staph infection. It took months for me to completely recover.

This was the time in my life when I felt the need to “disappear from ufology and the aliens” and one of the ways I thought I could do that was not to write in my journal. I really felt that if I stopped documenting my experiences they would not bother me so often and life would be easier. It was a confusing time and I lost touch with a lot of my friends and colleagues.

Nothing I did kept these Beings out of my life, and what little information about my encounters I did write down on paper was lost, which is one of the reasons I titled this chapter, *The Year That Never Was*. The Beings’ visitations continued and the MILAB experiences remained a frequent occurrence. The one experience I can share from the year 2000 involved a Super Conscious Being:

I was standing next to a Super Conscious Being who was looking at a brick wall. I turned my gaze to the brick wall and experienced an “inner knowing,” and realized the wall was symbolic and represented the human genome. This “inner knowing” came from the Super Conscious Being. I was being instructed again.

The Super Conscious Being then telepathically told me that all of the knowledge that humans had always wanted was contained in the human genome and it had been right before our eyes our entire existence. Humans are just now reaching a level of intelligence and awareness where this knowledge could be revealed and understood. This Super Conscious Being was monitoring humanity’s progress in unlocking the

secrets to our existence. There was much more to this experience, but I did not write it all down, and this is all I have been able to remember, unfortunately.

There was one good thing that happened this year and that was that none of the “End Times” predictions came true. Yes, everyone in our country was deeply paranoid, but we survived the year 2000 as I knew we would.

This is the image I had on my Web site during the time I tried to distance myself from the phenomenon and the people and aliens involved with it. It was my message of hope and peace for the beginning of the New Millennium.



## Chapter Twenty-two: 2001

### *“What Planet Are You From?”*

On January 17, 2001 I had been working all day in my office. I stood up to remove some paper out of the printer and I noticed that the green diodes on our two answering machines were a golden yellow instead of green. I thought it was very strange and I thought to myself,

*“There’s been a change in the atmosphere.”*

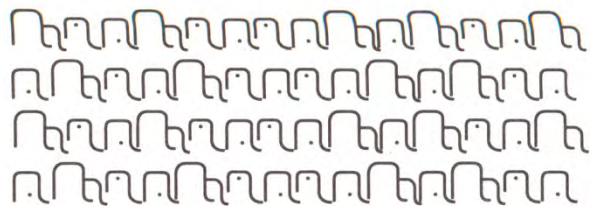
Something about my surroundings suddenly seemed different somehow. My day appeared to pass without incident, but later that evening, I remembered what happened:

I was in my office with a Blonde alien male whom I had very intense feelings for. I felt a great amount of love and devotion toward him. He was teaching me to read and speak an alien language that consisted of short bursts of sound and energy. The written letters and words looked similar to what I published in my *Researcher’s Supplement* depicted here. I remember thinking,



*“How in the world am I ever going to learn this language?”*

The sounds were very strange and I didn’t know how I would place the unusual sounds with the unusual letters, much less how the energy was generated.



The Blonde and I then traveled to a different place together and I no longer felt that I was anywhere near my house. It was as if we moved through a doorway that wasn’t there and instantaneously arrived at a different location.

I was aware that I was in a completely different place, and there was something about it that was familiar. Then, strangely, I inhaled some type of smoke or gas and quickly realized that this substance made it possible for me to breathe underwater or to breathe fluid because I remembered having done this before. I went into a huge square pool of water and found myself underwater and breathing. However, this substance did not feel wet like our water even though I could walk through it easily and I could swim under it or through it. I began breathing and it seemed effortless, but

it wasn't as if I was really breathing water. It was different somehow. Unfortunately, that is all I remember from the encounter because my memory ended there.

I documented in my journal that this experience left me with such a sore back I had difficulty standing. It was very strange because I do not suffer from back problems and, other than remembering this encounter, I did not do anything the previous day except work on the computer. It was not until the end of the second day after this encounter that my back started feeling better.

### *Spontaneous Memory*

Two nights later I remembered seeing three people or Beings in my house. I was very upset they were there and I told them to leave several times. There was one female and two males. They wanted me to believe they were my friends, but I felt certain they were aliens trying to deceive me.

I got out of bed at 2:00 a.m. and felt dizzy and heard a whirring sound in my head. I went all through the house to make sure these Beings were no longer there since Erik was out of town on business. I checked the house thoroughly just as I did prior to going to bed. Our pets were all okay.

The next day or the next night (I'm unsure exactly when this happened) I had a spontaneous memory of walking on the dirt road we lived on. There was a strange male Hybrid Being who looked to be in his fifties driving an old model sedan very slowly down the road. I studied him and he appeared human, but there was something menacing about him. He had a sinister look on his face and asked me a very unusual question:

*"What planet are you from?"*

I responded cynically,

*"I'm from Earth, but that is only until I can find a better planet to live on, then I'm getting the hell out of here."*

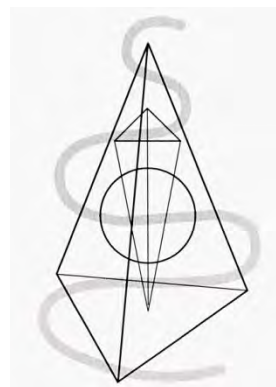
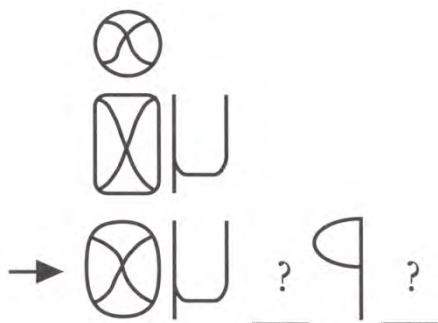
I suddenly thought about my cats and my dog and how I could never leave them. He smiled a menacing smile and slowly drove down the road in the same direction he was heading. I was left with the distinct feeling he was aware of something that was different about me and he found my situation amusing.

Although the Beings continued to make contact with me, because of the amount of stress I was under, I did not write in my journal again for another nine months.



## NOTES

These are examples of symbols and writing I have seen during my experiences.





## Chapter Twenty-three: 2001

*September 11, 2001*

On September 11, 2001 I experienced a waking vision. The vision occurred as I was waking up that morning:

I was standing just outside a large building and President Clinton was motioning for me to walk through a revolving door. It appeared the structure he wanted me to enter was similar to a grocery store. After entering the store, I noticed that everyone was buying bouquets of black roses. He smiled a gentle, but sad smile and motioned for me to head in his direction to buy some of these roses. I felt as if I should buy some roses as well so I went through the door and walked toward the black bouquets of roses that were situated on a flower stand. That was the end of the vision.

### *Vision of Death*

I poured myself a small cup of coffee and I thought about the vision. I knew the black roses represented death. I walked outside onto my front porch a little after 8:30 a.m. It was a beautiful morning, almost surreally so, and I admired the blue sky as I sipped my coffee. I thought about the vision and I wondered, “*Who is going to die?*” After I finished my coffee, suddenly the left side of my head felt as if it was going to explode. The pain was instantaneous and I knew something was terribly wrong.

I went back inside feeling sick and felt compelled to turn on the television right away. It was a few minutes later when I saw the pictures of where the plane had hit the World Trade Center. Even as Peter Jennings was speaking about what could have happened and what type of plane it was, I knew immediately that it was a jetliner and I also knew it was a terrorist attack. It was an instant “knowing.” I watched live television as the second plane hit. The rest of the day, like everyone else in America, I was glued to my television set with tears in my eyes.

I called my husband at work off and on all day. I called my mother. I could not contain my emotions -- my sorrow from the horror I was seeing. I called my husband again when the towers fell. I was devastated.



## *Betrayal*

Two days later, on September 13<sup>th</sup> I wrote in my journal about how I felt. I was angry at the Beings for not doing something to prevent this terrible tragedy. I felt betrayed by them for not letting me see this ahead of time so that I or maybe someone else could have prevented it. Unbelievably, that same day while I was writing how I felt about what had happened, I wrote the following in my journal:

*“This last week I got a message from one of the ET groups - they told me the World Trade Center tragedy was to them -- to sum it up: ‘Zoo Hamster Cages.’”*

These were the words I heard from their minds as they stood next to me near our kitchen island. I distinctly remembered these Beings had been inside my house with me. What disturbed me even more was that they spoke about 9-11 in the past tense, as if it had already occurred. At that time and in our reality, the tragedy of 9-11 had not happened yet.

“Zoo Hamster Cages” was their description of the people who were inside the two towers. They referred to them as hamsters in a cage or in a zoo. After 9-11 occurred I remembered it very clearly. The memory of their “visit” was like a flash before my eyes.

I noted in my journal that I had never seen these types of Beings before and they felt negative. I described what I remembered about them:



“They were really tall with dark ‘hair’ and were wearing long robes made out of a stiff, silver type of material. I remember a triangle on the front of their robes. I don’t recall seeing them before, but I felt they were pretty negative.”

These Beings appeared to have massive bodies. Their robes were actually more like a stiff, dull metallic material that “coned” outward at the bottom like an upside down ice cream cone. There is no way these could have been Greys. I saw no hands or feet. When I looked at their faces I saw “blackness.” They had no faces and their hair looked unreal, almost as if it were liquid or energy.

These Beings also showed me a piece of paper divided into four sections with lines. Each section had something written on it in code. I remembered studying the code and suddenly realizing that a part of my mind was capable of deciphering it.



One of the symbols was a circle with a ring around it. When I saw it I thought it represented Saturn. Then I thought of Neptune, because it has rings. Then I went back to Saturn because of what I read a long time ago about tetrahedral geometry and the possibility of inter-dimensional or higher-dimensional Beings existing on Saturn or somehow in its plane of existence. Instantaneously, as I realized I could decipher the code, these Beings realized I had figured it out and they telepathically blocked me from consciously recalling it.

I have no doubt these are negative Beings. Could they actually be from a planet in our solar system, but in another dimension of space that we are unaware exists? The atmosphere of Saturn seems surreal, especially in light of the strange hexagon-shaped cloud or energy formation that NASA photographed during the Cassini mission. I really do wonder if this anomaly could represent an interdimensional aspect associated with the planet Saturn.<sup>1</sup>

It is frightening to think that these Beings might be so much more advanced than we are that they perceive us as hamsters. If this is the case, and because they apparently knew something was going to occur in advance of 9-11, this is indeed alarming. In addition, the fact that these Beings spoke of 9-11 in the past tense leads me to believe that this group of Beings can either time travel or their consciousness is extremely “fluid.” In other words, if they cannot time travel in a physical sense, they can time travel in a mental sense.

I really do not know what else to say about this except it is unfathomable to me that 9-11 had to occur as the trigger for this memory to surface into my consciousness. It is also probable, now that I think back on this, that it was for my own good that I didn't remember what they told me prior to the September 11<sup>th</sup> tragedy.

It is so sad to know that at least one group of Beings knew this was going to happen and did nothing. It makes me wonder: Did these Beings do nothing to prevent this tragedy because they *wanted* us to go to war?

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Cassini Images Bizarre Hexagon on Saturn March 27, 2007* Pasadena, California. “An odd, six-sided, honeycomb-shaped feature circling the entire north pole of Saturn has captured the interest of scientists with NASA's Cassini mission.”

<http://www.jpl.nasa.gov/news/news.cfm?release=2007-034>



## Chapter Twenty-four: 2001

### *The Accidental Remote Viewer*

It may sound quite strange, but this was the year I began wondering whether I existed in another dimension and my life experiences from that dimension were spilling over into this dimension; or if I was really accidentally remote viewing many of these events.

In October of 2001, I wrote in my journal:

“I had another -- what I can only assume is a type of remote viewing -- but I am directly involved in it. These are almost always military related. It didn’t involve war; it was about something personal in the life of a Colonel and his teenage son. It seemed I was there with them to help them come to terms with what was happening and to provide comfort and understanding. I was a mediator of some kind. These experiences are always very vivid and emotionally draining.”

The son was 18 and either had won a scholarship to college or was given a large sum of money from his father who was very proud of him and wanted him to excel and do well in life.

I was in a large area with a large group of people. They were all either student friends of the young man or friends of the father. They were their network of people in their lives and they were having a social gathering.

Then I saw a very small room and I could see through the walls. No one else could see what I could see. The young man had an alcoholic drink on the counter and was shooting up heroin. I went into the small room and shut the door so no one would see us. It was a bathroom. I asked the young man what he was doing and he offered me some of his drink. I said, “No thanks” and looked at his arm. As I held his arm and saw the needle marks, he laughed and said to me,

*“They think I have a drinking problem, but it goes beyond that.”*

He wasn’t depressed or really concerned, other than the fact that he was admitting to me that he was an addict. I tried to offer him some sort of verbal consolation, but I don’t think it helped. I felt terrible for him.

I then had to go to his father. This was my “mission,” the reason I was there in the first place. I had to tell him what was really going on with his son. I prefaced it by telling the father -- who was wearing his Marine Corps uniform -- that he should not come down too hard on his son and that right now his son needed his understanding.

I told the father about his son and that he was a heroin addict. The father was full of remorse and began to cry. I felt uncomfortable because on some level I knew this man and I did not feel as if we were good friends, but still, I held him and comforted him while he cried for his son.

At the end of this journal entry I wrote,

*"It is strange that I seem attached to these people and care for them, but in my waking reality, I don't know them, or at least, I don't remember knowing them."*

### *Black-Ops*

The accidental remote viewing continued two days later and I wrote what I remembered of it in my journal. The date in my journal was October 18-19, 2001.

"I had a vision of the Black-Ops guys coming in for the kill."

These soldiers were wearing black or very dark clothing. I knew who they were immediately when I saw them. They came into this place under darkness with total stealth. The people in this area were wearing light colored clothing and were completely surprised when they saw these men. They were helpless against them. The Black-Ops guys came in on a wire and were coming across a structure and into the structure... one after another.

I stood there as a type of observer and said to myself,

*"Oh, it's the Black-Ops guys."*

Shortly afterward, I heard a news report on CNN that one of the Special Forces groups went into a Taliban base in Afghanistan and killed about 25 of the Taliban's soldiers. Defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld said the information had been leaked by someone at the Pentagon while the Special Forces unit was still there.

From my journal:

"It was only after they [the Special Forces Unit] had gotten out that Rumsfeld admitted they had really been there. I had this remote viewing the night before the leak reached the press. When I heard the news report, my memory of having viewed this the night before suddenly flashed in my mind. It was another confirmation."



### *Different, But Similar*

These last two experiences were different, but in some respects, they were also similar. During the first experience, I was there as a mediator and it felt like a physical event. I touched the son's arm, and I also touched the Colonel when he broke down over his son's situation. It was very tactile to me.

During the second event, I was there as an observer. I did not touch anyone or any thing and I knew in advance that this mission had been planned and was now in operation.

I continued to have these “accidental remote viewing” occurrences and I would come to understand them a little better. During this next one I understood what I was doing and how this remote viewing might have occurred, at least for this particular experience:

I was standing in a desert area near a building. I saw a few scientists walk out of a small building, and one of them was holding a hand-held detection device. He looked at it while he read out readings to the other men. He said soldiers were coming toward our position, but we did not know from which direction they were coming or whether they were friendly or hostile. Suddenly, I projected my consciousness upward very high in the air so I could help the scientists I was with. That was my job. It was the reason I was there.

I then saw three groups of soldiers heading in our direction. Two of the groups of soldiers were U.S. and the group to my far left was hostile. The hostiles were wearing dark green uniforms and all had dark hair. All three groups were heading in our direction and were running with rifles or machine guns in their hands. I was hoping that our troops would reach us before the hostiles did and I felt somewhat uneasy about what was happening. Unfortunately, that is where my memory of the event ended.

I believe this was either some sort of a training exercise or I was actually seeing something that was occurring at the time. I suspect it was connected to what was occurring in Iraq or Afghanistan at the time.

These types of experiences still occur to me to the present day. I also still have the experiences that seem interdimensional as well. Because of the Super Conscious Beings' lessons in “interdimensionalism,” if you will, I felt it was important to include them in this book. They are not mentioned or published in relation to abductions, but they do occur to some of us and this may be an aspect to this phenomenon we all need to become more aware of.

It is possible that all humans have the capacity to remote view and to also become familiar with lives in other dimensions or actually see into other dimensions. If you realize that time is just a measurement we use on Earth for our human existence and that our life force or consciousness can exist outside of our physical bodies, it's a lot easier to understand what some abductees are experiencing, or at least, what this abductee is experiencing. Our understanding and acceptance of our interdimensionality may in fact be part of the message involved in "*waking our sleeping world to the aliens' presence.*"



## Chapter Twenty-five: 2002

### *Isolation*

My husband traveled a lot overseas on business and I was home alone most of the time. This year he traveled a total of 350,000 air miles and was away a total of four months. The amount of activity I was experiencing, as well as the conscious memories of that activity, was wearing on me. Interaction with these Beings often leaves abductees physically exhausted, as well as with feelings of isolation because it is so outside the realm of what our culture defines as normal.

I have documented in my journal times when I would be with the Super Conscious Beings and they would show me pictures of alien Beings that I had drawn for them when I was a child. They appear to have a lot of information from me and about me that they are saving. I have often wondered why they are doing this, and I believe their behavior is similar to making a scrapbook of all of the things your child has done in their life. I believe this may be what they are doing with me and other abductees. I also cannot explain why incorporeal Beings would keep solid artifacts or objects such as my drawings unless it is for sentimental purposes or for teaching purposes later on.

I would find myself in the presence of the Super Conscious Beings again in 2002. There was another Being involved in this encounter as well, but all I remember is that she was a younger female. She carried a copy of my first book and several letters from readers and gave them to three or four Super Conscious Beings who were standing nearby. I telepathically sensed from these Beings, loving and caring feelings. They were like loving parents who viewed me as their child.

They opened the letters from the readers and I knew they were very special. However, I did not want anyone to know about them and I did not want to read them. I was going through a very difficult time and I didn't want anyone to know about me or the books I had written. I was going through a stage in my life where I felt ashamed for having written anything about this phenomenon, and I was ashamed of being an abductee. I wanted to disappear from the phenomenon and from everyone's memories of me.

I began to cry when the Super Conscious Beings started to show me the letters. They immediately understood my feelings, and because they did not want to further upset me, they resealed them. After they did so, I could not tell the letters had ever been opened. They were "perfect."

The Super Conscious Beings then showed me a photograph. The resolution was magnificent. It was a close-up of my ex-husband Mark. He was wearing his flight



suit and helmet and was piloting his helicopter (CH-46). The photograph was taken just a few feet from the pilot's side of the cockpit window. The look on his face was one of total shock and fear and disbelief. In the upper left-hand portion of the photograph was a reflection, either off of the face shield of his helmet or the window of his helicopter. It was a reflection of a disc-shaped craft: A dark gray *alien* craft. That is what he was looking at while exhibiting the emotions of shock, fear and disbelief.

Suddenly, it all made sense to me. I understood why one day our marriage seemed okay and the next he hated me and not only wanted a divorce, but wanted to kill me.<sup>1</sup> The image was so clear. The Super Conscious Beings wanted me to know what had really happened with my first marriage and that it was not meant to be because I was really destined to be with Erik. It was, perhaps, also their way of telling me how intensely this phenomenon has the potential to manifest in people's lives, completely turning them upside down.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> This is a lengthy account, which is published in *The Alien Jigsaw*.



## Chapter Twenty-six: 2002

### *The Blonde*

This year I experienced a spontaneous memory that I believe is my earliest conscious memory of a Being I call The Blonde, with whom I had so many experiences and wrote about in *The Alien Jigsaw*. I remembered that I was in the tenth grade when this occurred and was 16 years old. This is somewhat disjointed because I did not remember the entire encounter. Either the Beings blocked my memory of this or I repressed this for 26 years.

I was at the beach, my most favorite place in the world. I would often gaze out over the water toward the endless horizon because it made me feel so peaceful and at home. Even at the age of sixteen, I did not feel as if I belonged here. Gazing across the ocean was as if I was looking off toward another world that existed somewhere “out there.” Each time I went to the beach with my family or friends, I would take long, solitary walks and soak in as much of that feeling of being “home” for as long as I could.

During this encounter, I was wearing my bathing suit top and a pair of white shorts, and I was with three females. Two of them looked human, but the third looked a little unusual, and I suspect she was most likely a Hybrid. She was the one I conversed with most often. She had white hair with unusual looking bangs. There was also a man with blonde-white hair. He was wearing a white, tight-fitting jacket and pants, and I noticed that he was muscular and very “in shape.” This was the Blonde.

I approached the three females, but when they saw that I was with the Blonde they shunned me. He then left and this seemed to please the other females who were with me. When the Blonde returned, I felt very uneasy around him and I did not want to be with him. I felt I had been fighting with him and had been trying to get away from him for a long time, but I couldn’t. It was more of a mental struggle than a physical struggle.

The next memory I had was of being inside a small trailer or an object shaped like a train car. The three females were with me again and were standing to my right. There was a dark haired man to my left and slightly behind me. He looked rather gruff and his hair was disheveled. He put a plate of spoiled food in front of me and began eating it. The way he looked at me made me feel that he was “interested” in me. It was at this moment when the Blonde said to him,

*“If you have to, use one of the other three females -- she is mine.”*

The dark haired man immediately left and I became very frightened because I knew that in some way, I “belonged” to the Blonde and he had to protect me from other males. At this realization, I became frightened and I jumped up and ran to the door of this “trailer.” The Blonde seemed taken off guard while I tried to open the door. I realized then that the “trailer” was really some sort of transport device that was comprised of two sections and was about 15 feet long. One section was brown and the other section was white. There were little latch-like things on the door, and I had to quickly open two of them to get out.

I managed to open the door and jumped down to the ground, and it was then that I realized I was barefoot. There was not much light, but I quickly realized that what I was standing on was not sand, but a firm rubber substance. This rubber-like platform consisted of large sections that were moving slowly. This was how the transport devices moved. I was amazed at what I was standing on. The platform was a reddish brown color and the large sections that moved were separated by sections of gold colored metal that were flush with the rubber and about ½-inch wide. The sections of the floor slowly slid in a spiral or circular fashion and this caused the transport devices to move.

The Blonde caught up with me and he quickly moved me out of the way to prevent one of the transports from hitting me. He was very surprised that I could get that far away from him. My next memory of the Blonde was looking at his chest. He was extremely muscular and his skin was very tan and shiny. His stomach muscles were similar to a human's, but not exactly. He had extra muscles on his abdomen going vertically that humans do not have. I looked at his stomach, then his chest, and then his face. He had vivid blue eyes. I said to him,

*“You sure are muscular,”* and he smiled at me.

The last memory I had of him was of looking at his navel and noticing that it looked different too; as in “not human.” That is where my memory ended.

I am positive this was an early memory of the Blonde whom I wrote about in *The Alien Jigsaw*. Today there is a part of me that misses him, but at that time when I was 16 years old, I was very afraid of him. I also suspect that something more occurred with him since it appears that he did not have any clothes on during the last part of my memory.

