Chasing Phantoms

Personal experiences, observations and theories into the abduction and mind control phenomena

Carissa Conti
© 2006-2013

Dedicated to Tom

Table of Contents

Introduction

Part I – Targeted Groups, Abductions and Mind Control 1

Targeted Groups
Alien Abductees/"Contactees" 2
MILABS 11
Ritual/Satanic Abuse 27
Gang Stalking and Targeted Individuals 28

"The Experiment"? 32

Abductions
Detecting abductions 38
Foreshadowing 38
After effects 40
Methods for taking the abductee 42

Mind Control Programming
Trauma-based mind control 45
Soul fragmentation 49
Blocking and erasing memories 50
Screen memories 55
Overzealous programming attempts 56
Virtual reality/dreamtime programming 58
Implants 60
Wave beaming harassment 62

The world underground 64

Part II – My Own Experiences 69

Actual memories/flashes 71
Overt indicators as a child 75
Overt indicators as an adult 83
Suspicious stuff as an adult 97
"Sidetrack circus diversion" harassment 108
The "Dreams" 129
Summary 146

Part III – Expanded Insights 161

Fear in relation to the abduction experience 161
Saving yourself 179
Connecting to your higher powers 179
Revoking illegal metaphysical contracts 181
"Karma," free will free-for-alls, and incarnational happenings 182
Thwarting psychic attacks 187
Dreamtime Manipulation 191
Negative entities interfering with awakening MILABS.. 191
Dream hijacking 196
Aggression 197
Sexual 198
"End times" programming 204
Physical and spiritual isolation of targets 210
Isolation and relationship interference 210
"There is no God"/severing spiritual connections 214
Sabotaging programming commands and manipulated life situations 217
Urges to move to certain locations 220
Manipulated job situations 222
Discovering Abduction Schedules 228
Residual talents and abilities 232
Untangling disinformation 240
Multiple personalities vs. multiple "personas" 246
The Hyperdimensional and paranormal phenomenon 254
Number sightings 254
Ear tones 258
Real vs. artificial synchronicities 264
The paranormal 267
The "Chosen Ones" 270
Alien souls incarnating on a mission, or mind control? . 270
Abduct me and make me feel special! 275
Just say no to "Stockholm Syndrome" 277
Savoring the attention 278
The Big Boys with their Alien Toys 280
End Notes 284

Appendix 289
Recommended Reading 325

Introduction

When it comes to abduction research it's difficult to get a clear handle on what exactly is being done, to whom, how, and most importantly…why. We're chasing after phantoms most of the time, because "they", be it "aliens" or military black ops, are very good at wiping out nearly all memories, planting red herrings and screen memories, and covering their tracks with minimal evidence left behind.

While working on this write up it got to the point where I was about to abandon the endeavor completely…because of the inexplicable nature of it all, and the fact that I can never seem to get **concrete answers** to anything. It began to seem futile. Having to untangle valid information from what seems like so much disinformation, and encountering all the "he said/she said" finger pointing, accusations, and counter-accusations within the material can make your head spin. And when you research long enough, you may find that inevitably, you start engaging in some wacky logic - what I call "double reverse psychology," for lack of a better way to put it. ;) We know what reverse psychology is – double reverse is when somebody becomes so suspicious of everything they read that they reverse the logic of what's being presented through multiple unravelings to try to get to the bottom of what's going on. I was given some helpful insight though about all of this, which I'll relay here: The fact that there is so much disinformation out there ultimately, points to the information. So keep plugging away and trying to find answers was the conclusion. Don't give up.

Another issue that I've come across while researching abductions and mind control is that there tends to be the same, years-old, and most likely very outdated material being circulated to the mass public. I don't claim to definitively know what's going on, but what I can surmise is this: If it's been declassified and released for the public to know about, then it's outdated, which is exactly *why* it has been released. Because they don't care if you know. It may have been true and accurate…decades ago. But it's most likely that "they" are not playing by the same rules anymore, and methods of operation would

have definitely changed since many of those materials were originally written.

So to say we're all chasing phantoms is putting it mildly. Taking into account the outdated information, the deliberate disinformation, screen memories designed to disguise, random fragments and pieces that don't make sense, and erased memories so there's nothing left at all, then what we have is a whole lot of confusion. But despite "double reverse wacky psychology", I still believe there is something very real happening here, and it's not all smoke and mirrors designed to get us chasing our tails. Some of what the higher realm entities and military factions are doing to humans is merely batting us around the same way a cat will toy with its prey, which I outline in more detail throughout this book; but other times they're doing something very serious and real. So it's imperative that we learn how to differentiate between the two types of activities, discover what exactly they're doing to us as individuals (because it does vary from person to person) then take measures to head things off, and stop as much of it as we can.

Now, a note to the reader: This write up is geared specifically towards those who already know that they're the target of alien/military abductions and mind control and are looking for some additional insight and tactical advise on it all, rather than trying to inform those who have never read anything about these topics or to convince skeptics. So you may notice the lack of thorough background explanation on the history of military/alien abductions and mind control. There are so many other materials out there that amply cover the basics, including government documents, that I didn't want to re-tread over old ground and bore readers by going over material that they're most likely already aware of.

Also, some authors make the mistake of writing on the defensive, preemptively addressing the skeptical and inflammatory comments that they imagine the readers to be thinking as they read along. You won't see that here, because it's a big pet peeve of mine. It's a disservice to those reading the material who already know it to be true, and a waste of time, paper and words. The biggest chunk of the audience reading any conspiracy or paranormal book are going to be people who already believe in it. That's why they picked the book up in the first place. Skeptical critics who can't relate usually aren't going to be reading it anyway, so there's no need to worry about them.

The focus of this write up evolved over time, eventually becoming what primarily amounts to insights and tactical tips gleaned from my own experiences, as well as an attempt to inject a fresh perspective into the works concerning certain topics. This write up is very personal you could say, definitely not presented in a detached, stuffy, academic manner, being that I relay stories and experiences from myself and people who have been close to me over the years. When sharing personal experiences and insights, down-to-earth accessibility is the key. Serious and stuffy just wouldn't work. All of which means you're going to see some of my informal writing style mixed throughout, including email-style smilies and laughing faces to indicate a humorous tone that words sometimes can't convey. ;)

So with that in mind, sit back and enjoy the ride…

Part I
Targeted Groups, Abductions and Mind Control

When I first wrote this book back in 2006 I didn't have knowledge of subjects such as "targeted individuals," "gang stalking" and the like. The only thing I was familiar with at that time were the so-called aliens, and then MILABS, which stands for "military abductions," and the mind control that goes with it. So the focus of the book relied on the term MILABS, since that was the closest thing I could find out there that matched my situation in any way, although I was never fully comfortable using the label. It wasn't like I paraded around declaring myself a "MILAB." I know that isn't entirely accurate, but again, nothing else out there even remotely came close to what I'd been experiencing. So for the time being, "MILAB" was it. All labels are limiting however, as they seek to define us and box us into narrow categories. It insinuates that one has arrived at a definitive conclusion, all further research is done, and one can now rest comfortably and just stagnate. Well for me, research and learning is never done, there's always more to the story going on, and more to learn. And learn I have in the past few years. At this point I'd like to think that I've put more of the pieces of the puzzle together, and hence, this revised version of "Chasing Phantoms." The overall focus of the book is still the same, however, Part I has been overhauled to include new information and insights that have come my way, along with some sections being rearranged. Part II has a few more experiences added, and in Part III some sections have also been rearranged/grouped together, along with new material added. A modified version of the Appendix that used to be in original versions of the book is now back in, and the Recommended Reading section has also been updated. One of the many benefits of self-publishing - you own the rights to your work and can change it whenever the need arises. ;)

In the past few years I've become aware of other groups of people out in the world who consider themselves to be targeted, but who don't label themselves as "MILABS," who maybe have never even heard of the term, and/or who definitely don't think of themselves as being "abductees" of any kind. They just feel that they're being harassed and honed in on in their daily lives. But as I wrote in the original version of this book, the term "abduction" tends to throw a lot

of people off. Thanks to decades of UFO lore, the term now has a dramatic, grandiose connotation associated with aliens. I've met people who exhibited telltale suspicious indicators of having been tinkered with via military/government experimentation and programming, but who have shied away from pursuing the possibility or were skeptical of it all because the terms "abduction" and "abductee" sound so extreme. These terms make it seem that a person is in regular ongoing contact with space aliens, being floated out of their room onto UFOs, as commonly portrayed in mainstream literature. This is definitely not the case for many people…and yet there's no doubt that they have funny things happening to them. Anomalous dreams, paranormal happenings, strange synchronicities, markings on the body that weren't there when they went to bed, odd family situations, noteworthy psychic/intellectual talents and abilities that sets them apart from the average person, as well as all around general targeting/monitoring and life interference. *Something's* going on with them, but the term "abduction" as it is commonly understood doesn't really fit their (sometimes) more subtle situation. As a result, these people may wind up dismissing things and walking away, which is unfortunate because often times there is a story going on. Or in the case of those who call themselves "targeted individuals," they do recognize that something is going on, but they don't believe they're being taken by anything, although they very well might be.

So with that in mind, let's review the various targeted groups and situations that one will encounter within the research…

Targeted Groups

Alien abductees/contactees

This is one of the most commonly known aspects of woo-woo lore over the past 40 years, and which could even be labeled a national obsession considering the number of books, articles, movies, television shows, websites and yearly conferences held around the world for the subject over the past few decades. It involves the idea of non-human intelligences from other worlds making contact with humans. "Making contact" in the stereotypical way often involves sightings of UFOs as well as the UFOs interacting with humans in some way, maybe even landing, or beaming people up into them, known as

"abductions." Abductions may also come in the form of visitation by these non-human intelligences, and have been reported to involve everything from medical procedures and experimentation, rapes, and/or the abductee being given information, or shown various things. The beings reported in such activities are wide and varied, but some of the main physical-based ones you'll typically hear about include the infamous "Grays" popularized by Whitley Streiber, as well as Reptilians, Mantids and the blond, blue eyed human looking "Nordics." There are also the non-human intelligences supposedly making contact with humans via channeling, be it trance channeling, ouija boards, and so on, passing along general information, wisdom and insights, or even predictions of future events for the personal lives of the contactees or humanity as a whole….whether truth or deception.

My research has led me to conclude that if there are indeed non-human intelligences running around, taking and probing people, then not all of them are actually flying here in spaceships from other planets as is commonly believed. Many are already here and have probably been here for quite some time. They can be of varying physicality (in the case of the infamous "Grays"), and as with the so-called Reptilians in particular they've probably been here for eons. So in that sense they're not **extra-**terrestrial. They're **sub**-terrestrial**,** and/or **interdimensional.**

Something I delve more into later on in this book is the idea of the underground/underwater worlds, and realms that co-exist alongside ours but at different dimensional frequencies. What we think we know of "reality" is actually a limited frequency spectrum involving a narrow physical band on the Earth's surface that spans only several miles from the ground up. It doesn't take into effect what's going on under our feet, of which we never see, nor what's under the oceans and in the mountains……let alone other dimensional frequencies. Humans have their narrow band of 3rd density surface world environmental niche, and that's fine, but problems arise when people become complacent, or even arrogant, believing that's all there could possibly be….merely because their lifetime of system indoctrination and thought control has never taught them otherwise. This particular realization is in my opinion the next step up in the awareness of the nature of these oft-reported non-human intelligences. In fact I prefer the term "non-human intelligences" to "aliens" because it allows for

this aspect of things. "Aliens" has the connotation of interplanetary space travelers, and limits the definition of the word.

There's also the idea that these beings are not aliens, but are in fact living amongst us, right here in this realm, and walking around in society only barely disguised. The late Mac Tonnes, author of "The Cryptoterrestrials," gets into this concept.

Reasons for interdimensional targeting

Targeting, be it from aliens, interdimensionals, hybrids or what not is a huge subject, and I'm not able to dissect it in-depth due to space constraints. But generally speaking, the targeting of Man has probably been going on for eons. However there seems to have been a surge of….interactions you could call them, with non-human intelligences increasing since the mid-20th century. For those who live in the United States there is a conspiracy theory that says the U.S. government sold out the American people back in the 1940s to these non-human intelligences in exchange for power and technology. They basically gave permission to these beings to abduct members of the American civilian population, with the understanding that the government would get something in return from it, and that they would be in the loop as to who was being taken. Whether this is true or not, I don't know, but it does seem a little strange that there are a disproportionate number of "Gray alien" abductions happening in the United States versus other areas of the world.

The flip side of this argument postulates that the reason so many people in the U.S. think they are being taken by "Grays" is because the U.S. military/government itself is instigating all these abductions, and either using fabricated Gray screen memories, or convincing drugged and hypnotized targets to view a robot – or even worse, a costumed human – as the real deal. Hence, why other countries don't have this problem. While it's apparently true that these human elements do hide behind fake imagery of "aliens" to cover their tracks, something I get more into later on, I personally don't believe this is what's occurring in all situations, as we're talking thousands of abduction claims. So that explanation seems a little too simplistic, not taking into account the complexity and size of the operation, which I doubt the government could pull off. But, you never know I suppose. In fact in Part II of this book I mention a "dream" I once had involving a Gray

that turned out to be nothing more than a robot of sorts, leathery skin over a very hard, most likely metallic skeleton, with a computer voice whose thought processes were merely a sensory analysis of its environment. And I also discuss the fact that I have experienced an attempt at the "Grays screen memory" that was quite overzealous. Yet despite these situations I still think that there is something to the whole idea of Gray interdimensionals, only because their imagery pre-dates the 20th century, and I have an anecdote that also confirms this, which I'll get into in a moment. So my theory is that in the case of screen memories, the government is using already existing and known imagery of these interdimensionals to cover their own tracks, something I delve more into later on in the book. (In addition I happen to have a coworker whose father was career Air Force, whom she claims actually saw a dead Gray body sometime in either the late 60s to early 70s, as I recently just learned. Since her father recently passed away she probably felt it was okay to talk about this classified experience he had in the military. I about fell out of my chair when she told me this. She was inspired to talk about it after I showed her a YouTube video of the April 14, 2010 Midwest fireball. After viewing the video she said there was no way that's a "meteor," because of the way it moved, and that it had to be a UFO of some sort. **http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jIEKLf8WcZE&NR=1** One thing led to another, and next thing you know she's revealing what her dad saw years ago in the Air Force. She was one of the most unlikely of sources to have such a story, for reasons I won't get into, and she had no idea, and still doesn't, about my side work with my website and book since I'm adamant about keeping my personal life separate from work. Though she does know that I'm open to the weird stuff and have alternative viewpoints on pretty much everything, which was probably why she knew it was okay to say this to me in the first place. But for me, it's additional confirmation from a personal source confirming the existence of actual physical "Gray" bodies, whatever these things are.)

So that's the broad possibility for why, in the United States anyway, targeting of the population may be happening to such an increased degree. On the individual level are there certain types of people that these "aliens"/interdimensionals are interested in? Possibly. Various theories for individuals being singled out include:

- **An individual's energy frequency/psychic inclinations**. Many people, due to who they are frequency-wise/soul-wise, may gain the attention of "stuff," for good or for bad. And author John Keel in his book "Operation Trojan Horse" discussed the fact that many contactees are people who tend towards psychic abilities, which is probably the reason they're having these experiences in the first place. These interdimensionals seem to hone in on that.

  Relating to this is a theory concerning how, when certain people start waking up and going in a direction that poses a threat to "stuff," they may then receive the smack down you could call it, to try to keep them in line. "Smack down" can take many forms, including negative things being done to a target during abductions, mind control programming, "frequency envelopes" being put around them that cause disruption in their everyday lives, health disruption, and so on.

- **Requesting to be abducted.** The 35+ year alien and UFO campaign in the media has done an excellent job of indoctrinating the public with the images of aliens as something cool. There are New Age/pro-alien authors and researchers pushing the idea that these beings (whatever they are) are good, so therefore invite them into our lives to abduct us. And their readers often oblige and follow along. Big mistake.

- **"You agreed to it."** Another oft-reported reason that one will hear, usually in alien material with a positive and/or New Age spin to it, is that we ourselves somehow agreed to abductions/targeting prior to incarnating here. While I don't profess to know everything, I will say that I seriously have my doubts about this. Being that pretty much nobody can remember anything about their time prior to incarnating without the help of hypnosis, how would anybody know? It just seems to me that this is a disinformation ploy to trick the naïve, nice, gullible types who can be easily duped. This is a huge subject it itself, involving among other things, the New Age disinformation campaign that's been in full swing since at least the 1970s to put a love 'n light spiritual spin on the subject of Gray aliens. ("**government sponsored damage control"** is more like it….)

- **Genetics/family line.** "Stuff" also seems to have a keen interest in particular **genetic bloodlines**. As noted by the late alien/MILAB researcher Karla Turner, in her book "Taken," particular racial nationalities pop up again and again in abductee profiles. Irish/Celtic, and Native American are two biggies, possibly for their natural dissociative/trance and psychic capabilities and ability to slip into

other realms. Back in the days of the Romans, the Celts would go into battle wearing nothing but silt/clay in their hair and blue dye on their bodies called woad, and gold neck torques, whipped up into a crazed, trance-like frenzy, totally befuddling their enemies. It was as if they temporarily slipped out of 3rd density and "went someplace else." And the Native Americans as a whole can also be very much the warriors, and known for their shamanic, psychic, trance-state abilities. So something maybe has a big interest in these particular genetic bloodlines.

(For myself, I'm English, Irish, Scottish, Hungarian and Italian. I've been independently told by two intuitive women that there's something going on with regards to my bloodline. One of them specifically noted that there was a "convergence" of bloodlines with me. I have an idea of what both women were talking about, with my mom's Scotch Irish, auburn haired, fair and freckled skin genetics, complete with Rh- blood that was changed over to + via a complete blood transfusion right after she was born back in 1953, and either my dad's Hungarian line, or his English line, which was pedigreed way back when. Don't imagine there's much of anything going on with the Italian line, but you never know.)

Originally I had been tossing around a theory that every (souled, real) person out there is taken at some point during their childhood and tagged in some way (implanted), then released. Everybody. In the same way that a farmer monitors and controls its herd, the negs and interdimensionals are monitoring and attempting to control us. But then I realized that might be thinking too human, because an entity who can pass through walls and who bounces back and forth between this realm and others at will is an entity with the technological capability, or innate ability, to scan the population's frequencies for any sign of a disturbance. So this means at best, they're probably relying on **etheric implants** and etheric scanning to track the population. (In fact there's a book that I reference later on that gets into this specific subject.) So at the bare minimum the entire population is monitored and "managed" in my opinion, though the how's of it all is not definitively known or understood.

When you stop and really think about it, how would a group of aliens from across the galaxy figure out who's who on this planet to even know who to abduct? I realize that I'm just little old human me,

lacking the super sophisticated intelligence that an advanced race might have, but still…. A race of beings flies all the way here (or zips through a wormhole, or shortcuts through a fold in space time, whatever, take your pick) and immediately starts honing in on certain humans, who also happen to be completely genetically incompatible with them, but not only that….they inherently know which ones to hone in on? How? Research has shown that there seems to be patterns towards who they're targeting (certain racial demographs/bloodlines, people with psychic abilities, etc.), which is where the foundation for this questioning comes from. But that level of knowing who to hone in on wouldn't make much sense for recent space alien strangers. Seems to make more sense for beings that have existed alongside us for eons, and therefore are already *well* versed in who's who and what's what on this planet.

Another big reason that I've come across for why the Grays are targeting the population says that the Grays are actually us in the future, after humanity has had to move underground for countless generations, and after "breeding out" emotions and getting rid of sex/reproduction, because you know, those things just make life so complicated. (I don't even know if there's an explanation offered for **why they have no internal digestion system, and a need to absorb blood and fluids through their skin.** *hmmmmmm.* O.o) But see, now they're dying out, and so they've been traveling back in time to abduct their past selves – us - taking our genetic material in order to fix themselves, because apparently they've gone horribly wrong. (to the point of you know, **not even being human anymore**. cough.) People are free to believe what they will, but this is a flat out manipulative lie in my opinion, designed to target newbies and naïve types. You get people to relate and sympathize with them so they're more willing to go along with things and give themselves up. The **"we are you, and you are us" angle** seems to be a big tactic that's employed. I've come across variations of it in my own experiences, as readers will see later on in this book.

So what are they here for then? Are they here to "usher us into a new age of love and light!" as the New Agers are so fond of saying? Are they here to take us over? Is there something that either we or the planet have that they want? Even after all these years of research, where I've encountered everything from abduction exams, to the claims of a hybrid breeding program, instilling programming deep

into targets' subconscious minds and giving them Apocalyptic visions of the future, their penchant to supposedly fly around in strange aircraft, materializing in people's homes and making guest appearances in underground bases, their telepathic abilities and the both physical and non-physical nature of their bodies, people's claims that their large black eyes are merely coverings for regular reptilian-like eyes underneath and how they're just cybergenetic organisms, to the way that people, including the father of my coworker, have claimed to see dead alien bodies in military installations, as well as repeated claims of "Grays" just being screen memories and drug/hypnosis induced programming…..and on and on….I still can't come up with my own definitive conclusion as to what's really going on and what they want. It's a lot of seemingly contradictory information that doesn't appear to fit together at first glance. The only thing I am willing to tentatively conclude is that these beings (the real ones, not the screen memories and government tricks to cover their own tracks…) come from another realm as already mentioned, not a planet, and that they possess variable physicality. They can project themselves into this realm, and when they do, they become physical. And they may need cattle – or even human – parts and fluids to sustain themselves when in the physical state. (And that's just as far as the Grays are concerned. There are apparently many other beings here at this time as people's various firsthand accounts suggest.) It ties together some of these seemingly contradictory reports.

My conclusion is that whatever is going on with all of this, it's not positive. Since most people have no idea what they're dealing with, and because they don't have all the information, then in my opinion it's best to play it safe and not make the potential mistake of inviting these things in. It's a point I reiterate in other areas of this book, because it can't be emphasized enough. In my "Recommended Reading" section I give some good links to look into for more on this perspective (in particular see Montalk's "Discerning Alien Disinformation" and John Keel's "Operation Trojan Horse") and why it may be the more accurate viewpoint, versus what the New Age (and most of the mainstream UFO/alien gurus) have been trying to convince people, whether naively, or due to purposeful disinformation. The New Age is so fond of claiming that these outside intelligences are coming here (from other planets no less) because of *our* personal evolution, but this to me just shows the New Age's general tendency

towards delusional self importance. As I've written on my website, so many love 'n light New Agers seem to be upper middle class, or outright upper class level people in rich Westernized nations with very cushy, limited, sheltered lives and waaay too much time on their hands. For that reason I don't put much credence in their interpretation of events. :/

The other thing to keep in mind too is that Grays in particular are completely overexposed in abduction/alien/UFO lore, at the expense of other types of beings. Is this by design? Keep everybody's focus endlessly diverted way over there on "the Grays!" who we're told are space aliens flying here from Zeta Reticuli, this way nobody is looking around at other possibilities? In Part II there's an anecdote called "Gray Overlay?" that took place in Portland, Oregon, where it seemed that something (that took the form of a "Gray" according to my brother who witnessed it) started to try to take me over/overlay me while I was laying down in a relaxed state. I could feel this happening, so I don't doubt what he claimed to see. That doesn't sound much like "space aliens" to me. More like interdimensional Neg entity of some sort.

Something that comes up time and again in the research is the idea of "humans as energy food source" for beings in other realms (Robert Monroe termed this energy "loosh") as well as humans serving as a literal physical food source. The epidemic of missing people worldwide, which we apparently hear nothing about in the mainstream media, supposedly ties into this as does the phenomenon of cattle mutilations. Possibly cattle parts have to suffice when human parts are not available. So whatever these things are, this has to be considered as a possibility for what these things really are and where their true motivations lie. Even though I'm still open to the idea of interplanetary space visitors there's too much research showing that these things are a lot more local, with less lofty ideals, and people really don't understand what they're dealing with when it comes to trying to channel them, or when they've found themselves on the receiving end of targeting by these beings. I've been there in my own way, which I'll get into later on in this book, so I don't say that in a holier-than-thou way, I say it because I relate from first hand experience.

MILABS

MILABS, the abbreviation for "military abductions," is a term coined by Dr. Helmut Lammer and is the title of his book by the same name. It involves civilians being tailed, harassed, abducted, interrogated and even implanted and programmed by government/military spooks following on the heels of their alien abductions. The accepted logic within abduction lore being that the military wants to learn as much as possible about the alien presence by abducting and tracking the same people the aliens are.

However, it seems that many people have far more subtle situations happening to them in their lives, so that particular grandiose definition of MILABS wouldn't necessarily be accurate for them. For that reason **I've expanded my usage of the term**. There are the military personnel and possibly even their offspring and spouses who are being taken and used for mind control programs and various side projects, unknown to them, and probably completely unrelated to anything having to do with aliens. **This is something not discussed at all in the Lammers' "MILABS" book, and yet it's one of the more important keys to the puzzle as far as I'm concerned.** I will be returning to this point later on. Then there are also the people who claim to have been taken by human military/government agencies and brought to either above or below ground bases where they witnessed military personnel working in cahoots with various types of non-human beings - Reptilians, Grays, Amphibians, etc.; a situation where the military is already well aware and quite knowledgeable about the non-human presence and isn't needing to take people in order to "learn something about them." So for me personally I have expanded my definition of MILABs to include **any situation that involves the human military/government taking, experimenting on and programming other humans, whether military personnel and their family, or civilians; and whether they're at odds with aliens, or working right along with them.** Any situation where there seems to be a military/government agency connection involved, period. And that's how I'll be defining and using the term for this book.