I think it might be helpful to describe him in detail because I think he represents a group of Beings who are very involved with humans. The following description is excerpted from *The Alien Jigsaw*.



## *The Blonde Revisited*

From *The Alien Jigsaw*, © 1993

The Blonde: The particular type of Blonde Being in my experiences may not require a physical body all of the time. The Blonde I have had experiences with appears to be a minimum of six feet tall and has an attractive build. He has beautiful blue eyes and I have observed vertical pupils in them. I am not certain if I have ever seen his ears or if he even has any. His nose is slender and his lips are also slender, however, they have much more shape to them than the Greys'. He has blonde hair and it is usually messy.



When he is in physical form, I believe his hair is as real as his body, that is, it is not a wig. I have never sensed anything but positive feelings from this Being when he appears as a Blonde.

I also have extremely positive feelings for him. Indeed, the first time I drew a picture of him, I inadvertently drew a yellow halo or aura around his head because I felt such positive feelings from him, as well as for him.



During my experiences with The Blonde, he seems interested in my welfare and has sometimes apologized ahead of time for some of the things he was about to do. He is also very interested in my spiritual advancement and my ability to feel empathy for other animals, including humans. The Blonde has also worked alongside The Doctor (a Hybrid) and he appears to be subordinate to him. Sometimes I believed he was working with The Doctor and the Greys so he could be in a position to interact with me for teaching purposes. He has aided The Doctor in taking blood and/or bone marrow samples from my leg. He has also performed gynecological procedures on me and I believe our interactions together have been observed by the Greys.

If I did not time travel with him, then I would say he has taken me into other dimensions. We may, however, find out one day that time travel and moving through or into other dimensions are the same things.

I have seen him transform from a cat into a large beam of white energy and then back into himself (as a Blonde) and from a spotted-skinned Being into a dog, and then back into himself (again as a Blonde). I believe all of these transformations were done [for me] for teaching and/or demonstration purposes.



## Chapter Twenty-seven: 2002

### *“Before-Effects” & Aftereffects*

On January 23, my husband left for Paris, France and was to telephone me at 1:00 a.m. when he arrived. I went to bed at 11:00 p.m. The whole day leading up to this was very unusual. I felt the Beings’ presence throughout the day and became irritable. I threw away a chime that another abductee had given me and then I threw away a Kopapella chime I had bought for myself. I realized I was very irritated, but I did not understand why, other than the presence I was feeling. I also do not understand why I felt that I needed to get rid of the chimes, unless it was to keep them from making noise when the wind blew. The sound of chimes has never bothered me and it is possible that the decision to toss them into the garbage can was something the Beings were influencing me to do.

I also began bringing my cats in from their enclosed courtyard because I was scared for them. The last one I tried to get in didn’t want to come in and the pet door shut inadvertently. For some odd reason it set off our alarm system. This had never occurred before and would never happen again. I became even more frightened. I went through the house and checked each room and each closet because I was experiencing so much fear. I had not felt that way in a very long time. I felt a strong alien presence nearby. I got into bed and put the phone in the bed with me so I could quickly answer when Erik called. This was at 11:00 p.m.

At 2:00 a.m. I awakened to Erik’s frantic voice on one of our answering machines. My first thought was, *“I’m back.”* I picked up the phone, but there wasn’t anyone there. I ran into the office on the other side of the house because I could hear his voice on the answering machine in my office. I had missed his call again.

Then he called back and when I looked at the answering machines, I noticed that he had left five messages on one machine and two on the other machine. When we finally talked to one another Erik said he was just getting ready to call a sheriff to come out to the house. I felt very groggy and told him, *“I’m okay.”*

What I remember from that night was seeing a young Hybrid girl with blonde hair who was naked and had no hair “anywhere” except on her head. She had pretty, wavy blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes.

I did not remember very much about the experience, unfortunately. It was, however, clear to me that I was gone for three hours and I am certain much more transpired than what I remembered. I am absolutely certain that I was taken away from my house because I would have heard the sound of the telephones ringing. I have

exceptionally good hearing and it is inconceivable that I would not have heard the phone ringing since Erik telephoned me and left messages seven times. At that time we had the old standard answering machines. If the phone had been knocked off the hook while it was in the bed with me, Erik would have heard a busy signal and I would have been awakened by the loud beeping that occurs when a phone is off the hook for a period of time. The phone in the bed must have rung many times, but even as it lay next to me and had I really been there, I would have most definitely heard it.

If he left five messages on one answering machine, which was set to pick up after four rings, and two messages on the other answering machine, which was set to pick up after two rings, that means the phones rang a total of 24 times. There is no doubt in my mind: I was *not* in my home during those three hours.

### *Bell Shaped Craft*

Approximately two weeks later Erik was back from Europe and we were looking forward to the weekend together. Some time during the night, I distinctly remember getting out of bed and walking to the dining room window. When I looked out of the window I saw an alien craft near our house near some trees. As I was looking at it I said to myself,

*“Wow, that’s a great place to hide a car.”*

I then realized that it wasn’t a car at all. The object was very sleek, silver in color, and was shaped like an elongated bell. I continued to look at it and saw that there were plumes of gaseous air shooting out of it and pieces of grass and leaves were



shooting downward and then back upward into the air. The force at which the air was being propelled down toward the ground and then up into the air was amazing. It reminded me of the force the air moves out of a jet engine, but amazingly, this craft was totally silent.



The next morning Erik and I both felt sick. I could hardly walk when I got out of bed and my right arm was killing me. I had to lie down for a few more hours. We were supposed to go out together, but we couldn't because we both felt so bad. He had no memory of anything happening, but I clearly remembered getting up, walking to the window and watching the silver colored craft.

Sunday, two days later, we were both still feeling very fatigued. I had blurry vision and felt as if I had a fever. Erik and I forced ourselves go out and do something together to help us deal with the stress we were experiencing from that night I saw the silver craft.

Three days after I saw this craft, Erik and I were both certain that we were taken somewhere. We were both left with the impression that we were gone for at least an entire day, but somehow we were brought back in our reality after a few hours.

I did not report seeing this craft. This type of thing happened so often to me, I didn't think it mattered anymore. I could not find any real trace that a craft had been on our property and our video camera was not pointed in that direction. No one was around to see it except me. I didn't even wake up Erik for some strange reason. I didn't want or need the hassle. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to know where I lived, including MUFON, or to get the local redneck sheriffs involved in something so “kooky” as a UFO sighting.





## Chapter Twenty-eight: 2002

### *Lisa's Baby*

I continued to experience encounters that had an interdimensional feel to them. Most involved military personnel that didn't seem to completely fit with our military. A few did, but the others seemed interdimensional and, as if once again, there was a "second life" spilling over into my ordinary reality again. One experience that seemed like a MILAB or "military-type" abduction involved another abductee I know and have written about. Her name is "Lisa." Some of her experiences have been published previously.<sup>1</sup>

During this encounter, I found myself with Lisa and it was nighttime. We were standing just outside the fence around a military base. We could see three or four alien craft hovering in the night sky. They were dark and did not have any lights. They were disc-shaped and dark gray, and we watched them as they landed on the airfield of this military base. We then snuck onto the base and ran toward the craft.

The next thing I remembered was seeing a military officer. He was either a Lieutenant Colonel or a Colonel. He was very familiar to us -- we both knew him. Lisa and I were separated at this point and I think she was taken onboard one of the disc-shaped craft.

Some time passed and the next thing I remembered was holding a tiny alien baby. Even though it was extremely small, it was alive and functioning normally. It had gray skin and large dark eyes and it was standing in my hand on its own. It seemed perfectly healthy and somehow I knew it was Lisa's. I felt love for this little Being and I decided that I would protect it and take care of it.

I saw that Lisa was back and the Colonel told her this was her baby. She started to cry, and I walked over to her to comfort her. I still had the baby in my hands. Lisa and I decided that we would take the baby with us so Lisa could keep her child. The last memory I had was of the two of us running away from the Colonel. We were approaching the fence that surrounded the military base and we were trying to escape.

During this experience I was aware that Lisa and I had both interacted with this Colonel many times before. He is involved with the Greys and I seem to feel some sort of affinity for him. Lisa was upset because the little Grey was created using some of her DNA that was taken from her. I remember holding one of my babies when it was so small like this and I felt unconditional, absolute love for it.

Obviously, someone or something intercepted both of us as we approached the fence surrounding the military base because we did not get off the base with Lisa's baby.

### *Do You Remember Names?*

While I was writing this book, I wrote to Lisa about this experience and she reminded me that I had contacted her about this in 2002. Lisa told me she was familiar with this experience and began looking back over her journal entries. She has given me permission to publish what she believes may be the name of this Colonel we were interacting with who she recalled seeing back in 1999. Lisa wrote,

"I might have a name for you. It is Lieutenant Colonel Stevenson. This was on 2-24-99. I know I still must see him...he probably has another rank by now or is retired. I also have shit loads of doctors' names and [other] people."

In a separate correspondence Lisa wrote the following:

"I found something on the Colonel, on 12-21-02, I had written these initials with what little I could recall: J.W.K. and on 12-26-02 another woman [was] with me. Her name was 'JAQUELINE' [or JACQUELINE]. It might be of interest to put those down on your Web site with our names to see if you get any feedback on this one. I have more on him somewhere; it's just in tons of journal notebooks."

"I woke this morning (5-16-07) to a small black eye on the left and underneath, and the right [side of my] chin has a dark nickel sized bruise, sore. I heard last night someone say to me, 'YOU ARE OPENING A CAN OF WORMS.' [The voice] was male sounding."

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Lammer, Helmut and Marion. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

Turner, Karla K. *TAKEN: Inside The Alien-Human Abduction Agenda*. Roland, Arkansas: Kelt Works, 1994.

Wilson, K. *Project Open Mind: (MILABS) Are Some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?* 1996. <http://www.alienjigsaw.com/Milabs/milabs.html>



## Chapter Twenty-nine: 2002

### *Liquid Memory*

The last important event that I want to share from the year 2002 also has decidedly human overtones. Once again, Erik was out of town on business. As far as I know, all of my memories are conscious memories. I did not seek out anyone to hypnotize me and never planned to do so. For some reason, however, I was coerced into doing it this one time.

I was sleeping in my bed and then suddenly I bolted up. I looked at the clock and it was 3:00 a.m. A man was there with me and he was pressuring me into undergoing hypnosis. He told me he was going to use a drug and he called it “Liquid Memory.” I did not want to undergo hypnosis, but at the same time I wanted to remember what happened to me. I’m not sure that I really had a choice in the matter. He had me, he had the drug, and there was something he wanted from my mind.

The next thing I knew I was lying down in the back seat of an SUV and a Caucasian man was administering the “Liquid Memory” drug to me through a syringe. The effects were immediate and I felt the flushing of my skin as the drug entered my bloodstream. The moment I felt this, I found myself in another place. This is the memory this man was looking for:

I was in a large room that was dimly lit. It was full of babies and young children who were all asleep. I looked up at the ceiling and it was a pale yellow-olive green color and it seemed to be made out of something soft, like velvet wallpaper. There were animals on the ceiling for the children to look at while they were in their beds. The beds were all about two feet by two feet and were the same color as the ceiling.

I looked around the room and all along the walls were stuffed animals and toys. It was all very colorful. At the back of the room there was a rectangular area of small sleeping cubes that appeared to be incubators. The entire room was filled with babies and young children sleeping soundly. I thought to myself,

*“I could feel good in this room. This isn’t bad at all.”*

## *Room Of Horror*

Then I walked into another large room; however, this room was cold and sterile looking and was packed with adult humans. Everyone was lying on a stretcher and was grouped in sets of three to four people. Everyone I saw on these stretchers was covered in a “medical blue” drape or sheet, and I heard a lot of moaning.

I walked by a man on a stretcher and saw that someone *somehow* had temporarily transplanted a heart into his leg. It was awful. It was covered with something that looked like skin and I could see it beating. I asked him,

*“Is that your heart?”*

The man was unconscious and couldn't hear me. Someone, I'm not sure who, told me it was his heart and it had been temporarily transplanted into his leg for use later. It was unbelievable. I could not believe the level of technology I was witnessing, but at the same time I wondered who would do this -- who could do this to someone? It was awful.

My next memory was of me lying on a stretcher and being naked. There was a man who looked to be in his fifties lying next to me whom I knew. I felt awful. We made eye contact with one another and I saw that he had blue eyes and dark hair that was disheveled.

A woman doctor or scientist was prepping to place long steel rods into my hip area. I began to panic when I saw them because they were very long and not nearly as thin as a needle. I looked down at my hip where she was about to insert them and I asked her,

*“Aren't you going to give me something for the pain?”*

She replied,

*“This doesn't warrant protection from the pain -- it isn't bad enough.”*

She then showed me a small circular scar on my skin and she said,

*“They will go through this area, just as we did before. We reuse the same sites.”*

As she began forcing the long thin, darkish colored “rod” into my hip, I moaned from the pain and I passed out.

When I awakened I had at least two of the rods in each of my hips. They went deep into the bone and the pain was agonizing and I could barely move. <sup>1</sup> I was lying on my back and I could see a little bit of the blue drape material partially covering me.



There was now a different man lying on his back next to me and he was also under a blue sheet or drape. I seemed to know him and I thought his name was Jim. I watched in horror as these doctors or scientists killed him and then brought him back to life. Then I heard them tell him that he was going to die. They performed some horrible brain experiment on him. I don't know how I knew, perhaps someone told me, but their goal was to induce Parkinson's disease in this man.

Somehow, this man freed himself and got off of the stretcher he was on. He was delirious and then became very angry and started cussing and yelling at the doctors who were doing this to him. They forced him back onto the stretcher next to me. I remember thinking over and over again,

*"These are humans doing this to us -- these aren't aliens."*

The woman returned to my side and began working on the man who was on the stretcher next to me. It was at this point where I began to come out from under the effects of the "Liquid Memory" drug. I heard the man who convinced me to take the drug tell the other man, very somberly,

*"There are no aliens here."*

He sounded stunned, as if this was a revelation to him, but he remained calm.

The next memory I had was of sitting up in my bed and looking at the time. It was 5:20 a.m. Two hours and 20 minutes had passed from the time I bolted up in my bed and saw the man in my room next to me. One of my cats who slept with me was crying and was very excited and running all through the house. My heart was pounding and I was scared to death. I got out of bed and shut the door and I locked my cat out of my bedroom. All I wanted to do was sleep, and I felt my cat would be safer not being near me.

### *It Really Blew My Mind*

If there were any doubt about my having been abducted by humans, I had none after this night. What I find strange is that these men were looking at one particular experience as if they already knew about it, but somehow I consciously did not. It was very strange. I could not believe how well this drug worked. I had never remembered undergoing anything like this before in my life. It blew me away.

I don't know who these men were, but the one who told me about the "Liquid Memory" drug seemed familiar to me. I "felt" that he was either military or from an intelligence agency. He did not have a southern accent. I don't recall that he had any

sort of distinguishing accent. The man with him did not speak, or at least I have no memory of him speaking.

These doctors and scientists in that place who did this to us didn't give a damn about us. We were nothing but experimental animals to them. The woman doctor who put the rods into my hips just walked away after she inserted them and went to work on someone else. This place was terrible and these doctors and scientists didn't care about the suffering they were causing us. It was almost reminiscent of the experiments the Nazis carried out on the Jews and other victims. It was horrific.

Did these men really put me into a SUV and take me somewhere else to perhaps film this or record this "Liquid Memory" hypnosis session? I doubt it. Why go to all of that trouble? I was home alone and they had the privacy of my home in which to conceal themselves. I suspect my remembering being in a SUV was a hypnotic suggestion given to me at the beginning of the "hypnosis" in order to throw me off as to when and where this actually occurred. I am certain all of this occurred as I sat up in my bed between the hours of 3:00 a.m. and 5:20 a.m.

These men came into my house, drugged me, took the information they wanted from my mind and left. I am left wondering how they got into my house. Did they use some sort of device to deactivate my alarm? Would they need to? Perhaps they had someone helping them from the alarm company? It all sounds rather conspiratorial to me, but those are questions that any normal person would ask.

Anything could have happened on the stretch of road we lived on and no one would have noticed. It was an isolated and mostly unlit 1-1/2 miles of dirt road surrounded by hundreds of acres of trees and farmland.

I do not recall that anything showed up on our video camera recordings, but I did not always have the time to sit through and watch them all. It is strange, but sometimes when something would happen, I did not view the tapes, probably due to a posthypnotic or post abduction directive. Many times I did view the tapes, and there were, in fact, two occasions when I was abducted and a small light was detectable on the tape, but that was all I could ever see.

### *Second Edition Update*

This experience is still very disturbing to me, seven years after it occurred. The one thing that I keep coming back to is the fact that these two men looked and behaved completely human. However, if that is the case, how did they know about this particular experience? If they are human, then they had to have been monitoring me very closely to have known about this. They used the "Liquid Memory" drug because there was something specific they wanted to know and it would seem they were interested in determining who had abducted me. When they discovered my



abductors were human, the man who spoke was stunned when he said, “*There are no aliens here.*” It was as if he could not fathom humans performing such acts on their fellow human beings.

I have also asked myself, over and over again: Could my abductors have been Hybrids? Could the scientists and doctors who were performing these terrible experiments have been Hybrids as well? Hybrids who look very human? My answer today is, “Possibly.” It makes sense because it would be much easier for Hybrids who are telepathic to have known in advance that this particular abduction had occurred to me. It would have been much easier for them to have entered my house without setting off my alarm. These Beings appear to be able to come and go as they please, regardless of the types of security systems we have in our homes.

The fact that the female doctor told me they use the same physical locations (or scars) over and over again is another hint this may have been extraterrestrial activity. I remember these Beings inserting long rods into my joints in past abduction encounters. Human technology would leave behind noticeable amounts of scar tissue if these procedures are repeated. The areas on my hips and near my joints show very little scarring. There are a few pinpoint scars. If this were terrestrial technology, wouldn't the procedure they performed on me leave behind larger, more noticeable scars? Another possibility is, these were indeed humans experimenting on other human beings and they were, in part, using extraterrestrial technology.

What I witnessed there is so freakish; I can't help but think ET and/or Nazi era-type experimentation. Witnessing them killing the male abductee and bringing him back to life, and being told they were inducing Parkinson's disease in him, was horrific. If humans have the ability to induce this disease in a person, then we should have the technology to cure it -- right?

On the other hand, I am aware that pharmaceutical companies make more money by *treating* a disease than they do by *curing* that disease. It is possible that those “in the know” are using abductees to create entire new classes of drugs from the tissues they remove from us, as well as from the experiments they perform on us. Genetic engineering is an enormous money making scientific endeavor. There are people in our own country who cannot even “own” their own genes because these types of companies have patented their gene sequences.

It is time to ask: Has the military industrial complex expanded to include scientists who are affiliated with powerful pharmaceutical companies? Has it always included certain people from these organizations? I believe it is possible. The idea that there is a covert group of powerful humans in league with a particular group of aliens is an old theory. It is one of those “conspiracy theories” that will not go away. With encounters such as this one, I don't see this theory fading away into obscurity any time soon; at least as far as MILAB type encounters continue to occur.



I am left with no concrete answers concerning this nightmarish encounter. If anything, I am left feeling more uncertain about the motives of some extraterrestrials as well as those humans hiding deep within the military industrial complex who are aiding them. I suspect that abductees are indeed being experimented on by other humans and they may have access to extraterrestrial technology. It would also not surprise me if they were doing this strictly for monetary gain. Please understand: this is not something I say lightly. I would never believe in a theory as ludicrous as this one sounds had I not seen these people doing this to abductees -- fellow human beings -- more than once, and with my own eyes. The physical pain I experienced was so agonizing, I lost consciousness. The psychological aftereffects are still with me. It is not easy to share these types of experiences, but nothing about this phenomenon should be overlooked, no matter how disturbing it is.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> I had a procedure during which rods were placed through the joints in my knees and ankles that I published in *The Alien Jigsaw*, which occurred in September of 1992. In that experience I believed I was with two aliens, but I did not give a description of them. I called them "Beings" and "aliens." During that procedure I felt what they were doing was good for me in that the rods were healing or repairing my joints. However, at the time, I did not have any problems with my joints, so this was obviously an incorrect assumption or I was misled by my abductors.



## Chapter Thirty: 2003

### *I Can't Live Without My Memories*

I had another spontaneous memory surface in January of this year and it was scary as hell. To this day, I do not know how I could have forgotten that this happened to me, but somehow I buried this memory for almost 20 years. I was in my twenties when this occurred and I was living near a major military installation.

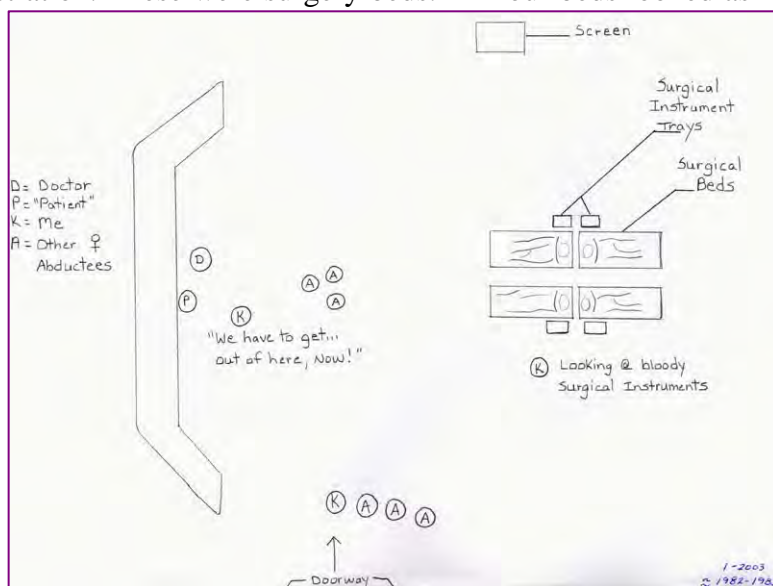
I was with three other young women and we were all abductees and we were inside an old abandoned hospital or an abandoned mental institution. Everything about this place was terrestrial. We were familiar with one another and we were aware that we were special or different. Perhaps on some level, I was already aware that I was involved in something very strange. However, it would be another eight years before I would realize I was an alien abductee.

We walked through the abandoned building together and I saw the familiar yellowish-tan, concrete block walls. The floor was old linoleum-type, beige flooring. The interior of the building looked like it was about 30 years old or more. The facility was clearly abandoned a long time ago, but parts of it were still being used as a makeshift medical facility -- if you can call what they did there "medicine."

We walked into a classroom-sized room and there were two men in there and a lot of medical equipment. To my right were four beds. They were situated two by two with two of the heads of the beds almost touching the heads of the other two beds as is depicted in this illustration. These were surgery beds. All four beds looked as if they had been recently used because the sheets on the beds appeared crumpled. I shuddered inside when I saw several blood coated medical instruments on the trays next to the beds.

I walked up to the two men. One was sitting calmly in a chair and the other was a doctor. He was wearing a white physician's lab

coat and was standing. He turned to look at me when I walked up, but he continued to



stir a liquid with one hand while holding the container it was in with the other. He was not concerned that we were there. The people in that hospital knew the four of us were there and were walking around the facility.

The man who was sitting had black hair and black, thick rimmed glasses on. I was fairly certain he had been drugged. He was very calm while the doctor was preparing to do something to his brain.

This man's hair was cut in a very short buzz cut and was all the same length. The doctor had drawn some black lines on the man's forehead. It was a type of grid pattern. The lines were not dark, but they were dark enough for me to see that there was a grid pattern drawn on the man's forehead and scalp.

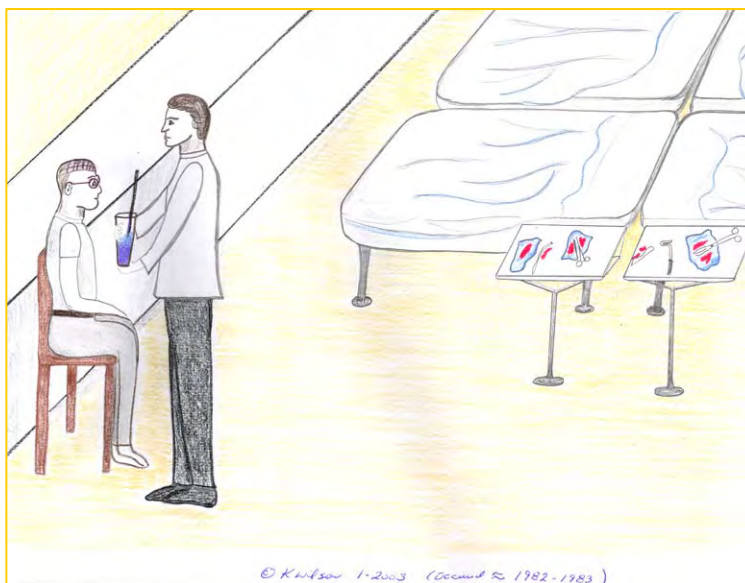
The man then calmly turned to me and said,

*"I am here for brain mapping."*

Then he calmly turned away and looked back at the doctor. I looked around the room again and turned to the other abductees and said,

*"We have to get the hell out of here -- now!"*

The abductee next to me said,



*"This was the last time anyone ever saw her alive."*

I turned around to look behind me and saw a screen monitor up on the wall that revealed a black and white photograph (close-up) of the young woman she was talking about. I recognized her; she was also an abductee. In the photograph her eyes showed pain and suffering. The picture did not show all of her face, but I will never forget her eyes.

We left the room and walked out into the hallway, which was somewhat wide. I saw a man I recognized and began to panic a little. He was walking toward me and he said,

*"Okay, it's time for you..."*



He had a soft smile on his face and I knew him. I knew him well. He was in the military and he was a Major and I said his name. I'm not 100% certain but it is either "Graham" or "Glenn." I said his name,

*"Major \_\_\_\_\_"*

He put his arms out toward me as though he was happy to see me again. He was not in uniform and his shirt was partially unbuttoned. He was really attractive. He had blondish-brown hair and was in his late 30s to early 40s.

I began to plead with him to please tell me what they were going to do to me. I begged him to let me remember something of my having been there in the abandoned facility and what they did to me there. It scared me that they took my memories and did not let me remember what happened to me when I was there. I told him I couldn't live like that -- I couldn't live without my memories. My last memory involving this encounter was of waking up, lying on a stretcher in the same facility, and experiencing pelvic cramping.<sup>1</sup>

### *Never Willingly*

This was a terrible memory for me to process. I still cannot believe I buried this somewhere in my subconscious mind for so many years. Perhaps I had "help" from the people in this medical facility. It is probable they administered an amnesiac drug to me and gave me a posthypnotic command not to remember. It's also possible, that like the man who said he was there for brain mapping, my memory was altered physiologically.

I'm not 100% certain they are the same person, but this Major looked similar to the Colonel in the chapter titled "Lisa's Baby." This was a memory from many years prior, so at the time of my experience with "Lisa" on the military base, this man could have attained the rank of Lt. Colonel or Colonel. As I mentioned earlier, I have talked to Lisa about this aspect of her experiences and she told me that she believes there is one of these military men who always has sex with her. I have wondered who he is and if this could be the same man.

What could have been done to me there? Practically anything I guess. The pelvic pain leads me to suspect these people removed an early stage fetus and I believe this experience is connected to the Hybrid Breeding Program. Certain military personnel keep showing up in some abductees' experiences, including mine, over and over again and they are familiar to us. *We know them.*

Is there an ultra secret group of military and intelligence personnel involved with this “breeding program” or is it really just aliens? I cannot help but believe it involves all three -- military, intelligence and extraterrestrial -- and they are working together. Again, it appears that other abductees and I are intimately involved in some sort of eerie “relationship” with this group of people.

Did we willingly agree to this or are we being forced to participate in this breeding program? Allowing alien Beings or humans to take blood, DNA or actual genes from me is one thing. I would never allow anyone to take a fetus or a baby from me if I could prevent it.

### *Second Edition Update*

To this day, I remain convinced that this man was a human being who was in the U.S. military, probably a covert intelligence unit, and was stationed on the large military base I lived near. I have not published everything that happened during this encounter; however, because I saw his chest (he had chest hair) and his face clearly, and I also touched him, I am convinced that he is a human being, not a Hybrid.

The implications of military and intelligence personnel being involved in the abduction of humans should not be underestimated when studying this phenomenon. Several abductees have gone public and have reported similar events, and as you will see, this was not an isolated event for me. For decades, there has been collusion between military, intelligence, and scientific personnel and certain aliens. It is the abductees who are suffering greatly from this collusion. When our fellow humans disbelieve us and call us “crazy” or worse, it only causes us more pain and more isolation.

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> For those of you who have not read *The Alien Jigsaw*, I have never had an abortion or a miscarriage (outside of these encounters). However, many procedures have been done to me by these Beings (and possibly humans) during these unusual encounter experiences that lead me to believe this was a recurring type of experience for me until I was forced to undergo a hysterectomy. I believe the reason I was forced to undergo such an invasive procedure is because of what they had done to my body over the course of my life. I had the exact types of physical problems as described by Hopkins and Rainey in *Sight Unseen* pp. 334-339. Additionally, other female abductees have reported the same or very similar types of physical problems and many cases involving this subject have been documented by notable abduction researchers over the past 30 years.



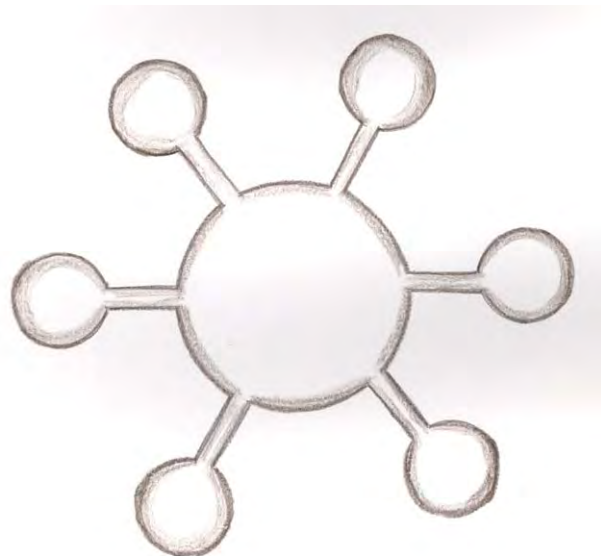
## Chapter Thirty-one: 2003

### *“Three Coins in the Fountain”*

This year I had two experiences involving two different types of aliens whom I witnessed taking soil samples. One group appeared almost like snakes that stood and floated upright. They had tan colored skin and were very thin. I suspected these were most likely Greys with tan skin who were using a type of mental camouflage or a screen image in an attempt to confuse me. I watched them take soil samples from our yard near to where my office was located. I was somewhat afraid and unable to move as I watched them, so I am certain they were aware of my presence.

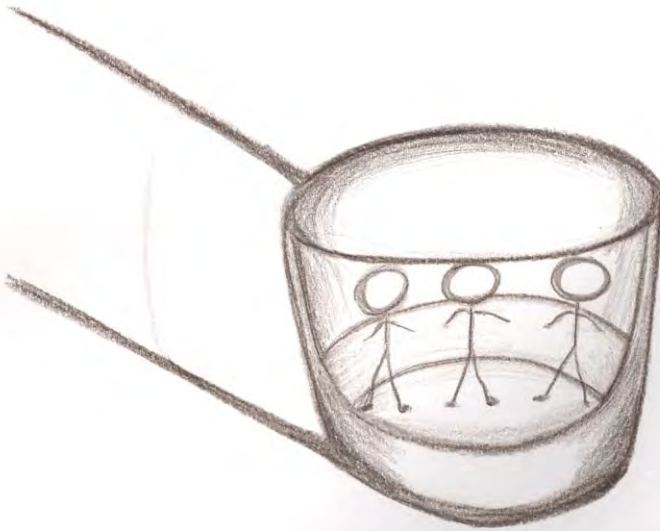
I saw the other Beings late one night while I was out on the road two lots up from ours. I found myself standing next to a large white, box-shaped craft. Several white aliens came out of it in single file and floated to the lot where the septic fields were located. There was an unusual contraption situated in the middle of the lot. It was quite large and had arm-like extensions coming out of it. I watched as these aliens floated out to the field and began taking soil samples near this object. It seemed they knew I was there, but my presence did not seem to bother them. Unfortunately, that is all I remember of the incident.

The object I saw on this lot is quite similar to a craft that Erik saw several years earlier in 1994. The craft he saw had six extensions instead of four, and he saw other people on board.





He was inside one of the cup-shaped rooms at the end of one of the extensions or “arms.” There were two other people inside with him and he said the little rooms were capable of holding three people, standing comfortably.



I also witnessed another alien craft land in our yard again this year. I was outside at night standing behind our courtyard wall off to the left near the woods. I watched as a black, very sleek, totally silent “helicopter” landed in a concealed area behind the trees in our yard.

The silent “helicopter” landed gently, nose down at about a 45-degree angle. It was thin like a Cobra gunship, but it was black and very sleek looking. The back portion remained in a silent hover position about two feet off of the ground.

I then watched as a long, green, rectangular-shaped craft (similar to a cigar shaped craft, but without the rounded edges as I have seen before) silently and slowly floated from the position of the black “helicopter.” This was most likely the true appearance of the craft as opposed to it really being a helicopter. It moved silently by me about two feet above the ground to an area just behind our courtyard wall. They did not want to be seen, and there behind the wall, no one could see anything. It landed, but it did not touch the ground. It remained in a hovering position about 1 to 1-1/2 feet above the ground.

I then saw a male Being. He had three eyes; two of his eyes were where ours are located and his third eye was in the middle of his forehead. His eyes were about the same size as ours, but they were black and liquid-like. He had the same mottled skin that I have seen before. I was not afraid of him, and I asked him to let me see what he really looked like. I held both of his arms with my hands just above his hands while he transformed, and after he transformed, his third eye was no longer visible. He then told me something telepathically, directly to my brain, but I have not been able to remember what it was. I was protective of him and cared for him, but I also really needed something from him. I have yet to remember anything more about this encounter.



Neither the “helicopter” nor the green craft had any seams or rivets or anything on them. They were perfectly smooth. It seemed like the skin of these craft was smoother than glass, but they were not glass and I cannot describe the metal other than to say it had a soft sheen to it and it looked “perfect.”

### *A Stern Warning*

Four months later, when Erik was out of town again, I was visited by three Beings who were somewhat human appearing. There were two males and one female.

One of the males had a bone protruding out of each side of his neck. He wore a gold colored scarf around his neck to hide the bone protrusions from me. The bone protrusions came out forward, that is, perpendicular to his shoulders. They protruded out about three to four inches toward me as I faced him.

He did not want me to see how different he was and he did not want me to be afraid of him. He had black hair and black eyes that were really small, but they were black, like liquid. He also had very long, thick, black eyelashes. I knew he was trying to hide his true appearance from me and was an alien, and he knew that I was aware of this.

On one level I was uneasy and somewhat of afraid of him, but that was because he was an alien and I was conscious of it. I managed to keep myself calm, and I hoped I managed to hide my feelings about him appearing alien to me so as not to offend him. We conversed telepathically, but unfortunately, I can’t remember what we said to one another.

The other male was more human looking except he had longer than usual arms and mottled skin. I found him more attractive. He had brown hair and brown eyes. His arms were about six inches longer than a human’s arms are.

I remember we were sitting on the side of a bed I had in my office at the time, and I touched his arm and he made a sound that made me think I was tickling him. After I touched him I did not see the mottled skin any longer, but rather skin that was a similar color as our skin. I touched his arm again gently with my hand, rubbing it softly, and he again made a funny noise. I sensed that my touching his arm was not as pleasing to him as it was to me. I always like to touch them when I can. I want to feel their skin and learn everything I can about them.

We stood up and began telepathically communicating with one another. He was at least six feet tall or maybe a little taller. Somehow, I went with him outside my office window where our dog’s run was. There were cedar chips on the ground and doggy “poo” where I had yet to scoop her area for the day.



The Being said, *"Bloct."*

It was a word that in his language meant "excrement." I thought the word was really interesting. The emphasis was on the "ct."

I felt embarrassed and took a shovel and scooped it up. I believe we went back into the house by going through the closed window of the office again, but I cannot consciously remember it. We were standing in the office again and this Being asked me to have sex with him. I told him,

*"No. I won't because I'm married."*

For some reason I looked down and realized I could see part of his genitals and I noticed that he had what appeared to be an erection. He was definitely an alien.<sup>1</sup> The last thing I remember was this Being looking at me with a sorrowful look on his face and feeling that he was apologizing for something he had done to me. It was as if something occurred between us, but I could not remember it.

My next memory was of standing in the den with all three Beings. The female, whose face I do not remember, said,

*"Look, we are here to help her and it's time to do that. She is one of the most isolated, lonely and despondent ones here. We have to help her..."*

She then looked directly at me and said,

*"You are going to die if you do not change your lifestyle."*

The last thing I remember was hearing the song, *Three Coins in the Fountain* playing over and over and over in my mind.

I was familiar with the melody, but I had never seen the movie and I did not know the lyrics to the song, so the next day I looked up the lyrics in one of my Fake Books.<sup>2</sup>

*"Three coins in the fountain,  
Each one seeking happiness,  
Thrown by three hopeful lovers,  
Which one will the fountain bless?"*

*"Three hearts in the fountain,  
Each heart longing for its home,  
There they lie in the fountain,  
Somewhere in the heart of Rome."*

*"Three coins in the fountain,  
Through the ripples how they shine,  
Just one wish will be granted,  
One heart will wear a valentine."*

*"Which one will the fountain bless?  
Which one will the fountain bless?"*

*"Make it mine! Make it mine!  
Make it mine!"*



Because of the music they left in my mind, I realized there was symbolism being used by these Beings, but I was not sure what it meant. The first unusual looking alien seemed to represent logic and intelligence. The second good-looking male seemed to represent love and sexuality. The female seemed to represent logic and a sense of mission. She wanted to do her job and then leave. I also do not remember what the first Being and I communicated to one another, which is very frustrating.

The melody she placed in my mind would be a constant reminder that I had to change my lifestyle or die. Indeed, ever since that encounter, every time I hear that song I think about her message to me. Interestingly, a few weeks after this experience I became sick with the Epstein-Barr virus (mononucleosis). What they used to call the "kissing disease." Needless to say, when my diagnosis was medically confirmed, my doctor (who was also Erik's doctor) had a few questions for me.

*"Just what have you been up to? How do you think you contracted this?"*

I told him that I went to my mother's birthday party and there was a lot of hugging and kissing going on. I could tell by the look on my doctor's face that he didn't believe me. It was very embarrassing.

I did not "intimately" kiss anyone at the party; that's for certain. And, no one there had been sick prior to the party and I constantly checked back with my mother over the next two months and none of her friends at this party ever became ill with this virus.

I believe something this male Being did to me is what caused me to contract this virus. When he looked at me as though he was sorry, he knew he had infected me. Of course, I do not remember what else occurred with him and I suspect more happened than I can consciously remember.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> This Being's penis was about four to five inches in length and his skin was very white. The "tentacles" were moving slowly, similar to the way certain types of sea anemones move with the underwater currents.

<sup>2</sup> *The Greatest Legal Fake Book of All Time*, Warner Bros. Publications, Inc. 1985. *Three Coins In The Fountain*, © 1954 by Robbins Music Corporation © Renewed and Assigned to Cahn Music Company and Producers Music Publishing Company, Inc. Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by Jule Styne.





## Chapter Thirty-two: 2003

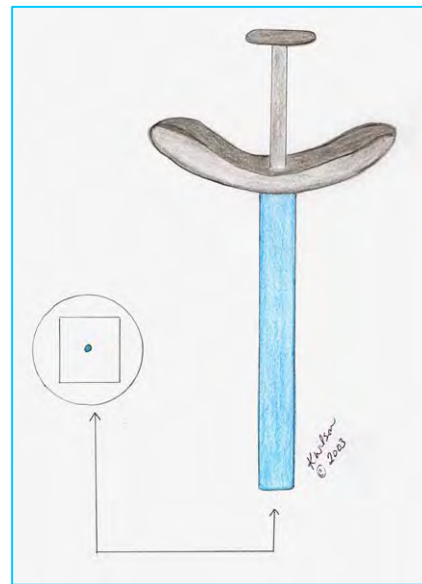
### *Drugs and Interrogation*

In August of this year I had another experience during which I was injected with a drug. I was extremely tired of all the activity I was having. It seemed as if these Beings were never going to leave me alone.

I remembered a young looking female injecting liquid into my jaws with an unusual syringe. The substance made my face go a little numb and it made me feel as if I were going to pass out. Although she looked human, her movements were quite similar to those of the wizard Being I described in the chapter titled, *The Trio*. Her movements were quick and “flowing” like the wizard Being’s and they were unlike a human’s. She injected me on both sides of my jaw with a light blue liquid.

I thought it would hurt, but there was no needle and I felt no pain. The syringe was clear and the opening or injection area was round on the inside and square outside of that, and then round again on the outer portion of the syringe. The fluid was forced into my face (side jaw area behind molars) with pressure. It was either air-powered or it was a matter penetrating “syringe.”

I then received another injection with the same syringe through the front portion of my jaw, just below the outer portion of my lips. This time the blue substance made my mouth partially numb. I told her that I still had some feeling, but she ignored me and walked away.



A man approached me who I took to be a doctor. He looked human and his movements were not like the female Being’s movements. My surroundings were terrestrial. It looked as though I was inside a laboratory, and I saw several human scientists working there. This male doctor checked my face and was waiting for me to pass out from the injection, but I didn’t. I kept talking to him and running my mouth nonstop to let him know that it wasn’t going to work. They weren’t going to subdue me again. He then said to me,

*“You must have had this drug within the last week.”*

I smiled and replied,

*"Yes, I seem to have built up a resistance to it."*

I was fighting him all the way, although I couldn't muster up any rage. I seemed too calm.

Another man approached us and reprimanded this doctor. The doctor I was with seemed subordinate to this other man and I heard this man tell the doctor,

*"You shouldn't have made that slide in Tennessee."*

I wasn't sure if he was referring to some type of biological slide for viewing under a microscope or a side trip he made to Tennessee. It made me think about Leah Haley and how a few weeks earlier she told me about waking up with her jaw hurting. Then the next night she said something was done to her other jaw. I became angry and yelled at these men -- probably because of the amount of the drug they had given me:

*"You did this same procedure on Leah, I bet... Here you are, doing more fucking experiments on us while our government sits back and proclaims there are no aliens, UFOs - whatever! Maybe it IS our government doing this shit to us!"*

I kept rambling on to the doctor-scientists while they stood around waiting for me to pass out and I kept fighting the effects of the drug. They finally decided that I had been given too much of this blue drug and that I had built up a resistance to it.

My next memory was of standing outside the facility I had just been inside of, and it was nighttime. The doctor walked up to me and got right in my face. I saw that someone had hit him on the left side of his face. It was reddish purple and his eye was almost swollen shut and there was a lot of blood under the skin. I assumed it was his superior who punched him for what he did in Tennessee, and because I was conscious, I was able to make the connection with Leah. I smiled cynically when I looked at him because I felt he got what he deserved. He looked pretty bad.

I woke up the next morning with my jaw hurting and with a bad headache. Erik woke up and said he felt as if his skin was on fire and that he was itching very badly. I felt sick and was experiencing nausea and dizziness and my eyes were swollen as if I had been crying, but I did not remember having cried.



## *The Interrogation*

In November, three months after this last experience, I awakened again having known that the previous night I had been drugged and interrogated. That morning, out of the blue, I felt the urge to start smoking cigarettes all of a sudden. I said to myself,

*“I guess I’ll just start smoking.”*

It was very strange because I don’t smoke. I tried it once in my early twenties, but after three puffs I almost passed out, and that was that.

After I had the thought about smoking, I remembered something from the interrogation that night. I remembered being told or hearing someone say that when a group of abductees started smoking, it signified we were remembering something and it was a trigger for “them” to come after us. I believe “them” refers to the people who drugged and interrogated me: “They” were three intelligence personnel and one alien Being. I don’t remember much else about the interrogation, but I did remember the people involved.

There was a Caucasian human female with reddish-brown, semi-short hair. Her demeanor was kind and patient, but firm. I believe she was wearing a dark blue suit.

There was a Caucasian human male with dark black, medium length hair. He was wearing a longish black coat with a suit underneath. Something about him was special. When I looked at him I said to myself, over and over again,

*“I know him... familiar... He is NOT a doctor. I know him.”*

There was also an African-American male who was tall and thin. He had a short goatee. He very much reminded me of an unusual man I met briefly when speaking at a conference in Phoenix, Arizona several years prior. I remember him well because I was standing outside getting ready to leave the hotel and out of the blue this man asked me if I understood how my neurotransmitters worked and then he disappeared into a crowd of people. This drawing is of the man who spoke to me in Phoenix and it bears a remarkable resemblance to the African-American man who interrogated me.



During the interrogation, I noticed that this man was wearing a long dark brown coat and he was also wearing a dark brown matching

suit. He was really close to my face and he was asking me a lot of questions. His demeanor was very serious. He wasn't really mean, but he was persistent.

The fourth interrogator was an alien. I saw her as an old female floating in what looked like a reclining position. She was the "ultimate interrogator." She was not mean or evil, but very powerful, persuasive and telepathic.