Causes for MILAB targeting

So how does one find themselves the unwitting target of military/government black ops abductions and/or experimentation? According to research, it can arise from several possible avenues:

1. Being in the government/military, either in the past or present;
2. Having indirect ties to the government/military **through a parent or spouse**;
3. Society's throwaway kids in jails and juvees and on the street; possibly incarcerated adults, as well and those in mental institutions;
4. And as already mentioned, being abducted by "something else", i.e., so-called aliens, which in turn generates interest from various military factions.

And in doing the research, it seems that MILABs targets are being used for:

1. **PSI work**. **Remote viewing**, **psychic warfare and psychic experimentation,** including telepathy, telekinesis, astral travel, etc.
2. **Technological experimentation**. Implants, microwave signals, cloaking devises, holographic reality, etc. "Voices in the head", remote thought influencing, what can they get people to believe, how can society as a whole be influenced to go down certain paths.
3. **Hallucinogenic mind control experimentation. (Note: Probably more of an interest back in the 1950s-70s than present day.)** Testing the effects and potentials of particular drugs and hallucinagens; experimenting to see how the human mind can be bent and shaped and re-worked.
4. **Programmed sleeper agents, tools and pawns.**. Compartmentalization of the brain via trauma-based mind control, drugs, hypnosis and electroshock. Victims used as agent provocateurs, for criminal work, terrorist activity, assassinations; sex slaves, "Presidential Model" message couriers, the porn industry, Hollywood and the music industry, etc. **Somebody who can be programmed to suit any agenda that's needed.**

5. **Learn as much about the alien presence as possible** by interrogating, implanting and monitoring alien abduction victims.

Let's go through some of the items on the first list in more detail:

1. ***The military abducting/experimenting on its own personnel***

Based on my dad's story, which I get into in more detail in the Appendix section, and based on other materials I have come across, my conclusion is that the military is always scoping for talented recruits - those **who have certain natural, latent abilities.** One of the ways they may be able to discover who's who is through the Military Aptitude Test (MAT). They're not just trying to figure out where to assign you based on your intelligence and natural skill inclination, they could also be trying to figure out **What can you do for them?** Are you a good candidate for any of their side project experiments?

An interesting excerpt I found in Carla Emery's "Secret, Don't Tell" mentions this very thing (bolded words my own emphasis):

> "**The government was pursuing exactly that line of research: creating an artificial-split personality** out of an imaginary childhood playmate...An imaginary childhood playmate is a marker for hypnotic susceptibility. It can also be a point of fracture for artificial personality-splitting…."
>
> "R.J.", a former Ranger and Viet Nam Special Forces retiree told me, in 1991, "everyone who is going into any branch of the military takes the Military Aptitude Test, the MAT. It asks several questions along those lines: "Did you have imaginary playmates?" "How old were you when you quit playing with your imaginary friend?"…Almost ever person who goes into a Special Forces unit has had a childhood imaginary friend. I did. He was a mean guy. He did things I couldn't do." - ***page 60***

In my Dad's situation, he relayed to me that as soon as he took his MAT upon enlisting in the Navy, he was in essence, whisked away you could say. He was immediately assigned to be a Tech Personnel, translating Morse code into type. A very difficult task that most people can't do. Many people can barely type adequately….let alone be able to simultaneously translate Morse code…...let alone translate it at over 80-90 wpm typing speed. But my dad did. And his next four

years in the military found him experiencing what could be considered preferential treatment, according to how he described it, strange incidents of psychic surging, close calls with death where he always seemed to have a bubble of protection around him, and even a close encounter with a UFO that appeared over a base in southeast Asia…where he was standing directly underneath it. Based on further details my dad provided it seemed that he was definitely being used for something on the side during his time in the military, and it probably didn't stop after he left. And it probably didn't start when he entered either, though that's a whole side story in itself. See the Appendix for more on this.

Following is an excerpt from a message board posting that was addressed to me on August 19, 2003, regarding one man's experiences when first enlisting in the military. He had been posting his strange and unusual experiences plaguing him throughout his life, including psychic phenomenon and funny phone calls from unknown sources, with a male voice saying very pointed things to him. For someone who has never researched this topic his stories would go right over their head, but after reading some of his posts I recognized what seemed to me to be military mind control experimentation. I took the chance and posted something back to him, broaching the subject, mentioning how his stories have the trademark of such written all over them. Here are the relevant excerpts from the more detailed response that he posted back (content kept as is, including any writing errors, bolded words my own emphasis):

> "If there was ever a direct involvement with what you are speaking of, I know exactly where and when it would have occurred….I will start by saying that I was not in the military for any length of time beyond 12 weeks of basic training. There was some medical problems and I had to be released….**I had scored extremely high on my ASFAB aptitude test before entering the service.** I was going to go Marines, but opted for the Army at the last minute with a friend. I specifically was going for Airborne and whatever that would lead to. **One day, one of the Drill Sgts. read some names aloud and told several of us to get on a bus with blacked out windows. We were driven to a remote location and told to enter some building.** We were put in a room and this guy comes in and tells us that we were going to listen to some tapes of a man talking over a speaker system. He was going to speak a foreign language and the tests were going to see if by just

listening to the cadence and inflection in the man's voice, whether or not we would be good candidates to go to interrogation or linguistic training. I am an excellent test taker, but never had an affinity for foreign languages. I mean, I like them, hearing people express themselves, but I really had no interest in learning one.

"I remember that I stopped answering the questions after only 3 or 4 as I really wasn't interested in speaking a foreign language, **but after that, everything else seems blank. Seriously, I don't know if I took the opportunity to go to sleep or what, but I don't remember getting back on that bus to go back to the barracks some couple of hours later.** This is about the only instance I can recall of missing any period of time from my life…"

I think it's safe to say that the military has many secondary layers to it, and national defense is only one bit of what they're actually doing with their recruits. And it's a shame too that so many naïve young men and women enlist every year, not realizing what's really going on behind the scenes. They're signing away their bodies and lives, in more ways than one. And even worse is the fact that once you sign yourself away, it apparently doesn't end after your time has expired. It seems that the military believes they own their personnel forever. It really is like signing a contract with the devil when you think about it. Even if you somehow manage to back out, or find an excuse to be discharged before your tour is up they've already got your information and have your MAT/IQ test results, and you've possibly already undergone one or more programming sessions whether you know it or not. You become permanently on record, and there's no undoing that. At this point, considering the documents that have been declassified which flat out admit to the government and military experimenting on unwitting personnel and civilians over the decades it *amazes* me that people would still enlist at all.

2. ***Being family of military personnel***

This is one of *the* most important links in my opinion. In particular people seem to get on the radar when they're the offspring of those who work for **military intelligence**. I don't know exactly why, but it's something I realized through my research and personal experience. Time and again you'll find that **so many abductees/mind control**

targets have/had parents (usually fathers), in the military, and often times working in the capacity of national security and intelligence. Air Force, Army and Naval intelligence, NASA and NSA. My own father was Navy tech personnel, reporting to the NSA for intelligence, aka spying, during Vietnam. Several MILABS/military targets that I've known over the past few years, and ones that I had suspicions about, all had dads and sometimes even grandfathers who were in the Navy or Naval intelligence. Around 2002-03 I came across mention somewhere in my internet travels and research about the Navy targeting its tech personnel specifically for its mind control experimentation research. I wish I knew where I saw this, but it was a major piece of the puzzle falling into place for me considering my own dad's background and our very strange lives.

I'm theorizing that if the military finds a particularly useful personnel subject for their side projects they would therefore be interested in keeping tabs on that person's offspring down the line in case the children inherit some of the same – or better - talents and abilities.

A point worth mentioning here is how I started paying attention to those news stories of women who've flipped out and killed their children and babies because of "voices in the head" driving them mad and telling them to. More than one turned out to be wives of NASA personnel and military intelligence men. Yes there is such a thing as post-partum depression, but this military and NASA pattern can not be overlooked. Something suspicious is going on there. Why are wives of NASA personnel and military men having voices in the head? Mind control experimentation perhaps, extending to the spouses of military personnel? Very well could be. Also pay attention to prominent New Age personalities and channelers, see how many have military and intelligence connections within their immediate family.

I received an email from a woman while originally writing this book back in 2006 who was wondering if her fiancé could have mind control programming. The fiancé's family fit the profile of my ex boyfriend Steve's family, nearly to a T: The father working for the government in nuclear weapons engineering; the fanatical Christian/Catholic mother who was mentally unstable while simultaneously trying to uphold the image of the "Perfect American Family," and the son with the compartmentalized mind, who can't remember his dreams and believes that he doesn't dream, but yet, talks

in his sleep. (in fact when I first started reading her email her description so closely matched Steve and his family that my nerves stood on end, wondering "oh my god….is she talking about STEVE??" That's how close the two were at first glance.) Both families did have differences it turned out, and the story of her fiancé is more like a combination of my brother Joe and my ex Steve if you were to mix the two together. But the fact that there could be such a similar **profile** of sorts was utterly amazing to me. What are the implications of *that?*

The biggest question she asked though, which got to the core of the issue, was **"Why?"** *Why* would the kids of these military personnel be targeted for programming? What purpose does it serve? What are they being used for??

All I can do is theorize, because only the people instilling the programming know why they're doing it and what long range purpose it serves…if any. It always reminds me of the 1997 movie "Cube", where it's revealed that there is no point to the Cube experiment, and there is no one person in charge of it all within the government. I've actually had the thought that it's almost as if they're just creating nonsense work at the expense of people's lives in order to keep themselves busy so they can remain on the payroll. Another major possibility is that somebody out there would like to create what's known in mind control research as an army of sleeper agents, each individual programmed to fulfill the agenda of TPTB years down the line. The only problem with this theory is that to program thousands of individuals who effectively serve as a programmed army means that it's organized, and the programmers know what the long-term agenda actually is, and how it will all unfold. It seems farfetched. The future holds too many unknown variables, and nothing ever goes as planned, even for them.

So another, more moderate theory, which sits neatly in the middle, is the concept of guinea pigs. Forever testing and experimenting on personnel and their families to refine mind control techniques so that later down the line (meaning, right now, and beyond), when these techniques are needed as the agenda unfolds, "they" will already know the most efficient manner in which to go about things from their years of research and work. This is basically saying that somebody like my ex, and the fiancé of the woman who emailed me, as well as hundreds or even thousands of others over the past few decades, were just disposable guinea pigs. And that could very well be the case.

3. *Targeting juvenile delinquents and inmates*

Several years ago I came across an article that I now highly recommend, "**Operation Open Eyes: Mind Control in Amerika - 5 Easy Steps to Create a Manchurian Candidate"** by Gunther Russbacher, who apparently used to be second highest in command in the CIA. **http://www.rumormillnews.com/operation.htm**

In Gunther's piece he outlines the government's process for selecting and programming society's throwaway kids and juvenile inmates to become Manchurian Candidates – programmed sleeper agents designed to be used as assassins, criminals, and all around agent provocateurs. The reason this piece jumped out at me was because I recognized what I was reading as being my younger brother's situation, through and through. My brother Joe spent ages 14 through 17 locked up in various juvenile detention centers and mental hospitals in Connecticut, after going on a convenience store robbing spree at the age of 14. The Joe that emerged from his time in lock up was not the same one who went in. The old Joe was spacey and drifty, in his own world, and struggled in school. He had the criminal potential, obviously, or he wouldn't have been locked up in the first place, but his skills certainly weren't honed by any means. The New Joe was proficient in hand to hand combat and not afraid to kill. This new Joe saw and noticed everything, and when he was out and about in public he was always "on", ready to pounce. He also had inexplicable knowledge of all things relating to radios/scanners and electronics even though he's never studied the subject a day in his life, was pulling A's like it was nothing once he was mainstreamed back into public high school (this, despite not showing up half the time), displayed a split off multiple persona named Shawn Hill (which I get into later on in Part III), and now experienced abduction flashback memories, missing time, and was being followed and monitored by "Them." Our long distance phone conversations were being listened in on, with the accompanying noise disturbance and they would apparently follow him around in cars and such. Something happened to Joe while he was locked up, and when I read Gunther Russbacher's piece so much of it matched up to Joe's situation that I now refer people to read it. Joe was later given agent provocateur assignments…things I had to talk him out of, which I can't even discuss publicly because of the high level nature of it. We're not

talking petty nonsense. (Though most of his everyday criminal pursuits were in fact, petty.) He would tell me with glassy far away eyes and a dazed smile what he was supposed to do, for Them, to **"prove that he was ready for the next level."** It was exactly what Gunther outlines in his article, word for word.

As with my own situation, I don't think there was just one thing going on with Joe. He was probably already an abductee going back to childhood, and whatever happened to him while in lockup and immediately afterwards was just one more layer of a multi-layered situation. All of a sudden "something" became VERY interested in monitoring and keeping tabs on Joe once he was released…and then interested in me, for being so closely involved with him in life as his sister. And of course it was after he was released that he has abduction flash back memories, missing time, and also when he developed his split-off alternate persona, Shawn Hill. So this does seem to be a very real thing happening in America's incarceration system, for both youths and adults, and needs to be mentioned. If you do the research, you will find articles and declassified government docs pertaining to this subject.

*****

On a side note: Tying this back into items 1 and 2, many *many* people are probably being taken and used (see the section called "Multiple Personalities vs. Multiple 'Personas'" for more on this), and out of all those people that are taken and tinkered with, probably only a small percentage will wind up being useful for them in the long term. Many might be sifted out, due to any number of reasons which will cause them to fall to the wayside - programming doesn't stick, or has damaged the psyche beyond what they can use; maybe their profile isn't right, and so on. So what happens to all the ones that are rejected, discarded, or who just got phased out over time? Well, they're still out there in the world, living their lives. And they probably have a few observant friends, family members or significant others who notice strange "quirks" about them, which initially make no sense…unless they're lucky enough to stumble across books or articles about mind control, which describe these people and their situations and background profiles to a T, allowing for the observant person to begin making some "aha!" connections. Unfortunately though, most people won't cross paths with material about mind control and abductions, so most of these people's stories never got resolved.

4. ***The military against the aliens***

There are two types of alien/military abductions being reported: One where both sides are working together, and one where they are at odds. Regarding the latter, some military abductees claim to be abducted by the aliens first, with the military spooks following close on their heels. This type of abduction often involves military personnel intensely interrogating the abductee for any information they may have regarding their alien abductors. The use of force, intimidation and threats are reported, with the interrogators berating the abductee into revealing what they know.

Taking excerpts from several books regarding MILABS, we see this:

> "After this confrontation the men in the lab coats and military man took her [Melinda] to an interrogation room. She described in detail how they walked through halls with video cameras on the walls and metal doors. Inside this room was a table and chairs. Melinda was forced to sit on a chair and one man in a lab coat gave her a shot in the arm and a strange drink. After this she felt "high". She was very frightened as she felt one of the men grasp her on the cheeks. A man in a white lab coat stood behind her and a spotlight shone on her chair.
>
> A red-haired military officer asked her questions concerning her alleged alien experiences. Strangely, it appeared that they wanted information about UFO technology. He asked her, "What have they asked you? Tell me about their technology? Tell me about the drive system, the drive mechanism? You tell me about what they told you to do! What did they tell you? What did they ask you to do? Tell me, tell me, tell me. You know you are not theirs, you are ours!'
>
> After the session she was brainwashed by the same person."

- ***"MILABs: Military Mind Control and Alien Abductions"*** - Dr. Helmut Lammer and Marion Lammer, page 140.

> "It was sometime in the winter of 1993 when they went the farthest they'd ever gone. I lived alone in my own apartment on Milwaukee's east side, when I had one of those waking dreams. But this time something was highly different and not very dreamlike at all.

In fact, I was wide awake in the middle of the night, in a place that was not my bedroom.

I was in a small office with a large pane windows, and I knew that this place was located underground somewhere. There was vomit-green pain bordering the room with a pale yellow or off-white paint on the main part of the cement block walls that surrounded me. I was sitting in an armless chair, in front of desk where a man in his mid-thirties stood. He wore a white shirt with a navy blue tie, and closely cut hair. He was leaning over the desk glaring at me, pounding his fist and demanding at me, "You have to tell us where they are! You got to help us find them!" There was a guard standing directly to my right who was dressed in a typical, military camouflage uniform, holding a rifle.

"Help you? Find who?" It then began to sink in that something was truly wrong here and I exclaimed, "Hold on, where am I?"

Immediately following that statement one of them said, "Oh, she's waking up!" Then suddenly I was out again."

- ***"The Secret War"*** - Heidi Hollis, page 131

"A third controversial topic avoided by many researchers focuses on military involvement with aliens and abductees. For Lisa, as is so often the case with abductees, the first memory of a possible encounter with the military surfaced in a dream.

"I was being interrogated by the military," she said, "pushed and made to lie crouched on the ground. In the back were some trucks, and beside them were guys in black uniforms standing watching me. The men asking questions were in regular military clothes. They held me down with the butts of their guns. They told me to give them the knowledge and they said 'at any cost.' I told them I didn't know what they were talking about, and they just repeated themselves "

- ***"Taken"*** - Karla Turner, PhD - page 75

In these examples there seems to be a clear delineation between the aliens and the military. Neither group seemed to be working together, and the government interrogators were obviously out of the loop in regards to what was going on. They were always a day late and a dollar short. Another feature is the antiquated methods of information extraction - drugs, threats and intimidation, pounding on the desk and waving a gun around. But if these memories accurately represent what really happened, and these military factions truly had a need for

interrogations to extract information, then it's safe to say that they were pretty bottom rung level based on their methods.

Of course when it comes to this subject nothing is what it seems to be, and there could very well be a strong possibility of games, and reverse psychology going on here. When I read these interrogation scenarios they always strike me as being so goofy and over the top. **Something seems wrong and off about them**, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that they were all another level of mind games being played on the abductees.

When looking at this issue closer, what I've wondered is:

- Does the military really believe that by holding a gun to an abductee's head, screaming at them and threatening them that this will elicit coherent, calm, in-depth answers about "the aliens"? I don't know about anybody else, but I'd probably be a bit shaky and have my mind go blank if I found myself in that type of situation.
- Do they really think that a female abductee who's been flat on her back on an alien's examination table, being poked and prodded, is going to be able to tell the military spooks what sort of **UFO drive technology** these aliens possess??
- Then there's the fact that most alien abductees don't remember their abductions, period, unless under hypnosis. And even then it's tricky business. But the military expects that the target will remember these details while awake – and with a gun to their head?

So sure, maybe the military really is that stupid…**or maybe these interrogation scenarios are a ruse.**

One purpose these interrogations serve is to reinforce and "prove" the idea that there really is a war between the aliens and certain factions of the U.S. military. **But what if there isn't?** What if the military is in full collusion with them but doesn't want the public to realize this? How convenient would it be then to have abductees running around with memories – which they were allowed to remember – proving that "See, the military really is in the dark about the aliens. They don't have a clue, but they're working hard to get answers!" Again, it's all about that double reverse psychology mentioned in the opening introduction. So much of what's going on in the world of abductions requires multiple unravelings to untangle what's really happening here. Games within games within games.

More researchers and abduction targets could benefit from learning how to think in this manner, scrutinizing and unraveling material and not just taking things at face value.

As an abductee (and I really don't like using that term, or any term, to describe myself) I can say that it's not common to have actual clear, coherent abduction memories. We're lucky if we're left with a three second snippet flash, let alone something as complex as the above three excerpts. So that says to me that maybe, possibly, these women were allowed to remember these incidents, in the hopes that it would somehow make it out there and help prove the idea that the government really is at war with these beings. Because when you do the research, the real story seems to be that not only is the U.S. government working with these beings, but they sold off the American public in exchange for technology and personal advancement.

*****

A sub-issue regarding the topic of the military taking alien abductees for interrogations is: **In order to even chase down the abductee for interrogations, how did the military know that the alien abductee was taken in the first place?** That part is skipped over in the sources I've read and is an actual plot hole of sorts. Maybe nobody actually knows, or they feel it's already implied and understood.

The major possibility here is implants. Any alien abductee is going to have some sort of implant designed for monitoring and tracking them. So it's possible the government has technological capabilities to sniff out these implants. What sort of technology could be used by even the low rung military factions to locate any abductee, anywhere on the planet? When I thought about this it took me all of about two seconds to come up with "satellites," which is one decent, man-made technology that's been around since the 1950's. Still another possibility is that the government has developed their own technology to detect a "disturbance in the grid," and so when UFOs and non-physical aliens are popping in and out of 3rd density, plucking people up and dumping people off, then the military spooks are sure to follow close behind. From there, it's almost a given that the government/military abductors would in turn implant the abductee using their own implants for their own monitoring purposes. It basically becomes a tug-of-war.

The third possibility is that there is no war between the military and the aliens, which means that if both sides are actually working

together then it would be known when any person (in the U.S. at least) is abducted by aliens. So that would negate the entire issue.

*****

In my research I've noticed a bit of conflict regarding the alien aspect of MILABs. Researchers, including abductees and supposed survivors of military black ops mind control projects, can't seem to agree on how aliens fit into the equation – or if they even do at all. I personally believe in the concept of aliens, or rather, non-human intelligences. I don't think we got to where we are today without the help of "something else" along the way, and all the evidence seems to be pointing to non-human intelligences manipulating the affairs of Mankind, and steering the direction of life on Earth in general, from behind the scenes. (And this can include **feeding ideas into people's minds without them realizing where they're coming from.** It doesn't mean to imply a strictly overt interaction out in the open.) There have been several excellent books that offer up convincing evidence with regards to this whole subject so I won't get into it all here. But considering where humanity has gone in such a short period of time, it almost seems pretty farfetched to believe otherwise. Where did The Powers That Be suddenly get this technology from? I suppose we could have gotten there on our own. But to go from the gritty industrial age of the late 1800s to computers, lasers, genetic engineering, satellites and space flight – just to name a few things - within roughly *70-80 years* after existing in simplicity for thousands of years seems oh, I don't know, pretty weird.

Following are two examples of cautious skeptics who believe in covert military abductions and activity, but yet doubt the idea of a military/alien alliance. In the aforementioned book "MILABs: Mind Control & Alien Abductions" by Dr. Helmut Lammer and Marion Lammer, we see an interesting refusal to accept the possibility of military factions working in cahoots with aliens/Reptilians. Bolded words my own emphasis:

> "After the description of the reptoid-like being she remembered how she was raped by this creature. We don't know what this traumatic experience means. **We don't think, however, that the military worked with this reptoid creature. It could be possible that Michelle was drugged with an hallucinogen, raped by a human and projected the reptoid as a kind of screen memory**, although she

> described the skin and other features of the creature quite realistically." - ***page 49***
>
> "Since many people have phobias about reptiles or snakes it would be logical that they would experience such beings if they were on a grueling LSD trip…" ***- page 50***
>
> "Delora's (pseudonym) father was a career Navy officer, in the supply corps…She believes that she saw "aliens" and humans performing medical procedures on them…Delora believes that the humans in the capsules were clones. It is more probable that the humans in the capsules were used for secret bio-warfare or chemical warfare experiments, since cloning technology was certainly not well developed during the 1960's. **It is more likely that the supposed aliens who worked with human doctors were medical staff who covered their faces with surgical masks or wore bio-hazard clothes."** - ***page 55- 56***

The Lammers find it easier to accept the idea that the military was keeping people in capsules for covert bio-warfare experimentation versus the idea of aliens creating clones. Both theories can seem pretty far out there, and neither one is more believable than the other, in my opinion. The refusal to accept one while grappling at the other could show distress/denial, unconscious programming, or a conscious agenda on the part of the authors. What also stands out for me is the faulty, missing the point logic in the last excerpt about cloning technology not being well developed in the 1960s. Well of course humans didn't have that level of technology back then…but aliens /non-human intelligences would have. And that's exactly who Delora was speaking of in these excerpts.

Another example is an excerpt taken from the book "Close Encounters of the Possession Kind," by William Baldwin, Ph.D. Dr. Baldwin is a hypnotist specializing in entity/alien attachments on people and how to rid their presence. In the following excerpt, an attached alien entity harasser is speaking directly to Dr. Baldwin through the hypnotized subject. Bolded words are my own emphasis.