I don't remember much about it, but the three humans interrogated me first. After they were done they gave me to the female Being. She started a small recording device that looked like a small cassette recorder (of all things). She said,

*"State your name and your telephone number."*

I stated my name and said my phone number very slowly... "xxx.xxx..."

I felt drugged and I knew that they had done this to me before. This female Being said,

*"Tell me about..."* then I felt telepathy... *"the Light Game you published in your book."*

I immediately started to tell her about it, but I realized my memories were being altered by her telepathic contact with me. What I remembered and published in my book was not what I was telling her. It was as if her mind was reaching into my mind and she was making me remember the experience differently. I don't know why she did this, unless this is really what happened to me when I remembered being involved in the light game.

She then made me see myself with other people standing along a highway at night and we were looking up at several craft in the sky. All of the craft had lights.... This didn't seem right. This was a different experience and I referred to it as a "Light Show." I realized this female Being was probing my mind about past experiences I've had and she was searching for a particular memory in my mind. She forced my mind to focus on something else entirely.

This Being showed me that they abducted the driver of the truck who transported my books to me after they were published. I then remembered [in reality] that this printer went out of business after my *Researcher's Supplement* was published and I somehow felt it was my fault. I wondered if someone, maybe even the Beings, actually caused this to happen.

Next, this female Being forced me to see the following:

I was in a large glass room that was part of a laboratory. There were other abductees with me and there were four medium-sized Jack Russell Terriers. They had all been shaved and were part of an experiment during which three of them died. I felt



really sad for them. Their skin looked as if someone had experimented on it -- on them.

I looked through a glass or see-through wall and a door, and I saw a small figure. It was an alien. He was chasing the fourth the little dog. The Being was about four feet tall with tan skin. He went after the little dog. The dog then headed toward our door and I said to the other three abductees with me,

*“Quick, open the door!”*

They did, and the little dog came in the room with us. The little male alien allowed the dog to enter and we shut the door very quickly behind it. My immediate feeling after we shut the door was that the poor puppy was safe for the time being and that we had just been exposed to something. I looked around the room and realized, for the first time, that the other abductees did not have any clothes on and they were part of the same experiment that the dogs were.

### *Second Edition Update*

I included this experience because again, it shows that humans and at least one other alien, the “ultimate interrogator,” are working together.

Why do they ask me for my phone number? This has happened before and it is very strange. Do they use our phone numbers to catalog us? I usually lie when I tell them my phone number, but I didn’t that time. A phone number and a name seem to be a very strange way to categorize and catalog abductees, unless these were humans.

On the other hand, it is possible they ask for my name and phone number to check to see if a particular memory drug or “truth” drug is working effectively. This was probably administered by one of the three humans who interrogated me first. They certainly know my name, and probably already know my phone number, and this might be a good way to determine if I am telling the truth. If I had lied to them, they might have suspected the drug was not working effectively. In my case, even though I knew what was happening, I told the truth. It is possible, that once again, I had built up a tolerance to the particular drug they used on me and I remembered much more about this experience than they thought I would.

Another good question is: Why would an alien use a cassette recorder during an interrogation? Did I really see a cassette recorder or did she make me see something that wasn’t there? If this was an alien working with humans, it’s likely they taped the interrogation. Otherwise, I cannot explain why aliens would use such equipment. The recording device was there because humans were also involved in this experience and they wanted to document the interrogation.



I believe the real intent during this encounter was for an intelligence team to interrogate me and then block my memory of the interrogation. Although they succeeded in not allowing me to remember what the three human interrogators asked me, I was able to remember the contact with the alien interrogator. And again, it is important to remember that they may have used the device the holographic pilot told me about, to infuse this information into my mind. As the pilot told me, it allows the operator to “*get inside of a person’s mind.*” Finally, it is also possible that the female alien I referred to as the “ultimate interrogator” was not really an alien, but was a human using this or a similar technological device on me.



## Chapter Thirty-three: 2004

### *Two Babies*

My journal for the year 2004 is not as lengthy as the previous two years and the amount of contact I had with the Beings diminished somewhat. I documented that I saw an unusual shaped craft that I watched fly around late one night over the property adjacent to ours. I was standing just outside of my dog's run on the east side of our property. (See the red dot.) I thought to myself,

*"I've seen that craft around here before."*



of the house and the area of woods behind the field encompass approximately 100 acres. The size of the craft is fairly proportionate to the actual surroundings. My house and property have been intentionally omitted.

The craft had several tan protrusions on it. They were lined up at two angles to make the shape of a double L. They seemed to be very large, long rods, and I could not figure out how the craft could fly, but it did. It did not appear to be flying fast, but it definitely could fly. The photo on the left shows an old abandoned house on the lot adjacent to our property. The field to the right



The craft landed on the property adjacent to ours in an open area in a field of grass. (See first photo.) I was sure they landed there because they knew they would be safe and no one would see them except me. I walked through a little section of woods on our property and then onto the property adjacent to ours. Several people came out of the craft and I realized they represented several different

nationalities and appeared to be from different countries. They all had a drugged look on their faces, as if they were mentally turned off.

(The two illustrations with the tree show the craft at different angles as it moved over the large tree, which is approximately 60 feet tall.)



The one female Being I saw clearly was short and pudgy with wrinkled skin and appeared to be malformed, or at least, was very strange looking. She had vivid blue eyes. I did not see a pupil like ours, but rather a white pupil that was shaped like a horizontal slit. She had dark hair that was longish and tousled. She was telepathic and when I was looking at her, I felt I had to keep my thoughts from her because she was so

difficult to look at. There was a young man who appeared to be in his late twenties standing next to her and he may have in fact been a Hybrid. He was almost physically sick simply from being in her presence. He could hardly look at this Being and he appeared as if he was on the verge of both crying and vomiting.



This female Being told me that all of the people [abductees] I saw there had to have their blood or DNA tested because the Beings were looking for something very specific that they needed from us.

This Being then showed me a baby who looked grossly deformed. When I first saw it, it looked like it might be a smaller "twin" of the female Being that was attached to her stomach; but part of it was concealed underneath her clothing so I couldn't be certain. Its face was red as if it had been burned and I found it amazing that it was still alive. This baby appeared to be in dire circumstances and was suffering. It was so very, very sad.



I believe this species is in trouble biologically and they are desperately in need of something from us to save them. I know it is genetic material, but I was not told specifically what it was. I am sure that I let them test me as well because I have often allowed different Beings to do things to me in order to help their species. It is the same way I feel about helping animals in need. I will try to help whenever I can.

The day after this unusual craft landed in the field adjacent to our property, I could still feel a presence, as if they were still there or were still nearby. I now wonder if the craft had some sort of cloaking mechanism and perhaps really *was* still there. Because of the presence I was feeling, I did not go back into the field the next day, but several days later I did, and I looked for any sign that it had been there and I could not find anything.

### *Did You Let Her In?*

This year I came down with bilateral shingles. I also looked like I had the chicken pox. I had another staph infection and was in a lot of discomfort. I had been to see two doctors and a dermatologist and was using three different types of medicated ointments. Before going to sleep one night during all of this, I mentally tried to reach out to the aliens to help me because I was in a lot of pain.

Sometime during the night I distinctly remember that Erik and I both woke up and sat up in bed. There was a tall, slender female Being with whitish-blond hair standing next to me on my side of the bed. I looked at Erik and asked him,

*“Did you turn off the alarm and let her in?”*

I then looked over at the alarm panel and saw that the alarm was still on. I looked back at Erik and for some inexplicable reason, he went back to sleep. The female Being then spoke to me. I remember telling myself while she was speaking to me that I *had* to remember what she said. It was very, very important.

Erik got out of bed at 3:30 a.m. and he noticed several of our cats out in the courtyard staring in the same direction. They were looking toward the back left-hand corner of the courtyard toward the catnip garden. He didn’t see anything, but all of our cats were looking in that same direction with their ears perked up as if something was there and they were looking directly at it. Erik then walked all around the house to make sure everything was okay because he said he had a strange feeling and felt an unusual presence in the house.

I remembered that this blond-haired Being told me she was a doctor, but unfortunately, I was not able to recall anything else she said to me. It was very frustrating because I had a sense that it was extremely important. I believe she came

to see me because I asked them to help me. I eventually got over the shingles and the staph infection, but it took a long time to fully recover.

### *Little Naked Beings*

In late October of this year, I once again felt compelled to get out of bed and look out the window in our dining room. I was always drawn to this window by these Beings. It was very late at night, and this time when I looked out of this window I saw what looked like a medium-sized “blue jet” land in the field on the west side of our property, which was leased out for farming soybeans. I expected it to crash since there wasn't a runway, and there was a trailer park on the other side of the field. When it did not crash I suddenly realized it wasn't a jet, but some sort of alien craft.

I continued to look out of the window and I saw several small, three-foot tall naked Beings. Their skin was about the same color as ours and I sensed that they were males, but I didn't see any genitalia and they didn't have hair anywhere. It seemed that I let them in through the window I was looking out of, but I didn't open it for them because that would have set off our alarm. The next thing I knew, I was outside, walking toward their craft with them. Their craft was somewhat round and shaped similar to one of the craft that Ed Walters has photographed.

I saw that over to the left of the craft were several orb-shaped objects floating very close to one another just above ground level. The little Beings who were escorting me knew that I was consciously aware of what was happening.

My next memory was of being with several other abductees and we were inside of the aliens' craft traveling somewhere. It was still dark outside. The last thing I remember was someone telling me they wanted soymilk to drink and I had the impression that everyone I was with was a vegetarian.

### *Just Like Me*

My last experience in 2004 occurred on December 22<sup>nd</sup>. I was shown my little girl. She looked to be about 8 months old and she looked very healthy. She had almost no hair though; just white “peach fuzz.” I held her and looked at her closely. She was beautiful and she was human. Her eyes looked just like mine and the shape of her face was like mine was when I was that age. She was wearing a little white shirt and some panties or something like a diaper, but they were not plastic.



When I looked at her head, I became upset when I saw that she had four small scars in the top of her head. I didn't know if the Beings had to perform surgery on her or if they implanted something in her brain, but there wasn't any bruising on her head so I assumed this had been done a while ago. I had no doubt that she was mine and I felt a great amount of love for her.

I then experienced missing time because my next memory was of waking up in a place that looked like a hospital and my surroundings were alien looking. I didn't recognize any of the equipment. I saw large, metal, gray square objects that I couldn't identify. I also immediately realized that I had experienced missing time and could not remember anything, and it bothered me a lot.

I asked someone who was near me,

*“What has happened? Where have I been? Where is my baby?”*

Someone said,

*“We are sorry you lost the baby.”*

I immediately knew that was a lie because my memory was coming back and I remembered having just been with her.

I looked into the room next to me and I saw one of the large metal, gray square devices shoot out a very substantial, long beam of white light, and I wondered if it was some sort of medical device. The light was very intense and I described it in my journal as appearing similar to a white flame. There was a female alien standing in front of it and the energy shot into her chest area and then she walked away as if everything was okay. It then occurred to me that she may have just returned to the craft via the bright light I saw.

After I saw this I began to remember a light beam I saw earlier and realized that was how they took my baby away from me. This “light” stole her away from me and they rendered me unconscious and tried to make me forget my baby so I would not want her back. I was overwhelmed with sadness and was on the verge of crying.

The next morning I awakened with a very sore lump on my thigh and a bruise was beginning to form. It was not there when I went to bed. I also wrote in my journal that my left nostril was hurting deep inside up near the bridge of my nose. I looked inside and it was swollen, but I couldn't see anything.

I was really saddened that I could not have my child with me. I wanted to bring her back with me so badly. It was difficult to see her and hold her and then not be allowed to have her in my life. As they have done many times before, they told me

I “lost the baby” because they didn’t want me to try to take her back with me. It never works. The only reason I have ever lost a baby -- my children -- is because of them. It is so difficult to know they are “out there” somewhere. The feeling of loss is indescribable.

### *Second Edition Update*

Special thanks to Bill Burt for the graphic illustrations depicting the double L-shaped craft: Bill Burt, Wisconsin State Director for ICAR: International Community for Alien Research. <http://www.icar1.com>



## Chapter Thirty-four: 2005

### *“Remove...their memories”*

This was the last year we lived on the East Coast. The MILAB experiences continued to occur from time to time and in January of 2005, I remembered some particularly disturbing details after one such abduction:

I awakened one morning in early January with both of my nostrils feeling very sore as if something had been inserted inside of them. My memories the following day were limited, but what I did remember was clear. I was in a room with several naked men who I knew were in the military. There were also other women in the room with me. Some of these women were partially naked and some were completely naked.

I saw these people line up in two lines for some type of inoculation. I don't know why, but I was checked for lung problems and was told I was “all clear.” I also felt that something sexual was about to occur with all of us and it really frightened me. Then, one of the men walked up to me and was rather excited and laughingly said, referring to the women in the room:

*“We’re about to have a really good time with all of you!”*

My next memory was of being inside a square room or containment type place that had a 20-foot high ceiling. Two or three men were in it with me and they were wearing space suits, but I don't remember having one on. I could have had one on, but I'm not positive I did. While I was inside this place, the lack of gravity caused us to float up to the top of the ceiling, which was twenty or so feet above us, and I suspect this was some type of antigravity experiment we were participating in.

After this experiment, I distinctly remember a man, who I thought to be military or associated with one of our intelligence agencies, sternly say to me,

*“Because of your affiliation with Budd Hopkins, YOU...”*

Unfortunately, that is all I remembered, but I felt it was not a positive statement because his voice was very stern and serious. It was as if they were going to treat me differently because of my affiliation with Budd. I then heard him say in a commanding voice,

*“Remove four-hour chunks of time from their memories.”*

I immediately panicked and told myself,



*"I cannot let them take my memories...I have to program myself to remember everything..."*

I awakened feeling extremely drugged the next morning.

### *Second Edition Update*

The implications of this experience are very disturbing. These were not aliens and this was no screen memory. We were inoculated and then participated in some sort of a test or experiment, and afterward we were medically checked. After this, I believe there was forced sexual interaction between these military men and the women I saw, who were most likely abductees. I was probably a victim of this as well since I am only remembering part of what happened during this abduction. The military/intelligence man commanded that four hours of time be erased from our memories to cover-up their illegal actions. His reference to my affiliation with Budd Hopkins speaks volumes: This commander was concerned that I would undergo regressive hypnosis and he had to be certain I would not remember anything.

This experience left me feeling sick inside. Today, it does not surprise me after hearing, over the years, the way some men in the military treat their female counterparts. If they can treat their own peers with such disrespect and humiliate them so, imagine what they are capable of doing to mere abductees.

One such disturbing MILAB case involves Niara Terela Isley while she was in the Air Force and stationed at Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada. ICAR's Joe Montaldo interviewed her and she talks about what happened to her while serving in the Air Force on this particular base. Montaldo's interview with Niara (and Melinda Leslie) can be listened to here:

<http://paranormalradionetwork.org/2009/07/08/ufo-undercover-guests-melinda-lesley-and-niara-terela-isley-as-we-discussion-military-abductees.aspx>

Niara's book *Facing the Shadow: Embracing the Light* is scheduled to be published in December of 2009. Her blog can be read at:

<http://durangoexopolitics.blogspot.com/>

For more information about this subject, please refer to Melinda Leslie's Web site [www.aliensexperiences.com/MelindaLeslie](http://www.aliensexperiences.com/MelindaLeslie)



## Chapter Thirty-five: 2005

### *Fifth-Dimensional Star Book*

The night of March 12, 2005 was an incredible night. I went to bed early because I had a very strange feeling that I was supposed to stay out of the way. I also need to preface this experience by saying that I had *not* taken a blue pill before going to sleep and neither Erik nor I were taking any medication that was colored blue.

During the night I was awakened because someone was softly rubbing my right leg. When I looked up I saw a male Blonde Being. While gently rubbing my leg, he softly said,

*“Your skin is so soft.”*

I replied groggily,

*“Oh... I took a blue pill to help me sleep.”*

He said to me in a calm, caring and soothing voice,

*“That’s good... that’s very, very good.”*

Then everything changed. Almost immediately, I suddenly found myself in a different place with this Blonde Being. I was standing and was completely conscious of what I was seeing. I noticed that he was nearly 7 feet tall. He was wearing what looked like a body suit. The pants portion was silver-gray and shimmered a little, and the top portion had very thin, horizontal multicolored lines across it. It looked like it was all one piece even though it appeared that the top and the pants were made from two different types of material.

### Bypassing Sine Waves

The Blonde was to my left and was standing about 5 yards away from me. He was somewhat frustrated with me and angry. He said to me telepathically,

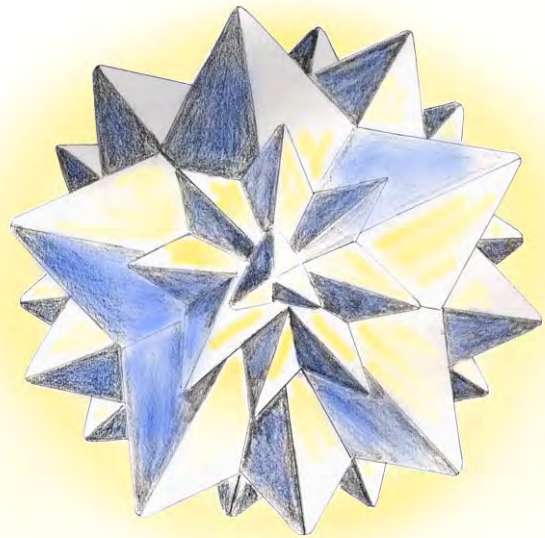
*“I am the more intelligent one and the stronger one. Why were you chosen for this job? I am stronger! I can reach inside of your mind and I can bypass sine waves. I can hurt you if I want to!”<sup>1</sup>*

I immediately felt him inside my mind and then I felt the feeling of paralysis coming over me. As I stood there, I fought both him and the paralysis... I mentally told myself,

*“Fight it... fight it... fight it...fight it...”*

I mentally fought him until I broke free of his mental hold over me. I knew how to do this because I have had to do it before. <sup>2</sup>

He then took me to an area of the room that had a counter of some type and hidden inside of it was a strange book. It was shaped oddly - like a star-shaped thing. It was about eight inches round and had protrusions on it that were pointed and I got the idea that it was shaped like a star, only it had more points and they came out in all directions. There was not one flat portion to this book. It was almost like glass, but you could not see through it. I looked at it and realized it was the *Fifth Dimensional Star Book* and I knew that it contained all of the knowledge of everything in the Universe -- *everything* that we were learning!



I held it with my left hand and it barely had any weight to it. I touched one of the points with my right hand and this opened the “book.” I saw that it had different small triangular areas in it that contained “chunks” of knowledge that I can only describe as a type of energy. I immediately knew that to look ahead was cheating. I then saw the face of my teacher, a female Being, in my mind and I did not want to disappoint her. I knew that to look ahead in this book of knowledge would be considered wrong.

The knowledge in this “dimensional star book” has the potential to be very dangerous. It is so beyond anything that humans know at this point in time that for us to look ahead would introduce knowledge that could destroy everything we are currently working on. It could destroy our mission. To have all of the knowledge at once could even destroy our species and our planet.

I put the book back in the hidden place and I again thought about the female teacher-Being who is working with me. I did not want to disappoint her and I did not look ahead in the *Fifth Dimensional Star Book*.



This Blonde Being had looked at the entire book. He had the knowledge of everything in the dimensional star book. We were supposed to learn the information contained in the book a little at a time, not all at once. It is supposed to happen gradually over time so the information is not misused.

At 2:00 a.m. I walked into my bathroom with this complete conscious memory in my mind. I thought to myself,

“He *is* stronger than I am *and* more intelligent. Why was I chosen? Maybe he is right. Maybe I’m doing something wrong. What if I am no longer needed? I don’t want them to think that I can’t handle it -- handle the job they have given me.”

The next morning I asked Erik if he had rubbed my leg last night. I knew it wasn’t he, it was the Blonde, but still I felt compelled to ask him. I thought maybe it might trigger something in him and he would remember having seen this Blonde Being. Erik looked at me strangely and said,

*“No, that wasn’t me...”*

I asked him,

*“Are you sure?”*

He replied,

*“Yes, believe me, if I had rubbed your leg last night after getting into bed, I’d remember it.”*

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Sine wave. *Physics*. A waveform with deviation that can be expressed as the sine or cosine of a linear function of time or space or both. *American Heritage Dictionary*.

<sup>2</sup> I find it extremely telling that I was standing up and was conscious while this Being used telepathy to make me experience paralysis. I fought him off by using my mind, just as he was using his mind to control me. This is one of those cases that makes the argument for the paralysis that abductees sometimes experience, that uninformed professionals label as “sleep paralysis,” absolutely ludicrous.



## Chapter Thirty-six: 2005

### *“They Shall Be Revealed”*

I did not remember how we traveled to the area where this next encounter occurred, but this encounter would be extremely educational in many ways. I was outside at night with Erik and a few other abductees near an abandoned shopping center. We were with approximately four or five other people and we were watching a segment of a *Star Wars* movie, which was being projected to us by one of the alien Beings who was with us. He and the other Beings were telepathically monitoring us and studying our feelings about the movie because they were interested in people who liked this movie and understood the concept of “The Force” and the struggle between “Good and Evil.”

After the mental projection was over we walked toward another area that was familiar to me. I seemed to know where I was. I saw a petite, female Hybrid with white-blond hair open a glass door and I realized that I knew her. I recognized her. I followed closely behind her and I called back to Erik,

*“Hey, come here quick! You have to see her -- She’s so beautiful!”*

I looked at her face and saw her huge golden eyes. They were a similar color as the little white haired boy I saw a long time ago in the glass container-like bed, but her eyes were larger.

This young Hybrid had shoulder-length blonde hair and she was holding a blue eye lens in her hand. I looked at her beautiful huge golden eyes and I asked her, referring to the blue lens she was holding,

*“Are those your implants?”*



She responded telepathically, “Yes,” but she seemed a little uncomfortable with the fact that I knew she wore special lenses. The special blue lenses make her appear more human and have pupils like ours. I asked her,

*"How do you keep them in? How do they stay in?"*

The young Hybrid replied,

*"They are surgically attached with a [word unknown to me] strand behind our eyes."*

I realized she was in this place to meet with a doctor who was going to reattach her implants so she could blend in with humans better. It was great being able to see her again.

Erik caught up with me and I said again,

*"Isn't she so beautiful?"*

I was so taken with her and I was cognizant and consciously aware of the fact that we were with alien Beings.

I asked her, her name and telepathically I heard what sounded like *"Talipae"* or *"Talape."*<sup>1</sup>

The young Hybrid then turned around and walked away with her doctor to have the procedure done. It was time for me and Erik and the other abductees we were with to go back to where we saw the mental projection in the parking lot of the abandoned shopping center. I believe this is when we were returned to our homes.

That was all I was able to remember. I do not often remember traveling onboard their craft, but a part of me knows that is how we got from our home to the abandoned shopping center and then back home again. I think the reason I rarely remember traveling to their craft is because the process of transporting aboard is so disconcerting to me, that I have either asked them to block it from my memory or they block me from remembering because I become so upset.

Wow

One of the most enduring messages I was ever told concerning the Hybrids occurred this year as well.

One night as I was looking outside our glass doors into our courtyard at some new red Nandina bushes I had just planted, I saw a light. It looked as if there was a light or some type of energy emanating from the bushes. While I was looking at this light, I was telepathically given a message:



*“Foster the alien children for they shall be revealed. More lights will be visible through Earth’s spectrum of particles.”*

It was so clear and so powerful. I experienced an immediate inner knowing that *they* are coming back to us and they will be made known to the world. We will start seeing more “lights,” which will be their craft. Our children, our *Hybrid children* are coming back to us. It was unmistakable.

I have had many experiences involving aliens and Hybrids and one recurring feeling I bring back from my interacting with them is that we will see them again; and as each decade passes, they are becoming more human. I know the Hybrid Breeding Program has been successful and there may in fact be Hybrids already living among us.

### *Second Edition Update*

This encounter was so remarkable that it is still quite vivid in my mind four years later. Since the First Edition of this book was originally published in 2007, I have continued to have experiences involving Hybrid Beings. I have recently completed a four-part article titled *The Hybrids*, which can be read on my Web site. A synopsis of that article follows and you can click on the hyperlinks to read each section.

*The Hybrids: Can We Know Their Purpose?* is part one of this four-part article. I address questions such as, “Why are the aliens doing this?” and “What is being done with our Hybrid offspring?” Subheadings include: Where Are They?, Points of Interest, Underground Living Facilities, The Purpose of Alien-Human Hybrids, The New Space Race, Hybrid Military Force, The Future, The Hybrids’ Destination, The Deception, Becoming More Human, and Christian Beliefs. This article includes two of my encounter experiences not previously published as well as two illustrations.

*The Hybrids: How To Live Among Humans* (part two) covers information pertaining to a guidebook I was allowed to read. The guide is apparently also a manual that instructs the Hybrids how to blend in with humans while in the proximity of humans. Subheadings include: The Hybrid Field Guide, A Prearranged Meeting, The Alien Shoe, The Military Man, Juvenile Behavior, and “Eye Candy.” This article also includes two encounters not previously published and three illustrations

*The Hybrids: We Are Coming* (part three) covers information concerning two recent encounter experiences that had not been previously published including an interesting description of how one particular group of alien Beings view the human race. Also included is a message that I suspect is meant for a particular group of people on our



planet. Subheadings include: Can We Believe Them? Observers, Language, The Leaflet Drop, Relay Our Message, and Rescue Mission.

The final portion of this article is titled *The Hybrids: Summary and Discussion*. After a brief Summary, this article answers pertinent questions and addresses specific comments from other researchers and readers. I also revisit the following subjects: The Alien Shoe, The Hybrid Field Guide, The “Deployment” of certain Beings, Beings with Clawed Feet, and Triangular Shaped Craft. Additional subheadings include: Hybrids With Intelligence Directives, Extremes, Wake-Up Call, and Afterword.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The young female Hybrid’s name was not pronounced like the name of the fish, “Tilapia.” The emphasis was on the “pae” or “pe” and was pronounced with a long a, as in “pay,” so it sounded like “Tala - pay.”



## Chapter Thirty-seven: 2005

### *Meltdown*

For the first time in my life, I actually sought out the Type Four Greys this year while in a despondent state of mind. One night I found myself in a huge, metal spiral-shaped object, and I was aware that I walked to it. I am almost certain it was out in the field behind the tree line next to our property. It was gray and metallic, and I knew that normally, I would have been traveling in a craft while inside of this giant spiral, but this time I wasn't. On one level, I felt as though I was not really supposed to be there, but on another level, I knew I had to be there. I wasn't being taken; I was going there on my own because I needed to.

I noticed there was a little dirt and small white rocks about 1 to 2 inches large inside this huge object. I bent down and looked at the rocks. They were white and looked very porous. I thought that the inside of this place was a little dirty, but it didn't really matter. I knew that rocks sometimes got inside and that I would normally travel inside a craft and would not see them.

I finally reached my destination: I saw two female Type Four Greys with light tan skin standing in front of me. One was standing approximately 10 yards away from me and the other was standing about 5 yards from me. I had tears in my eyes. I looked at the two Greys and I said,

*"May I touch one of you, please?"*

The Grey who was farthest away shook her head and I heard a telepathic "No."

The Grey closer to me telepathically said, "Yes."

I walked up to her and I hugged her and she held me. I cried and said to her,

*"I love my husband. I love my babies...and I love you all so very much..."*

We were in telepathic contact with one another....I continued crying and I was overwhelmed with sadness and I felt hatred toward humans who hurt animals and who would hurt the Greys. Telepathically, this Being could feel what I was feeling. While she held me, I said to said to her,

*"I just don't know how much longer I can go on like this...I hate the humans here because they don't care about anything except themselves. They don't care about animals or the environment. They will buy anything. They will eat anything. They will*

*kill anything and anyone if it suits them. I was never meant to be here and suffer like this."*

I continued to cry and she continued to hold me while telepathically reading my thoughts.

*"I know I am more connected to you than I am to the human race. Nothing you have done to me, save from putting me on this planet, has hurt me as much as human beings have..."*<sup>1</sup>

The Grey Being then placed a song in my mind to give me a comforting message.

*"Oh, oh child, things are gonna get easier..."*

*"Oh, oh child, things will be brighter..."*

*"One day child, we'll walk in the light of a beautiful sun..."*<sup>2</sup>

That was where it ended. That was all of the song she gave me, because that was all I needed. She placed the song in my mind as a way to give me hope. I would sing it again and again to help me get through difficult days during the following year.

## *Destiny*

I would see the Blondes again during another experience when two Blonde males were in my house with me. We were standing in my office, which was on the east side of our home. All of our neighbors lived to the west of us. The property from our property line east for a hundred or so acres had no one living on it. It was heavily wooded except for a medium sized clearing of grass where the double L-shaped craft landed in 2004.

As I stood in my office with two Blonde Beings, they telepathically forced a mental "scenario" into my mind that I interpreted as a teaching experience. It was sudden and quite intense:

I was outside at night in the tree line on our property near the dirt road. At moments I was in my car and other moments I was running through the trees and bushes and I had branches and leaves all over me. Then I was inside my car and I saw branches and leaves on the windshield of my car. I had to get out of the car to remove the branches and tree limbs because I couldn't see. I was stressed-out and I was trying desperately to leave that place. I wanted to get as far away from that place as I could. I was frantic and I couldn't see where I was heading.



Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over, and I was looking at the two Blonde Beings again. Telepathically, they very sternly said to me,

*“Do not leave this place so quickly that you do not see where you are going and lose track of your destiny. There are certain things you must do and you must not forget them... You cannot take the negativity that you are experiencing with you when you leave...you MUST leave it behind.”*

It was a very powerful message and I understood what they were telling me. Erik and I moved out of our “dream home” and left the East Coast six months after this experience.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Some readers may take offense of my feelings and what I said to the Grey female Being when I was so distraught. (I didn’t title this chapter *Meltdown* because I liked the word.) One of the short, dark-haired females with wrinkled skin told me many years ago that I was not connected to humanity, and that my life would be very different than most humans’ lives. I have struggled with this for many years, but today I accept it. I realize that my life will never be a “normal” life as most people live it. It is one of many things I have had to accept regarding this phenomenon. It does not make me special or a freak or anti-human -- just different.

In addition, I do not consciously recall these or other Beings actually “placing” me on this planet. I was born naturally to my mother and father, but my mother did have a highly unusual pregnancy with me. First I was in her womb, then I wasn’t, and then I was there again. This is published in more detail in *The Alien Jigsaw*.

<sup>2</sup> *O-O-H CHILD* was a hit single of 1970 and sung by The Five Stairsteps. They were known as The First Family of Soul and were an American Chicago soul group made up five of Betty and Clarence Burke Sr.’s six children. \* I was not given the lyrics in the correct order, but these are the lyrics (along with the melody) the Being placed in my mind.



## Chapter Thirty-eight: 2006

### *Missing Time*

Although we moved 1,500 miles away, it did not take long for the aliens to find me again. It never does. A tracking device via an implant may be how they do it, but I have no idea where mine is located. My alleged implant has never shown up on an x-ray. As a reminder: I have had two psychological evaluations, one CAT scan of my brain, two MRIs of my brain, one x-ray of my spinal column, a CAT scan of my sinuses, a cardiac ultrasound and three neurological evaluations by three different neurologists all practicing in different parts of the country. Nothing has ever been shown to be abnormal, physically or mentally, with the exception of an unusual spacing between two of my upper vertebrae. If I do have some type of implant, then it must not be located in any of these parts of my body.

Three months after we moved into our new home I had an episode of missing time. I had been cooking all day and I felt good. I was looking forward to seeing Erik and spending a nice evening with him and enjoying the meal I had prepared.

After I heard him come home I put the food in the oven and set it for 35 minutes. About one hour later I became frustrated because Erik was still in the bedroom or office - I didn't really know where. I called for him, but he didn't answer. I looked everywhere for him and couldn't find him. I went out into the garage and opened the garage door and his car wasn't in the driveway. I couldn't believe it. I went back inside the house and was about to call him on his cell phone when he walked through the door. I frantically asked,

*"Where have you been?"*

He looked at me as if I was nuts and said,

*"I just got home."*

I realized I had experienced missing time and that I put the food in the oven for "somebody" who was there with me, but it wasn't Erik. I was very upset that I did that because I never cook without being aware of the time. I have always been afraid for the safety of our cats ever since I lost my best friend in a house fire. It made me so sick inside to know that I might have been gone or "someone" was in my house interacting with me while the stove was left unattended. (Thank goodness for automatic timers!)

Erik and I talked things out later that night. I did have a memory of what happened, but it seemed so surreal: I remember telling Erik that I didn't leave the

kitchen and that I went through the wall into the bedroom. If I went through the wall in our kitchen to our bedroom, I would have entered the bedroom from our closet. And, I did remember being in the closet and feeling an alien presence. I also heard a melody inside my head playing over and over again. The melody was *Friends With The Moon*.<sup>1</sup>

### *My Sisters*

The night after the missing time I had a dream about being with four pregnant women who all looked to be completely human and in their eighth or ninth month of pregnancy. With her permission, I felt the stomach of one young woman and could feel her baby moving inside of her. I was then told that my sister had just had a baby and I was told his name was "Jackson." I did not see my real sister, but another girl. I was then introduced to another one of my sisters, but I did not recognize her either.

After I met them I was told that I had a baby as well, but I could not see my baby. I suspect they took biological material from me to help create this baby and that I never carried it because I had a hysterectomy several years ago. Then the thought crossed my mind that perhaps one of these other "sisters" of mine, who was really pregnant, was carrying my child or a child that contained some of my DNA. I awakened from the dream feeling very disturbed, and I wrote in my journal that the whole day was awful because of the way this dream memory made me feel.

I believe it is possible that these women and I are, in fact, related. They appeared to recognize me and we were introduced as "sisters." The Hybrid Breeding Program is so widespread, it is possible that we have siblings we do not know about who are also abductees and live in other parts of the world. It is also possible that the aliens view female abductees as "sisters," as some religious sects refer to their members as "brothers and sisters."

### *The Lights of Peoria*

In August of this year I had another episode of missing time, and this time I would consciously remember what happened to me. I got out of bed at 1:20 a.m. and took two Aspirin. I went to the bathroom, and as I sat on the toilet, I saw a bright flash of white light through the window next to the tub. I became worried that the gas meter was going to explode for some reason. It was the only object outside of that window. Because the glass in the window is opaque, I got up and looked out of our closet window, and up in the northern sky was a bright light. It looked like Venus, but it was moving. I thought to myself,

*"Probably a plane with landing lights."*



I got back into bed and immediately felt a strong presence in the doorway of the bathroom. I looked again and saw “blackness” and felt the presence even stronger. I sat up and yelled in terror, but there was no sound to my voice.

I then found myself inside a craft and I looked up and I could see Earth out of a window overhead. It was beautiful. Then I heard someone say,

*“The lights of Peoria are coming up.”*

Australia was coming into view and it was beautiful and crystal clear. We were so close to the Earth -- everything was so beautiful.

Suddenly, I saw a military jet pass beneath us. I could only see its shadow because it was a darkish color. It passed us and no one with me seemed to think it was of any consequence. The jet passed below the craft we were in without incident.

I was consciously aware that I was on a craft that was orbiting the Earth. We were much closer than anything I’ve seen on television as shown from the view of the space shuttle.

My next memory was of being out on a very dark road. I was walking with a young male who had dark hair. I walked over an area of soil with wires lying on top of it. We kept walking until we came upon an orange building. Standing outside of this building were two Beings. One was a male and one was a female. They looked identical and had blonde hair and very thick eyebrows. Their hair was of medium length and looked like straw. The female said something to me, and although I cannot remember what she said, I knew that she was trying to deceive me.

The young man took me to another building and a strange looking male asked him,

*“How long have we had your [word unknown to me] with us?”*

I’m not sure what my young guide said, but at that point I knew that he was going to take me back home.

Suddenly, I was sitting up in my bed as I was when I tried to scream. I saw another bright flash of white light to my left and looked at the clock, which was to my right on my nightstand. It read 3:23 a.m., approximately two hours after I felt the presence and saw the blackness at the entrance to the bathroom. I wrote in my journal the next day:

“I feel like shit today. The pain is unbelievable. I have a migraine. All day, I’ve been uneasy -- I still feel the presence in the bedroom...it’s like there is a presence in the house still. I haven’t felt this way in a long, long time.”



Clearly, I did not have much memory of what occurred during the nearly two hours of missing time, but I was consciously aware of it and that I saw at least four Beings. The young male who was my guide was probably a Hybrid (although he looked identical to one of our neighbor's teenage sons). I also clearly remembered being in a bubble-shaped craft and seeing Australia through a window of the craft.

The flash of light was probably an energy source of some type, and I believe the use of a light beam or light energy is how they transported me from my house and to their craft. It was instantaneous and very unnerving, to say the least, which is why I began to yell in terror.

### *Bubble Craft*

One month after this missing time episode, it happened again. Before I went out to walk my dog one morning I became somewhat nervous. I turned off the ceiling fans and checked the stove because I was afraid something was going to happen to me. I thought,

*"Just in case I don't get back, I can't have the fans on all day with the cats inside."*

I put my cell phone in my pocket and left at 9:00 a.m. Then I came home and watered the garden. After I watered the flowers I went inside and changed my clothes.

I walked into the kitchen and it was 11:08 a.m. I thought to myself:

*"I'm lucky I didn't get caught watering after 10 a.m. I never do that..."*

I never do that because it is a thousand-dollar fine if you are caught. We were under extreme draught conditions at the time.

I ate a cold bowl of soup because I was still hot from being outside and the cold soup was refreshing. Afterward, I walked back into the kitchen and started to feel very badly. I felt as if I had been given an "injection" of some type, and I began to wonder if someone put something in my soup while I was out walking my dog. I became depressed for no reason and it got worse over the next few hours. I realized I had gone from feeling just fine and energetic to having trouble doing simple things, and it was then that I suspected something had happened to me while I was walking my dog.

It doesn't take me two hours to walk my dog and water a few flowers. My dog has a fused spinal cord and bad arthritis in her back and legs and she can't walk long distances, especially in the heat. There had been times in the past when she could barely walk home and I would have to sit down with her and let her rest just so she could take a few more steps. It would have been impossible for me to have spent two



hours walking her. I don't think I would have been able to tolerate the heat for that long either.

That night, memories surfaced in a dream of what I believe happened to me during the (at least) one hour of missing time:

I was in a room on a craft with other abductees, and a Blonde alien male walked into the room. He was at least six feet tall and was very muscular. He had straw-like hair that was a golden color and it was very thick, and this Blonde had brown eyes instead of blue. His facial structure and musculature were very massive and strong looking. I noticed that the other abductees did not appear to be completely aware of what was going on around them. I walked up to the Blonde and I looked right into his eyes. I very forcefully said,

*"You are not human."*

I looked around at the other abductees, who seemed oblivious to his presence, and said to them,

*"He is not a human!"*

I couldn't understand why the other abductees thought he was human. They seemed completely unaware of their predicament. The Blonde calmly turned around and said,

*"Well -- it's time for me to leave now,"* and he walked out of the room.

I then sat down with a man who looked like Ed Walters and we began talking about past abductions we have both had. There was a woman who was brought along with him. She was Caucasian and had longish, wavy dark hair and she appeared to be on the verge of becoming hysterical. She kept repeating,

*"She's not really here... they are altering time... She's not really here..."*

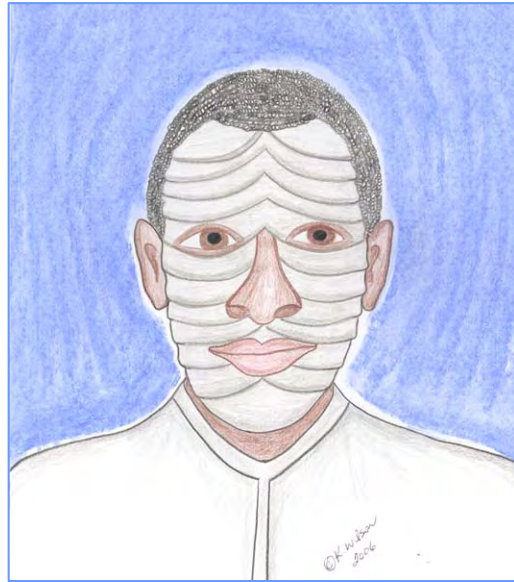
I think she was talking about me, but Ed just ignored her, and Ed and I continued to talk.

Over to our left was another male abductee I know and he was talking to the abductees I tried to reach earlier when I told them the Blonde Being was not human. This other man was explaining his theory about the aliens, which is that the aliens are all positive and all other abductions are done by the "cabal," whatever that is. Then someone asked him about visions and I interjected:

*"Yeah, it's like accidentally remote viewing things."*

This man appeared to be angry with me for me saying this, and I suddenly felt that “remote viewing” was not the correct term to use around him or this group of abductees.

I then turned around and saw a man who looked like Barack Obama across the room from me. I walked up to him to shake hands and speak with him and when I looked up at him I realized it was not really him. This male was tall and thin and he had dark skin, but he also had thick gray ridges of skin that crossed his face horizontally from his forehead down to his chin. His skin resembled the skin of an elephant or a rhinoceros, but otherwise he looked fairly human. His eyes and nose and mouth seemed normal and looked like Obama's.



Something happened over to my right and I saw that there was some sort of medical emergency occurring. I realized this Being, whom I thought was Barack Obama, was a doctor. I ran behind him and followed him into a large room. I gasped when I saw a baby the size of my hand on life support. It was in a large square, metal box-like bed and there was a woman lying beside the baby. I became very emotional and my heart started pounding.

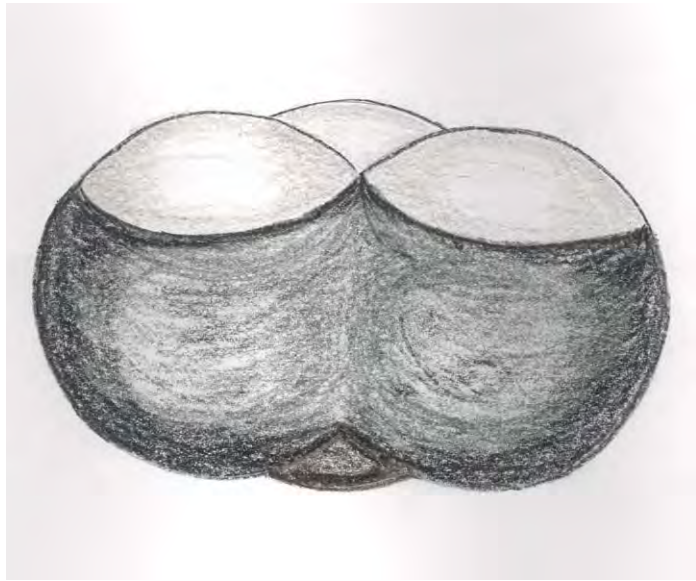
The doctor began attending to another distressed woman who was also lying in a large box-like container. I looked around and realized the entire room was filled with sick or dying people and it looked like a hospital of some kind. I could not believe what I was seeing.

I went over to the metal box containing the tiny baby on life support and the woman. She had dark hair and olive colored skin. I believe she was the mother of the child. She looked up and into my eyes. I turned my gaze to the tiny baby as it struggled to breathe. It had a breathing mechanism attached to its mouth. The baby had dark skin and it was the size of my hand. It was difficult to see the tiny baby suffer so and I thought,

*“My God -- how can it be alive? Why does it have to suffer?”*

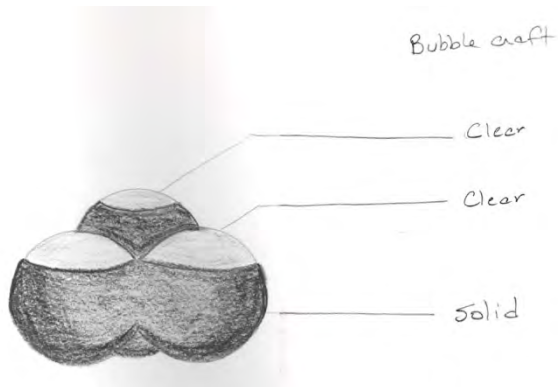


My next memory was being inside of a bubble-type craft. It had three bubble-like compartments and was about the size of two large cars. There were three of us (abductees) in the craft, and the pilot was a female alien with very tan skin. I recognized her from a previous encounter and I felt safe knowing that she was our pilot.

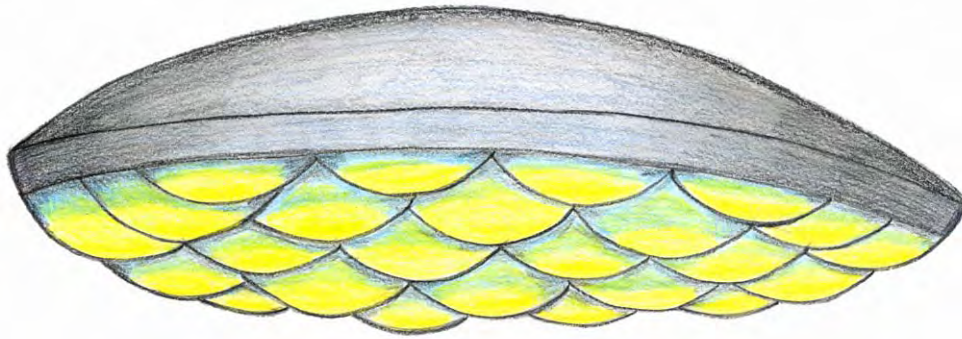


I looked upward and could see outside of the craft and saw that it was either raining very, very hard or we were underwater. There was actually so much water, I could not see out of the windows of the craft. There were a lot of bubbles and the “swooshing” of water over the windows moved downward. We were being returned to the places they had taken each of us from. That was my last memory of what I believe happened to me during the (at least) one hour of missing time that day.