> "These beings were conducting some sort of **mind control experiments** on many humans, **with permission by some human authority**, and absolutely refused to cease their operations. As the therapist and facilitator of the sessions, I usually make a demand for

> the client's sovereign right of individual freedom and free will in such cases. Usually it works, sometimes not so well. This being disdainfully agreed to release this one woman from the project, but no one else.
>
> This aroused my curiosity and I asked:
>
> Dr. B.: "How many humans on this planet are you affecting in this way?"
>
> The immediate, unmistakable, and ominous reply:
>
> C.: **"Ask your government."**
>
> Father perceived him turning his attention away from us. We were unimportant to him, as was the single female subject he had just discarded from his project.
>
> There was an unmistakable feeling of malevolence and personal threat. That was enough**. While I do not concur with the conspiracy theorists regarding the Government-ET connection,** I believe the intelligence agencies are capable of covert nefarious activities involving citizens."
>
> ***- page 51-52.***

Dr. Baldwin wholeheartedly believes in aliens and demonic entities. He acknowledges his belief in nefarious, covert intelligence agency activities, and later on in the book expands on this topic when he mentions the CIA's MK Ultra mind control experiments. Yet….he can't reconcile the two sides joining forces. Additionally, there's a not-so-subtle message being conveyed by labeling such a belief as being in the realm of "conspiracy theorists." Last time I checked, both a belief in aliens and acknowledgement of covert, nefarious activities on U.S. citizens by intelligence agencies was also in the realm of conspiracy theorists, according to the mainstream world. But never mind that. ;)

"Close Encounters of the Possession Kind" is still highly recommended though, despite that lone, puzzling comment about not believing the conspiracy theorists who talk about an alien/government alliance. However, "MILABs" has always struck me as being a mixed bag. It addresses this clandestine topic, making it seem like it's on the side of the abductees who would be reading it to get answers, only to turn around and subtly undermine people's experiences concerning a military/non-human intelligence alliance, as well as the use of cartoon

illustrations throughout. The comic book-style pictures give the book, and the topic as a whole, a silly feel. Maybe someone somewhere realized that in order for the book to be allowed out there it had to be done that way…? Or, it could be a covert agenda, I don't know. All I can do is suggest for people to be alert when reading any material that's prominently out there discussing military or joint alien/military abduction operations. Comb through it carefully, and be perceptive to possible subtle undermining going on – attempts to play down or even flat out dismiss certain sensitive subject matter without any proof of investigation on the matter (just expecting the reader to take the author's word for it that "There's nothing to see here, move it along!"), skipping over material that should be covered while focusing heavily on something that doesn't seem all that important, speaking in authoritarian absolutes, displaying black/white either/or limited thinking, using silly comic book picture illustrations, etc., and so on.

Ultimately, everybody has to make up their own mind about whether there really are aliens…and if there are, whether they are working with factions of the human population. I can only speak for myself, as somebody who has witnessed hyperdimensional happenings and interacted with non-physical entities from other realms. I have my own proof that this aspect of reality is real, so it's not a stretch for me to imagine a merger of those realms with human higher ups. For this reason, I'm going to approach my book from that particular point of view, addressing topics which involve the non-human/hyperdimensional aspect of things.

Ritual Abuse/Satanic cults

Then there are the Satanic groups who abuse people in their rituals, with injuries, rape and outright killing. This is a huge subject, and there has been much material written about it. I'm not going to delve too much into it here only because I lack firsthand experience with the subject. It still needs to be mentioned though as it's one of those reasons why some people have very unusual lives and why they've gotten on the radar for targeting.

Many ritual abuse targets have reported that they live in what outwardly seems to be upstanding families, but yet who belong to these groups in secret, and grew up having to participate in the various rituals where they were injured, raped, forced to engage in

traumatizing behavior and forced to witness the ritual killings of animals, babies, children or adults. Frequent childhood sickness and anomalous injuries on the body may have followed them through their life as they live this double existence. This "double life" may be compartmentalized in the brain, creating split off alternate personas, ie, Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) formerly referred to as multiple personality disorder. I've read of targets who've left or gotten away from these groups but who then find themselves on the receiving end of ongoing monitoring and harassment, due to their earlier (usually unwitting) involvement with it all.

The idea of Satanic groups performing rituals is controversial, and by controversial it means that things become a back and forth finger pointing, "he-said she-said" between those who claim to be victims and former members of these groups, and so-called experts denying that such a thing is possible, coming across to me as if they're merely trying to impose damage control. For me though, common sense says that it's not possible for so many people all over the world to be lying, fabricating hysterical stories that often times match up in their details. Yes, some may indeed be hoaxes and power-of-suggestion hysteria. But……I don't think they all can be.

I've always found this subject fascinating, specifically when it involves claims of high up people in charge of things in our world being involved in these sorts of unsavory activities. Everything about the way this world functions is a negative mess, and any alert, awake person has to wonder why that is. Well, this subject seems to be that missing puzzle piece. Suddenly so many things about all aspects of this world make a lot more sense when viewed through the lens of "serving dark forces."

Gangstalking/Targeted Individuals

Taken from my "Gangstalking vs. Hyperdimensional Matrix Attacks" article on my website: **http://in2worlds.net/gangstalking-and-targeted-individuals**

> "Gang stalking, according to people's accounts, involves an organized group of people who have been recruited to go after various individuals in the world. Victims of targeting are said to involve a myriad of people, from whistle blowers, activists, people who are

alone, vulnerable and "different" from society's norms in any way (such as homosexuals, single mothers, etc.), among others. One day somebody somewhere decided that tag, the target was it, and suddenly The Game was off and running. Only….nobody filled the target in about what was going on or what the rules were.

"Gang stalkers have been reported as following targets in cars, vans, on foot or on bikes for weeks, months, sometimes years on end, making sure that the target knows that they're being followed and monitored as they live their life. Targets typically report having their cars/residence/etc. broken into, with things moved around, possibly property destroyed or computers fried out. Phones may be tapped and strange messages left on the voice mail. Slander campaigns might be put into effect to destroy the target's reputation within their community and within any groups they may belong to. The gang stalkers may position themselves at whatever place the target may be going and then say weird random "street theater" sorts of comments to the target, or have loud conversations amongst themselves making sure that the target can hear them saying things that directly relate to the target's personal life that they should have no way of knowing…..again, letting them know that all eyes are on them. The stalkers often move into a target's apartment/condo complex or housing neighborhood to gain closer proximity. Even worse, according to many claims, a target can move around, even locating to other countries to try to escape the harassment and supposedly the problem will continue….which implies a vast network of people worldwide that can be "called on" when needed to go after a target. (more on this particular idea in a bit.) But all the while, doing everything in such a way that it's almost impossible for the target to prove to people that any of it is happening, and to where the target just comes across as sounding completely crazy."

I went on to note that:

"Oddly enough, the description of the gang stalker modes of operation matched several things that I described in Part II of my book, in the 'Sidetrack Circus Diversion'… section. Random street theater comments directed at me? Check. Somebody apparently in my apartment when I was at work, things messed with and changed around to let me know somebody had been there? Check. Tapped phones and phone interference? Check. Bizarre messages left on my

> answering machine and then-cell phone voice mail (including the sounds of marching jackboots of all things) when almost nobody even had my phone number? Check."

My conclusion about the gangstalking phenomena as noted in that article was as follows:

> "Gang stalking, in my opinion, actually involves a mix of several things that have been mistakenly lumped into the same category: 1) Hyperdimensional attacks from non-physical entities outside this realm who hone in on individuals over the course of their life either because the target poses a threat to the Negs, and/or, because the target is a guaranteed disempowered, low frequency food source, and then 2) Physically-based groups and syndicates who often times have government ties, targeting people who pose a threat to the negative elements in charge of this reality and the establishment. Both can overlap in my opinion, as it seems that the non-physical demonic Negs can also work through these syndicates and gang stalkers, using them to do their bidding. And finally, 3) a person's personal frequency and the way they interface with reality, especially if they've gotten into habitual mindsets of fear, paranoia and disempowerment, can help perpetuate and escalate harassment by drawing more of it to themselves due to conscious and unconscious expectation.
>
> "Based on much of what I've read of people's accounts online, so much of what is being labeled as "gangstalking" is, in my opinion, actually a case of **synchronicity.** Amazing coincidence, but where the person(s) involved are *not* knowingly trying to perpetrate something on the supposed target. I encounter synchronicity in my own life on a regular basis, as evidenced by other write ups on this website including comments made by people around me and general situations that match up uncannily to thoughts I've had. But this does not mean "people are reading my mind" or "everybody's watching me and are in on it." Unfortunately that mindset runs rampant within much gangstalking material that's out there as I've seen. The reason for this I think is because the proponents of the "strictly physical-based gangstalking" theory have no knowledge of hyperdimensional stuff, neg entities and so on, and have never researched the subject of synchroncities. **They're working with a puzzle that's missing most of the pieces,** so you really can't blame them for coming to wrong conclusions about things. They don't have the full story. Sometimes

> their effort to make everything fit into the physical-based gangstalking explanation becomes totally silly, with the explanations getting increasingly more far fetched in order to try to pound that square peg into a round hole. […] Both the idea of physical based targeting and hyper-d happenings and synchs/glitches have validity in my opinion. **The key is for the target to be aware of *both,* and then be able to differentiate what events fall into which category.**

The big emphasis of that article was on the **hyperdimensional component** of it all, which seems to be *the* key factor being overlooked in most material floating around out there on the subject. Mentally ill/schizophrenic people aside, for what many of the legitimate targets are reporting there is just no way that many of these happenings that are being attributed to gang stalking could be coordinated and orchestrated by physical humans alone. A related aspect of hyperdimensional forces working through people to affect a target would be the way in which they could also affect the target's own personal frequency, to ensure that the target is disombobulated and off kilter and thus, attracts in situations and people that always seem to work against them. I get into the role of personal frequency more in depth in both my gangstalking write up, as well as this book.

Several of the targeted individuals I've heard from in emails really had a problem with my particular take on this subject, one of them even going as far a to stubbornly argue againast the idea of hyper-d reality and seeming to have an actual agenda of sorts to get me to change my mind, and adhere to a strictly physical-based, human coordinated source behind all gang stalking activities…..which I would not do. Conversely I've heard from other targets who were excited to find somebody else out there corroberating what they themselves had concluded about the matter.

As mentioned I was not aware of the term "gangstalking" for the first few years that this book was out, or of the related phrase "targeted individuals," but once I learned of it I realized that much of what I talk about in Part II of this book falls into that category. It was classic targeted individual harassment tactics as I realized in reading through various websites and blogs. Yet, in the same way I'm uncomfortable using the term MILABS for myself, I wouldn't go and label myself as a "targeted individual" or "victim of gangstalking" either. Those labels aren't entirely accurate only because I have a lot more higher up

paranormal/metaphysical stuff happening in my situation then the average gangstalking target reports. So as mentioned elsewhere in this book, it's a case where my own situation has many overlapping features of a particular classified group, but yet, isn't a 100% match.

"The experiment"?

"The Earth is a farm. We are someone else's property." – *Charles Fort, 1915*

Out of the various groups who report having been used and abused, and targeted and harassed in some way, MILABS has components that overlaps all of them. Be it aliens, abductions, physical experimentation/tampering, the government/military involvement, mind control, rapes, general life monitoring and harassment - MILABS is a group that covers the whole gambit. And that was something I realized only after coming across a chart that had been posted on a now defunct blog called "The Fine Art of Discernment," which cross compared the traits and reported experiences of alien abductees, ritual abuse survivors and gang stalking targets. (I would post a link to the chart so readers can see but again the blog no longer exists, though I did manage to print out all the blog entries before the author took it down.) In reading over the chart I realized I had elements in my life that matched all three groups, but the one that wasn't on the list yet at the time – MILABS – was the one that encompassed aspects of all of them, and thus most closely matches my own situation.

The comparison chart really got me thinking though, and brought me back to the ultimate question of, ***"What is actually going on here??"*** For the every day gang stalking targets dealing with the skeezy looking low level physical based people syndicates, as well as the gang stalking targets experiencing hyperdimensional forces working through people, for those who call themselves MILABS with the Naval/Air Force/NSA and military intelligence connections in their immediate family along with strange "alien" and paranormal, psychic and PSI experiences, for the Monarchs/MKs and ritual abuse survivors, seriously, what is going ON here?? For those of us who have definitive proof that "stuff" has happened to us and are not crazy, it's obvious that this is real. But when you actually stop and think about it, and

look at what we're claiming has gone on in our lives, the sorts of things we've witnessed, it sounds ludicrous. Just completely farfetched and crazy. It's just so big, so bizarre, that how can it possibly be?! It doesn't fit in with the world as it's been presented to us, at all.

Which is exactly it, right there. The world….."as it's been presented to us." Because what's been presented to us isn't necessarily how things actually are, as many of us have learned firsthand.

One of the big issues/questions that arises with this subject is the obvious, **"Why you?"** Again, mentally ill and schizophrenic people aside who are truly experiencing delusions and unwarranted paranoia, for those who are legitimately being monitored and toyed with in some way, and/or are experiencing paranormal reality and *can* furnish proof of it all, then the obvious question is **Why?** Why are they so special? Why do these things happen to them, and not others?

This question was addressed on the aforementioned defunct blog, The Fine Art of Discernment. Back when it was still up, the author had this to say:

> "You may ask, well what makes you so special that you're singled out in this way? I'm not. I believe that everyone is "singled out" but not everyone is aware of what's happening. It's such a natural part of our existence that we consider it normal."

I thought that was good, although I'd revise that slightly to mention the fact that not everybody is actually singled out, because there are those walking among us that are not what we think they are. Be it "aliens," or people who are lacking their soul spark/spirit. In those cases **they don't need to be targets.** But for everybody who is real and human and fully there, then maybe this is happening to all of them in some way, yet only some people have actually noticed it. Along the lines of what The Fine Art of Discernment blog noted, so many people have lives that are already negative and chaotic, would they actually notice deliberate acts of manipulated negativity occurring around them, or would it all just be one big blur? Another idea is that maybe some people are waking up more than others, and therefore now find themselves being honed in on more than the person sitting next to them. I tend to favor that explanation more than the others. Asleep people who conform to the matrix, even if they're real, wouldn't need targeting. Only the ones who start **to stick their neck out** might. Another thing to keep in mind is the direction a person is

going, and who they may be in the future…which is something that hyperdimensional stuff would know about. Hyperdimensionals have a vantage point that we lack. So in that way targeting of certain people may be a **pre-emptive strike,** where stuff tries to head things off at the pass and cut something short before it even gets off the ground. Then there's also the people who've gotten on the radar through their parents' military involvement as mentioned throughout this book.

The following is an excerpt from a C's channeling session from 1994 that seems very relevant for what I'm talking about here. Questions posed to the C's are noted with "Q", followed by a letter in parenthesis indicating the first letter in the name of the person who asked the question. The C's answers are indicated with "A." I reference them again later in the book, at the end of Part II. (For a description of how the C's channeling process worked, for those who are curious, click on the following link and see **post #8** specifically: **http://forum.noblerealms.org/viewtopic.php?id=1369&p=1** It's my firsthand account of what I witnessed when I sat in on one session back in 2002.)

> "Q: (L) Let me ask this one before the tape runs out and we take a break. What is the "ultimate secret" being protected by the Consortium?
> A: You are not in control of yourselves, **you are an experiment.**
>
> BREAK
>
> Q: Do you have anything else to say on that subject?
> A: Up to you.
> Q: (T) When you say this is the ultimate secret, that we're being "protected" from by the government, are we talking about the ultimate secret of humans only here?
> A: Basically.
> Q: (T) The ultimate secret of the human race is that **we are an experiment that other humans are conducting on the rest of us?**
> A: **Part.**
> Q: (T) **Okay, does the other part have to do with the Lizards?**
> A: **Yes.**
> Q: (L) **Other aliens also?**
> A: **Yes.**
> Q: (T) **Okay, so, are the humans who are running the experiment, do they know that they are part of the experiment also?**

A: **Yes.**
Q: (T) And they're doing this willingly?
A: **They have no choice.**
Q: (L) **Why do they have no choice?**
A: **Already in progress.**
Q: (T) What is the experiment about?
A: Too complicated for you to understand.
Q: (J) I hate it when that happens! (T) Okay, is this part of, is this about the experiment the Lizzies are doing of dominating us and sucking us dry?
A: Yes, but there's much more than that, you will understand at level 4."

"We are an experiment," which means we're living *in* an experiment, surrounded by experiment, and this is the ultimate thing that "stuff" doesn't want us to know. And humans are definitely involved in it all. Interesting. At this point in my life I can believe it. In fact I get into this again in Part III, discussing how my brother was told by human "thems" during an abduction that many aspects of our lives were an "experiment" of sorts. He told me this before I'd come across other sources corroborating this idea. So that's supposedly what our reality is on the mass, macrocosm level. And now after hearing or reading so many other people's personal stories of the things that have gone on with them, I'm seeing proof for this on the smaller, individual microcosm level as well. It's like this reality is one giant experiment, or farm, being conducted by who knows how many groups with who knows how many agendas. **Just a giant free-for-all.**

I have a memory of some sort, a dream, I'm not sure because I can no longer remember, but it occurred sometime after we moved to Virginia. And in this memory it was the afternoon and I was standing in our living room, being told by a male "them" that I never saw, only heard off to the side, about how this reality was basically an "alien ant farm" you could say. He used that exact phrase. His voice was kind of smirky, with the same superiority and disdain going on as they always seem to have. As I said on my website about this subject: "Things happen, and we don't understand why, or what's going on…..same situation as the ants in the ant farm should you pick it up and say, shake it around. They'd have no idea what's going on. They couldn't conceive of the reality that lies beyond the plexiglass……..the fact that

they're in an ant farm that "belongs" to something else. Their organized society that's really the personal property of other beings in a world so large they couldn't fathom it. But which in itself is but a speck in the never ending fractal…."

Another great analogy that I've become fond of is fish in a tank. The fish in a tank have no idea who or what you really are, and they can't conceive of the world that you live in. They're going about their business, swimming around, sleeping, mating, then you come along and dip your finger into the water….sprinkle food flakes on the surface….dip the net in to clean things out…..you could also wreak havoc with their environment if you were so inclined…and none of it makes sense to them. These disturbances good and bad periodically invade their world from a source that they can only barely perceive through the glass, let alone understand. Maybe that's analogous to us. That's what I keep hearing, anyway.

Readers may be familiar with a 2005 movie called "The Forgotten," which was about this exact subject of humans-as-alien-experiment. Humanity being experimented on by an alien intelligence, and government agencies were in line with them, because as one NSA agent explained, "We have no choice. Cooperate or die." So either the writer(s) lifted their idea from the publicly accessible C's transcripts from 10 years before, or, somebody directly knows something (thus, validating what the C's said), or else unconsciously tapped into something without realizing when writing it. Another really good related movie would be "Dark City," from 1998. It's up there as one of my all time faves, concerning alien intelligences who occupy the bodies of human corpses, experimenting on a large human population who've been taken from their original world to go live out their lives in a constructed reality, at the mercy of the controllers' whims who play them like puppets.

This also reminds me of the 1997 movie "Cube," where a huge cube death contraption was built by various compartmentalized government agencies. Everyday people are abducted from their homes then wake up in the cube and have to figure out how to get out alive……..which is the game/experiment. At the end it's revealed that one of the abducted characters had unknowingly taken part in the design of the cube, one of the many compartmentalized government agencies just doing what they were told to do, riding on the paychecks that the project provided. He tells one of his fellow cube victims (who

believes it's all a well oiled masterminded plan) "Don't you get it? There *is* no conspiracy! *Nobody* is in charge. **It's just a headless blunder operating under the illusion of a master plan!"** For some reason that whole scene has always stayed with me from the first time I saw the movie. People taken and messed with for experimental purposes. A headless blunder. Nobody is in charge. Illusions of master plans. Governmental agencies just doing what they're told. Creating experiments out of thin air and playing games in order to justify their existence and keep themselves employed. "Fly this helicopter here over this target's house, follow that target there as they go about their day, break into this target's apartment, listen in to that target's phone calls…." The more I've researched MILABS and gang stalking and targeting, the more it feels to me like this is kind of how it is. Does anybody out there responsible for this stuff even know why they're doing what they do? Do they even know who's in charge? IS there anybody actually in charge? And even better (the schizophrenics aside) **are we somehow helping to create it to some extent?**

This last point is something I get into in great detail in Part III, in the section called "Fear in relation to the abduction experience." A relevant writing that I came across, which ties into this, was from Rayelan Allen, author of Rumor Mills News:

> "I wonder what would happen if we all just stopped playing their games? How could we do that? Turn off the television? Stop talking about things that aren't in our own backyard? I don't know. I think the only people who can ever stop playing their games are the ones who become hermits and live in caves.
>
> "The saddest thing about being able to read their minds was knowing the way they viewed us. **We were less than rats in a maze. The closest thing I can compare us to would be ant colonies.** And the controllers just threw a colony of black ants into a colony of red ants. And they were cheering and betting and they watched the black and the red destroy each other." **http://www.rumormillnews.com/cgi-bin/archive.cgi?noframes;read=131227**

She goes on to conclude that the presence she calls "the controllers" could actually be made up of all the souls on earth. In other words…….us. I don't know about that myself, though it's certainly possible. I have read elsewhere something along the lines of

what she's saying, which was that we all created this reality as a way to experience and interface with physicality, so we could learn and grow, however the program grew "self aware" and hijacked the game. Now it needs to be powered by negative emotions to keep going, and hence keeps us trapped in a reality that's geared towards generating fear, hate, anger, and other assorted low frequency emotions. I don't know if that's accurate either, though it's interesting to ponder. I will say that I have definitely experienced higher positive intervention and help/feedback in my own life, some of which was apparently coming from my own higher self. So all hope is not lost it seems. There is higher positive stuff at work, getting in when it can. So I don't talk about all this with the intent of depressing readers or making them feel like things are hopeless. It's definitely not.

At this point in life I'm realistic about the idea of never getting concrete answers, because I don't know if they even exist. The truth could be different for everybody, depending on who you talk to. Instead I'm just concerned with what I can do on my end to **reduce the influence of these forces in my own life as much as possible, and then pass along what I've learned to others.** And that's what this book ultimately is.

Detecting Abductions

Foreshadowing

Abductions are not completely unavoidable and undetectable. And when you become adept at reading the clues surrounding an impending abduction then you'll probably become very good at dodging them, **as well as not succumbing to the programming that comes about as a result.** Traditional material that I've read doesn't put an emphasis on how to spot – and thus dodge – an impending abduction. For that reason, this is a very useful subject to get into:

- **Urges to go lie down, sleep, or even drive somewhere.** Feeling uncharacteristically tired out of nowhere with an urge to "go lie down" can be a tip off to an impending abduction if you know that you're an abductee. More unusual and suspicious is the urge to drive someplace you'd never normally go, with no logical explanation for why you're doing that. I get into this a bit more in Parts II & III. Also

getting the urge to take an unusual route when traveling, a lonely road late at night, etc. That's why being aware and alert is so important, so we can question urges or ideas that we get, instead of just blindly responding to them like puppets on a string!

- **Intuition/Sixth Sense.** Some people have a natural psychic ability and a highly attuned third eye that can clue them in when something is wrong. I've experienced the "bad feeling" before an attempted abduction or when an entity was around in the area, lurking in the wings. So always pay attention to your gut intuition if something feels off or wrong before going to bed, or in any situation.

- **Number sightings/ear tones/synchronicities.** Can be hyper-dimensional precursors as well as post-abduction markers. An abductee may begin noticing that during particular times, certain numbers will keeping popping up around them, or that they'll get ear tones, a spate of synchronicities, deja vus, and so on. Ear tones – if you can rule out tinnitus and other possible explanations – may often be the result of monitoring if you're an abductee. And number sightings, deja vus, synchs and so on can indicate hyperdimensional timeline maneuvering/manipulation. Being that abductions are often hyperdimensional in nature, they leave markers in their wake – happenings that seem beyond 3rd density. I expand on number sightings, synchronicities and ear tones later on in this write up.

- **Pets acting strange.** Cats, dogs, horses, etc. have been known to exhibit out of character behavior when something unnatural is amiss. Many times when an entity has been around in the vicinity my cat has been known to act wacky. Animals are highly telepathic and psychic - cats especially - and have the ability to see things that humans cannot. So if you're an abductee, pay attention when and if your animal companion(s) exhibit strange and unusual behavior.

- **Patterns to your abductions.** Discussed later on in this piece, but often times, especially for MILABS targets, their abductions seem to run on a schedule. So if you've discovered what yours is, then be on the ball during those times of the month.

After effects

Since abduction memories are zapped and/or naturally or artificially compartmentalized, you have to look for other indicators after the fact that show "something" has happened. The following list includes a few of the main symptoms to be on the look out for, and runs the gambit from physical to psychological. Some of these items will be familiar to those who've studied up on the subject…some however will not. I haven't seen some of these things mentioned anywhere else, although they are compiled from my own personal experience or from other abductees' experiences:

- **Heightened psychic abilities/psychic surging**. Reading minds of those closest to you, knowing about things before they happen, premonitions, etc., but specifically when you're suddenly doing this all day long out of nowhere, and/or when it lasts for several days in a row. I have a theory that it could partly be the residual after effects of being used for psychic/remote viewing work in the instance of MILABs. Could also be the natural residuals of abductions in general.

- **Psychological agitation and stress.** Feeling traumatized and stressed out, nerves on edge, being skittish and jumpy – when nothing has happened that you're consciously aware of that could explain the feelings. On a side note, if your pets are unusually skittish, jumpy or agitated at the same time you're experiencing it as well, this means something. It may not always be in regards to abductions, possibly you (and your pets) are psychically tuning in to something else that's non-abduction related. But if you are an abductee, then it's something to keep in mind. There have been times where both my cat and I were jumpy/traumatized during the same several days' time period. It always makes me wonder whether she can remember what I can't.