The Beings on the craft with the Blonde looked mostly human and had olive or dark skin. The baby appeared to be a tiny Grey, but it had some human characteristics and might have been an early stage Hybrid.



The illustration on the right depicts the bubble craft and shows the windows or see-through areas of the craft. The window in the front where the pilot sat came down farther so that you could see somewhat below the front half of the craft, but this view is only accessible from the cockpit.

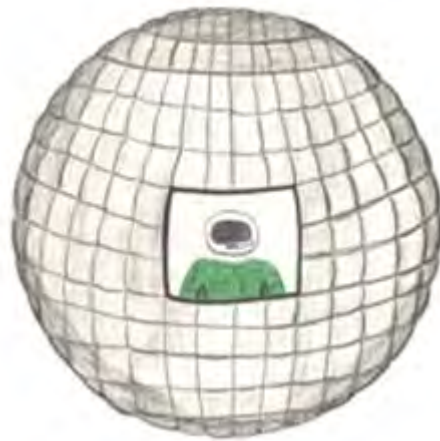


This “bubble bottomed” craft (pictured above) is from an experience that occurred in 1989. The “bubbles” had what appeared to be energy or a power source swirling through them. The energy appeared somewhat translucent.

### *Second Edition Update*

In Stan Romanek’s book, *Messages*, there is an illustration of a “bubble craft” nearly identical to the bubble-shaped craft I was inside of. Stan saw his craft while standing on the ground and looking up at it, while what I saw was from the vantage point of being inside the craft. The similarities between these two craft are so striking that I believe they are the same type of craft, and most likely, the same type of Beings were piloting them.

Another similarity between unusual craft Romanek and I have both seen is what he refers to as his “soccer ball” craft. The craft I saw many years ago, which is similar to the craft he saw, is pictured here. I watched this craft hover over a military base flight line. Incredibly, it was piloted by what appeared to be a human wearing a typical flight suit and helmet.



### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Friends With The Moon* by Jim Chapell. CD: Nightsongs and Lullabies. Label: Real Music. I was not familiar with the song until this encounter.

Stan Romanek. *Messages*. Llewellyn Publications, 2143 Wooddale Drive, Woodbury, MN, 55125-2989.



## Chapter Thirty-nine: 2006

### *Human, But Not Human*

In June of this year I had an encounter with a Being who was, “human, but not human.” He was so human looking; you could not tell him apart from us if he were walking down a street. I wrote in my journal,

*“I saw him again...the man with the dark hair. I’ve been seeing him a lot lately.”*

I saw this man so clearly, and I was 100% consciously aware of him and that I was awake and not dreaming. I was standing in my bedroom, and I looked at him and I said to myself,

*“This is not a dream -- this is REAL.”*

He looked back at me and telepathically “downloaded” what felt like a large amount of information into my mind.

In an instant I knew that he and his species had been tracking me my whole life. There is something in my body they want -- something they desperately need to have. They need to be able to control it and decipher it. It is a part of who I am and they have been trying to find it for my entire life.

I didn’t fully understand everything I got from him. However, I had a “knowing” that this was not going to end for me until they found what they were looking for. When the download was over, I felt that what he and his species wanted from me is in my DNA and in my memory, perhaps even in my consciousness.

The other two experiences involving him were very dark. They involved a lot of deception, almost to the point of being cruel. He tried to make me think I had killed someone and that I was some sort of an assassin. He showed me a room with blood splattered all over the walls and he told me I had killed a man. Because there was so much deception during this encounter, I did not believe it would be very helpful to include in this book.

These types of experiences are very vivid and they are referred to as “gun staging.” Budd Hopkins and I, and a few others, have written about this subject. Sometimes the aliens tell the abductee they have to kill an innocent person, which is a form of mental torture for the abductee. Most times the abductee refuses and the “scenario” ends, but only after a great deal of emotional outpouring and psychological duress from the abductee. Other times the abductee follows through and then experiences extreme remorse and psychological trauma when they are told afterward by the aliens (or



MILAB personnel) that they killed an innocent person or innocent people. This is what this particular Being did to me. He showed me the gun I used, and the room splattered with blood; and telepathically, he showed me an image of the man's face I supposedly had killed. It was horrifying to me.

The other time I saw this particular Being, whom I refer to as "human, but not human," Erik was out of town on business. This time this dark haired male was with a Blonde male who had such intense blue eyes he was almost impossible to look at. His eyes were more like energy instead of organs for sight.

It was at night and I had gotten out of bed, and for some reason, I walked over to the windows. I was standing in front of the windows that look out into our enclosed courtyard where our cats live. I pulled the blinds to the side to look out of the window and there he was -- almost *fused* with the glass in the window. When I saw his face my heart almost stopped beating: instinctively I feared for my cats' safety. I begged him when I said,

*"Oh God -- Please tell me you love animals."*

The next thing I knew, the two Beings were both in my bedroom with me. They had come *through* the closed window.

When I realized they were in my room, I raised my hand toward our alarm panel and tried to set off the alarm at the panel in our bedroom, but this Blonde Being was so mentally powerful, I could not do it. I frantically walked out of the bedroom toward our garage thinking I could set off the alarm at that panel instead. However, as I looked at the alarm panel, the Blonde Being looked at me and telepathically said,

*"You know you can't do it."*

His consciousness -- his *essence* -- was literally inside of my mind. I took my car keys off of the key holder and turned around. I had my hand on the door that led into the garage, and suddenly I was in the garage with him. Since the alarm did not go off, I suspect he may have taken me through the closed garage door, just as these two Beings had come through the closed window in my bedroom. I tried to fight him in the garage, but his mental power was too strong for me. I was able to move around and I tried to run, but my memory ended at that instant.

My next memory was of being outside next to a construction site. (There was a lot of construction occurring in our neighborhood at the time.) The "human, but not human" man with the dark hair was walking toward me and he was very angry with me. He telepathically forced me to experience the feeling that he was much more mentally powerful than I was, and he wanted to make certain I knew it. It felt as though he was threatening me.



When he reached me he looked at me forcefully and telepathically said,

*“You didn’t see anything -- you can’t see anything. You just forget what you think you see because you don’t see anything -- it’s not really there!”*

Then he told me that he could kill me anytime he wanted to. The last thing I heard from his mind was when he asked me,

*“Which way do you want to die?”*

These Hybrids possess the most extreme telepathic abilities of any Hybrid I have ever encountered. I do not remember what it was that I was not supposed to have seen, unless I was not supposed to remember him. Their degree of mental power is frightening to contemplate. I do not know if they used a device that enhanced their telepathic abilities, but if they were using such a device, I did not see it.

Probably the most frightening aspect about these Beings is, if the Blonde Hybrid simply put on a pair of sunglasses, they could both pass as humans. No one would ever know they were alien Beings.

Are they a new breed of Hybrid? It is a frightening thought. Consider the following encounter I had several months later at the end of 2006 involving another man who was “human, but not human.”

### *The Ultimate Experiment*

I was outside a building that I knew was a government facility, and part of the building went underground. I saw a man get off of a subway train and I felt compelled to follow him and find out about him. I felt very drawn to him. As we walked I asked him,

*“You work for the government, don’t you?”*

I continued to follow him and when he realized I wasn’t going to leave him alone, he calmly replied with a sigh,

*“Yes. I work for the government.”*

We kept walking and we passed a parking garage that went below ground. We then entered a large building and walked into a large room where, to my amazement, I saw a lot of people who were being experimented on.



There was something awful I had to endure there. It was a mental test that involved a white mesh, cup-like device that covered my nose and mouth, and a white cloth that covered my eyes and head. I was with a group of men and we were being berated and psychologically tortured while lying in a reclining position with our feet and legs propped up against something. I knew what I had to do to protect myself from the mind torture. I went into a self-induced trancelike state that allowed me to block my mind off to them. I believed these were all human beings. I never saw any ETs during this part of the experience.

This procedure they did to us was very stressful, and while I was enduring it, I heard a few of the men who were undergoing this with me crying and whimpering. After it was over, I felt as if I succeeded or passed the torture test. That is what it was: mental torture.

After the test was over I entered a huge room and saw several people who had implants implanted in their brains. As I looked at them, I could tell they were also undergoing some sort of psychological process. I saw this as I walked through the large room, and I was absolutely amazed and horrified at what I was witnessing.

In another area of this large room I saw several people voluntarily learning mental telepathy and control. These people were working in teams, and it was as if they were being instructed in telepathic communication. I really could not believe the number of people who were in that facility.

As I continued to walk through the large room, I realized that it was a school, although some of the people there were clearly victims. I walked over to an area where the experimental subjects were. I saw two implants attached to a device that was designed to keep the victim immobilized. One implant was round and about the size of a quarter and the other was small and about the size of an English pea. Both were made out of something that looked metallic.

These two devices had been implanted into a man's brain on top of his head and the immobilization device encircled his head. This man was Caucasian and had brown hair and I could clearly see that the two devices were implanted almost flush with his skin. I felt so badly for him and what he was going through, so I bent over and kissed his head near the quarter-sized round implant and when I did, I heard the man whimper. He was absolutely terrified, and he may have been in extreme pain. I said a prayer for him so he would not suffer and I felt a great amount of pity for him.

I then gently touched the pea sized implant, which was also implanted into his scalp, and knew this man could feel my touch. I did not understand how the implants worked and how he could feel my touch, but I knew he could. I wanted so much to comfort him. It was difficult to see the amount of fear he was experiencing. It was cruel and I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I felt terrible for him because he



had no idea of how controlled and manipulated he was. He could be made to *do* anything, and to *feel* anything.

I told myself that I had to remember what I was seeing -- that I had to remember as much as I possibly could. This was so important. I looked around the room again and tried to take it all in, and I kept telling myself to remember what I was seeing. It was truly unbelievable.

I then felt the need to find the man I entered this facility with. The man I *had* to be with: The other “human, but not human.”

After walking around a bit, I finally found him. He was standing in a wide, dark hallway in another part of the building and it seemed as though he was waiting for me. I walked up to him and noticed that he was smoking a cigarette that had a plastic holder on the end you inhale from. I walked up to him and I took the cigarette from him and inhaled it. It was very mild. He did not speak to me. He just stared at me with a serious look on his face. I then blew the smoke directly in his face, but he didn’t flinch.

I was only about one or two feet away from him. I again inhaled the cigarette and blew the smoke in his face and again he simply stood there looking at me. I did it a third time while staring directly into his eyes. I wasn’t going to let him intimidate me. Still, the man continued to just stand there staring back at me.

I then kissed him on the lips and when I was finished I took one step back, looked him right in the eyes and said,

*“You are an alien.”*

At that instant I realized it was a test. He was an alien and I was supposed to be able to determine this without knowing I was being tested. It is something I am supposed to be able to do at any moment. It is part of my training. I passed the test.

Even though this man looked, walked, acted and felt completely human, (I kissed his lips and touched his shoulders) he was not human, like us. This was the first time I consciously remembered being tested like this without being told ahead of time that I was to be involved in a test to determine who is an alien and who is not.

My next memory was of standing outside in a lightly wooded area with this man. We were standing next to a pair of train tracks and I was looking at the tracks. I looked back at this Being again, and still could not believe how human he looked. I said to him,

*“I don’t really agree with what’s going on in Iraq.”*

He, for the first time, exhibited some emotion, but remained very businesslike and calm. He said to me,

*“You don’t have the slightest idea what is going on over there. If you could see it first hand, if you could actually be there, then you would know.”*

I looked at the train tracks a little ways off from where we were standing. I then saw an image that this Being mentally projected. I’m not sure if it was an actual projection or if I was “seeing” telepathically, but this is what I saw:

I watched as two dark-haired men, whom I took to be terrorists, planted a bomb on the tracks below and in front of me. The men had two metallic, smooth, oval-shaped devices and they were planting them on the tracks. I knew these devices were thermonuclear, even though they were not large.

I looked back at the Being and realized he had just shown me what was going to happen or what he believed was going to happen at some point in our future. I also realized he had a very powerful mind. I thought about what I had done to him. I could not believe he allowed me to blow smoke in his face and kiss him the way I did.

That was all I have been able to remember about this “human who is not human” and this facility or school. The information I was given and what I saw in that facility are indeed chilling.

I was sure it was not Iraq he was showing me in the telepathic mental projection, but a city or a state with a large rail system. I wondered if a train full of people would explode or if a train would somehow “catch and carry” these devices into a city and then be detonated. I sensed that we were not far away from a large city and that this train might be a subway train that travels both above ground and below ground in the subways.

The psychological test I had to endure was very intense and degrading. The only way I can describe it is to call it a “mental rape.” The only way to endure this test (or torture) is to shut a part of your mind off to them, whoever *they* are. Several of the men undergoing this with me were whimpering and crying and I do not believe they fared as well as I did.

This kind of test, or torture, could have been accomplished with telepathy or with an implanted device. Four months after this experience, I had my latest MRI of my brain performed and nothing unusual was found. I am not sure if their implants would show up on an MRI or not. Would a physician even tell me if they found one? I don’t know anymore. I’m beginning to think that doctors have to know in advance what it is they are looking for in order to see anything out of the ordinary.



## *Culmination*

I believe what I have witnessed is the culmination of the Hybrid Breeding Program and these two males, who are very powerful Hybrid Beings, are an example of the success of that program.

These two “human, but not human” men were different. The first Being I wrote about had black hair and this latest Being had light brown hair. Their faces were different, with the second male’s face having a lighter complexion and more delicate features. He seemed masculine to me in every way and it is difficult for me not to view him as a man: a real human male.

The dark haired Being seemed to be more of a MIB or “men in black” type with an intelligence directive, whereas this latest male seemed more military to me. I could be totally off on this, but these are my impressions after having interacted with both of them.

They could literally walk among most humans without being detected. However, I do believe they would be vulnerable to detection if they were using their telepathic abilities and were in close proximity to an aware abductee. They would need to block their thoughts from someone who has experienced their telepathy.

In the end, clearly this Being I was with looked so human that everyone performing these experiments in that facility could have been just like him: “human, but not human,” or powerful Hybrid Beings. He also acknowledged that he worked for the government. Should I doubt him?

I saw him get off a subway train. The building was terrestrial. It had a parking garage that extended underground. It had glass windows; at least the part of the building that wasn’t underground. It had glass doors. The floors and chairs inside the facility all looked normal to me. Everything I saw looked completely terrestrial. Humans have possessed implant technology for many years.<sup>1</sup> Do I doubt that he works for some part of our government? No, I do not. I believe I was interacting with members of the ultra secret team again.

It appears that I have been trained to distinguish aliens from humans when their identities are not physically apparent. I also seem to have been trained to block a part of my mind off from telepathic control and/or implanted technology. I wonder: What is their end game? Why are they performing these types of experiments and training people to be telepathic unless they plan to use them for some purpose in the future? I can’t help but wonder what their plans are for me, and other abductees like me.

## *Second Edition Update*

Please see my article titled *The Hybrids* for more information about these Beings and the experiences I have had with them since the publication of the First Edition of this book. The article can be easily accessed by clicking on the following links:

[The Hybrids: Can We Know Their Purpose?](#) (Part One)

[The Hybrids: How To Live Among Humans](#) (Part Two)

[The Hybrids: We Are Coming](#) (Part Three)

[The Hybrids: Summary and Discussion](#) (Part Four)

### NOTES

There are many more books and papers that document human implant technology and “mind control” technology besides the sources listed below, but these are the books I have read:

<sup>1</sup> Bowart, Walter H. *Operation Mind Control: Our Secret Government's War Against Its Own People*. New York, New York: Dell Publishing Company, 1978.

Cannon, Martin. *The Controllers: A New Hypothesis of Alien Abduction*. Published on the Internet at: <http://ufo.whipnet.org/xdocs/controllers/index.html>

Constantine, Alex. *Psychic Dictatorship in The U.S.A.* Portland, Oregon: Feral House, 1995.

*Cybergods* is a representation of the significantly more extensive Computer-Brain Report. The following is a statement printed at the end of the *Cybergods* pamphlet:

“The case studies and the x-ray evidence in this paper are just a small part of the material [showing] that the police in remand centres and psychiatrists in mental hospitals put internees under sedation to facilitate the implantation of radio-transmitting materials in their head and brains. There is also a more comprehensive study, which shows that surgeons implant these objects in patients during operations. We who have participated in the investigations are not only releasing all the material to public disposal, but are also offering to give lectures and take part in radio and television programs, or anything else which is suggested.”

Lindqvist, Lennart, Evamarie Taylor and Robert Naeslund participated in the investigation for the material contained in *Cybergods*. Grupen, Box 136, 114 79, Stockholm, Sweden.



Lammer, Helmut. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

Marks, John D. *The Search for The Manchurian Candidate*. New York, New York: Times Books, 1979. Trade Paper Edition: W.W. Norton & Company, 1991.

Schefflin, Alan W. and Edward M. Opton, Jr., *The Mind Manipulators*. New York, New York: Paddington Press LTD, 1978.

Schrag, Peter. *Mind Control*. New York, New York: Pantheon Books, 1978.



## Chapter Forty: 2006

### *Future Earth*

Before I hypothesize what these Beings' ultimate plans may be, I would like to discuss an unusual memory I had this year: It was a memory of the future:

I found myself standing in front of a yellow, film-like substance, and I began to remember something. I then immediately started to lose consciousness, and in the process of passing out, I collapsed onto the yellow, film-like substance and immediately found myself in another location.

It was almost as if I was in another dimension. It was another life. It was me, but it was not the time in which I currently exist. I saw people sorting through and saving old artifacts. It appeared they were on an archeological expedition and were working on a site from a long time ago. I looked at the objects and noticed they weren't that old as far as I could tell, but to these people and in that time, they were *very* old.

I looked at some of the items and realized they were from the time in which I currently exist, very early 21<sup>st</sup> Century. These people asked me about some of the objects, but I'm not sure I was of much help. I did remember one vase that was covered in tiny little beads that were glued onto the surface. The beads were of different colors and made different patterns on the vase. It looked as if the vase had been made in India. These archeologists seemed to think this vase was very valuable as an artifact from history, but it didn't look like anything special to me.

I then began to move some of the objects with my mind and realized that I was telekinetic. The people there did not seem to think it was unusual for me to be able to do this, but I was very surprised and amazed at my abilities.

This experience was so vivid. It was like traveling to the future or somehow remembering the future. I don't know how this was done or how it happened, but it seemed to me that it was quite far into the future. Will humans advance so far one day as to be telekinetic? I found this experience riveting and was very frustrated that I could not remember more about it. In September of this year, I would have something similar happen again; however, this time, I would learn about three turning points in humanity's future.

### *Three Turning Points*

I was standing inside a large building holding a coin about the size of a quarter. I looked at the date and it read 2012. Then I looked at the coin again and the



date read 2020. When I saw the date I became very emotional and I began physically shaking. When I looked at the coin for a third time, the date on the coin was 2040.

There were people and alien Beings around me and there was telepathy. They felt my thoughts and emotions when I had the moment of shock and my heart started pounding after seeing the dates on the coin. I then walked over to, and joined a small group of people and Beings who were sitting around a table. They were amused by my reaction to seeing the dates on the coin and realizing the time period I was now in.

It was then that I realized the coin was an artifact from the past and was something someone there, in that time, had saved. I believe this information was relayed to me telepathically. The coin did not have any monetary value to it any longer. It was saved because a major event -- a turning point -- occurred that year (2040) and this coin was a souvenir. I was telepathically told that all three dates are significant. Three events will occur that will be turning points for our planet and our species. The first date will be 2012. The second turning point will occur in the year 2020, and the third turning point will occur in the year 2040.

There were a lot of people living in this building I was in. It was some type of new communal living setup. It was very different from the way we live now. It was acceptable to have sex with, and love anyone you wanted to in this time. Marriage was no longer emphasized and the type of morality that had been imposed on us by our various world religions and governments had ceased to exist.

I spoke with an attractive young man who told me that he is gay and has two children. He shared how much he loves his children and how much they mean to him. He used to have a wife and I saw her in my mind telepathically. His wife was young with black, short wavy hair. Pretty and sweet looking, but she and this young man were no longer together. There was another attractive young man there and I found out that he was also gay.

There was also an alien there. He looked very similar to a Grey, but his head and eyes were much smaller like a human's. His skin and body were the same color gray and shape as the Greys I have seen in the past. This Grey looked very old and his skin was wrinkled, and I just seemed to "know" that he was, indeed, very old. I gently touched him near where a human's stomach is located and he became very upset and telepathically said,

*"Never touch there!"*

He became very angry and I realized that I had offended him greatly. He then began to urinate. I did not see any exterior genitalia, just as with all of the other types of Greys I've seen in the past, but there was a small opening in between his legs and liquid came out it in a slow stream. It was not the same as when a human urinates. It appeared this Grey had to rely on gravity alone.



I turned away from him when he began using the bathroom. I looked around the room I was in and realized there were other aliens there. I looked at one who appeared almost human, like a Blonde, but his hair was brown. I realized that I knew these Beings and that I had seen them before. These were the Blonde Beings who were always more interested in physical forms of pleasure and were more emotional, almost playful sometimes. They joke sometimes and use sarcasm and they appear to be very much like us.

Everything on Earth had changed. In 2040 there will be at least three different alien species cohabiting Earth with humans: Greys, Blondes and one other that I am unsure of: Hybrids perhaps?

I was given more information telepathically because I remembered a terrible war and how it destroyed so many people and so much life on Earth, and that was when everything changed. If one of these Beings did not relay this to me, then I somehow remembered the past, which would be my future, although I don't understand how it really worked.

I walked back over to the gay man with the two children and we began to talk to one another. He told me that a famous actor died of AIDS and he showed me a picture of him. I did not recognize the actor, but he had blonde hair and was very attractive. The young man then said,

*“A lot of people died from AIDS, but when they came, they [the aliens] gave us a cure. They cured me of AIDS.”*

I was happy to learn of this because I was not sure whether we had been invaded or not. I began thinking to myself: “If they shared their cure of AIDS with us, then the aliens living on Earth in the future (2040) must not have come as invaders.” Then I thought about the terrible war again and I knew that many, many humans died. I felt a terrible sadness because of this and I wished I knew exactly what was going to happen.

I contemplated everything I had learned again because it was so amazing: The Earth of the future will be very different. Many humans will die and those who remain will coexist with three alien species. Our government-based and religious-based cultures will cease to exist. There will be a form of government, but things will be much freer and there will be much less domination and discrimination of all types. Our sexual relationships will change dramatically and monogamy and marriage will only be practiced when two people want to dedicate their lives to one another. It will not be something people will be required to do or feel like they must do in order to obtain health care, property rights, insurance and such. And, gays\* will be able to freely have children without being discriminated against.

\* Note:

I use the term “gay” to refer to both men and women who are not heterosexual. I’ve never really understood why women always have to be called something different when one word would suffice. For example, homosexual men are “gay” and homosexual women are “lesbians.” Another pet peeve I have is that here we are in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, and female soldiers, who serve and die for their country alongside their male counterparts, are still not given the dignity of wearing the same non-combat military uniform that men are allowed to wear. Instead, they are dressed up to look like “secretaries.” It appears that change and equality in America are still painfully slow processes.



## Chapter Forty-one

### *A World at War*

This is the second and last chapter of this book that is not written in chronological order. Over the course of the many years of contact I have experienced with these Beings, I have been given information about the future, and the subject of war seems to be a major concern (or obsession) of some of these Beings.

Over the past 14 years, the Beings have continued to show me visions concerning war. Most often I am with a Super Conscious Being; sometimes it is a Grey, and sometimes I do not know who is giving me the information. I just “see” it. It is difficult to explain this, but sometimes it is as if I am in someone else’s body and I am seeing through their eyes. When that occurs and I write the vision down, I write differently than I normally would write or speak.

My first vision about war since *The Alien Jigsaw* was published occurred in February of 1995. I felt as if I were a different person, neither male nor female. I was wearing a long white robe with a red cloth belt that was loosely tied around my waist. I was standing on a tall structure that I interpreted to be an old-fashioned oil well platform:

I felt the presence of two Beings to my right and slightly behind and above me. The Beings were either floating or were incorporeal. I was standing on the oil platform alone. Off in the distance I saw a flash of light that looked like a nuclear explosion. It briefly lit up the horizon in a brilliant white light and then disappeared. I knew the country I was looking at was Russia. I don’t know how I knew this: it was an inner knowing.

I slowly turned around and viewed the horizon behind me. It was the United States. Again, I observed a flash of white light from a nuclear blast. I slowly and calmly looked directly overhead and saw two red fighter jets flying over me. The metal of the planes had a brushed finished on them. Again, I had an inner knowing of the fact that they were Chinese fighter jets and they were responsible for the two nuclear explosions. China will attack both Russia and the United States and it will be a war over oil.

The vision was so powerful that it took me several days to process the information. I remembered it all immediately and clearly, but in a psychological and emotional sense, it was very difficult to experience and process this information. It was so vivid and powerful, it was like my own reality -- as if I had already lived it.

As I wrote earlier, when this type of vision occurs I do not write as I normally do. For example, in my journal the vision ended with:

*"I look back to Russia...and I know it is what is to be. China...Russia...The United States. I am wise and knowing in these things."*

## Changing Our Destiny

In March of 1997 a Super Conscious Being appeared in my bedroom one night and I was consciously aware that he was there with me. I was awake and was wearing my nightshirt that I had gone to bed in. We were standing next to one another facing my bedroom window.

He showed me a vision of the United States launching a missile into space. It was a worldwide event and it was in the future. The Super Conscious Being projected the vision onto the window in our bedroom and the entire time he was with me, Erik remained sleeping in bed.



The missile will have an orange-red glow against a dark sky. As I watched it rise into the sky and into space, I knew that the entire world was also watching. Our government will have to take this action as a last ditch effort to save humanity.

The missile will hit something and there will be a huge explosion that we will see from Earth. The explosion will appear as a large square mass of orange-red fire glowing in space followed by three to four of these squares of fire moving like a gas or a liquid in space. There will be other masses of energy or fire in space and a lot of activity, such as air traffic. Some of it will be ours and some of it will not.

I asked the Super Conscious Being if we caused the explosion, if the missile caused all of that, but he did not give me an answer. Telepathically, I was told I had to wait for the future to arrive -- that I could not be told. I wondered about the implications of what we are going to do and if God will be angry with us.



## *Interdimensional War*

In July of 1997, I had another contact involving Super Conscious Beings. I was shown past deaths and suffering of family members and some of my pets. I was told that in the reliving of these deaths, I was being prepared for more death and more loss, and I was told that I had to accept this because this would be a part of my life. I then looked up into the sky and saw what would happen in our future:

A slit or hole will appear in the night sky and it will be surrounded by a fuzzy haze. Out of the slit will come two waves of hundreds of alien craft to attack us. The type of slit-like hole in space surrounded by the fuzzy haze will signify that these craft are from another dimension.

The craft will be of different sizes and shapes. One type will have a fuselage with sleek, swept-back wings. They will look somewhat conventional, but they will not be from our dimension.

They will attack Israel first, followed by Northern Europe and then the United States, but it will happen so quickly that it will not be possible to save Israel or Northern Europe. There will be pockets of survivors, but the countries will be devastated. Our military will engage them over the United States and we will destroy more of them than we thought possible. However, more people will die than will survive.

Two Super Conscious Beings were with me after this vision, a male and a female. The female told me,

*“Remember, our communication translation devices are no longer functioning...”*

And, the vision was over. I did not receive any information about any other countries or continents.

## *Joining Forces*

In May of 2002 I had another vision. I am uncertain as to where or from whom this information came:

I was standing next to a river that had a strong current with small waves. There was a city on the opposite side and an industrial complex on the side I was standing on, with a dock and some sort of base. I saw four bombers fly over me and I realized they were ours and we were at war. They were followed by two other craft that flew over me. They were sleek, silver-gray in color and were totally silent. I knew we were massing for war.

More of the sleek, silent silver-gray craft flew over me and again, I had that “knowing” that they were alien craft, but they were ours or they were on our side. There were four differently shaped craft in this war. The strangest one was rectangular shaped and composed of modular tube-like sections. Some of the craft were oval-shaped with a small tail or fin on top. All, except our bombers, were totally silent.

I saw a building that was being used as a shelter. It was full of refugees, and food was being brought there for them. Everyone had small trays and was lining up for free food.

### *Mottled Skin*

It would be another two years before I would have another vision. This vision occurred in April of 2004:

We will go to war with a humanoid alien race. It will be a worldwide war. Many people will be shipped out to fight in various parts of the world. The only way to know if loved ones are alive will be to see if their names are absent from the death lists.

I was shown that the aliens would have mottled skin with rough textured complexions. They will be very aggressive toward humans. The war will seem hopeless, but we will have no other choice but to fight to defend our planet. Humans will be marginalized and will be nothing more than numbers...just bodies and fodder in the fight against these aliens.

### *Removed Prior To War*

Approximately another two years passed and the second week of July 2006, I experienced another vision about our future:

I will be inside a craft of some type with other abductees during a war. After the craft lands, we will see total destruction.... In every direction, the Earth will be destroyed. Pockets of civilization will survive, but they will be the people who are removed prior to the war. Everyone who stays behind will die. We will have to start over as a civilization.

After this vision I wondered how I would feed my cats.... I don't think I could kill another animal to survive and I wrote in my journal,

*“I'd rather die than have to live like that.”*



## *Crying For Humanity*

This will be the last vision pertaining to war and one of the most detailed journal entries about war that I share in this book. Experiencing this was very personal and profound. This experience occurred on July 28, 2006 and when it was over, I understood how important the message was. It is as if I was being told over and over again about an impending war. This time the message got through to me. This was the turning point:

I was in what I thought was a secret base or underground structure. It was dark and enclosed, but it was extremely large. I was told that I was going to be taught how to pilot a small craft that looked to me like a miniature one-man helicopter-type craft. It was just large enough for one human to sit in. I knew I had to do this -- somehow it was important. I watched as a demonstration was given for me to see the craft fly. I thought,

*"I'm inside this place... it's enclosed... yet they are able to fly craft in here."*

After my training in the small helicopter-type craft, I saw some of my possessions. My Barbie doll collection had been wrecked. Someone had taken them out of their boxes and removed all of their clothing as well as their heads. They were lying on the ground and were scattered about. I saw that a lot of my alien related things were there as well: my books, drawings, notes, and my journals. There were also non-alien related books strewn about. While I was looking at all of these items, I was told,

*"You cannot wear the clothes you used to wear."*

I received a telepathic message about the dolls. I was told that we have to make ourselves *"...unlike we were before."* We have to hide who we really are and we have to become like the enemy so we will not be killed. The headless dolls that have no clothes on are a message of torture, death and destruction. This message was about Earthly possessions and what I am: human.

A human-appearing male approached me whom I have known for many, many years. He had a soft, but commanding voice. He told me,

*"It is very, very dangerous for you to have these items... You must never have anything to do with them again... It is a matter of life and death."*

I then saw a small window to the outside and realized there were several other abductees with me. It looked like we were at a large seaport. To the right we saw six or seven oil tankers that were docked. They were light colored on the top half and black on the bottom half. Straight ahead and across the water was the opposite shore.



Suddenly, there were several massive explosions and the entire area was completely destroyed. The other abductees around me gasped in surprise and we were stunned from what we were just shown. The war had begun.

I believe all of the abductees with me received a similar telepathic message telling us that we had to get rid of everything that would identify us as human (or possibly American or an abductee). I was told

*“They are coming and if they find out who or what you really are, you will be slaughtered. Your clothes and your identity...everything that makes you who you are has to change.”*

We all exited the underground area with the small window through which we saw the vision of war. As we all stood as a group outside, we saw a male and a female Grey alien. Their facial features were similar to the Greys', but they were slightly different in that their features were softer and their skin was white. These two Beings are leaders and are equivalent to the president of the United States. The female seemed to be his wife, although that is not the correct term because they were co-leaders and equal. But, they were also spiritually bound to one another as humans would be in a marriage.

We all looked at the two aliens and the whole mood became very solemn. While they were “downloading” all of this information into our minds through telepathy and visual images, the male became so saddened that he broke down. He put his head down and we could all feel his anguish and he had to discontinue the telepathic communication with us. Immediately thereafter, the female took over for him. I do not remember seeing their mouths move, but I did hear them. Every abductee who was there with me heard them.

After they were finished with the communication these Beings started to walk away, first in front of the group and then off to our right. As they walked by us, I felt something from them and *for* them. I got a very good look at them. The female was closest to me with her partner on her left. The entire time I watched them, the female never took her eyes off of me. She turned her head to her right and looked at me the whole time she was walking. Her grief was overwhelming. I felt it telepathically.

It was the look of despondency on her face and in her eyes that I cannot get out of my mind. The look in her eyes was as if she were a tortured soul crying out to save humanity: Crying for us, abductees, to save humanity.





She is the reason I decided to write this book. If only this one vision or experience is true and accurate, then it was well worth the effort and the risk to make more of my information public. I suppose it is wishful thinking, but I keep hoping that some positive and enlightened leader somewhere will take what we are saying seriously and will begin to prepare our militaries and humanity for this possible future upheaval.

I have never seen Beings of this type before, at least not that I remember consciously. They looked similar to the Greys, but their skin was very white. The aliens both had red

hair, with the male's being shorter, cut in a pageboy style, and somewhat wavy. The female's hair was longer, almost touching her shoulders, and was very thin and wispy so that I could see parts of her white scalp. Their eyes were liquid black with a noticeable pupil or black iris, and were amazingly intense and filled with sorrow. They were not wearing suits or uniforms or anything to denote their position as leaders. They wore simple clothes. They both had on shirts and pants. The female's shirt was white and the male's shirt had a soft, thin plaid design in it. Their skin was as white as paper. They seemed thin and frail and were tallish. The male was about 6 feet tall and the female was about 5' 8". Their gait was like that of the Type Four Greys.

I often think about this experience. At first, I thought these Beings might be referring to the current war we are in with the Taliban, Al-Qaeda, and other terrorist organizations. There was the vision of the oil tankers being destroyed and the theme of a "war over oil" again. However, I do wonder about the other vision showing other aliens attacking Earth. What could this indicate? Will it be a war over oil between humans? Will it be an attack by another alien species? Will it be both? Perhaps there will be more than one war or transitional event. Perhaps three events (or wars) will occur as I was told in the chapter I titled *Future Earth*. Perhaps the dates 2012, 2020 and 2040 will indeed be turning points for our planet and for humanity's future.

I also believe it is important to consider the following idea: As time passes and humanity makes decisions and acts upon those decisions, we change the course of the future a little bit with each act. It may be that the older the vision is, the less likely it is to occur. It is possible that each action we take creates a slightly different timeline, or the more we move along Earth's timeline, the more changes occur. The

Beings may only be able to see (or perhaps I can only see) so far into the future based on events in my current time.

Several of these visions could be related and there is no way for me to know how far in the future some of them pertain to. For example, when the Super Conscious Beings showed me the missile launch, it seemed that particular time was somewhat far into the future, but still during my lifetime.

I also wonder if that particular vision has something to do with the asteroid named *Apophis* that will come quite close to Earth in the year 2029, and then again in 2036. The asteroid is reported to be 1,000 feet wide, and as of right now, it looks like it will come within approximately 600,000 miles of Earth, which seems very close to me. If there is a change in its course or if the math is not accurate, then it may in fact hit the Earth. Perhaps the missile launch the Super Conscious Beings showed me prevents Earth from being destroyed.

Another reason I tend to believe there really is something to these visions (or at least the vision involving the redheaded Greys) is because my husband Erik had what he described as similar “dreams” during the month of July 2006. He sometimes puts the emphasis on the word to signify, *“Yeah, well, I had a ‘dream’ but it didn’t feel like a dream.”* The similarity between this last experience and his “dreams” are striking to me.<sup>1</sup>

He described them as being very intense in that a group of aliens invaded Earth and killed almost everyone. The only people who survived were the people who changed their appearance and became “something else” and spent the rest of their lives in hiding. The only way to survive was to live “in hiding.” In his other “dream,” we were literally transformed into a different species, which I find extremely telling in light of the Hybrid Breeding Program and the ability of the Greys and Blondes to transfer their life forces between their two species. When I consider my White Sands experience where the Admirals, Commanders and the female civilian scientist were “studying the alien within me,” I suspect humans have this ability as well, although most of us are not aware of it.

If they are warning us about another alien species, I wonder: How can we hide? How can humans change so radically that we are no longer who and what we are? Perhaps in order to “live in hiding,” certain humans will take on new bodies. I was with a group of other abductees during this “group vision.” I know that someone else out there has to remember something about this besides me. I really hope that they do and they will come forward with what they remember. If what these aliens and the Super Conscious Beings are showing me is true, our survival may depend on it.



## *Second Edition Update*

I believe the two redheaded Greys I saw were most likely Hybrids who are highly revered by their species. There is something unique and very special about them. Since this experience, I have seen the redheaded female three times. In one encounter, she was testing me to see if I was still willing to do whatever I could to save a life. This time, the experience involved my having to revive a Hybrid baby. After I succeeded, with just a look from her, I instantaneously received all of the information about the test: the setup, the rescue, the reason, and the aftermath. To say this experience was quite vivid and emotional would be an understatement.

The other two times I saw her she was concerned for my wellbeing and told me that I should not be so hard on myself. She genuinely seemed concerned about my welfare on both a physical and psychological level. During one encounter, she briefly appeared as my mother looked when I was a baby, and I received the message from her, telepathically, that she cared for me and loved me as a mother does. I then saw her as she really appears and she looked and walked exactly the same as she did in the encounter I titled, *Crying for Humanity*.

The theme of future wars and catastrophes continue to surface within the context of abductions. Abductees from all walks of life have been shown future environmental catastrophes as well as human created catastrophes. The abduction literature is full of these types of reports. And so it goes; since the First Edition of this book was published, I have continued to receive reports from other abductees who have been shown cataclysms and war in humanity's future, sometimes on horrific scales. The future is a subject the aliens seem almost obsessed with. They are desperately trying to tell us something, and for those of us who have seen what our futures hold; the writing is on the wall.

We are approaching a proverbial tipping point in humanity's existence. Everything that is occurring in abductions is pointing to the fact that various Beings are procuring plants, animals, biological material and possibly even humans themselves, as well as our memories, most likely for preservation purposes. Whether it will be a literal preservation or this information will be catalogued in some sort of galactic library somewhere, I do not know. But I do know the Hybrid Breeding Program is all part of this.

Some people suspect that certain humans, perhaps many humans, are already Hybrid Beings as compared to the masses of people living on our planet. Others believe that we are slowly being changed, and one day, we will be a completely new species. The awakening process will have come and gone and no one will even recognize it. Has this happened in humanity's past? I think it is quite possible. So much of our past has been hidden from us or forgotten, and those in power, whether they are humans, extraterrestrials or both, want to keep it that way. I hope by writing this book, more

people will wake up to this fact and refuse to allow these people and/or Beings to succeed in keeping us in the dark. Knowledge is power to those who are controlling this information. Our very lives may depend on understanding and accepting what is happening to us, and this knowledge may be what saves some of us in the end. I say “some of us,” because it is clear to me that not everyone will survive the transition.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> My husband relayed his dream memories to me prior to my telling him about this latest encounter with the redheaded Greys.



## Chapter Forty-two

### *The Coming Transition*

Like many abductee-experiencers, I have had a lifetime of interaction with different types of Beings who appear to be extraterrestrial. The Super Conscious Beings, which I discussed in Chapter One, appear to have interdimensional qualities. I believe they have been here at least since modern man began keeping written records, and were probably interpreted in biblical times as angels. The similarity between their ability to take different forms and relay visionary types of information are strikingly similar to the angels we read about in the Bible and other ancient texts: they are messengers and teachers.

The Super Conscious Beings tell us about our futures and teach us about specific concepts, such as “the creative force,” or a “God-force.” Like the angels in the Bible, they share information about events that will occur in our lifetimes. Rather than appearing as angels with wings, they appear more human-like; more secular. Just as the angels in the Bible were foretelling events of those messengers’ lifetimes, the Super Conscious Beings and certain extraterrestrials are telling us about ours. The “Revelation” of the Bible has come and gone. Those apocalyptic events occurred to our ancient ancestors and in their lands. Many human antichrists have come and gone since then. Unfortunately, there are organizations in our time whose leaders are using these ancient stories for their own manipulative purposes. Today, we face our own, very different transition.

I believe the Greys that we are interacting with today have been here for at least sixty years, possibly a little longer. I also suspect they are directly related to the more unusual appearing Mantis type Beings, which do not interact with me nearly as often as the different types of Greys. In 2007, a Hybrid child, whose parents are the tall Greys, told me they lived “...*underground in the earth and under a very tall building.*” She went on to explain that this was their home and they had been here for a long time.

I have been inside of several underground facilities during my experiences and I feel certain that the young Hybrid child of the Greys was telling me the truth. Some of these facilities are quite large, and are thirty to forty floors deep. They have “elevators” that move both horizontally and vertically, and I suspect these facilities are completely extraterrestrial. On the other hand, some of these underground facilities have railway tracks inside of them that lead me to suspect these particular structures are human made and occupied. I have also seen humans and extraterrestrials working alongside one another in some of these underground facilities.

In addition, some of these Beings have been living in underwater facilities, and aboard extremely large craft and possibly in facilities constructed on the moon, and other planets and satellites in our solar system.<sup>1</sup>

During another recent encounter, a Being who looked similar to a blonde Hybrid Grey told me she was from “under the ocean.” It’s possible she may have been a holographic projection, but whether she was with me in physical form (which I feel she was) or whether her image was being projected via a hologram, I have no reason to suspect she was lying to me when she inferred that she was living, at least temporarily, under the ocean; especially in light of the data involving sightings of UFOs entering and exiting lakes, rivers and oceans.<sup>2</sup>

It is probably not apparent in my drawings, but some of the Blondes look fairly human and sometimes they appear extraordinarily beautiful. They express emotion and are sometimes even playful. It was the Greys and the Blondes, or perhaps a Hybrid version of them, whom I saw living on Earth of the future. If what I saw is true, we will coexist with the Blondes, the Greys and most probably the Hybrids; Beings who were created, in part, using DNA from abductees. Because they are part “human” and part “alien,” they would be considered a separate species: a new race.

The Reptilians and Dracos are also part of this unusual group of Beings I have encountered, and I believe their ancestors were the original “serpent” Beings referenced in ancient texts, upon which the early books of the Bible are based. From what I can discern about them, they are the most adept at camouflaging their appearance from me. I suspect I have had many more encounters with them than I realize because of their ability to make me see them as human appearing. I feel they use this mental screening of themselves because it prevents me from fearing them as much. It is also possible they do not want me to remember what they do to me. Their bodies appear quite massive, and while the Reptilians are imposing in their own right, the Dracos are even more so, with some standing between 10 and 12 feet in height.<sup>3</sup>

## *Transition*

Different Beings are encouraging specific humans to prepare for a major transition in our future. The “telepathic download” of information given to the group of abductees I was with was fairly explicit. The redheaded Greys were telepathically pleading for abductees to save humanity.

When I was with the young blonde female Hybrid with the blue eye coverings, the Beings during that encounter mentally projected a segment of one of the *Star Wars* movies to a small group of abductees, including my husband and me.



They were interested in determining which people understood the concept of “The Force” and the battle between “Good and Evil.”

Other information I have gleaned from my experiences indicates that either currently, or at some time in the not too distant future, at least some of the craft in our military will be extraterrestrial or based on extraterrestrial technology. It is possible that we join forces with the Greys, Blondes and Hybrids and fight another more aggressive species of alien Beings. This opposing group might turn out to be a segment of humanity who will vehemently deny and then attack what they will witness first-hand: an extraterrestrial presence on Earth.<sup>4</sup>

The Super Conscious Beings may aid us in our fight against negative incorporeal entities that appear to be attached to our planet. As with the segment of the “Star Wars” movie the Beings projected to us, we may be looking at a conflict involving the “positive force” and the “negative force.” I fear that when these Beings are revealed to the masses, chaos will ensue: it is, unfortunately, what humans do best. Many humans, if they even survive, will have to be dragged into the “galactic community” kicking and screaming like children.

If it is not a conflict such as war that we face, it may be the phenomenon of global warming and the circumstances of our climate changes. The environment may be in greater peril than we realize. This is another subject the aliens, via abductees, have been warning us about.

## *Training*

The unusual remote viewing types of experiences I have experienced and the “other dimensional” quality to some of my encounters has been somewhat confusing to me over the years. I have finally come to the conclusion that the “other dimensional” experiences may have been just that, and some humans are being made aware of their multidimensional nature.

Regarding the remote viewing experiences, which involve an aspect of virtual reality technology, it is not unreasonable to theorize that some of the military encounters I seem to be experiencing through this phenomenon are a form of training for an approaching event. Some of the military-type remote viewings could actually be a form of training for abductee-experiencers via virtual reality scenarios using alien technology. If we are being trained in preparation for the transition and we have specific duties to perform, these unusual experiences might finally make sense. This is not to say that I believe the MILABS were not real and carried out by human beings: I continue to make a distinction between those encounters and these other types of experiences, although I will admit, in some cases, it is difficult.