- **Programming urges.** Covered more in depth later on in this write up, but feeling urges to do things that are out of character. An urge to drive somewhere or go someplace you wouldn't normally visit, or engage in an action that is unlike your normal behavior. Can be indicative of **post-hypnotic, post-abduction programming commands.**

- **Personality shift.** Feeling markedly different from your normal self for no logical reason.

- **Being in a blank daze, stupor.** Feeling like you could just lie around and stare at the walls and do nothing for abnormally long stretches of time, no motivation, creativity or will to do anything, with no reason for it. Repeatedly slipping into a trance-like state way too easily throughout the day. These can all be signs that you were recently in a deep trance and may not have fully emerged from it, or possibly were drugged, programmed, etc.

- **Physical ailments and anomalies**. Waking up feeling drugged, or like you were "run over by a train" as I put it; having pink eye, nosebleeds, and pains in your body; anomalous bruises and geometric shaped markings, punctures, scoop marks, rashes, lumps, burns or scratches that weren't there before you went to bed; if you're a female, experiencing pains in your uterus area and other abnormal problems with your reproductive organs. There is a section on my website that expands more in depth on these anomalous markings, and includes photos of some of my own marks for illustration: **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-markings**

- **Missing time**. One of the most commonly known indicators. Either arriving someplace with several hours missing that can't be accounted for, or waking up feeling as if it's only been several seconds/minutes since you went to bed, when in fact it may have been 10-12 hours and you have no dream memories in between. And more so if you normally don't sleep for that long and normally have dreams, and especially when you have some of the other telltale abduction indicators going on in conjunction.

- **Strange dreams.** Having strange and unusual "dreams" – and I put that in quotes for a reason - can be an indicator of having been taken. Dreams are sometimes anything but, so examine your dreams closely, and if they occur in conjunction with any of the indicators on this list, then it's definitely suspect.

- **Reversed in bed**. Little kids seem to experience this more than adults, but it seems "something" either has difficulty getting the coordinates right when putting somebody back in their bed, or they're deliberately putting people back reversed in their bed, outside the covers. I have my own experiences with this as a kid, relayed in Part II. Related to this is when abductees wake with their clothes on backwards and/or inside out, items of clothing missing that they were wearing when

they went to sleep, or even having grass and mud on their night clothes, as if they had been outside.

- **Waking up suddenly**, gasping, as if just plunked back into your bed; Waking up with a cold body even if the room is warm, or feeling as if drugged, even though you're not sick and haven't done anything to create that feeling; Waking with residual images of aliens and other suspicious images in your mind; Waking up after having only slept for several hours but feeling as if you never slept at all, full of clear headed energy, with no memories of dreams. (This last item is a definitely an indicator of being taken if you're somebody who normally does dream, and/or feels groggy and tired upon waking.) These have all happened to me.

- **Number sightings/ear tones/synchronicities.** Can be hyper-dimensional precursors as well as post-abduction markers. I've gotten number sightings and ear ringings both before and after an abduction.

- **Things tampered with.** Noticing that stuff around your living quarters has been moved around or tampered with in some way, and you know that you didn't do it; extra miles put on your car as if you were driving it even though you have no memories of doing so. I haven't experienced the car thing luckily, but it's been mentioned in other people's writings so I'm mentioning it here.

Methods for Taking the Abductee

There are several methods that I'm aware of for taking a MILAB. The first two that you'll see in the following list seem to get all the focus at the expense of the other two – which are actually the ones that may be more common than we realize. Let's review:

"Smash and Grab"

Pretty much the only method I've seen mentioned with regards to MILABs – but which I know is not the only one - is what I've nicknamed the **"smash and grab"** method. This is where, according to the research, military Special Forces type personnel burst silently into your home, guns drawn, and stealthily make their way over and grab you. From there, they haul you outside and toss you into an awaiting

van, then drive to a helicopter and fly to the base, or just drive directly to the base itself.

It seems like a lot of work, but yet, that's practically all we ever hear. For the past several years I scoffed at this idea only because to me, it seemed rather antiquated. Later I did eventually recall my own possible "smash and grab" memory from 1995, which confirmed that maybe this does happen. But more on that in Part II.

Drive to them

Another snagging method I've discovered involves **getting the abductee to come to them**, or at least, as close to them as they can get. The abductee suddenly experiences an urge to take a trip to some place on a whim that just so happens to be located near a base. Now that the target is in such close proximity to "them", possibly the targets gets a smash and grab visit. It's something to keep in mind if you're an abductee, and a good reason to pay close attention to all your thoughts, urges and ideas, which I reiterate several times throughout this write up. It's because they may not be your own.

"Beam me up…"

The most interesting method of taking a MILAB is the one we're not hearing about. It's the one involving **"Beam me up" technology.** Maybe abductees just aren't aware of it, or possibly it's deliberately being suppressed. But I believe it exists and that it's in use, and it's one way in which I, and my brother have been taken. I do have one experience that occurred in Portland Oregon in 2001/02, which seems to illustrate the existence of this technology. And a few times while living in Florida I had the roundabout indicators of having arrived suddenly back into my bed.

"Beam me up" technology wouldn't work in the sense of breaking somebody down to the molecular level and then moving those molecules to another location. When I thought about it several years ago I came up with a **(very basic)** scenario that seems to better represent how this technology might actually operate. And keep in mind that this is coming from a person with absolutely no science or physics background, so, I'm not professing to understand it on a complicated level. !!! But possibly what happens is they tune in to

your body and change your frequency, shifting you to a frequency that matches the receiving end, allowing you to slip through a doorway or portal, and emerge on the other side. How that portal is created is in itself a whole side topic, implying some nifty high tech quantum physics capabilities. I had an intuitive insight/image in my mind that accompanied this realization, which I doodled on a notebook at the time, showing portals in realms lining up enabling the person to "slip through." So possibly it's all about frequency adjustment, like changing the radio dial. The dial has to be changed if they're going to pull you to them.

Soul/"subtle body" abductions

Growing up, the only type of abduction I'd ever heard of were physical examinations taking place onboard a UFO. Later on, it was physical "smash and grab" style military abductions. Only at the age of 27 did I hear for the first time about something called **"soul abductions,"** where your subtle body/astral essence is removed from your body and brought to another realm. From there, etheric implants can be attached, programming can be done, and so on. At first it sounded so farfetched that I was immediately skeptical, like, yeah, right, sure. How to you implant and program energy?? Eventually I had to consider the possibility once I began experiencing more overt abduction harassment that involved me clearly being pulled out of my body (discussed in Part II). And then I eventually did come across some better material on the subject, namely the work of the late Karla Turner who talked about aliens plucking people's energy essences, transferring them to cloned bodies, and so on. So, while people very well may be taken onboard a UFO during an abduction, soul/subtle body abductions seem to be a very real concept as well, but you won't find reference to it in most sources. **Having knowledge of this mode of abductions may fill in some holes for people out there who know that they're being taken, but yet, know that their experiences do not fit in with the standard UFO lore as we've been taught.** I'm also wondering if the advanced human black ops factions have figured out how to do this, being that they seem to be involved in some other, really far out "stuff."

Mind Control Programming

In this section I will review the basic methods for programming and compartmentalizing a target.

Trauma-based mind control

Once we know who's getting targeted, and by whom, and the possible why's, we have to look at how programming of a subject is accomplished. There are enough (now outdated) materials floating about in the world which amply cover the subject of the government's secret mind control programs over the past few decades, so I won't re-tread over a well worn area. But I do want to provide a brief overview into what government/trauma-based mind control is, taken from my website **http://in2worlds.net/mind-control-themes-and-programming-triggers-in-movies** and based on various materials I've researched, for those who are new to the topic:

> "The premise of government-sponsored trauma-based mind control is to compartmentalize the brain, and then use techniques to access the different sections of the brain while the subject is hypnotized. Entire systems can be embedded into a person's mind, each with its own theme, access codes and trigger words. Some of the most common and popular symbolisms and themes in use are **Alice in Wonderland,** (illusion inversion dream world) Peter Pan (never grow old) and **The Wizard of Oz** (over the rainbow), **mirrors, fractured mirrors/glass, porcelain/harlequin masks, the phoenix/phoenix rising, rainbows, butterflies, carousels, cages, keys and locks, puppets/marionettes and dolls** (dehumanization, you're not in control of yourself), trees (and willow trees in particular), tornadoes, **spirals/helixes, castles,** rings, hexagons/honeycombs (the honeycomb compartments of the mind), **hallways and doors, elevators and stairs** (especially spiral). (The halls, doors, elevators and stairs represent accessing compartments in the mind.) Numbers, colors and music are also heavily used for additional programming and accessing specific compartments of the brain, and are just as important.
>
> Programming centers around the concept of **inverted reality and illusion**, where nothing is at it appears to be, where up is down, yes is no, pain is pleasure, and reality and dreams are blurred. **Not being able to determine what's real and what's illusion/dream/fake is a big**

theme used in mind control to get targets to give up on reality and succumb to alter-ego programming. Word play and puns also factor in heavily.

A mind splitting into alternate personas usually occurs when the victim is subjected to repetitive abuse and horrors it can't cope with. The mind fractures into compartments designed to "house" the traumas that the main personality can't handle. These alternate personas can be brought to the forefront of the mind when needed to take on whatever trauma is happening. The abuse can happen to a person (usually child) in the every day real world, (usually at the hands of abusive parents and caretakers).

However there are certain "Powers That Be" who have perfected the technique of artificially splitting and programming people's minds through the use of technology, drugs, hypnosis, electroshock and trauma. In this case, the targets are said to military personnel (usually Intelligence) and their immediate family used for experimentation, and the closely intertwined MILABS (military abductees); society's throw away kids, teens and young adults who were plucked from detention centers, the streets or sold into programs by their own parents; entertainment industry performers, etc., among the various people and groups used. The artificially split mind is run exactly like a computer program, complete with its own theme and trigger codes and access words. It can be turned on and off like a switch, and the programmer/handler has complete control over what the system themes and trigger words will be. The alternate persona won't emerge unless the trigger word/song/phrase is given. The victim is fully functional in society and won't even know they have this aspect of themselves buried within their subconscious…."

In addition to all of the above, mind control programming will often times involve instilling repetitive commands into the target's mind, with reinforcement of the commands. And as overly simplistic as the method sounds, it's actually pretty effective. Any hypnotist knows and can demonstrate the power of a post-hypnotic suggestion, so imagine that in conjunction with drugs and even electroshock reinforcement. However, this type of programming doesn't have to be accomplished in person, apparently. In Part II I mention my own instances of waking up and catching them in the act of instilling repetitive programming in my mind…while I slept, taking advantage

of my suggestible sleep state, possibly via implants or beaming technology.

Something I was recently pondering on is how I apparently show signs of having multiple "personas" (versus full on personalities), and at one point experienced an accident emergence of one of those personas while at work (mentioned in Part III in the section "Multiple Personalities vs. Multiple Personas) so it clearly seems that this programming is going on in my life, especially factoring in everything else around it, as mentioned in this book. And yet, growing up I did not show outward signs of physical trauma being done to me, the way many mind control targets will who will have markings and injuries on the body (burns, cuts, etc.) and illness. So at first glance it seems ludicrous for me to think I could have ever experienced something of the sort. At best, I've only experienced anomalous markings on my body as an adult, bruises, light scratches and such that weren't there when I went to bed the night before. So what gives? And not to sound like I'm trying to make something fit here, because trust me, nobody "wants" to be a target of this, but one thing I've realized is that trauma-based mind control wouldn't have to involve actual *physical* trauma. If a target has to be out functioning in the world, not drawing attention to themselves then the deed can be accomplished in other ways. Putting the target into extremely stressful lose-lose psychological situations is one that comes to mind, probably involving harm coming to somebody/something else, rather than themselves, and where they can't cope and just break down and fragment off. That's very easy in fact, probably easier than the use of straight up physical pain I'd imagine. So that's something to keep in mind. Mind control targets are varied, some are kept primarily behind-the-scenes where markings and the resulting physical harm and illness of the body is "okay," while others have to be out there in the world, and not have overt indications that would trigger unwanted attention. All of which means, **techniques may vary, depending on who they're dealing with.**

When you do the research, you'll come across a lot of references to trauma-based mind control in the older generation, the "Monarchs," if you will. When reading books on the subject as well as perusing message board threads, I've noticed a proliferation of people who were being taken and programmed this way as kids back in the 1950's and 60's. Parents selling their kids to government programs thinking they

were being patriotic, stories of being herded out of school in the middle of the day and put on busses to be taken to programming facilities, kids who were abused through their churches and high up "Illuminati" circles, people who claim to have been programmed by Josef Mengele himself, aka "Dr. Green" and so on. Really eye opening, shocking stuff. Whether true or not, I don't know, but Project Monarch is a biggie…but it's also going to be outdated, keep in mind. We need to find out how they're doing their operations now, in the present. While some groups/factions may still be using the old fashioned, "Project Paperclip/Nazi holdover" style of hands-on trauma programming, keep in mind that technology has come a long way in the past 30-40 years, and has probably replaced much of the old methods.

On a side note, this is probably as good a section as any to address the fact that those who've undergone programming, as covert and under the radar as it may be, will probably still have various personality quirks and behavior/mood issues going on. So one of the things I've wondered is whether mind control (and being messed with in general) **may cause many of the same traits as various psychological disorders.** And I don't say this to try to blame mind control and abductions on everything, invalidating the idea that some people out there really do have imbalances going on. But maybe some people who've been diagnosed as having certain disorders really don't, and in fact, are MILABS and mind control targets. As noted elsewhere in this write up, mind control utilizes technology that allows "voices" to be beamed into targets' minds, mimicking a trait commonly associated with **schizophrenia.** Residual amped up energy from abductions, depression from negative programming, delusions of infallible grandeur due to criminal agent provocateur programming, etc. all mimic various traits of **bi-polar disorder.** There's also the idea that programming possibly could be cleverly hidden behind pre-existing chemical/hormonal/psychological issues within the target, or, genuine chemical/psych issues may in turn be aggravated by programming, becoming magnified when they otherwise wouldn't. So, something to consider.

Then there's the issue of deprogramming. I don't even touch on that in this book, because honestly I know nothing about it, and it's a huge subject that's better left to people who know what they're talking about. I still have yet to go under hypnosis to try to retrieve my own

abduction memories. I'm not entirely sure that one can be fully deprogrammed and patched back up. An attempt at something like that would require enormous amounts of time, money and energy with a skilled hypnotherapist who's well versed in navigating through compartmentalized systems and alters. Not to sound pessimistic but, good luck there. It's not exactly like you can find someone like that by flipping open your local Yellow Pages.

My belief is that if somebody would like to get started right **now**, for free, making some sort of progress on themselves, then start first by removing sources of triggering from your life, be it toxic situations and people, the media (which is a BIG avenue of triggering), etc. Those are two important biggies right there. And then work at becoming more mindful in life, alert and aware of all thoughts, ideas, and urges. Question and analyze everything you think or do in order to make sure you're not acting on programming. The more you do this, the more you strengthen your mind, and the more control you gain over yourself.

Soul Fragmentation

Something else that seems to create the same effect as trauma based mind control is the phenomena known as "soul fragmentation." Not everybody believes in a soul, or things relating to spirituality, so this could be considered controversial. But the concept of soul fragmentation is exactly what it sounds like – the soul fragmenting off, due to traumatic life events. In mind control research the concept is typically understood as the mind fracturing and compartmentalizing into different personas, but in fact it may be the soul fracturing off, and/or being joined by other soul fragments, known as soul/entity attachments. Several books that I recommend for further research into this subject would be:

Remarkable Healings – A Psychiatrist Discovers Unsuspected Roots of Mental and Physical Illness - Shakuntali Modi, M.D.

Soul Retrieval – Mending the Fragmented Self – Sandra Ingerman

Spirit Releasement Therapy – A Technique Manual – William J. Baldwin, PhD.

I'm sure there are other works out there relating to this subject, those just happen to be three that we have on our bookshelf here at home that provide an excellent starting place. At this stage in my research I tend to think that what's actually happening with mind control and multiple personas/personalities involves the functions of the soul, more so than the brain, although there's definitely the possibility that it could involve a mix of both psychology and soul. The reason I tentatively conclude this is because psychology has never really been able to solve the problem of fully integrating a fragmented and traumatized personality. However, the practices of soul retrieval and spirit releasement apparently have, with great success. So this may be the viable alternative to seeking out costly and time consuming psychological integration therapies. From what I've read, if done right with a skilled shaman or practioner, soul retrievals can produce results within only one session, and even better, the shaman/practioner doesn't need to be knowledgeable in the subject of mind control in order to do it. But I leave it up to the reader to draw their own conclusions after doing the research.

Blocking and Erasing Memories

In the case of MILABs, the research is showing that drugs, hypnosis and electroshock are the common modes of operation not only for programming, but for wiping out the abductee's memories of the event. However, memories do manage to make it through despite that. In my own experience there's what I call memory surging, which I haven't read about anywhere so far. It's where you know that "something" has happened, and the memory repeatedly tries to surge forth, but it can't fully come out due to blocking techniques that keep things compartmentalized and under the surface. I describe a good example of this in the section called "Manipulated Jobs" in Part III. Still other times, bits and pieces of memory flashes do manage to leak through, illustrated in Part II, under "Actual Memories."

Let's start first with an overview of drugs, electroshock and hypnosis in eliminating memories, and their pros and cons:

- **Drugs.** From Fritz Springmeier's "The Illuminati Formula for Creating a Totally Undetectable Mind Control Slave": "The CIA/Illuminati programming centers have more than 600-700 different

drugs at their disposal...they can make a person feel like he is in heaven, or burning in hell. The drugs are at times used with elaborate light, sound and motion shows that produce whatever effect the programmer wants to produce. They can make a person believe he is shrinking, or that he is double (with mirrors) or that he is dying…"

Fritz goes on to name a comprehensive list of drugs that are supposedly in use, notes that there are new synthetic versions now available for some, and also mentions that Cannabis, aka Marijuana, is "not used much in Monarch Programming because it IMPEDES mind control." Interesting.

I imagine the cons of drug use in programming and memory erasing is that an abductee who is put back into the "real world" may have residual after effects of drug usage, which would clue the target in that something has happened to them. Not good, or practical, if the abductee needs to work and function in the real world and/or if "stuff" intends to keep the situation as covert as possible. In Part II I recount how residual drug leftovers seems to have happened with me on at least one occasion.

❈ **Electroshock.** Again, from Fritz : "…Stun guns, staffs with hidden electric cattle prods, and cattle prods are frequently used on the slaves. Electroshock is used to create the dissociation from trauma during the programming, and later it is used to remove memories after the slave has carried out a mission, or to instill fear and obedience in a reluctant slave. A slave often shows electroshock marks on their feet, or back, or buttock or legs after they have been used. An owner of a slave will ordinarily carry a stun gun. This is perhaps a 120,000 DC volt stun gun **to erase & compartmentalize memories**, but some of the stun guns go up to 200,000 volts DC….**After giving programming instructions they will usually give a high voltage shock to the base of the skull to imbed the instructions deep in the subconscious. They often use hypnotic cues along with the shock…The shock destroys and scrambles the memory which is still stored in the short term memory section of the brain.** They must shock the person within 24 hours, to insure that the short term memory doesn't get into the long term memory as a coherent memory…"

I bolded that last part in light of one of my own post-abduction situations where I was in a blank stupor for a whole week, left with a lump on the **base of my skull,** and how when I touched it I

immediately had the **very loud instruction/cue** of "IT'S JUST A SPIDER BITE!!!" yell through my mind, complete with an image of a black and yellow orb spider. (more details about this coming up later.) So it all uncannily matches up to what he's saying. He goes on to describe one way that these electroshock prod marks can appear on the body: "The bruise on the buttocks will be **black and blue spots** about 1 ½" diameter each." I found all of this interesting because of my own anomalous circular, deep purple colored bruises that have periodically appeared on (**hidden)** areas of my legs, usually following a suspected abduction. My bruises are a little smaller than what Fritz describes though. On one occasion, one of them was coincidentally surrounded by highly sensitive leg hair stubble that was painful to the touch and sticking straight out. The other leg stubble was normal.

- **Hypnosis.** Hypnosis is a very convenient way to instill programming into somebody's mind, requiring trigger codes to access the blocked off areas…but it may not be the best way to ensure total elimination of the programming session memory itself. As mentioned in Carla Emery's "Secret, Don't Tell", unless the programmer covers all bases, every time, they are bound to slip up sooner or later, allowing for memories to get past the target. For that reason, drugs and electroshock are added to the mix with a military abductee, and possibly the joint military/alien endeavors, to ensure proper compartmentalization.

It kind of surprised me to read (and have personal evidence for the fact) that "they" would have to resort to good old fashioned drugs, zapping and commands considering the advanced technology at their disposal. I would have thought that they would have devised more sophisticated methods. But if it isn't broke, then don't fix it I guess….

Dreams, reality context and the "assemblage point"

An interesting concept relating to abduction memory loss that ties into metaphysics, and may be something that occurs during MILABs/alien abductions, is what's known as **"shifting the assemblage point**." The assemblage point, as taught by those who practice the Toltec path, is where our normal awareness lies during our every day lives. Through our lifelong experiences, as dictated by our parents, peers, school and society as a whole, we become locked into a particular set view of reality – known as our assemblage point. It's the

reason we aren't usually able to see the other realms, or why some children start out being able to see spirits and auras, and over time, lose that ability. We get squelched down and stifled, discouraged and pushed into a box that locks us into a set way of seeing and viewing reality. When we dream however, our assemblage point naturally shifts slightly, enabling some of the strange nocturnal experiences that many people experience. A Toltec warrior, through the help of a nagual (similar to a shaman) practices being able to shift their assemblage point at will – while they are awake – to be able to access those other realms that are not normally available to us. There's one catch though, as noted by author Carlos Castaneda – when shifting back into the normal assemblage point position, the memories of everything that was done, said or experienced while in the altered assemblage point position state is forgotten! **Only when shifting the assemblage point back again can those memories be accessed.** And then it becomes a situation of "How could I have forgotten everything I did the last time I was 'here'!" Carlos experienced that amnesia split and mentions it in several of his books.

Does this sound familiar? Sounds very much like the whole **compartmentalized mind** thing to me. So possibly another aspect of what's happening when an abductee is taken during alien/MILABs encounters involves a natural **shifting of the assemblage point**. If abductors are taking targets to bases or locations that are straddling different densities or realms, putting the abductee into an altered state of awareness and consciousness, then those targets may very well experience a natural shifting of their assemblage point, which would further help to compartmentalize their memories and experiences.

I tend to actually think this may be a big part of what's happening, and my boyfriend Tom, a lifelong abductee, remembers experiencing this as a young child. At the start of his abductions he would be confused as to what was happening, but as soon as things would begin kicking in, all the previous memories would come flooding back to the surface, leaving him with the feeling of "I can't believe that I forgot!" Each and every time this would happen. Kind of like that other reality is put on hold while he was back in "the real world." It's identical to what Carlos Castaneda describes when remembering his compartmentalized experiences while in his various assemblage point positions.

Memory surging

As mentioned earlier, there's what I call **"memory surging."** This is when the memory of an abduction event is trying desperately to break through to the surface of the conscious mind, but **feels as if it's repeatedly running into a "roof" or "ceiling."** The knowledge of the event is there, and it nearly comes through…you can even get a feeling around it, manufactured positive, or outright negative…but it's impossible to access the actual memory. I've experienced this on two particular occasions, and it creates a maddening feeling. I'm not sure what causes "surging," versus memories being completely wiped out without a trace. Possibly it's the technique being used – maybe certain techniques for memory erasing are more effective than others, and have different results.

In other cases, actual memory flashes do manage to pop through, not triggered by anything in particular – only to immediately disappear back under the surface again. I've experienced this a couple of times and have heard other abductees describe it. And these memories may spontaneously pop back up to the surface yet again at a later time, reminding you that Hey!....you had this memory before, but lost it! It's just amazing to see the effects of programming at work like that, and the tug-of-war struggle going on in the brain. My suggestion is to carry a little notebook and pen with you wherever you go in case you experience spontaneous memory recall, this way you can jot it down before it's lost again…which it usually will be. You may find, like I did, that you have strong programming instilled to deter you from focusing on the fact that you're having this recollection – but I think this can be conquered. Once you're aware that you're occasionally remembering random flashes, but have programming instilled telling you to ignore them, then it's just a matter of combating it by honing your awareness and mental alertness.

Admittedly it's not going to always work though, like the incident that happened to me recently. I was lying in bed and started to remember something about another life that I lead (possibly programmed compartmentalized alter?) It was there, popping to the surface, a veil of amnesia was lifting and I could touch the beginnings of memories of another double existence. The impression I got in that brief moment was like dream-time compartmentalization. When I'm "over there" in that life, whatever it is, this life here is like a dream

that's not real. And when I'm over here, I have no conscious memories of that one over there. But then just as suddenly as it rose to the surface it was gone, and I couldn't get it back. Totally maddening!! All I was left with was the intellectual knowing that this had happened.