The technology being utilized might in part consist of the device the holographic pilot used to communicate with me. He was in my room with me. I was not asleep and dreaming; I was sitting up in my bed and I saw him holding the device he was referring to. He told me the military had been using the device for four years, so that would imply that specific humans have had access to this alien technology since 1993. He also said the aliens had been using this technology for much longer. That could only be possible if certain humans have been working alongside these aliens for a number of decades already.

In fact, I believe this is exactly what has been occurring and certain humans have indeed acquired and learned to use many forms of extraterrestrial based technology. I suspect this technology will remain secret until after the transformation and it will be for a new, non-petroleum based future when other Beings cohabit our planet with us.

I have witnessed specific humans in the military as well as scientific and intelligence personnel working alongside some of the Greys and Hybrids. It is likely these humans, or perhaps another group working against the overall alien-human agenda, are the ones who have drugged and interrogated certain abductees to find out what we know. This type of activity has been described by the late Karla Turner and her husband Elton Turner; Whitley Strieber, Debbie Jordan, Gloria Hawker, Melinda Leslie, Leah Haley, Michelle Guerin, and others who have experienced MILABS or RE-ABS. It is also highly likely that if the people claiming to be mind control victims are not abductees, they too, have been subjected to the technology that is often used during these types of encounters.<sup>5</sup>

I have no doubt that some of the Hybrids I have interacted with are intelligence gatherers and members of the ultra secret team, which again, includes certain humans. There are at least two opposing groups who are monitoring abductees and attempting to keep track of what we have experienced and what we know. For example, the two men who administered the drug they referred to as “liquid memory,” were looking for a specific memory from my mind. They already knew I had been abducted and they wanted to find out who was involved. Even I did not have conscious memories of this experience prior to the drug being given to me. What they found out, much to their dismay was, “There are no aliens here.”

The secret facility where I underwent what I described as “psychological torture” was probably also part of this training for the future. Several people had their brains implanted with devices that could make them do or feel anything. People were being controlled through technology and other people were working in teams and honing their telepathic abilities. This all makes sense now, because telepathy and “control” will be required during a transitional event such as the one we are facing.



### *Hybrid Breeding Program*

The goal of the Hybrid Breeding Program seems to be about creating a race of Beings who are part human and part extraterrestrial; are telepathic and possess tremendous mental capabilities and importantly, will be capable of surviving the post-transition era.

Some people will rightfully question if the Hybrids were created as an invasion force, to invade by stealth, the population of our planet. I believe this is a possibility, but what if they are doing this to save us -- or *some* of us -- because we cannot save ourselves? It is not logical for the Hybrids to have been created to physically attack us from within when they have had plenty of opportunities to annihilate us through superior technology. The new experiences I have had with these Beings since the First Edition of this book was published were my inspiration for publishing my article titled *The Hybrids*. The last encounter I included in this article involved a message from one of the Beings stating, "*We are coming and this is how large our craft are.*" My four-part article provides more insight into the Hybrids than I have room for in this discussion and I hope you will consider reading it.<sup>6</sup>

If the Greys, Blondes and the Super Conscious Beings know for certain there is an impending catastrophe that will wipe out most humans on Earth, my hope is that they might try to save some part of humanity. I have seen firsthand that these three groups of Beings do care about us -- or at least some of us. I also suspect the ultra secret team of military personnel, scientists and intelligence personnel would help them, but only if they had been promised to be saved or protected from what is coming; and, as Jim Sparks brought forth in his book, *The Keepers*, also promised "immunity from prosecution" for abducting and experimenting on their fellow humans. This has been such an arduous lifelong process for abductees that it is difficult sometimes to see how the means justifies the end. I can only wait and hope that this was all done for the overall good of our planet and the many other species we share it with.

### *The Warning*

One of the reasons I decided to write this book was because of the encounter involving the redheaded Greys. The warning I received about having to change everything about ourselves, to make ourselves "unlike we were before," and to live in hiding, may imply that some people will be given the opportunity to go through a personal transformation of some kind. Perhaps it will be a life force transference such as the one I witnessed between the Grey and the Blonde child and described in Chapter Two. Will some people be given alien bodies in order to survive the transition? This may indeed be what the phrase, "to live in hiding" implies.

During another encounter, which occurred after the First Edition of this book was published, I had an experience that left me quite frightened and astonished. During this particular encounter I had a brief interchange with a Dracos Being. I was in a room with several of these Beings standing around me, and I got a clear view of their legs. They were very muscular and their thighs stood slightly higher than my head (5'5"). They stood in the darkness in a shadowed area of their craft and told me they "wanted us." They wanted humans to become like them; to literally transform into them. They said to me telepathically,

*"We prefer to have your permission. It is better when you agree on your own and are not coerced, but we can transform you by force if necessary."*

This is another reference to a transformation process, which is another possibility of how a human might live in hiding or be "hidden." This time, however, it involves Beings wanting to change humans' physiology toward a more Reptilian type physiology. The type of Beings created in this process might also be classified as a type of Hybrid.

Finally, to make ourselves "unlike we were before" and "to live in hiding" may also mean that certain people will be temporarily removed from the planet. They will be "hidden," during the transition, and then placed back on Earth when it is safe to live here again. As idyllic as this idea may sound, this particular scenario is something that many abductees have been shown will happen.

### *A Hopeful Outlook*

The statement, "*Foster the alien children, for they shall be revealed...*" was communicated to me telepathically in 2005 as I stood looking out at my garden late one night. I was looking at a bush I had planted that day and it appeared as if there was a light or some type of energy emanating from the plant while this communication was occurring. I experienced an "inner knowing" and realized that the "alien children" are the Hybrid Race and they will be "revealed" or made known to us. We are to "foster" them. In other words, we are to care for them, nourish them and look after them.

If I were the leader of an alien species who was intent upon joining forces with humans or cohabiting their planet, what would I do to bridge the gap between my alien species and the human species? I would show them what we have in common with one another: our children.

An abductee named Kendra, whom I highly respect and trust, had an amazing exchange with a young Hybrid female during the mid-1990s. I feel that sharing her



experience in this book will provide another example of what may be coming. Her account follows:

“I sat up in my bed and noticed a small, three-foot tall child. She looked like a Hybrid. She had white wire-like hair that was soft looking and was either slightly bald in the front, or she had a high forehead. Her chin was narrow and her mouth turned downward, and her eyes looked at me so innocently, just like the eyes of a child. Her body was frail and thin. She had fair skin and was wearing a white cotton-like dress with white slipper-like shoes.

She stood in the doorway of my room while I sat up in my bed. I felt that she was young in appearance, but her intelligence surpassed my own adult intelligence. She looked like a three year old, but she definitely had the intelligence of an adult. I felt extreme respect for her, but I also felt a nurturing feeling toward her, as I normally do for children.

She spoke to me with clarity and with an intelligent vocabulary, unlike a child. She had a high-pitched monotone voice and spoke quickly. She said,

*‘Our fifth dimensional world is going to merge and co-exist with your fourth dimensional world...The work is almost done...The Hybrid children are all part of the merging process.’*

The Hybrid not only communicated with me with words, but she gave me visions along with her words so that I would understand what is going to occur.

Images of ghosts and spirits then came to my mind. They were dwelling visibly on the Earth, but these were very kind and good spirits. I was shown that negative entities (physical and nonphysical) would not be able to live on the Earth once the two dimensions merged. This meant that people would change to a more loving and nonviolent race.

I asked about natural disasters and if they would still exist and the Hybrid said there would still be natural disasters. An image of a father and his son came to my mind. They were walking and an earthquake occurred. Neither the father nor the son was afraid. They accepted the earthquake, as if they knew they would always be safe.”

Physicists describe the fifth dimension as a hypothetical extra dimension beyond our three known spatial dimensions and our one dimension of time. The idea that the universe we exist in is five-dimensional is a topic that is currently being explored within different branches of physics. Additionally, abstract five-dimensional space is considered a legitimate mathematical hypothesis.<sup>7</sup>

The Hybrid child's message about our fourth dimensional world and their fifth dimensional world "merging" and "co-existing" with one another could not have been more explicitly stated. It is not a question of *if* they make their presence known to us, but *when*.

Abductees' roles as emissaries between humans and aliens appears to be twofold: we have served as a type of "Adam and Eve" for a new species and we are slowly waking our sleeping world to the aliens' presence, which many people do not like waking up to. It appears abductees' roles may be about to expand if we are going to be responsible for "fostering" or caring for these Beings after the transition. The problem is, many of our Hybrid children have grown up and are now adults, and their abductee parents have grown older as well. Some, unfortunately, have already left us, never having witnessed the transition they were a part of, come to fruition.

I end this book with the following exchange between two well-known fictional characters that helped their world through a great transition:

*"I wish the ring had never come to me. I wish none of this had happened."*

*"So do all who live to see such times, but that is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to us. There are other forces at work in this world besides the will of evil."*

© 2001 K. Wilson



\* Conversation between Frodo, a Hobbit and the Wizard Gandalf, from the movie *Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*.

The symbol on the previous page was seen by my husband in 2001 during an unusual encounter experience. The symbol represents me and the fact that I will be a pilot of a special type of craft.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Please see my article titled, *The Hybrids*, located at [www.alienjigsaw.com](http://www.alienjigsaw.com) You can also access the article by clicking on the hyperlinks below.

[The Hybrids: Can We Know Their Purpose?](#) (Part One)

[The Hybrids: How To Live Among Humans](#) (Part Two)

[The Hybrids: We Are Coming](#) (Part Three)

[The Hybrids: Summary and Discussion](#) (Part Four)

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Wilson, Kay. *Dargons, Dracos and Reptilians*.

<sup>4</sup> This is part of the “programming” the masses have been fed from the media, especially in the United States: Movies such as *Alien*, *Independence Day*, *District 9* and various other “evil alien” movies that the uninformed buy into. The movie *District 9* was more about the manner in which Africans were treated under Apartheid than extraterrestrials stranded on Earth. However, I and others who have seen this very dark movie, have no doubt that there are plenty of humans on our planet who would treat extraterrestrial Beings in this same manner, or worse, if they were to arrive today.

<sup>5</sup> Turner, Karla K. *TAKEN: Inside The Alien-Human Abduction Agenda*. Roland, Arkansas: Kelt Works, 1994. <http://www.karlaturner.org/>

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Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation Survivors of Mind Control (ACHES-MC) <http://www.aches-mc.org>

<sup>6</sup> Please see my article titled, *The Hybrids*, located at [www.alienjigsaw.com](http://www.alienjigsaw.com) You can also access the article by clicking on the hyperlinks below.

[The Hybrids: Can We Know Their Purpose?](#) (Part One)

[The Hybrids: How To Live Among Humans](#) (Part Two)

[The Hybrids: We Are Coming](#) (Part Three)

[The Hybrids: Summary and Discussion](#) (Part Four)

<sup>7</sup> Fifth Dimensional Space [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fifth\\_dimension](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fifth_dimension)



## Afterword

### *Abductees: The Real Whistleblowers*

You can educate yourself about the abduction phenomenon by reading our books and better understanding what we have endured over our lifetimes. Some of these books may also help you to psychologically prepare for the contact that appears to be imminent. Several of the books listed below are self-published works and are denoted by a double asterisk.

Kim CARLSBERG. *Beyond My Wildest Dreams*. Santa Fe, New Mexico: Bear & Company 1995.

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Carissa CONTI. *Chasing Phantoms* (e-book) <http://in2worlds.net/abductions>

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\*\* Barbara LAMB, MS, MFT, C.Ht. and Nadine LALICH. *Alien Experiences: 25 Cases of Alien Encounters Never Before Revealed*. <http://www.aliensexperiences.com/>

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\*\* self published



## Appendix I

### *Doreen's Experiences*

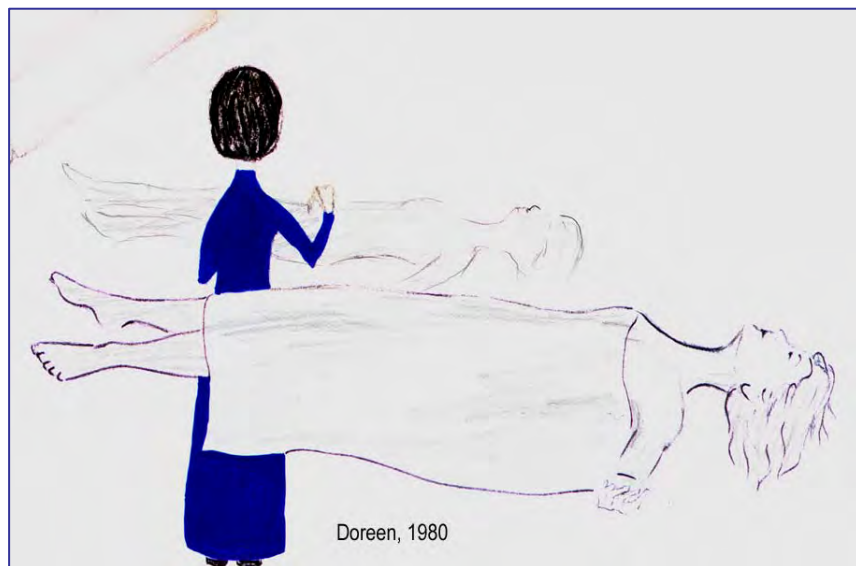
Doreen was married and a full-time working mother with two children. She worked a professional job for a branch of the Federal Government. The following illustrations and descriptions are Doreen's own words. The only information that has been removed are her children's names in order to protect their identities.

Doreen would be thrilled to know that her information is being shared with others in this manner. She saw the future correctly in her "travels." Although it was the last thing I thought I'd ever do again, I would indeed write another book and it has "...lots of pictures," just like she said it would.

#### *Floating*

This experience occurred in 1980. It was memorable in that it was fully conscious:

I wake up and am aware of the fact that I'm floating on my back with no support from underneath. It is very pleasant. I look to my left and see a small window with a star filled night sky. I'm just laying there enjoying the feeling of floating and feel I have control over it. I start to look to my right and see a woman reaching in and out of a drawer seemingly able to put her hand through it rather than actually pulling a drawer out. She was doing something to the person next to me. What strikes me is her dress. It is of the most beautiful luminescent blue fabric I have ever seen.



As I become more conscious of this incredible sight I also start to feel myself

slowly lower to the floor until I could feel the hard surface. At this point the woman turns to me and very quickly comes to my side. She is slightly agitated and I interrupt her by repeating a couple of times,

*"Oh, but you are so beautiful."*

She doesn't really respond, but was very warm towards me. She telepathically says, while she adjusts my head somehow,

*"You need to put your head this way and arch your back slightly."*

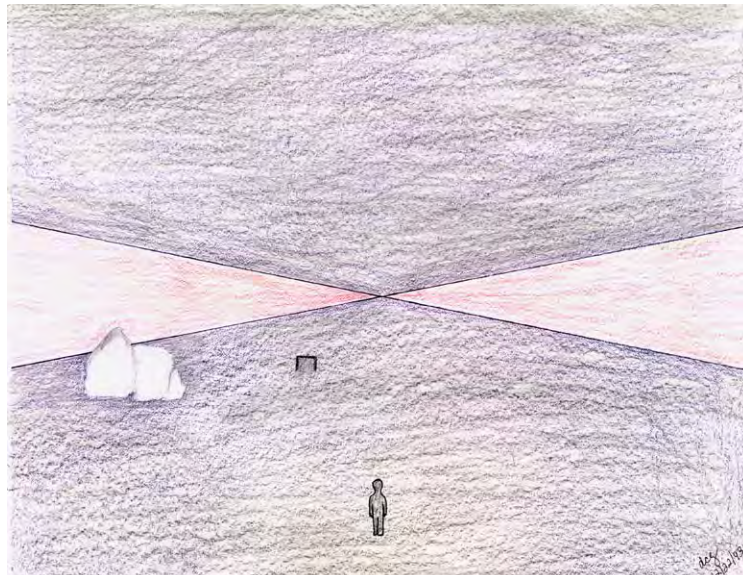
I start to float back up and go back to sleep.

[Author's note: Doreen told me that she believed the woman floating next to her was me. I would have been 20 years old at the time.]

### *"Time...Space...Quantonium..."*

December 22, 1993: I found myself in the corner of my 3-1/2 year old daughter's bedroom. I could hear voices in the room. I was then up at the ceiling thinking there were no holes big enough to allow my body through. The next thing I was aware of was an argument going on as to whether I should be there at all. One group was very much against it and the other was in favor. Anyway, the group in favor won out and they gave me the impression that they were not pleased with this other group and warned me about them. There was some talk about children, but I don't remember what it was.

I was then standing and looking straight ahead at a horizon. In the distance I saw a squared off object that looked like a table and I started to make a move towards it and was immediately overcome with the feeling that I was to stay put. I looked to my left and saw the shapeless form. The first impression of this form was that it was



a photographic negative and then it seemed like it was mercury. I looked at it and as soon as I tried to make a face out of it a face would start to take shape. Whatever form I would think of it would start to take on that shape.

It was time for me to go. I turned around and sensed my body elevate. I was on my stomach and felt myself start to move head-first. I became frightened and I heard a voice say,

*"This is what you want to know."*

It was stated in a way that made me feel accountable or responsible for this experience. I started to pick up speed and I forced myself to open my eyes and there was nothing. Just a void; no light, no dark - just nothing. I felt like I was falling and spinning. There was no up or down, but I was going in a specific direction.

I knew I was going back home. I felt like I was passing through layers and each layer had a particular physical feeling as well as a scent. The smells were quite intense and I was unable to recognize any of them except two; one was plastic and the other was an electrical discharge smell.

The voice was saying that I was traveling through time and space. I was thinking that each time must have it's own smell. I became concerned that I was going to end up in a different time than the one I left, but the voice said my reality was a physical one, that we viewed time-space-light purely in a physical sense. There is another side to these elements with completely unique properties that we are unaware of. There is a set of conscious energy/spiritual laws that puts "reality" into motion and our laws of physics are an extension of that. Our physical bodies are a creative expression of this conscious energy. Time, Space and Light are real living things.

I start to feel my whole being accelerate. I can hear a hum. I'm going faster - I know I'm going back to my body, but it's taking longer than I feel comfortable with. Then I hear the voice saying over and over again,

*"Time...Space...Quantonium...Time...Space...Quantonium..."*

I'm moving faster and faster and then wham, I'm back in my body totally conscious and aware, but my body is still asleep. I can feel myself mumbling,

*"Time...space...time...space..."*

Then my husband is touching my face and arms. I wake up and tell him what happened. I checked on the kids and my daughter was laying on her side wide-awake and she said,

*"Do you see it? Do you see it? The blue light. Everywhere I look, the blue light is there. It's coming out of my eyes like a light, just like magic."*

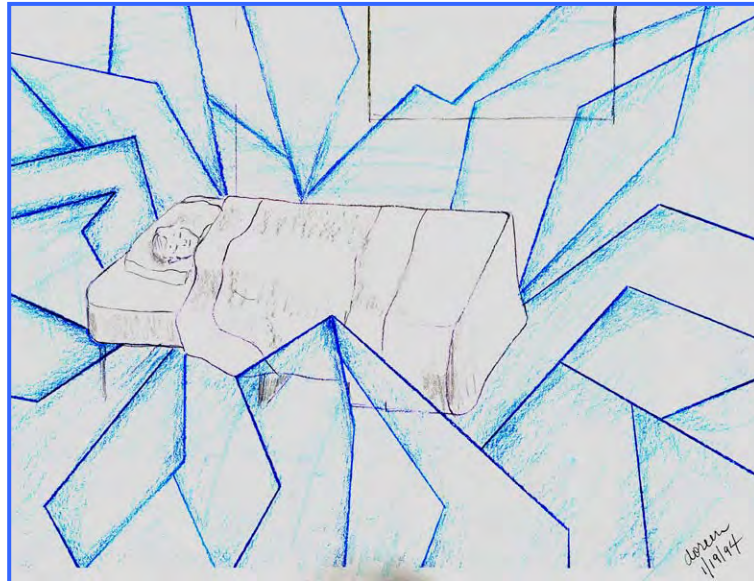
[Author's note: This encounter was published in the *MUFON 1995 International UFO Symposium Proceedings* as part of the paper I presented.]

### *Crystal Blue*

January 19, 1994: I saw my son, whose age is 6-1/2 years, sleeping on his back in his room. His bed and window were part of his bedroom but everything else about his room was different. It seemed like this other room overlapped his, because I could see elements of both. The room was absolutely filled with blue light.

The light had a geometric or angular look to it. It reminded me of a strong light shining through a blue crystal. It filled the entire room and the light communicated with me. It was conscious.

The light goes away and then people come in and mention that they could see the light from outside of the house and it was just pouring out of the windows.



### *You'll Like The Future*

January 4, 1994: A voice asked me,

*"So, which time do you want to go to?"*

I thought for a second thinking,

*"Oh, the 60's, everyone always seems to want to go back to the 60's."*





I was then aware of being in a huge room and there were people milling around. There was a bald man with a cloak and colorful cowl hood over his head. We went outside where we looked out over this huge empty space with diffused lighting and it sounded like when you hold a shell to your ear. It felt like a tourist stop. A woman and I were leaning on a barrier or fence looking out over this vast nothingness. The man and I came away from this scene and were sitting together avoiding interacting with the others.

This same woman was looking at us and then she put on a pair of blue sunglasses and was looking at us. She comes over to me and says she cannot see the man I'm with at all through the glasses and I look different somehow. The man immediately got up and left. I started to follow him, but when I passed the woman I said,

*"You'll like the future, they have Star Trek: The Next Generation."*

I went into what seemed like a hotel room. There was a very tall figure to my left and the man I was with was laying down in a bottom drawer of a bureau that had been pulled out. He didn't have anything on and was completely hairless and was no more than 4-1/2 feet tall.

I hesitated going to him because he seemed important. The tall man indicated I would be well received if I went to him, which I did. He held out his right hand, which I took. I looked into his face, which was quite loving and I felt very loving towards him. He had pale blue eyes and seemed to really appreciate my attention. There was a very strong emotional exchange between him and I. He seemed very ill and I was concerned that I hurt him somehow by saying something to the woman about the future. I believe what I sensed from him was an intense sadness. Like I would never see him again. He looked familiar to me.

### *The Way Home*

April 30, 1994: I've received this image repeatedly since the age of five.





My experiences will often begin with my standing close to the edge and looking down into this. The sound reminds me very much of the ocean or the sound you hear when holding a seashell to your ear except that it is deafening. It's indescribable the force and power I sense. I drew this picture as a whole, but in reality I'm only able to see the swirling downward pull of the center of it. The terrain around this hole has a natural outdoor setting.

I've been in huge crafts that had this in them with a domed ceiling above. It's on a much smaller scale, about the size of a sports stadium.



One of my recent experiences involved standing and seeing what looked like an ocean wave flow towards me from this image carrying human-like individuals and depositing them in front of me and then receding. It is not water, but acted much the same way water does. Once the experience was over the wave returned and receded with the individuals it had originally brought. I'm always led back to this with Beings who tell me,

*"This is the way home."*



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