And then I've had my own actual abduction memory flashes that emerged due to something triggering the recall, instances of which are detailed in Part II. How can this happen, how would a memory make it past the erasing process? Well, what I've noticed is that in most of my memory flashes, what defined these flashes was that **something very specific was attracting my total focused and curious/frightened interest,** independent of "their" direction**…..**and sometimes in spite of it. And maybe that pulled me back up into conscious awareness during the abduction just long enough to make an indelible stamp onto my brain that even the erasing techniques couldn't later eliminate…? Either that, or it **pulled me back into my normal, conscious waking life's assemblage point position**, as explained in the previous section, which is why I could remember the memory flash – ie, access it – during normal waking life.

Screen memories

There's a notable aspect to military abductions: using "aliens" as a screen memory to cover their actions. I've come across talk of an increase in rogue military units abducting people, programming/abusing them, then using alien screens to mask the activity. If the military black ops want to snag you but they don't want you to remember anything that might incriminate them, then using an alien screen is perfect cover. Some people actually enjoy the idea of being taken by aliens, and so if they believe they're being taken by the Grays, then they may willingly allow it to happen again and again and put up no resistance to being abducted…**not realizing of course, that they're actually being taken and programmed by humans.** For others it's the exact opposite - the idea of coming forward and admitting to anybody that they were possibly taken by "space aliens" is so humiliating and unacceptable that they will just keep quiet. It's "alien screen memories as built in no-talk insurance."

This whole subject can get a little screwy, because a screen memory could be the military abduction using "aliens" as a screen memory, or

maybe an "alien" abduction using the "military" as a screen memory. Basically a situation of "stuff" tricking people into believing they had experiences that they didn't…which then can lead to abductees going out into the world to propagate what they **believe** they know to be true about their situation, and then promote the things they were told or shown during their abductions. It's in my opinion that this is actually a big part of what's going on with regards to the pro-alien authors and channelers out there in the world. I don't think their experiences are always what they'd like to believe they are.

I've had my own experience with what seems to be Gray alien screen memories following my first ever consciously realized abduction in October, 2001, coming up in Part II. The images of Gray alien faces were like literal wallpaper in my mind's eye, and every time I closed my eyes I was inundated with images of Grays from all angles. This lasted for several days before finally trickling off. I knew something had happened and that I'd obviously been abducted, but something felt off and wrong about these non-stop images. It seemed forced. Like something desperately wanted me to believe that I'd been taken by "Gray aliens!" They were trying too hard, and in their overzealousness to get me to see "Grays!" they overshot it and only wound up making me suspicious. Which leads to…

Overzealous programming attempts

Sometimes I've encountered programming attempts that left me shaking my head, like, Did they actually think I would fall for that…?! Wow. But then I had to realize that the reason they did it was because **it *does* apparently work…on others.**

The modes of operation of humans in abductions often times reminds me of the way neg entities operate. Neg entities have a formulaic blue print that they go by, using the same tactics on everybody across the board. They lack creative capabilities, and so don't vary their attack/harassment strategies to custom fit you, the free thinking individual with a complex personality. I noticed this on my own regarding neg entities, and later read confirmation for this in the highly recommended book "Practical Psychic Self Defense" by Robert Bruce. And the same mode of operation often times goes for humans/hybrids in military/black ops abductions…surprisingly.

My aforementioned Gray screen memories that went overboard to the point of ridiculousness are probably typical of how they attempt to brainwash a subject to have images in their mind that will reinforce particular ideas.

Several days after another abduction in 2002, which I'll expand on in Part II, I discovered a painless lump on the base of my skull; I unconsciously went hunting for it, my fingers searching under my hair until I found it. And when I did, I had the very loud and immediate commanding thought that **"IT'S JUST A SPIDER BITE!"** accompanied by a very large and sudden image in my mind of a black and yellow orb spider. !! Talk about obvious. Hello. **But again, the reason they did that is because it means it *does* work…on other people.** People, somewhere, are obviously just believing what they're being programmed to believe. They're lacking the alertness and strong conscious mindset required to stop and notice and question things. "Oh, okay, yeah, huh, spider bite, okay…" and they're off to the next thing, in a dazed stupor.

Since the original writing of this book I've received an email from a woman who identifies herself as a MILAB, saying she has experienced the "IT'S JUST A SPIDER BITE!" voice/programming in her own mind. It was in response to touching a lump on her skull, as well as a mysterious puncture wound on her neck. She said there were other things I discuss in this book that she has also experienced, but she focused on that in her email because it's so specific and unusual. I could tell from her tone that it was exciting for her to read that. She's the only other person I've heard this from, but even if it's just one other it means it's definitely something. It validates for me that this book really can be helpful in providing corroboration for people.

I've also woken up to catch them in the act of programming me with negative thought patterns, also outlined in Part II. This can be accomplished via implant and/or microwave technology I imagine, though there may be other methods. This is very important to be aware of because these negative thought pattern programs are designed to go straight into the subconscious. You won't consciously remember them, but their detrimental effects will become obvious in your waking life as moods may plummet, or there's an attitude change towards one or more relationships in one's life, or one no longer has the enthusiasm for things they used to have, or begins developing a negative self image, etc. I happened to be lucky enough to wake up in

the middle of it on two occasions, otherwise I would have had no clue that something like this was happening. It doesn't mean that every single shift in mood or personality fluctuation should be blamed on programming, you don't want to fall into that paranoid victimization habit. It just means be mindful of this as a possibility when things shift and change. If a shift/change is very sudden, happening overnight, and lasts beyond something that could be excused as hormonal or health-related, with no apparent cause, then it's certainly suspect.

So, be on the lookout for their overzealous programming attempts. They're not as all powerful as one might imagine them to be if they're blatantly getting caught like that. Keep your mind alert, and question everything. Get in the habit of scrutinizing and questioning, if you don't already. They don't like aware, alert people, because **an aware alert person is one with higher instances of failed programming attempts**, and who can even wake up in the middle of programming, as well as consciously overriding programmed urges. So be that person. It is possible.

Virtual reality/dream time programming

The article "MILABS Operations" by James Bartley, listed in my "Recommended Reading" section, gets into one component not often heard in the research – the virtual reality/dream time programming of MILABS targets. I get into it more later in this book with regards to how it's used for "end times programming," but for this section I want to talk about MILABS who claim to have memories of being used for **dangerous black ops reconnaissance type missions.** I've come across several references now to MILABS who've supposedly had this sort of thing happening to them, where the shadow government is using its mind controlled subjects to do illegal dirty work in other countries in Central and South America for instance. The MILABS are supposedly used to go after drug lords, or to do some sort of rescue operation, wielding automatic weapons where they get to put their training to use, dodging bullets in crazy shootouts, and so on. On the surface it sounds plausible – these people are being given training, so, it must be for a reason. And the government can't use its own legitimate paid personnel for illegal clandestine operations in other countries. So, that's what the MILABS could be used for…right?

Well, I don't know. I have my doubts.

In reading these accounts – which are always taken at face value by the targets as having been real experiences that they lived through in their alternate double life – my intuition always kicks in and leaves me thinking, "ummm….nooooo….I don't know about this…." I don't necessarily believe these women are lying (although of course you never know….) and they come across as if they really believe these things happened to them. The accounts are very detailed and full of high action. It's just that I don't think that they really happened. Call me skeptical, but I just don't think that these women, even with the best "secret training," could survive through what they supposedly are put through. In one book in particular the female author's high action secret operative account disintegrated into a very dream-like quality, and didn't feel real to me at all when reading it. Which brings us back to James Bartley's article where he discusses the dream time and virtual reality component of MILABS programming.

> "A grey area exists as far as determining whether certain training experiences are conducted in the dense physical state or in the astral state or in the dreamscape. Sometimes the training may be a literal "theater of the mind" wherein the milab is physically sleeping in his bed but a complex and vivid virtual reality scenario is playing out in his or her mind that seemingly involves a lot of physical activity. The milab controllers, like the aliens and reptilians before them, can create extremely vivid "stage managed dreams" within the minds of sleeping people.
>
> "Even seasoned milabs with a high degree of conscious awareness and dream lucidity can't always be sure if a particular training session is in the dense physical state, astral state or if it is a virtual reality scenario."

Further in the article he writes:

> "One milab described running up a hill with two female milab friends. They were being pursued by two men wearing dark woodland pattenr camouflage uniforms with black ski masks pulled over their faces. They were armed with automatic weapons. The male milab received the telepathic message that the two gunmen are part of a "Serbian Assassination Group." [….] As the milabs ran uphill towards a large number of boulders and relative safety, one of the milab women was shot in the head.

> "The male milab looked down at his close friend and noticed that the top of her head was blown off and was clearly dead. The other female milab was wailing in anguish and wanted to stay with the body of her friend. The male milab knew there was nothing they could do for their friend [….] As much as it pained him, he grabbed the surviving female milab by the arm and pulled her up towards the safety of the boulders. A couple of days later, the three milabs spoke on the phone about this training experience. The gal who had her head blown off didn't remember the experience while the two "survivors" did. (This training exercise was obviously some kind of virtual reality training experience.) The two who remember their friend getting killed were emotionally overwrought during the training scenario. The male milab even remembers telling himself over and over during the experience that he hoped it was some kind of training scenario he was involved in and "was not real."

I bring attention to this because the virtual reality/dream time aspect of MILABS programming isn't really being discussed by anybody else that I'm aware of, and for that reason it needs all the highlighted attention it can get. Most MILABS aren't aware of it either, as evidenced by some of the books I've read where authors took their experiences at literal face value. So it's something to keep in mind when reading MILABS supposed accounts of clandestine black ops reconnaissance missions in exotic countries being presented as actual physical experiences that they really lived through. Things are not always what they seem to be. Dream programming and manipulation is a whole subject in itself, and so I expand on the subject in Part III, in the section called **"Dreamtime Manipulation."**

Implants

I believe that every abductee is implanted. It goes with the territory, so it's a useful subject to look into. But admittedly I'm no expert on the subject, other than I'm aware that there are both physical and etheric implants, and that they serve a variety of purposes including: monitoring, influencing or controlling a target's behavior/actions, implanting thoughts into minds which are not people's own, and/or even creating the "voices in the head" phenomena, and affecting a person's energy/chakras in order to impact their health or even their psychic abilities. Other than that, I'm not

much of a help. All I can do is refer people to some starter sources that seem to have something useful and insightful to say about it all.

As with any material that I recommend, it doesn't mean I agree 100% with what's being said, or the way in which an author may write or present their material, or even that I support their views on other things they write about. It just means there was enough of something interesting and informative in the one specific piece to make it worth passing along. The works that I mention here represent what I felt was a sampling on the topic, from very different people who tackle the subject in their own unique ways, but who all have the common goal of educating the public about what's happening. But as always, the reader needs to discern for themselves.

On a side note – as with all things relating to MILABs, we're probably going to have very little current and accurate information on the cutting edge technology being employed with implants. So when you embark on implant technology research, keep that in mind – you may be getting outdated, decades-old information.

"Microchip Implants, Mind Control and Cybernetics" by Rauni-Leena Luukanen-Kilde, MD. **http://www.whale.to/b/kilde.html**

"Implants: Locations – Problems – Solutions" by Lilly Ochescu. Personalized article written by a female abductee regarding both physical and etheric implant warfare. **http://educate-yourself.org/ww/implantsAlocation04may06.shtml**

Roger Leir. Site devoted to investigating – and removing - alien implants. Includes surgery photos of implant removal. **http://www.alienscalpel.com/main.htm**

"Casebook: Alien Implants" by Whitley Strieber. Book that investigates implants which have been removed from abductees. Includes photos.

"Close Encounters of the Possession Kind" – Dr. William Baldwin. Interesting book that delves into the subject of alien entity attachments, and their etheric implants and techno gadgets that they attach to their abduction target. A good book for those who believe themselves to be an abductee, but hadn't realized this component of it all.

http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/0929915224/qid=1151184587/sr=1-1/ref=sr_1_1/103-4617425-1547042?s=books&v=glance&n=283155

Wave Beaming Harassment

Microwave/scalar targeting/harassment is another component of abductions. In my own life, my boyfriend Tom and I experienced this while living in Fort Lauderdale Florida, both in his apartment and my own which we would later jointly share. The situation was so bad that it was causing **headaches, lethargy, impaired mental state, and even disrupted sleep and nightmares**. The dull aching in my head and disrupted sleep state was especially distressing for me being that I normally don't have issues with headaches, as a lot of other people apparently do, and I very much enjoy my sleep! Tom has a little gadget that detects electronic signals and he was able to determine that the electronic wave size matched that of cell phone/microwaves. But it turned out to be a lot more than just random cell phone wave pollution, as I will show in a second.

Because of the debilitating mental and physical effects these microwave/cell phone waves were having on us, up went the electrically grounded, aluminum Mylar sheeting on some of the walls. We purchased the Mylar "space blankets" (emergency blankets) for camping that anybody can buy for $2.99 at their local sporting goods store, and Tom already had the wires and alligator clips on hand to ground them electrically into the wall sockets. And while I was dismayed at the prospect of how this would cause my apartment to look – forget the idea of cool decorating when your walls are lined in Mylar – we had no choice in the matter. The situation was that bad.

Two main walls of my apartment had to have this Mylar sheeting, because those were the angles that the waves were getting us from. The third wall was shared with our next door neighbor. And we couldn't do anything about the fourth wall in the kitchen, or the kitchen area in general, because of the way things were set up. That was alright though, the most important area was where we slept, worked on the computer, and did our reading, writing and research. From the first night that we buffered the apartment with the Mylar the disrupted sleep and nightmares stopped. I slept calmly and peacefully, was headache-free, and back to my usual energetic self, able to focus clearly. I can't imagine if Tom didn't have awareness about this and

didn't have the electronic gadget to detect the waves, or the knowledge of what to do about it all. **How many other people are being targeted like this every day, effectively being put out of commission…due to lack of awareness?**

But what's even more interesting is the experiment that Tom performed back when he lived in his own apartment, where he used his signal detector to determine a) that there were waves beaming in, and b) where they were beamed in the apartment. Then he got on the floor, sandwiching himself between the stove and the counter to hide. Giving it a few minutes he finally got back up and checked around with the signal detector.

There were no microwaves coming in anymore.

However, within several minutes of being back up and moving around his apartment, the signals came back, as indicated by the detector. It was like he was being "triangulated."

Now, what are the implications of *that?* This is showing that these are "smart signals", with an intelligent source driving them. It means that it wasn't just random cell phone pollution. They were definitely being beamed by somebody or something, and for a specific reason…and only when that "something" could sense Tom's presence moving around in the apartment.

Another experiment involved determining the source angle for where the waves were coming in, putting up Mylar sheeting, then waiting for about a day or two and checking again.

The signals had shifted now, attempting to go around where they were being blocked. So again, proving there's an intelligent source behind the signal, whether automated technology or actual humans.

Microwaves being beamed at abduction targets seems to be a classic harassment tactic that I've encountered when doing research, **but we don't have to be victims of it.** People have no idea what just a couple of three dollar sheets of Mylar can do. I've read cases where people had to keep periodically moving once the harassers located them and resumed their beam attacks. But it doesn't have to be that way. A noteworthy must-read for further information on this subject would be the following, which also includes links for where to obtain the signal detector mentioned here. **http://montalk.net/conspiracy/55**

"Sickness beams"

For lack of a better term to refer to this, sickness beams are something you'll hear about when you do the research into MILABs harassment. They can be beamed in various ways, but one technique involves hovering helicopters. The target in question will soon find themselves developing some debilitating, and/or life threatening ailment to stop them in their research and take them out of the picture.

To many, this is the ultimate in fear. The sense of powerlessness it creates, and the God-like abilities that these military spooks wield is incredible. You can't beat that…right???

Wrong.

For more elaboration on this, please see Part III, "Fear in relation to the abduction experience." I elaborate in full detail about this, and other fear/harassment/elimination tactics. **We are not the helpless victims they would have us believe. We have full control over what happens to our bodies and our lives, *not them*.** Even when it comes to sickness beams. I don't care what you believe you know about how things are, I'm here to tell you that we've been programmed with self-defeating limitation, living in a reality that has been carefully manipulated at every turn to strip us of our natural abilities. You CAN fight back against even sickness beams, in my opinion. **And if the reader remembers only one thing out of this entire write up, let this be it.** Skip ahead to Part III if this is a topic of interest for you.

The World Underground

Ah, no alien/military write up would be complete without mention of the underground bases and tunnels. Hyperdimensional realms aside, there is supposedly a whole secondary layer to our reality going on now, right under our feet. Literally. There's the la-la land surface world where we're kept amused and distracted with entertainment, the media, drink/drugs, materialism and consumerism, debt, poverty and daily struggle, political distraction and wars, and then there's this whole other behind-the-scenes reality going on that most will never even get a glimpse of. If the reports of the dozens of underground bases with their cross-country connecting subterranean tunnel transport systems and alien hieroglyphics on the signs are correct, then it's safe to say that "something else" has officially taken over.

This is a topic that fascinates me the most. When I was roommating with my brother Joe (a MILAB) in Portland, Oregon in 2001, he relayed an experience of an abduction that he claimed took place in an underground base in October of that year. Here's what he relayed to me about what he saw, but as I mention in my section about "Untangling Disinformation," I'm not endorsing what he said or promoting it as gospel. I simply relay it for the reader's consideration, and also in case anybody out there has experienced something similar. It also needs to be mentioned as well that Joe wasn't a normal "MILABs" by any means, so when I'm recounting things that he saw, keep in mind he wasn't just some innocent wide-eyed MILAB target. It appears that he was re-animated, and piloted by other "stuff," making his situation above and beyond anything that most people will ever experience. It means he was a pawn of sorts, and for that reason I don't get too much into his story in this book only because I don't think the average abductee has somebody in their life that's to the level that Joe was. It was pretty extreme and out there, and would be considered the fringe of the fringe.

At any rate, Joe claimed that he was taken to a base – instant beam transport from his apartment in Portland - where he recalls seeing aliens and humans working side by side. The temperature in the base was cold, and he was being escorted down a hallway by two human males. They passed by a 6 foot + tall Amphibian creature who eyed up my brother suspiciously as they passed by. It was more like an Amphibian humanoid, and came across as being highly intelligent. Joe even imitated the way this thing eyed him up…with eyes that were more towards the side of its head. He said that everybody seemed busy, everybody had something to do. I asked him if he recalled seeing any Grays…or even Reptilians, since that's what I had just recently been reading about in David Icke's book. He said no, just these Amphibian beings. That surprised me because I'd never heard of such a thing as "amphibian aliens." It sounded ludicrous. But, the idea of amphibian beings would later be corroborated in my research, as well as bizarre genetic crossbreeding experiments in underground bases using human DNA and various creatures. So who knows.

He also recalled being taken into a room where the lighting situation was unusual. He couldn't find a source for the lighting, no light bulbs or fixtures like you might find in the "real world." Instead the walls themselves seemed to glow, lit up from within. That was

interesting to me, but again, I had no way to prove any of it. Not until almost four years later in 2005, when Tom came across a channeling source called Cosmic Awareness that corroborated this particular detail with regards to lighting in underground bases:

> "All is controlled by advanced magnetics. That includes a **magnetically induced (phosphorescent) illumination system. There are no regular light bulbs…"**
>
> "…This Awareness indicates the lighting system used as that which is painted upon the walls, or placed on the walls in a kind of paint which is affected by an electromagnetic charge that is applied, **which causes the wall to light** -- this affecting the paint on the walls and the substances that are in that painted material."

There were also hieroglyphic characters on the walls my brother reported, various symbols that he claimed to have been doodling for awhile. Later on I would find myself talking on the phone to an old blind psychic woman named Maryann that Tom had put me in touch with. She was very knowledgeable of the UFO/abduction subject and underground bases, and she asked me, "Does your brother ever doodle triangles inside circles?" I was sitting on the floor with the phone to my ear, and as she asked me that, my eyes traveled upwards to the wall in front of me with all the graffiti stuff my brother had scrawled everywhere…including a big spray painted circle with a triangle inside it. "Yeah, he does actually…I'm looking at one right now…"

During this abduction Joe claims that a wrist injury he's had since he was twelve was fixed through surgery. Back story: When Joe was twelve he broke his right wrist after falling off a swing. It was set incorrectly, so the doctors later performed a surgery to go in and re-break it and re-set it when he was thirteen. And it was never right after that. By the time he was roommating with me in California between 2000-01 he was always wearing a wrist brace, nursing a wrist and hand that were swollen red/purple and rendered almost completely useless, causing him to rely on his left hand. However when I moved up to Oregon to roommate with him in late 2001 the first thing I noticed was that his ever present wrist brace was gone. Not only that, but he was using his right hand unimpeded for the first time in years, and everything looked perfect. Surprised, I asked him

about this. He just smirked with that glossy eyed smirk he'd always get and said that They fixed it for him [during this October abduction, it turns out]. He showed me the reddish surgical line on the side of his wrist that was probably no more than a half inch in length. I think it was the outer side, but I can't remember now. Joe had no money and definitely no medical insurance to have gotten any kind of surgery or mainstream world doctor's assistance with his wrist. In fact he'd been living out of his car until only recently. But there was no doubt his wrist was perfect now, in a way it had not been since he was twelve, and in the rest of the time I knew him he never had issues with it again. I tried taking a picture of this mysterious red line scar on his completely healed wrist and was unable to. The camera I had at that time would not allow for close up shots like that. It's a very frustrating thing, that's all I can say. I could kick myself for not getting some sort of documentation of this. For that reason I did not include this anecdote in original versions of the book, because when referring to physical based woo-woo happenings I like to talk about things I can provide photographic proof for, and for this incident I have none. But regardless, I'll go ahead and mention it now because it's another important part of the story for what Joe claims to have experienced when taken to this "base" during an abduction.

Whether his experience happened or not, I can't verify, considering that he was a pawn of sorts. Possibly the base he was at was nothing like what he thinks he saw, and he was implanted/programmed with false memories to corroborate what "they" knew I would later come across.

The idea that there is an entire secondary world happening, underground cities and roadways and the whole set up, right under our feet (or within mountains), is pretty significant. Keeping that in mind actually explains a lot of what's going on in this world. You hear people complaining about how bizarre things have gotten in the world zoo we occupy…but guaranteed, **most people are not keeping the idea of this other layer of reality in mind as they complain**. The average person wouldn't know about it anyway, but even the conspiracy researchers tend to forget. Until I had a dream that took place in an underground base back in 2000, I had absolutely no comprehension of "surface world" versus "underground world." So what we're seeing on the surface isn't all there is, and it helps to keep that in mind when trying to make sense of why things are the way they

are in the world. I would recommend looking into this subject if it interests you – underground/underwater bases, tunnels and highways, and bases built into mountains - as it's always good to expand our view of what we think we know about reality. One author in particular to start with is Richard Sauder, who's written a couple of books on the subject including, "Underground Bases and Tunnels: What is the Government Trying to Hide?" and "Underwater and Underground Bases." It's another step in detaching from the herd and gaining the much needed bigger perspective about things.

Part II
My own experiences

I've learned that the best way to get to the bottom of things is by trading personal experiences. Putting what you've seen and heard and learned out there for others to read, so they can compare it to what they've gone through. For myself, reading abductee's personal stories were always the most helpful and useful, due to their wealth of specific details, versus the emotionally detached, intellectual dissertations on the government's "Project This" and "Project That."

In adding my own experiences and theories to the pile maybe somebody out there will read what I've written and experience that light bulb "aha" moment, and get possible needed corroboration, answers, or realizations, or at least use it as a launching pad of sorts. This is how you begin to figure out what's what, and find those missing pieces.

When trying to get answers to what's happened to you, you have to first know what questions to ask. The biggest issues to figure out are:

Who's abducting you? (And is there more than one source?)
When did it begin? Which leads to…
How were you discovered or targeted?
Why are you being abducted? **What's** being done to you?

Maybe you're one of the lucky ones who has clear answers to when and how it all began for you. Some people seem to have what I call a "by-the-book" abduction scenario, where it's clearly defined that a) abductions are happening to them, b) who's doing the abduction, c) how they're taking them d) what's being done during the abduction…and it seems to be the same story as everybody else's.

These people seem to have way more memories and far less plot holes going on than I do. Whether positive or negative, at least they remember and know what's happened to them.

I, unfortunately, am not one of those people.

My first known and overt abduction experience didn't happen for me until October of 2001. ("Coincidentally" the same month that my brother was also abducted and taken to a base for his first ever fully realized and remembered abduction/meeting with "Them," as relayed

at the end of Part II.) I was 27 years old by that point. Talk about arriving late to the game.

Or did I?

As I later had to realize, this stuff usually doesn't just erupt for a person overnight. If they were able to find me and snag me at 27, then it means they were already well aware of who I was before that. And that's when I had to really start looking over my life and begin to try to make sense of what was basically a bunch of mish mash indirect evidence. As it was, even with the one overt abduction experience, I still didn't have clear answers as to who took me, how, to where, and why. I certainly know what they *wanted* me to believe – that it was Gray aliens, and it was good, so invite this into my reality so it can happen again! - but it doesn't mean that was the truth of the situation.

And that's where things got frustrating. The very basic questions outlined earlier – Who's taking me?? How was I targeted, and when did it start?? Why am I being taken?? - I had no answers for. Totally clueless. The abduction and mind control books I began looking at to help in my research and quest for answers were great and all, but I couldn't help but notice how the people being featured in these materials were so confident about what their situation was. **They had concrete answers.** When you have answers you can speak with some authority on the subject, or you can at least be held up with confidence by the authors who are writing about your story.

Additionally, **my situation didn't exactly fit or match up with anything I'd been reading about in my research,** since most research tends to be focused on aliens, with little mention of human/military rogue abductions and programming. That's slowly changing though, as this subject begins to get more exposure. For the most part though I've had just a whole lotta confusion in my journey, as do most MILABs targets.

What I eventually wound up doing, a variation of which you'll see in this particular section, was to sit down and begin documenting everything and anything I could think of that was either obviously abduction related, or highly suspect. And this is a good idea for any abductee to do. In doing so, you're rounding everything up and getting it all organized, which can help bring up other memories and incidents that may have been forgotten. For me, I typed up anything I could remember going as far back as I could, putting my memories into loose categories, and then looked over everything to see what it

was all pointing to. Patterns, the bigger picture, and so on. People will be different though, so use whatever documenting system/method works for you. You have to start somewhere, and writing stuff down (or typing it up, or talking into a hand held tape recorder, etc.) is probably the best place to start. And then if you still can't get definitive answers, or have holes that need to be filled in, then possibly consider other avenues - meditating in a contemplative state, hypnosis with a trained and trustworthy person who is familiar with abduction cases (and who won't ask leading questions…) and so on.

You may notice though like I did that once you begin the process of trying to document your experiences, more memories will begin to surface. So as mentioned earlier in this piece it can be a really good idea to **carry around a little notebook or pad of paper with you in case you remember something while out and about.**

Actual Memories/Flashes

(Note: The key to these memory flashes is either something directly triggering them, or being in a relaxed, open state, not thinking about anything, which seems to be conducive for allowing "stuff" to come up to the surface. And as you can see, there aren't that many. But, I'm glad for whatever snippets I do have.)

Metal Gangways. Back in 2000, while living in SoCal, I had a flash one evening while resting on my bed where I suddenly saw myself standing in what seemed to be a windowless installation facility thing that has these metal grating walkways/gangways and stairs and stuff. It looked similar to the NORAD facility in some ways, featured in the movie "War Games." Same sort of look to it. In the memory I'm standing on the metal grating walkway at the top of some stairs, looking around in a (drugged? hypnotic?) daze. In the snippet it was as if I was stumbling about, like I was either allowed to wander off (maybe because it didn't matter since I was drugged out of my gourd and in an enclosed facility….really, how far would one be able to go anyway, right?) or I was trying to get away.

I had this flash while resting, and not thinking of anything at all. I wasn't sleeping, just relaxed, and then I spontaneously saw myself in

that scene, which surprised me. I was embroiled in paranormal happenings at this point (as documented in my write up called "The Vortex" on my website) but I didn't realize at this time that I was an abductee, and certainly had never heard of anything concerning "MILABs", so I didn't understand why my mind would generate an image like that out of nowhere. I knew that my brother had the "thems" in his life, but I was in a state of obliviousness that it could also be spilling over to me.

(**Note:** An excerpt that I later came across several years after this memory, taken from the book "MILABs: Military Mind Control & Alien Abduction" by Dr. Helmut Lammer and Marion Lammer has this to say:

> "Diane (pseudonym) has had ongoing alien abduction experiences since her childhood. As she grew older she got flashbacks of human kidnappings where she was taken to military underground research facilities. She reports elevators, halls and **gangways**, like many other MILAB abductees. She also reports that she was taken on a tour of part of such a facility by a man in a white lab coat…"

Reading that was interesting in light of some of the memories or suspicious "dreams" I've had of people in white coats, elevators, gangways, wandering down the hallways of hospitals and such…)

The coma? I decided to put this one in here only because it happened during the same time period when I had the metal gangways glimpse, so it may be indicative of something. I can't remember all the details surrounding when I saw this, other than I think I was once again in a relaxed state on my bed when I got a glimpse/impression, don't know how else to describe it, of being on a bed somewhere, and where it seemed I was in some sort of "coma" type of state. I was laying there with my eyes closed, so I couldn't see anything going on around me, I could only hear. But the impression I got was that I was in a room with people, and I was on a bed, and I was unable to pull myself awake. It felt how I imagine being in a coma must feel like. Just under the surface, and able to hear everything…but unable to break through. It was very brief, and there was no strong emotions linked with it. Afterwards I relayed this to my brother, and he perked up, saying he'd had the same exact experience, of being in a bed somewhere "in a

coma" type of thing. After that we'd joke that maybe we really were trapped in some matrix-like reality, where our real bodies were somewhere else, in a coma. At this point, with knowledge of MILABS and mind control I wonder if this was an abduction flash.

The sun mug. In another flash I'm sitting at a table in a small windowless room. Everything seems to have a slight yellowish tint to it. I'm sitting across the table from a Caucasian woman who's wearing glasses, with dark brown hair pulled back tightly. She seems to be wearing something white, possibly like a lab coat? And she's writing something down, not looking at me. For that reason I don't know exactly what her face looks like. I get the feeling that whatever she's writing concerns me. I'm just sitting there passively, as if in a drugged state. My eyes slowly drift aimlessly around until falling on the coffee mug that sits next to her, to her right. It's dark in color, like a navy blue, with a gold sun/rays on it. Suddenly I realize, "heeeeeeyy that's an illuminati symbolism…" and this is what triggers me to start pulling out of my stupor, and where the memory ends.

I remembered this flash while stopped at a red light on Broward Boulevard in early 2003. I glanced over and saw the sign for a "Sunoco" gas station. And it was the word sun in **Sun**oco that triggered me to remember the sun image on the coffee mug, and that entire flash of memory just…came out, right there, as I sat in my car. This image was an actual memory, but the woman in the memory has also appeared in two of my dreams. I was able to see her face a little better in one of the dreams, and she seems to have thin lips, big eyes, and a fixed expression. In one of those dreams I had total rage towards her. Whoever she was, she apparently was involved with some unsavory activity because she pissed me off as much as the mere sight of "the gray alien" did in another dream. (coming up later in the "Dreams" section.) Figures that in any of these snippets I always seem either totally drugged up or in a hypnotic daze. It's the only way they seem to be able to do their business. Letting me roam about undrugged and unhypnotized would result in stuff getting destroyed and people getting the beat down. ;D

Residual arm irritation. Sitting on a chair in a room with that same **yellow hue** to everything. Although here the yellow tint was even

more pronounced. Again, I seem to be in a passive, drugged state. I'm slowly scratching at a spot on my lower left arm with my right index finger. That spot is irritated, and as I scratch at it in a daze, purple spottiness appears, like with burst capillaries.

I had this flash while sitting at Einstein Brothers Bagels (Fort Lauderdale) on March 22, 2003. This was the afternoon following a suspected abduction, and I had been receiving indicators that something had definitely happened. And as I sat at my table spacing out, boom, this memory just flashed into my mind. Without even thinking about it I immediately grabbed at my left arm and turned it, looking for the spotty purple coloring, fully expecting to see it…**and it was there**. It was fading, but it was there, in that exact spot, and it was real. I was stunned, like, "Holy shit…"

Flashback. A flash one morning back in early 2004 maybe, while lying in bed. I saw myself laying down, possibly on a table or something, in a brightly lit room, and there are several guys standing over me, leering and jeering at me. One leans in, he's white, with brunette hair, and he's right up in my face, laughing and mocking, and then scratches under my chin. [Mind control author Fritz Springmeier mentions the "sex kitten programming" trigger of scratching under the female's chin. Whether that's what was going on here, I don't know.] I just lay there in a daze, although I feel that even in my muted state I'm scared. But I don't seem to be able to do anything about it, like maybe I can't move. Their faces are blurred, and I seem to be drugged in general.

The flash was intense and sudden, very unexpected, and jarred me out of my relaxed state. I didn't like it at all, and my first thought was "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!?" Although I did know what it was, even if I didn't consciously remember the incident.

The mantid. I didn't used to include this snippet in original versions of this book, but recently decided why not. But one night while laying in bed in Virginia in late 2004 I think, I had a sudden flash in my mind of a Mantid being face. Not a still frame image, but the wedge shaped head actually turning and looking at me, as if my mind was suddenly remembering having seen that at some point. It wasn't small and bright green like seeing a praying mantis insect in your garden, it was

bigger, and maybe a little more brown, as if belonging to an actual large mantid being of some sort, and there was a clear feeling of it looking at me, seeing me. On the one hand it sounds goofy and doesn't indicate anything, but on the other hand, why would somebody have an image like that go through their mind? Very odd. Since I'm not prone to having flashes of memory-like events go through my mind, I've decided to include it here, along with those other few instances I've had in life.

Overt Indicators as a Child

Something I noticed straight away was how many of my logged incidents began with the words "When I was five…" "Around the age of four…" "About five years old when…" **Four and five years old, over and over again.** And recently, I just came across some corroborating insight about this that made me want to fall out of my chair. In the book "Future Memory" by author P.M.H. Atwater, she says **"…fascinating that between the ages of four and five is when most childhood cases of alien abductions and alien sightings are reported to occur…"** WOW! No doubt, I had a LOT of activity at those ages, something was definitely happening.

This is also the time when the lifelong issues between my mom and I really kicked in. I never realized that until doing this write up though, which is why writing stuff down is such a good idea. My entire life I'd just tell people, "Oh, me and my mom have NEVER gotten along, going back to when I was really little, we just always hated each other…" But when I did this write up I began to realize it started when I was about four to five years old as far as I can tell.

Also worth noting is that I have many memories of my childhood, going back to when I was still a baby, crawling, in diapers, sleeping in a crib, and eating from a high chair. I took it for granted for most of my life that I could recall being a baby, toddler and small child, only to discover that there are many people out there who scoff at the idea that anybody can remember anything of their life before the age of five. !!!!! To me this is completely ridiculous. Nobody can use themselves as the ultimate gauge of how all humans are, but that's what those types are doing. So in case it seems odd that I make mention of memories from

such a young age, just know….I actually have memories from even younger. o.O (my boyfriend as well. We have that in common.)

Reversed in bed. An incident at about five years old when we lived in Westfield, Massachusetts - my mom had a funny feeling about me in the middle of the night…so much so that she got up to check on me and found me lying outside the covers, reversed on my bed, arms at my sides, with my eyes open, unblinking, staring at the ceiling. She leaned in close, watching me to see if I was breathing or blinking, and then I came to. I blinked a couple of times, and turned to look at her. She gasped and jumped back and said "OH MY GOD I thought you were dead!" She was really weirded out about the whole thing. Tucked me back in the right way, looking scared. I had no memory of why or how this happened, I only remember it from the point where I came to and turned to look at her, like, huh? what's going on? and seeing her jump back away from me. Being reversed in the bed is one of the noted child indicators when you do the research. It seems like "something" can't get the coordinates right when putting people back in their beds. Factoring in my mom's funny feeling and this incident definitely indicates something unusual going on. This happened a couple of more times after we moved to Connecticut where I would wake up and find myself reversed in the bed and outside the covers, not sure how I got that way, but no more incidents that my mom was ever aware of. It has never happened to me as an adult.

Iodine from procedure? Woke up one morning around the age of five in Massachusetts feeling something funny going on "down there." When I inspected myself, I found a strange amber colored stuff on me. I picked it all off, mystified. And it's never happened again since. Later I reported it to my mom who frowned at me, completely taken aback by me reporting such a bizarre thing. I was only five, too young for gynecological issues. It made no sense. She looked, but found everything to be normal, with nothing at all unusual happening down there, and gave me more frowny looks, like thinking, What are you talking about? Ideally I should have left it all on there so she could see for herself as proof, instead of picking it off, but I was only five and didn't think about that.

While living in Portland in late 2001 to early 2002 with my brother Joe, I relayed this story to him, and he immediately nodded knowingly and said, **"Yeah, that was dried iodine."**

REEEEaally, I said. What for?!?! He looked off into space, his eyes glossing over as he saw something play out in his mind, and said, "They implant girls through that area sometimes. See, there's this long silver stick with a ball at the end of it, and the implant is attached to the ball. They insert it in, inject the implant, and when they pull it back out again, they push a button that's on the stick, and it squirts an iodine solution to disinfect the area as they remove the stick."

When he was done relaying this, there was silence. Finally I broke it by asking the obvious. **"How do you know this?"** He turned to look at me, shaking himself out of it. Then furrowed his brows and had an intense look on his face. "I don't know. I just know." He paused, thinking about it. "I've seen it done," he realized. "I've seen them do it." He explained that they do this to females, especially female children, because it will go completely undetected on their body. Whether that's what was actually going on, I can't say. But it was definitely something.

People in white coats. Memory of being on a table lying on my stomach in a windowless room with doctors? in white coats - about two or three years old? I'm nervous, but alert and awake. Now, I had meningitis when I was one and a half years old, this could be the memory of me just prior to getting my spinal tap, where I would have been lying on my stomach. Thing is, I don't remember ANYTHING about when I was first sick with meningitis and admitted to the hospital. From what I was told, I had a fever of 104, I was vomiting, in and out of consciousness, and couldn't turn my head…but I don't remember any of it. My memories of my bout with meningitis don't start until I was recovering in my hospital room. At the point where I would have had my spinal tap, I was literally, near death. And in this memory, I don't seem to be sick like that, at all. So, is this a memory of when I was going to get my spinal tap? Or something else? I have come across one lone reference to MILAB abduction programming that describes something like this, where programming is done to abductee children.

> "The room inside the warehouse-like building is set up to work on the subjects. It has a table, a light, and equipment. The room is apart from the activities going on outside, so that others will not be distracted by what we do here."
> **http://www.greatdreams.com/political/media03.html**

Interesting. Especially in light of my "warehouse" dream, relayed below…which had somebody in a white coat. Despite the fact that the woman who wrote this is considered a sketchy "insider," there were several details mentioned in her write up that stood out for me, surprisingly. But the fact is, I was on my stomach, just like I would have been for my spinal tap. So who knows, maybe that's all it is.

Abduction programming facility? This was a "dream," but I'm going to put it in this section, to keep all these incidents from this age together. But I had a "dream" about the age of five, where I'm in some large (warehouse type, in retrospect) facility, standing around, waiting for some adults nearby in white (coats?) to lead me where to go next. **And my Mom is there**. (!!) She's talking to one of the people in white. To me it sort of seems like a supermarket, because it's so big with the tall ceilings, but I guess it's not. I'm just standing there, calm, looking up and around at everything. Up where the wall meets the ceiling there is **a row of squares that are shiny solid black**, **each square framed in shiny silver/chrome.** It gets my attention because of the geometric pattern, and it's the reason that I even remember this scene at all. This always felt more like a memory to me rather than a dream, due to the realistic feeling it had and the unusual subject. It doesn't seem normal for a kid to dream about something like this.

When I ran this by my brother Joe in Portland in 2001, he said it was indeed a base/facility that I was in, and that the black squares were made of mica, designed to filter ultraviolet radiation. Since people living in these bases have no exposure to the sun they have to give them artificial doses of it to prevent sickness, and it was passed through these mica block/filter things. My first response was a big scrunched face, very doubtful since the mica I'd seen growing up was pretty transparent. Not black. In fact I was so doubtful about what he reported that I didn't even include Joe's explanation of this in the original versions of this book. But when I later researched mica I found pictures of it that showed thick sheets of mica….that were a

smoky gray to black color. The thicker the sheets, the blacker it gets. But most importantly, years after being told this dubious piece of information, it was confirmed to me that **the idea of mica filtering UV rays is actually valid**…you can do a search on Google and turn up research papers on it, as I discovered. Apparently mica filters out the harmful spectrum of UV rays, and allows the beneficial ones to pass through. So, yet one more thing that Joe told me way back when, which was put on the backburner, until surprising confirmation eventually did come in. And as mentioned in other places throughout this book, Joe wasn't somebody who was educated or who spent time reading the sorts of material that would have taught him this stuff, or used the internet to gain insight. He had no interest in the internet, and spent pretty much most of his free time when I was last around him in 2001/2002 engaged in criminal pursuits, not being academic. But yet he knew this, right off the top of his head, didn't miss a beat. Now, it doesn't prove that what I saw in my "dream"/possible memory fragment really was mica, or for the purposes that Joe claims. But if anything it showed me that this kid was walking around with knowledge that he shouldn't have had.

Frequent nosebleeds as a kid in Massachusetts. Frequent nighttime nosebleeds as a child have been mentioned in abduction research as a possible indicator of "stuff." They'd always only happen for me in the middle of the night, spontaneously erupting out of nowhere. Never once did I have one during the day that I can remember. I remember spending nights with my mom in the bathroom soaking up washcloths of blood, and my pillowcases had brown blood stains on them. The last nocturnal nosebleed that I remember occurred in Connecticut around age eight, and that was it. (I remember it only because I was standing in front of my dresser mirror taking care of it on my own, and blood dripped onto one of my knick knacks, permanently staining it.) Never got them again after that.

Skin scraping. Had a flashback at the age of four or so while eating vegetables at dinner one night, of a skin scraping on my left arm. There were these little red pepper pieces in the vegetables, and as I stared at them on my fork, I suddenly had this flash of a memory pop into my mind of seeing a bright red scrape thing on my upper left arm.

And I think something about a stainless steel table, the same room from the previous entry with the people in the white coats. But when I looked at my arm, there was nothing there. It was confusing to me as a kid, to have a "memory" of something and not know where it came from. But as an adult, I of course now know about abductions and skin scrapings**.** I'm not sure how skin scrapings work, if they're supposed to actually draw blood like that, or if they just lightly rub the skin to take dead surface cells or what. I have no scar on my arm for this. (although a few scratches or scrape scars that I've received in the last fifteen or so years have also faded out to where I can't find them anymore, so the fact that I don't still have this particular one from age four doesn't disprove anything.) So who knows. I'd be liable to dismiss it, except for the manner in which the memory appeared - it was triggered, and appeared in a flash, exactly as buried memories resurface. And also, where does a four year old even come up with something like that?

The little "ghost" girl. **And Burger King.** Westfield, Massachusetts. This was probably about age three, since I was now sleeping in a bed. I was lying in bed in the middle of the night when an all white little ghost looking girl floated into my room. I wasn't scared for some reason. But she looked my age, and was dressed to match just how I looked at that time – T-shirt, little shorts, and pig tails on each side of her head with bangs. She carried a ball with her. She floated to a stop inside the doorway, looking at me, smiling. Then she tossed her white ghost ball at me through the air. I smiled and reached my arms up from where I lay in the bed and "caught" this ball as it floated towards me, in silent slo-mo. I could see that I caught it and was holding it…but I couldn't feel it! What fun! ☺ I smiled and tossed it back to her. It floated in silent slo mo through the air and she caught it, and tossed it back. We went back and forth like this three times…..but then I dropped the ball. It went over my head and "landed" silently behind the headboard between the bed and the wall.

That's when things turned negative.

Her whole face changed, and it went from looking like a smiling little girl to getting twisted, like a monster. She charged straight at me, silently and quickly, enraged. My eyes bugged out like, "AHHH!" As she got near, several feet away, I ducked under the covers to hide. I didn't know what else to do. I stayed under there for a little bit,

listening, waiting. Nothing seemed to be happening so I finally peeked out to see if she was still there. She was gone. Whew!

Some may say this was a dream, but I know for a fact I was wide awake. This was not a dream. Nor was I one of those kids prone to fanciful visions and hallucinations. And I didn't have any imaginary friends – because I didn't need any, I had lots of real friends. And I was definitely not a kid who got carried away in fantasy make believe. I was very practical minded. (way more than most normal kids in fact.) So, that's why I know that I didn't just invent this fanciful hallucination of some one-time imaginary ghost girl friend that turns into a monster. It makes no sense, based on who I was as a kid.

Right around this time period I was visited by the "Burger King" – another all white smiling ghost figure who floated into my room unexpectedly in the middle of the night as I laid there in the dark, wide awake. (my mom put me to bed way too early at that age, so I would periodically find myself wide awake in the middle of the night, just looking around the room like, doo dee doo dee doo…bored.) Burger King had the robe and the crown and the beard, smiling all pleasant…but when I looked at his feet from where I laid in my bed, I saw that he wasn't walking, he was floating, which was interesting to me. Hmm, I thought. And I don't remember what happened after that. There's no conclusion to this incident. One minute he was floating into my room, and the next…nothing. Blank. But I do remember trying to tell my mom about it in the morning at breakfast, "Mommy, Burger King was in my room last night!" But she paid me no mind. She looked at me like, Uh huh, sure, and continued with prepping and arranging breakfast.

"Split mind" crying. Strange incident in kindergarten, five years old when we lived in Massachusetts. I would walk home from the elementary school every day since it was only a few blocks away. Sometimes I walked with friends, sometimes I was alone. And one day after walking home by myself, I got in the door, then spontaneously started crying……but I had no idea why. My mom kept asking me what was wrong. But I didn't know! I felt like part of me was upset and traumatized, but yet I didn't know why. Another time in first grade, around age six or seven, this happened at school. We were getting ready to leave to go home, putting on our coats and

gathering up our lunch boxes and stuff, and I started crying with that weird split thing happening. I was watching myself cry, but not knowing why. One little girl asked me what was wrong – was I crying because I was happy maybe? The teacher had just been reading a story to us, so she figured maybe the story was affecting me and I was crying with happiness? (future psychologist. ;)) I shook my head no, confused. I felt embarrassed because I didn't know what was wrong with me, why I seemed to not be in control of myself. Those are the only two incidents like this that I remember as a kid. The one thing these two incidents do have in common is that they both involved walking home from school. Either having just arrived home from school, or, about to head out to walk home from school. So…….something very upsetting and traumatizing happening or maybe about to happen during the time I left school – alone – and walked home, but which I couldn't consciously remember.

Bedposts. I was terrified of my bed posts around age three? Four? Called them "The Woodens." They were small and round, and looked like bald headed creatures to me, and if I looked at them long enough at night while lying in bed, I'd get hysterical and start screaming and panicking until my parents would come and calm me down. What did they remind me of - "aliens" of some type?

[**Update:** After the original writing of this book I experienced a spontaneous, involuntary memory flash involving being a little kid in Westfield, in my bed in the middle of the night, surrounded by little bald headed "aliens" around my bed. The memory popped up out of nowhere one night while I was in bed, and in this dream/memory thing I WAS a kid again, I was back in my little kid body with my child mentality and all. I could feel myself lying there in the dark in my old bedroom, seeing these bald headed creatures moving around me. A couple of faint whimpers came out of me and I thought "i want my mommy…" That's all I could do was whimper, due to the fear. I don't take anything at face value though, so this may or may not be something real, although it certainly seemed very convincing, that's all I can say. I had no sense of myself as an adult, because this was apparently a real flashback putting me back into my child body/mentality with how that felt. Something that we normally can't tap into as adults. But, who knows.]

The butterflies. Weird incident about the age of five when "butterflies" appeared on my bedroom wall. My mom was downstairs with the TV on, talking to somebody who was visiting. Meanwhile, I'm upstairs in my room, lying awake in bed, and suddenly what seems to be all these black and white "butterflies" appear on the facing wall, moving and fluttering about. I immediately went totally HYSTERICAL. I jumped out of bed and stood there, facing the wall, screaming and going ballistic at the "butterflies" until my mom came running upstairs. I don't know why these butterfly things caused such an immediate hysterical reaction from me, but my attitude was I wanted NO part of it. But they stopped as soon as she got there. Of course. She finds me crying about "the butterflies on the wall!! The butterflies!!" and of course there's nothing there.

My bedroom was on the second floor, so it was impossible for the fluttering butterflies to have been caused by car headlights or something coming in at ground level. It's also interesting to note that years later, at the age of 27, I would find myself decorating the wall over my bed with dozens and dozens of butterfly cutouts. (expanded upon in a little bit.) Butterflies are also one of those things I've been attracted to in general, and one of those things that people give to me, for whatever reason.

Spirals. I became obsessed with **elevators** and **spiral stairs** at the age of thirteen. To the point of ridiculousness. Always doodling DNA looking helix-type spirals and ribbons on my notebooks at school, dreams about spiral stairs and elevators, obsessing about riding in elevators and wishing to find a pair of spiral stairs. Spirals, helixes, ribbons, and elevators are all major symbolisms / systems / techniques used in mind control programming.

Overt Indicators as an Adult

The following incidents are not actual memory flashes, but, they are pretty obvious indicators of something very unusual occurring in my life…

My first known, overt abduction - October, 2001, Orange County, CA. I had recently come across a really realistic picture of a "Gray" which intrigued me. It was fun to stare at and contemplate the idea of meeting Grays, and the picture's realistic nature made that easy to do. I sat on my couch with the picture in my hand, staring intensely at it for what was probably like twenty minutes. I stared so hard and for so long that I was pretty much almost in a self-imposed trance.

After the twenty minutes or so I noticed that the background noise had muted. I couldn't hear my roommate Todd's TV down the hall anymore. Curious, I looked up.

Snapping out of my thoughts didn't make the sound of the TV come back. In fact, there was now the feeling of a **veil of control** descending on me. I jumped up, alarmed. I was wide awake, standing in the middle of my room, and literally felt my willpower and ability to control myself slipping away with *every second*. It was VERY quick and very powerful, whatever it was. I still couldn't hear Todd's TV though, due to the muting effect around me. I spun around wildly, and inside some part of me was yelling *"NO! NO!! RUN!! RUN!!! LEAVE THE ROOM!! GET OUT OF HERE NOW!!"* But I couldn't do it. I was actually arguing back and forth with myself:

"Just go lie down and wait. They'll be here shortly."

"RUN!! GET OUT OF HERE NOW!!! GO!!!"

"Go lie down. It'll be alright. They'll be here shortly."

I had this back and forth panicked argument, my fight-or-flight reflex attempting to be overridden by this calm thought form telling me to go lie down. It'll be okay. They'll be here shortly. Just go lie down.

In the end I conceded. I wish I hadn't. I should have run like hell.

I changed into clothes to sleep in as fast as I could, knowing that I was under control, and not able to even fight back. No willpower. I was literally like a puppet, and I *knew* it. I *knew* I was acting like a crazy person. But I obeyed anyway, turned out my lights save for my purple Christmas lights, and climbed into bed. I had a full pot of green tea in my system (translation - caffeine) and so I was wide awake. I peaked out from under the covers, feeling like a crazy person. It was 11 p.m.

And that was the last I remember. I blacked out after that, despite the caffeine.

Ten hours later, Saturday morning, I started to wake up in my bed, feeling like I had been run over by a train. Felt like absolute crap. I kept resurfacing like I was in a drugged out stupor, then I'd fall back under again, unconscious. This resurfacing and sinking back down went on for several hours. This is not how I normally wake up. I was finally able to wake up after 11 a.m. I felt like it was 5 a.m. though and I was STUNNED when I finally looked at my alarm clock. My first thought was "**Where did the night go?!?!?**" The sun was out and the day was in full swing. I sat up in bed, like lalala. No concerns.

I got up from my bed and saw my cat sitting in the middle of my floor, and I reached out to pet her, saying Hi. She recoiled from me, her back hunching up, then hissed. Shocked, I tried to pet her again. Now she actually took a swing at me, trying to scratch me and hissed even louder and darted under my desk, hiding from me. She'd NEVER done that before, to me or anybody. !! She was normally a very friendly, affectionate, sociable kitty who likes people.

Still oblivious I was like, Huh. Okay. I left her alone, and proceeded to get dressed and set about my day. I was feeling neutral and emotionally calm. I did not question anything that had happened the night before, or anything happening right now that morning, didn't make any connections. Just total programmed oblivion.

After brushing my teeth and getting dressed and all that I sat on my couch and saw the alien pic still sitting on the arm of the couch, where I'd left it the night before. I picked it up. But when I looked at it I instantly recoiled and tossed it aside. I had this knee jerk reaction and thought, "Don't EVER look at that picture again!" **My subconscious knew.**

So, I reached for a book to flip through instead. lalala. Oblivion. As I read I noticed that my glasses were blurry. Kept taking them off and wiping at them. After awhile I began to realize the problem was with my actual eye itself. My left eye was watery/runny. In the mirror I saw it was pink. Funny because it was fine before I went to bed.

At this same time I also began to realize there were pains happening in my uterus and ovaries area. But I wasn't getting my monthly. I had never had pains like that in there before. So this was certainly a first. I curiously pressed in on my uterus/ovaries area to try to alleviate the pain.

Then the images started. I soon realized as I went about my day that there was a constant barrage of "Gray alien" faces in my mind anytime I closed my eyelids. Gray faces from ALL angles, three dimensional. Staring straight ahead, faced to the left, to the right, large, small, all kinds. Sometimes just the large, black slanted eyes, no face. Anytime I blinked or closed my eyes, it was there. Nonstop. Like internal wall paper for the mind. At first it was a novel thing. By the end of the day, twelve hours later, I was a wreck, because it would not stop.

I ran into one of my roommates, Denise in the kitchen in the afternoon. She smiled and apologized for the fight that had happened the night before outside my door between her and Todd. I looked at her blankly, and shook my head back and forth. I had no idea what she was talking about.

She frowned and said, "You know, the fight we had. You couldn't have missed it. We were right outside your door!" She told me how Todd had come home at 3 a.m., loudly throwing open the front door, going down the hall to his room and turning on the TV full volume and leaving his door open so he could hear it while he cooked food in the kitchen, banging pots around all over the place, whistling super loud. He woke her up and she came out of her room, pissed off, and they totally got into it there in the hall right outside my door, yelling at each other.

I had NO idea what she was talking about. When I told her so, she started to get annoyed, thinking I was jerking her around. She was really sensitive and didn't like people playing her. "Carissa...don't lie, you *had* to have heard it! Come *on!* Please!" She said they even tried to call me through my door, saying "Carissa? Carissa? Sorry about all the noise..." but I never answered. They thought it was a little weird because I'm a light sleeper and hear everything.

By this point in the afternoon I was putting things together and starting to realize what had happened the night before. As Denise stood in front of me telling me about this huge ruckus that I somehow missed, I realized - I wasn't there. That's why I didn't hear this. **I wasn't even there.** But what was I supposed to say to her?! So I just played dumb and quickly changed the subject and diverted her attention.

By night time, around 11:30 p.m. I was a wreck because the images of Grays would not stop in my mind. It was as strong as ever, every

time I blinked or closed my eyes. I was curled into a ball in the middle of my floor, crying silently, because I thought I was going crazy. I believed I was truly losing my mind and descending into madness. **Something was trying very hard to convince me that what I had experienced involved the "Grays."** Yet, somehow I knew that it was all wrong. Something felt off. I KNEW deep down that I hadn't been "abducted by aliens!" even though I've so heavily researched the matter and had all the symptoms of an abduction.

Two days later, on Tuesday night, all of us roommates got into it with Todd, yet again. He was always making problems and we were always mad at him. :D He had me SO annoyed that I stomped off to my room and went to bed all angry and riled up. I lay there in my bed, totally fuming, and suddenly in my mind, I wasn't in my bed anymore. I was laying flat on my back, on a table, under a light…surrounded by three Grays. It wasn't a still frame image, it was a moving flashback memory. They were surrounding me, peering down at me. I saw one tilt his head slightly to its left (my right), and lean in slightly, peering at me closer. They weren't gray in color, and they didn't have those exaggerated round heavy looking bulbous heads. They were porcelain white, with the black slanted eyes, the slit for a mouth, and thin necks and bodies and arms. Their faces were long. Very elongated, but with that slight upside down teardrop shape to them. And they seemed so WISE. I just lay there, completely blank and passive, like I was in a drugged stupor.

I was so scared at this sudden shift in my mind that I gasped and yanked myself out of the flashback. WHAT the HELL was THAT?!?! My first memory of what happened on Saturday night, that's what! Finally, a memory! Something to confirm all the other roundabout evidence. It was about time! It didn't occur until I was emotionally worked up about something else. Like my mind needed to be diverted and focused on another emotionally intense experience before slipping in a glimpse of that one.

During the week when I was at work, I had the most wonderful feeling that something fantastic had occurred the past weekend, something which was there just under the surface of my brain, but which I couldn't access anymore. It drove me NUTS. I wanted so badly to remember the experience, and I could feel it, *right there,* but just couldn't pull it up.

The only way to get to it and get it back was to do it again. Have another abduction.

I mentally asked for one several times, wishing to do it all again this upcoming Saturday night. Also, the mild case of "pink eye" lasted most of the week, in my left eye, but faded out on its own. The pains in my ovaries/uterus persisted off and on during the week. The images of the Grays in my mind lasted fully into Tuesday. And my cat refused to let me within several feet of her until well over a week later, something that my roommates noticed and commented on. But again, what could I possibly tell them.

However, by Thursday, I changed my mind about being abducted thanks to some outside input. I had told Tom, via email, about this experience, and he warned me about the negative nature of Grays and abductions. What's interesting is that one concerned warning was all it took to snap me out of it. **My subconscious knew and recognized the truth of his warning right away, even if my conscious brain was programmed to think otherwise.** So I mentally changed my mind about it.

Saturday night arrived, and I wasn't even thinking about the abduction anymore. I figured I had changed my mind and that was that, that's all I needed. It's over.

Nope. Sorry. Doesn't work that way.

I sat there on my couch, reading again. Todd was down the hall in his room, his TV going loudly. His two little boys were over for a visit this weekend, since he was in the middle of a divorce. I listened to their voices as I read. Then suddenly I realized that Todd's TV was being muted and all background sound was now gone. Alarmed, I tossed my book aside and instantly jumped up without even thinking. I looked around, panicked.

The veil began descending on me, and I felt the same identical thing as the weekend before. My willpower was being squelched down. With every second it slipped away more and more and I knew I didn't have much time. Fight!! Fight back! I had the thought to *RUN!! GET OUT OF HERE* ***NOW!!!*** followed by the same argument to just go lie down...lie down and wait, they'll be here soon…go lie down…

So I ran.

I flung open my door and ran down the hall and into the bathroom, closed the door and looked around. But I could still feel the veil. Panicked, I thought about hanging out with Todd and his kids

across the hallway, but I knew that was useless. I "knew" that they could and would get me anyway, even in Todd's room. I ran out of the bathroom, back down the hall and peered into my room. Nothing had "arrived" yet. But I could still feel that blanketing pressure veil thing on me. I ran into the kitchen. Still there. Everywhere I went in the house, it was there on me. I kept mentally screaming *"NO! NO! NO!"* the whole time. I REALLY did NOT want this anymore.

Finally in desperation I threw open the front door and ran down the steps, down the walkway…and halfway up the street into the night, like a crazy person, trying to get away from that veil of control thing. I got halfway up the street and I felt it sloooowwly subsiding. I would have kept running as long as I had to. I wasn't going ANYWHERE that weekend, with anybody. I was determined. I did what I should have done the weekend before. Cautiously, I turned around and headed back to the house. The veil was completely gone now.

Such an overt attempt to take me while I was wide awake never happened again. It only works if you allow it to and can't/won't fight back and resist. After that they resort to covert methods.

The laser "beam me up" line? While living in Portland, Oregon, and roommating with my brother, I glimpsed what I theorize might be technology for beaming somebody up. It happened around 7 p.m., when my brother was at work and I had the tiny apartment all to myself, along with my cat. Kitty (her name) was uncharacteristically scared and clingy that night, sticking close by me wherever I went. If I got up to go to the sink she followed and jumped up on the counter just to be as close to me as possible. When I went back to my bed and sat down, she jumped down and ran with me, and crawled into my lap, curling into a scared ball. I noticed this, and thought huh, I wonder what's up…? as I pet her. Her tail flicked around with agitated energy. After a few minutes of me reading my book while petting her, we both had the urge to look up at my brother's bed at the same exact moment…and that's when I saw this white laser line looking thing appear about a foot over his bed, horizontally over the spot where he would normally lay. My cat froze up when that happened. Her tail stopped in mid-flick, and she just stared at it, bug eyed. The line appeared out of thin air, was about 2-3 feet long,

glowing white, and slightly thicker in the middle than at the ends. It glowed brightly for several seconds over Joe's bed, reaching its peak intensity, then faded back out again. It never made any noise. No other phenomenon accompanied it. Afterwards, I called my brother at work to tell him about it, and see what he thought it was. He just laughed and said "Damn! I missed my connecting flight!"

"Astral Pow Wow"/Abduction? April 2002 I believe - Tom was still back in Iowa at this point, and I was living in Fort Lauderdale. He was going to be moving down to Florida in June, after school finished, but by that point I just couldn't wait to see him. The feeling of wanting to see him was so intense that I apparently made it happen. I brought him to me. I woke up in the middle of night, finding myself lying on my left side on the carpet in the middle of the room, with my right arm around him. He was physical but I wasn't in my body. I soon realized this when my hand touching his skin was buzzing. My whole "body" was buzzing in fact. I realized this straight off, but despite being out of my body, and despite the situation - something I had NEVER experienced before - I kept my wits about me and had my usual sense of humor. I joked to myself, "Well, I went to bed alone, and woke up with a guy in my apartment!" :D Words don't convey the level of happiness I felt though. I "sat up" in my astral body, gazing down at him, feeling the most incredibly pure love I think I've ever felt for anybody. I reached my hand out and laid it on his chest, and that's when he started to wake up. His head moved suddenly from his right to the left, taking a big breath, and as he awoke, the connection broke. I started involuntarily floating up and away from him, towards the ceiling, with my hand reaching out to him. Rapid scene switch, and now he's gone from the apartment, and I'm sliding backwards from that spot on the middle of the floor, back into my body. I felt and watched as I slid and adjusted my way back in!! Had to wiggle around a few times to get "back in." And then I opened my physical eyes, but I couldn't see clearly for a few seconds. My vision was distorted, and I had to blink blink blink to get my proper vision back. I just laid there, SO happy. Even if I was only able to see him for a few seconds, that was okay. The next day I emailed him and asked him if anything unusual happened to him last night, and he said Yeah, actually, it did…he woke up with the remnants of a nosebleed, and the feeling that "something really sublime" had happened.

Well, if you're an abductee and you do something like this, don't think they won't notice and come for you. A stunt like that is absolutely off the charts.

The very next time I laid down to sleep, which was the following night, they apparently took me. And whatever they did to me put me out of commission for an entire week. I had no actual memories of the events, I only had the physical after effects.

I was able to go to work just fine and drift along through my day, but when I'd go home, I would just lay and stare at the walls and do nothing for hours. I don't recall eating - some of the food I had in the fridge went bad as a result - I don't think I even showered. I had no desire or will to do ANYTHING. I was fried, blank, numb. I'd just lay there and stare at the walls or ceiling, for hours, day after day. On Thursday of that week I was in the bathroom standing at the sink, staring at nothing in a blank stupor, feeling lost, when my hands absentmindedly reached up like they had a mind of their own and started hunting around under my hair, at the base of my skull. Like I was searching for something. And I knew it when I found it. A large lump on the base of my skull/top of my neck, about the size of a quarter. It didn't hurt…but as soon as my fingers touched it, I had the immediate commanding thought, **"IT'S JUST A SPIDER BITE!"** with the corresponding image in my mind of a **black and yellow orb spider on a web to reinforce it**. The image in my mind was large, like seeing a picture or an image on a screen.

As soon as I saw that image in my mind I knew. That's programming. Some procedure was done to me, and my subconscious remembered and knew EXACTLY where to find the residual lump without my conscious even having to think about it…and as soon as I found it, the programming kicked in to try to convince me it was "just a spider bite," complete with convincing spider imagery and everything. "Move it along folks, nothing to see here, move it along, nothing to see…"

At any rate, after a full week I began to finally pull out of my blank stupor and come back to life, regaining my personality and energy, back to eating and living normally.

Unexplained cold. Woke up another time in the morning very suddenly with my body all cold, as if I'd just been standing in a

refrigerated room, or someplace with some mega air conditioning going on. My blood flow was fine, and I wasn't cold internally, it was just the surface of my skin that was cold to the touch. But I was in south Florida. In August. With no A/C on. There was no logical reason for me to be this cold in my hot and humid apartment. It seemed to be another case of being plunked back from someplace that possibly was very cold or air conditioned, or possibly the transport process in itself can do this, I don't know.

Nocturnal programming commands. Woke up one morning in Florida right in the middle of somebody programming me. Heard a male voice saying in my mind, **"YOU WILL ONLY SEE WHAT'S WRONG AND UGLY IN THE WORLD! YOU WILL ONLY SEE WHAT'S WRONG AND UGLY IN THE WORLD!"** It was alarming, that's all I can say. And I'm glad I woke up in time to catch it, and be aware that this type of programming was trying to be instilled in me.

Woke up another time hearing a male voice repeating over and over, kind of loud and intensely **"YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE NO MATTER *WHAT* ANYBODY SAYS TO YOU!! YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE NO MATTER *WHAT* ANYBODY SAYS TO YOU!!"** Yikes.

More programming. This one's weird – it seemed to be a vivid dream of an actual abduction occurrence, and because it's very obvious, I decided to group it in this section. But around April 2002 I "dreamed" that I was lying on a table under a light, feeling like I was in a drugged daze, and hallucinating on top of it that I was seeing all these little gecko lizards pouring out of my Xyphoid Process area of my chest. I could feel that there were humans standing around me, but I couldn't see them. I just stared at all the lizards rushing out while a male voice off to the side informed me in a hypnotic voice that these lizards represented my **"reptilian genetics."** When I pendulum dowsed this I've always gotten that No, I don't have "reptilian genetics" and that I'm not a hybrid either, however…I have, supposedly, been a non-human in other past/parallel incarnations. But the fact that I was lying on an exam table, drugged up and hallucinating about lizards coming out of my chest is enough for me to know that it's not true. So it's important to point out that there is programming to get abductees to

believe things about themselves that are not true – including that they're alien or Reptilian hybrids, or have those genetics in some way. **It's a huge avenue of deception because it can be used for many malicious purposes.**

Remote viewing? Woke up one morning, hearing the voice of a guy saying **"1-4-1-4-1".** 141 is a number that has followed me everywhere since my brother back in 2002, documented in detail on my website in the "Number Sightings" write up. And here it was being used like a code almost, programming, a trigger, not sure. I sort of saw, or at least imagined, the source of this voice as having a beard and glasses, neutral personality, not angry, not happy, just neutral and non-emotional in a pleasant but firm way. **I get the impression that in this "dream" I was remote viewing for somebody.** I can feel that just before I was triggered to pull out, I had been doing something, looking for, or at, something, for somebody else's benefit. It's just a fragment that I can remember, but that's definitely what I know of from what little I can remember.

When I was halfway in and out of consciousness, slowly waking up after hearing the "1-4-1-4-1" command, sensing the guy behind the voice, right then a thought form cut in on the line you could say. Very distinctly, sounding like me (in my "higher self" way) and in a neutral but firm way it told me, **"They have the ability to use you now when you're sleeping without having to physically take you."** It sounded like it wanted me to know this, as a head's up FYI. I filled in the blanks and concluded it would be due to implant technology, so "they" might be able to connect to my brain while I sleep, using the program trigger codes to activate whichever portion of the mind they need. Tell me what to look for, and then, due to the two way implant, they would see whatever I see in my mind's eye. What I see, they see, instantly and automatically. VERY ingenious…if that's what's going on. This type of technology was actually later confirmed for me in the writing of Fritz Springmeier.

Programming script. I woke up another morning in Florida catching a male voice in the middle of doing what I can only describe as reading from a script, telling me something that I'm not going to repeat. He was calmly, methodically telling me that certain sexual things had

"happened" to me in life, which I highly doubt, especially considering the fact he sounded like he was reading from a script. But the effects of believing something like that would be traumatic on the psyche. In fact, were you to do the research, such ideas could…and do…cause an involuntary mind fracture.

Later on after the fact I came across Carla Emery's "Secret, Don't Tell", her book regarding unethical hypnosis and government mind control projects, and surprisingly discovered that the concept of reading a script to a drugged and vulnerable target is absolutely something that is done, and involves related subject matter of what was said to me. And it's done with the intention of causing the mind to fracture. So I imagine the same technique could apply to a target via their implants. I'm sure it wouldn't always have to be done in person, with the target drugged, possibly being in a susceptible sleep/trance state would suffice just as well.

Out of body. For a period of time in 2003, February - the summertime - I was having trouble staying in my body when I'd lie down to sleep, and also, I would periodically wake up not knowing where, or WHO, I was. ! When I'd lie down, as soon as my body would relax, I could feel myself slipping out of it and rising up several inches over my body. I'd have to pull myself back down, only to slip back out again the second I started to drift off to sleep. Curling up in the fetal position would finally thwart it. I was being abducted a lot during this time period it seems, so maybe this was having an affect on being able to stay in my body. I've since learned that an after effect of being out of the body like that will, for me anyway, involve temporary amnesia when back in the body again, lasting about 30 seconds.

An Almost Soul Abduction. Had an incident where I went to lie down for a nap and "something" tried to yank me out of my body. As I lay there, a rapid spinning in circles sensation began, with wind blowing around and the feeling of being tugged upwards, out of my body. I'd pull myself out of it and try to fall back to sleep again, only to have it repeat. This yanking went on like six or seven times in a row. I allowed it to go on as long as it did because I wasn't scared, and was curious to see if this was going to lead anywhere. Was I finally consciously witnessing an abduction?? But then, I heard something

funny, some kind of audio, this voice, noise, something, that sounded like it was coming from the end of a tunnel or tube, and THAT got me alarmed. It didn't sound like anything I can describe. I just know that the second I heard it, my eyes bugged out in my mind, there was subconscious "recognition" going on, and that's when I freaked out. I mentally yelled out "NOOOO!!! NONONONONONONONO!!!!!!" I abandoned the nap plans. As I sat up in bed I noticed that my body had an electrical tingliness happening, mostly centered in my arms. And within an hour afterwards, I developed another one of those small purple circles ("EM energy surge burns", according to the C's), on my lower left arm. I grabbed a photo. **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-markings**

"Astral Giraffe." Went to bed one night in early 2003 while living in Fort Lauderdale, but something didn't feel right. Had a slightly fearful feeling, although I did my best to squelch it down. Did a small intention for protection, then zonked out. Well I awoke like an hour later (laying on my stomach, my head faced to the left) to the sounds of wind whipping around, and me spinning clockwise, around and around and around. Everything was getting faster and faster, the spinning, the wind, all the while as I lay there, paralyzed, unable to snap out of it. The wind got so crazy I had the sensation of my hair blowing all over the place, and I was actually getting physically sick from all the spinning. It finally culminated with me screaming out in my mind "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" (which actually had this bizarre, echo effect happening on top of the wind!) Then I was finally able to pull myself free from the spinning and wind, and unparalyze myself. As I did so, I "turned" and looked over my left shoulder and was startled to see a big giraffe face, staring right at me. I mentally jumped. At first I thought it was a deer, then I realized as I stared at it that no…that's actually more like a giraffe. [**NOTE:** Giraffes, owls and deer are all screen images common in abduction scenarios.] When I say "turned" and I "jumped," I didn't do it physically. I wasn't fully in my body, because I didn't feel the covers or the bed. It was astral. Then I was back in my body again, feeling the bed and covers. When I snapped back in, I didn't know where I was for a second or two. I didn't even recognize my surroundings. Talk about disorientation! It took me a second or two to adjust back in,

remember where I was, even *who* I was, and what was happening. My heart was racing and my nerves were all standing on end, and I could STILL HEAR the remnants of the wind around me, and feel the effects on my body, even though I was now awake. Very loud, surrounding me over my head, whooshing this way and that. I pulled the covers over my head to drown out the whooshing wind noise, like, AHHHHH!!! Shut UUUUP!!! I need to get back to sleep!! I have to get up for work!!! I don't have TIME for this.

So I wonder what would have happened had I not fought this off, and allowed myself to be taken out of my body. Where would I have gone?

This experience resulted in yet another one of the round purple circle marks that I sometimes used to get on my (left) arm. I snapped a photo of it, which can be found on my website in the Anomalous Markings section. **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-markings** For me, the small round purple circle marks on my arms always seemed to happen after fighting off something trying to pull me out of my body.

"Practice" confrontation. In the middle of the night (February 6, 2005) I felt my body starting to swirl and move about, and pull upwards, like a soul abduction possibly, where I began to get pulled out of my body. **Then I mentally connected with the presence behind it, which was VERY frightening.** When feeling it face to face so to speak, I was overcome with fear. Couldn't get a grip on myself and combat it with non-fear, love, neutrality, positive thoughts, or any of the tactical goals I'd had in mind at that time. I just fell apart and panicked. Was also slightly paralyzed. I mentally thought "no!no!no!no!no!no!no!…" and forced myself out of the paralysis and the panic, my heart racing, nerves on end.

But I immediately heard a friendly, kind, warm thought form cut in, which sympathized and told me, **"Don't worry…with practice you can do it."** "It", as I telepathically understood it to be, was the ability to override the fear and face the abductors head on and pull myself out of their grips without completely losing it. REALLY interesting and weird to get that feedback…

Suspicious Stuff as an Adult

When looking for indicators of whether or not you've been abducted, you have to look at everything, no matter how seemingly trivial or stupid it initially appears. This is because they wipe out memories, so all there is to go on are the covert, very subtle indicators that "something is amiss." So really nitpick and scrutinize. Don't forget, we've all been raised on Hollyweird movies, where everything is DRAMATIC and EXAGGERATED and OBVIOUS. Well, real life is a lot more subtle. Which is why people tend to miss so much of it. They're waiting for big exaggerated drama and stuff to be spelled out for them that they completely overlook stuff that's happening right under their nose. (myself included, I'm definitely guilty of having done this too many times to count, which is why I know enough now to pass on the tip.) So I recommend making a list of ALL suspect events, no matter how silly it may seem to be. Sometimes even the littlest things can point to something. Some things will turn out to have a logical explanation and can be either discarded, or at least put on the backburner. But some may not. And those are the incidents and events worth focusing on. From there, look closer, and expand your scrutiny into the rest of the aspects of your life. I've experimented with a pendulum, dowsing answers to confirm whether my own incidents were what I thought they were. For your experiences, do what works for you.

"Smash and Grab." In April or May of 1995, age 20, I was at that point living in one of the rooms at the hotel I was working at. It was a temporary situation, being that I was planning to leave on a cross country road trip with my then-boyfriend Gary in June. I was renting one of two full size, regular nice hotel rooms that happened to be located in the basement level, down the hall from Housekeeping. They were there for employees to use, basically. The hallway led to the parking garage, giving it outside street access. It was a bizarre time period for me, full of emotional highs and lows, periods of exhilaration and depression/despondency. So one night I'm lying on my bed, in the dark, going through another one of my extreme emotional lows, feeling suicidal and despondent. The only light in the room came from the parking lot lights that shone through the small window up by the ceiling, which was on the level of the parking lot. But it was enough to

see around the room. And as I was lying there, wishing to die and feeling very despondent, I had this sudden "hallucination" of what appeared to be a military looking guy silently bursting into my room, automatic rifle drawn and pointed at me, rushing silently right up on me…and that's where I pulled out of the "hallucination," gasping and sitting up in bed, like AHHH! WHAT WAS *THAT!!!* I had NO explanation for this, as I was NOT somebody prone to hallucinations. It made no sense. But I soon put it out of my mind, then forgot about it altogether.

Years later while reading up on MILABs research, I continually came across references to what I term the "smash and grab" method of taking an abductee, discussed in Part I of this write up. And as mentioned, I always thought this method of operation seemed a bit ridiculous. My hotel memory was still obviously buried, forgotten. Until one morning in 2004 when, while questioning my Flagstaff Arizona incident (coming up after this incident) I wondered whether I had ever had any tell-tale funny happenings in any of the hotels I'd ever stayed at during my travels.

Then this memory resurfaced. A full *ten years later.* And I literally pulled a "Home Alone" in the mirror. My eyes got HUGE, my mouth dropped open, my hands involuntarily went up to my face, clutching it, adrenaline surging. It was a look of horror that I can't duplicate now, funny enough. It was like the floor dropped out from under me. I just could not BELIEVE that I could have forgotten this incident!!! I'd been reading about MILABs for the past two and half years by that point, and never once did I remember this hotel incident. If ever they were going to snag me via Smash and Grab, that period of living at the hotel was absolutely *opportune.* I was living at a hotel, in the basement, with a hallway that had parking garage/street access. **Hello.** Coming in through the unlocked parking garage door in the middle of the night, down the hall and into my room which at that point used the old fashioned metal key locks – not electronic – and then grabbing me and hauling me out, unseen, would have been a piece of cake. It was almost *too* easy in fact.

This "hallucination" of a military guy bursting in to my room was probably not something that happened to me at the time that I saw it in my mind, while lying on my bed. Rather, it was more likely a flashback memory of something that had recently taken place, and it was bubbling up to the surface as I laid there, in a blank, numbed,

depressed stupor. In fact, I'd theorize that abductions/programming was causing me to fluctuate into these inexplicable depressed stupors in the first place. Upon quick glance the emotional ups and downs I described sounds a lot like Manic Depression/Bi-Polar Disorder. But I don't think that was the problem, since I was/am very functional, unlike how Manic Depressives tend to be who often require meds to get through life. As mentioned elsewhere in this book, I wonder if the side effects of mind control and abductions masquerade as known brain/psyche disorders – Manic Depression. Schizophrenia. Etc. 1995-1996 was a time period where I obsessed about my death, as well as continually putting myself into dangerous situations that would get me killed. I went through another similar period back in 1991 - 1992, always fantasizing about guys having a gun to my head and killing me. Not normal. Sounds like MILABs stuff to me, now that I've studied up on it all. In fact there's a cartoon illustration in the book "MILABS" by Dr. Helmut Lammer showing a girl sitting in a chair…with military guys surrounding her, guns pointed at her head. Interesting coincidence.

Possible Flagstaff/Sedona, Arizona abduction. In July of 1996, while living in Orange County, CA I decided one day on a whim that I was going to drive out to Flagstaff/Sedona Arizona on my two days off from work. I had no idea why I wanted to do this, the idea just popped into my head, and I went along with it. My coworkers, roommates…even my boss Edwin, who I was buddies with, were all like, "Why?!?" I don't know, was my response. Sounds like fun! Why not! And so I did it. Drove the eight hours from Orange County to Flagstaff, and got a room for the night at a Motel 6. I got dinner at McDonald's, then wandered around outside the motel on the train tracks, kicking rocks around, looking up at the stars, wondering huh…now what?? What am I supposed to do?? I remember looking at the star Betelgeuse, or maybe even Mars, red and prominent, hoping to see a UFO, since I was in "UFO country." No such luck though. It was ten p.m. and I didn't know what the point of all this was. I was tired, and so decided to just go to bed. Once in bed, I remember lying there, doing some sort of praying, trying to see if I could feel a connection to any sort of anything spiritual, God-ish, angel-like, or whatever. Felt absolutely nothing, which was a bit of a let down. I realized I really

am completely alone here in life, totally on my own. Oh well. No surprise there. Then that was it, I was out for the night.

In the morning I was unable to wake right away, feeling unnaturally groggy and wiped out. So much so that I couldn't get out of bed in time for the 11 a.m. checkout. Had to get an extension to 1 p.m. and even then I had to force myself to get up. As far as I can tell I had no memories of waking during the night, although that may be incorrect, I'm not 100% positive on it. At the time I didn't think anything of it, figured I was just tired from all that driving the day before. Finally just got up, got dressed, and checked out. Took a spin down the 17, but nothing too exciting. I didn't know how to get to the actual town of Sedona, so never got that far. Bought pair of earrings from a roadside Indian woman, and finally left to make the eight hour trek back to Orange County.

Knowing what I know now about the Flagstaff/Sedona area, and the fact that there are bases and a huge amount of alien/military activity happening there, and how sometimes "stuff" will get you to drive to them makes me seriously question this entire episode.

Gray overlay? After moving up to Portland to roommate with my brother Joe, he had made me aware of our joint status as supposed alien abductees. There was a strange incident that occurred one night while I was lying on my sleeping bag. Joe was sitting on the edge of his bed to my left, flipping through something that he was reading, while I lay in my own bed, under the covers, staring at the ceiling. And that's when I suddenly felt like I was slipping under water. It felt like I was sinking down, slipping away, and through my eyes things looked as if they were moving away from me. It became hazy and heavy and dream like. As I slipped down, I saw my brother glance up at me as he read…then do a "Holy shit!!" double take, eyes bugging out. He had genuine shock and actual fear on his face as he looked at me, like he couldn't believe what he was seeing. And this was a kid who was absolutely fearless by that point in life. Finally he managed to sputter out something about how he'd seen me "turning into a Gray!"

His voice yanked me out of this dreamy, slipping-under-the-waves trance state…and for a split second "I" felt slight annoyance, for some odd and interesting reason.

I turned to look at him, coming back into myself, and he excitedly explained what it looked like to him. I was lying there, and then….my

face morphed into a Gray face. I knew my brother long enough to know when he was being sincere and when he was bullshitting, and right now, he was being sincere. Whether I really had actually started to turn into a Gray, I don't know, but I knew that *he* truly believed that he'd seen that. And I definitely felt something really strange going on at the exact same time that he did that "Holy shit!!" double take, so, I don't doubt that this happened.

Shortly after that incident I was handing something to my brother, and for the first time I consciously noticed my fingers as I reached toward him. I was gripping the object with only three fingers, my pinky and ring fingers bent down, as if they were superfluous. I stopped in mid-air, frowning at my hand. Then I resumed giving it to him and mentioned it to him. I realized that I'd been doing this with everything in fact for a little bit of time now…since my October abduction two months before, actually. I didn't like it, because what was THAT supposed to mean?? Gray attachment? Also I only recently remembered that during this particular time period of living in Portland I was experiencing constant facial muscle discomfort. I was always rubbing and massaging at my face, particularly my cheeks and the sides of my face. Something felt off with my face. Whatever it was, it's gone now though. No more three fingers or Gray overlays.

"The pen from nowhere." A great example of an artificial synchronicity: It was the final week at my temp job up in Portland, and several of my coworkers who liked me had suggested that I should apply to work for the company permanently. For kicks, I went to the HR department to get an application even though I was planning to move to Florida. In the elevator ride back up to the office I stood there against the right wall, holding the application, wondering "What exactly am I doing here? Am I going to stay in Portland and use my money to get an apartment downtown somewhere? Or am I going to move to Florida? Should I fill this out or not? I mean seriously, what am I doing here??"

And right then as the elevator stopped to let a guy out, **a silver Cross brand pen slid across the elevator floor, spinning with force and coming to a stop right at my feet, perfectly.**

I looked down at the pen at my feet, my eyes wide.

I looked behind me, from where it came – the back left corner of the elevator.

Nobody was standing there. The only other person in the elevator was a woman standing against the opposite wall. She too looked at the back corner, wide eyed with disbelief. It was she who said, **"It's the pen from nowhere!"**

I bent down and picked it up, like, Huh…will you look at that. I'm standing here contemplating whether to fill out this application, and something tosses a pen at me, landing at my feet. It was such a government agent "Them" pen too. Heavy weight, smooth silver Cross pen. Nice. ;) [And on a side note…the exact kind of pen my dad always liked when I was growing up…]

I debated about the meaning of this unbelievable coincidence. Either "They" want me to fill out the app and go for the job and stay in Portland…because it's actually bad for me – so, sabotage - or, this really is a sign from something good that I should stay here and forfeit the Florida idea.

hmm.

I decided to go to Florida. As I now know, positive forces don't work by generating artificial synchronicities. Plain and simple. If it's a farfetched artificial synch…then it ain't good. Move on.

Power outage phobia. Not too long after moving into my new apartment in Fort Lauderdale, I realized I had an actual phobia about the power going out. I'd never experienced that before in my life. But on one occasion when the power glitched I had an immediate anxiety attack, looked around wildly, heart racing, and made a beeline for the front door, bursting outside like a nut. Getting outside was "safe," I knew. I could run to freedom. Being caught in a closed in apartment in the pitch blackness was very, very dangerous. This became so much of an issue that I set up flashlight lanterns around the apartment in the event that this ever happened while I was not near the front door. I had NO intention of being caught in the pitch black, unable to know or see what was going on around me. So I had lanterns in the bathroom, in the kitchen, and another right next to my bed. This isn't normal! But interestingly enough, I encountered **another alien/MILAB female on a message board who was the exact same way**. She also had flashlights set up around her apartment, due to an issue about being suddenly caught in the dark. This means something, in my opinion,

and is indicative of something possibly very negative happening at night, in the dark, or something cutting the power and swooping in, I don't know. I once had a dream, relayed in the Dreams section, regarding insectoid aliens cutting the power in my old house in Connecticut and stealthily swooping in to come get me.

Sudden return. Had several incidents back in Florida of waking up very suddenly, gasping, at 6:59 a.m. on the nose, like I was put back literally a minute before my alarm was to go off. One of those times I came back with my adrenaline still going. Couldn't remember anything, yet, I had total residual after affects of MAJOR stress, anxiety, and trauma. Felt REALLY frazzled. It stayed with me all day, and even my co-workers knew something was wrong with me. When I was saying something in a frazzled way to my buddy Ryan, he joked, "Hey, calm down, before you give yourself an aneurism." My personality by this point in life is normally very easy going and relaxed. So this was completely out of character for me**.**

Residual drugs? Woke up one morning in Florida in 2003, feeling "drunk" except I hadn't been drinking. I was SO dizzy, I could barely stand up, and it lasted for half the day, well into the afternoon. There was nothing else wrong with me, just a feeling of being drunk, but, without the drunk. I didn't even think to take a pee sample first thing after waking, because I had no idea where to go with it or what to do with it. Now I know to do this…so of course, now they don't let this happen anymore. Things openly happen when they know you're not on the ball and won't do anything about it.

Symbolisms. (It would be useful to read the section regarding **"Trauma Based Mind Control"** in Part I to get more of a background on the supposed Illuminati and mind control symbolisms to better understand the significance of this entry.) I've had this penchant for being attracted to all the "Illuminati/Brotherhood" and mind control symbolism going back to about age 21 - **Pyramids, suns/Ra, eyes of Horus, ankhs, white owls, phoenixes, Alice in Wonderland, 'shrooms, butterflies, big cats (leopards, cheetahs) porcelain masks**, etc. etc….even back before I knew what any of it meant. Back in '96 while living with my old group of roommates and long before I'd ever

even heard of any of this stuff I used to have the big poster of Ra that I bought at a new age shop, a painted pottery sun that I bought in Venice beach, a big 'shroom candle (ties into alice in wonderland programming), a pair of porcelain masks on the wall that an ex-boyfriend had given me (who, in retrospect, seems to clearly be a case of "alien love bite," but, that's a whole side story in itself…) and then to top it all off developed an obsession with wanting to find Alice in Wonderland imagery. (wasn't able to…which in retrospect was probably actually for the best.) I was just surrounded by the imagery, even back then. And I think the Alice in Wonderland interest happened after taking a trip to Sedona (mentioned before this entry) but I can't be sure. Also have my black cat named Kitty, same as "Alice Through the Looking Glass" and was told in 2004 that I had "Alice in Wonderland hair," since it was long and (strawberry) blonde with bangs. (It's different now.) As far as jewelry goes I still have the silver ankh necklace I bought back then, tucked away in a box, and for years had a penchant for wearing choker necklaces. Only after realizing their significance in mind control slaves did the interest gradually wane. Roses, which in the research usually equates to "bloodline," or "silence" has been another biggie with me. Rose necklaces, including a rose choker ;) rose rings, clothing with roses on them, you name it. Back in '93 I stole a silver rose ring that I didn't have the money for, such was the intense drive that I ***had*** to have it.

Years later in Florida I took several Butterfly World booklets and methodically cut out all the butterflies in them, one by one, until there was probably almost a hundred of them, and then taped them all up on my wall over the head of my bed. Interesting in light of the strange incident when I was about five when the "butterflies" appeared on my bedroom wall, eliciting an hysterical reaction from me. Also had the big cat imagery on my walls, with an overall idea in my head about **"being a cat"** and a penchant for stuff designed with cat print. There was lots more 'shrooms and sun imagery going on, as well as some of the Aleister Crowley Thoth tarot deck cards taped on the wall. And then when I came across a dollhouse miniature at Pearl Arts and Crafts store of a **white owl**, no, I didn't resist. At first I did, knowing by that point in life what it represents in many circles – "Moloch", Illuminati, etc. – but in the end I caved in. The feeling of ***having to have it!!!!!*** was so intense that two days later I made the trip back and bought it, overriding intellectual knowledge trying to counteract it. And despite

knowing what the phoenix means in mind control (the alternate persona rising up from the fractured core mind and taking over, being born as a new person), again, the drive/compulsion to use "Phoenix Rising" as part of an internet handle name was so strong I couldn't resist.

After reading the works of David Icke, Fritz Springmeier, etc. and learning what this symbolism can represent and what it's often used for within mind control programming, I took some of this stuff down. In particular the butterflies surrounding my bed, not good, and the Thoth tarot cards, and again, stopped wearing choker necklaces so much. Don't have "Alice in Wonderland hair" anymore either. But admittedly I couldn't part with all the sun and 'shroom imagery, or the white owl. And I'm still a sucker for the butterflies and the big cat print. Ra's long gone though, got lost in the shuffle in my many moves over the past eight years. Each thing taken individually doesn't mean anything, but when pooling it all together and looking at the behavior and **compulsions** driving it, then it's definitely suspect. I've also started paying more attention to females around me, you know, in case this is just symbolisms that most females are attracted to or surround themselves with. And the answer there is a big, um, No, apparently. ;D

But just as important are any symbolisms or imagery that one has an **inexplicable aversion to.** Since I was a little kid I've detested anything having to do with Peter Pan. Anytime I encountered the Disney cartoon image of Peter Pan I just felt like, "grrrrrrrrr!" for no logical reason. And then my mom had bought me this little girl's "Tinkerbell" nail polish and I remember frowning at the image of Tinkerbell on the bottle, feeling more "grrrrrrrrr!" Years later I learned that Peter Pan and Tinkerbell are part of "never grow old" programming in mind control. My childhood aversion to Peter Pan and Tinkerbell imagery doesn't prove anything, but it's certainly strange, and a little suspect. And if there's one thing that has absolutely *defined* me in this life it's the fact that I do *not* look my age. Never have, sometimes to the point of freaskishness. And I don't act it either. My good friend Mike R. told me in 2000 shortly before I left California that, "You haven't aged at all in the eight years I've known you." (I am actually aging, just not at the same rate as others I take it.) And I've read that mind controlled people with their various alters will

often times look years younger than they actually are. When I was 25 I had a boss at my drug store job line me up next to her boyfriend who was also 25, because she couldn't believe the shocking difference. I was petite at 5'3", 105 pounds and looked like I was a teen, while he was about 6'5", big burly, gruff and worn out, and looked in his late 40s, easy. He looked like he could have been the old gruff dad, and I was the kid. Yet we were born only months apart. Guys my age who liked me would initially stay away from me in my 20s because they were convinced I was jailbait, meanwhile as 15, 16 year old high school boys were hitting up on me, then getting embarrassed when they found out how old I really was. I'd get carded, of course, but sometimes the store clerks were convinced it had to be a fake i.d. When people would try to guess my age they'd guess 10+ years younger than I was. So at 30, 31 I had people guessing I was 18, 19. And treating me accordingly. ie, talking down to me as if I was stupid, or being outright rude, dismissive, and condescending. Too many stories to get into here. There have been a few times where I've accidentally either silenced a room of people, or silenced the one-on-one person I was talking to by revealing my age. Always the same stunned and confused looks. If there's more than one person they always do the same thing where they look at each other, confused and weirded out. Sometimes they act like they can't handle or accept it, actually seeming a little irritated, haven't figured that one out yet. Don't know if they think I'm lying, or if they think I'm a freak, ;D or they feel like the balance of power just shifted (if they had always perceived me as being "below" them, only to realize that I'm actually older than them by a number of years, then maybe that causes a kneejerk reaction of upset and irritation, I don't know.) And now with the invention of Facebook, where you can find anybody you've ever known so long as they have an account there, it's become even more obvious. I see pictures of people I used to go to school with, ex boyfriends, former coworkers, roommates…….and it's like watching them pass me by. People that were younger than me, including one of my ex boyfriends, now look up to ten years *older* than me sometimes. So, "never grow old" indeed. :/ My internal mindset and way of projecting myself to the world also matched how I've looked externally, as well as my choice of dress and accessories, and still does for the most part even in my mid-30s. The voice too. Most women in their 30s have these loud "mack! mack! mack!" voices as I call it,

projecting a strong ego outwards, talking over other people, being very aggressive and "LOOK AT ME!" Then there's me. I sound like I'm about 15, 16, something I've heard from multiple people, including an actual 16 year old girl. A lot of ways it's not anything like a "mature woman." Does "mind control programming" or "never grow old" account for this? Considering the concept of "multiple personas," which I get into later on in the book, and my serious "grrrrr!" aversion to Peter Pan, it's certainly a possibility. Could also be genetics, diet, the way life events have shaped me, or just plain luck. So who really knows. I am aging, and some things have happened that are right on cue for my age (35…that's when a lot of health and aging things seem to kick in for everybody like clockwork) including gray and white hairs ;) but again, it's apparently not what other people feel is normal.

(For more on the significance of this symbolism, again, see the earlier section regarding programming, and then also check out a blog called **Psuedo Occult Media,** **http://pseudoccultmedia.blogspot.com/** which specializes in dissecting the rampant occurrences of this symbolism nowadays in the media, from TV shows to movies, music vids, advertising, the fashion industry, and tacked all over its corporate owned, and most often times MK'd and multiple personalitied, stars and starlets. He takes whatever I did in my "Mind Control Symbolisms and Programming Triggers in Movies" write up **http://in2worlds.net/mind-control-themes-and-programming-triggers-in-movies** to whole other level, times 1,000. I don't fully endorse his take on everything, but it's enough of something interesting to be worth mentioning.)

I still don't understand how all of this works, but I imagine that surrounding oneself with the symbolisms and imagery used in creating a programmed mind would help to reinforce the programming. Many of these symbolisms directly tie into actual systems that are instilled in people's minds apparently, according to the research. [And on a side note: when it comes to the symbolisms being tacked all over the performers in the entertainment industry I almost see it as a form of Illuminati **branding,** indicating who their masters are that own and control them. The same may apply to every day sorts of people, unfortunately, or again, it's to reinforce programming. Not all the performers have it, but the ones that do *REALLY* do, namely the **females;** they're personally tattooed with the

symbolism on their bodies (in particular look for owls, keys and locks, butterflies, roses, ankhs, pyramids, suns, eyes, etc.) their videos are dripping in it, their CD artwork is riddled with it, and all their promo pics prominently feature it.]

"Sidetrack Circus Diversion" Harassment

In the opening introduction to this piece I mentioned that oftentimes, higher realm entities are toying with us in the same way a cat will bat around its prey. But sometimes they're doing more, and so it's important to learn the difference. And that's where this section comes in. In February 2002 after I made a break in life from my brother (who was a heavily programmed MILABs target) and moved to Florida, I hooked up with my current boyfriend Tom and life became….very strange, to say the least. Life had already been strange anyway, but before all this it had been more paranormal strange, with the beginning glimpses of MILABS. Now it was getting "aliens and UFO" strange! Tom runs a website on all things relating to metaphysics, conspiracy, abductions, and hyperdimensional manipulation in human affairs. Because of who he is, he's been a lifelong target of alien abductions, and possibly MILABs as well. So when I hooked up with him in life, "stuff" took a huge interest in our affairs and I suddenly became a marked target as well. Not just because of my involvement with Tom, but also for parting ways from my brother and possibly breaking from programming. I apparently wasn't supposed to do that. So suddenly, eyes were on me.

All throughout 2002 and into 2003 we both began experiencing what I've now termed "**sidetrack circus diversion/fear and paranoia generator!"** incidents (cue circus music here) designed to do exactly as it sounds – send us into a tailspin of fear and paranoia, obsessively going in loops about these distracting incidents…and even hopefully break us up, if all went well. Had we been different people, and had the situation been left unchecked, it could have easily disintegrated into the type of paranoia and craziness one sometimes finds with abductees. The thing that ultimately saved me was also one of my weaker points - my ability to tune stuff out, turn away and go back about my business and put it all out of my head. It's one of my big downfalls because it's kept me in a state of obliviousness or denial over

the years with regards to certain things *waaaay* longer than necessary, but yet it's also the same response/behavior that kept my frequency leveled. Being relatively level (regardless of the reason), versus being worked up, paranoid and terrorized **probably prevented far worse things from happening to me**, which carried me through until I finally gleaned my big moment of insight regarding **"the fear frequency"** in April of 2003. **http://in2worlds.net/the-higher-self**

Once I was told about the fear frequency, and heard that this is what was being done to me all those months, I stopped whatever fear I did have literally, overnight. And consequently, most of these random weird events stopped as well, reflecting that shift in awareness. I couldn't take any of it seriously anymore, and so they no longer had a use for doing that stuff. And as of this point, Tom and I rarely if ever get incidents like this anymore. That's pretty astounding in its implications. To go from there to here means something pretty big changed. That something was our mindsets, and it's something more abductees could benefit from realizing. I want to stress again though that remaining in a state of denial – ie, head in the sand - about things wouldn't have worked forever. Ignoring stuff will only get you so far, as I outline further in Part III. But again, it at least helped carry me through until I could get to a place of awareness that enabled me to tackle it all straight on, with no fear.

So with that in mind, the following incidents are the kind of random, crazy sounding, harassment/fear generator/distraction tactics one often hears about with MILABS abductees:

Alien in the Cloud. March of 2002. Not too long after moving to Florida I was lying on the beach one late afternoon with my head resting on my backpack, just relaxing and enjoying the sound of the waves and the ocean breeze rustling the palm fronds. I had a thought form as I call it go through my head, urging me to look at the clouds, saying, **"You could look for shapes in the clouds!"**

In response I thought (before even realizing that I was arguing with a thought form in my head), "Uh, yeah, I *could*, but, that's not something I would normally *do*." Just kind of sarcastic. I'm not into fanciful stuff like looking for shapes in the clouds. ;) To which it responded back with, **"Look!! You'll see an alien face!!"** So, I looked. Still very calm, not questioning this whole exchange at all. And sure

enough…there it was. Straight up at 12:00, an absolute perfect alien face sculpted from a cloud that was connected to a neighboring cloud. A white tear drop head, big slanted blue eye cut out of the cloud, a blue blip nose and blue slit mouth. Absolutely stunningly perfect, in every way. Man alive if I'd only had a camera with me to grab a shot!! The thought form voice was happy and giddy about this too, proud in a childlike way. Like it was saying, "WOW!!! This is so COOL!! Look what I did! Look! Look! hehehehehe!" The alien face in the cloud dissolved away very quickly.

This incident may sound nuts, but the work of Fritz Springmeier has been the only source that I've found which confirms - within back to back sentences no less - their ability to "sculpt clouds" using energy, and to "communicate" to their abductees using ELF waves. These externally generated thought forms are meshed nearly seamlessly with your own, which is why for instance I didn't question what was happening and answered back. It felt like it was my own thought.

> "Various types of "non-lethal" weapons have been created and are now being used. Directed energy can be used to **sculpt clouds.** ELF waves can be used to **place thoughts in people's minds** without using implants." – Fritz Springmeier

And from the book "MILABS" by Dr. Helmut Lammer and Marion Lammer:

> "Dr. Frey's work in this field, dating back to the sixties, gave rise to the so-called "Frey Effect," which is commonly known as **microwave hearing.** It is noteworthy that **alleged alien abductees and mind control victims report that they sometimes hear voices in their heads, although they are not schizophrenic."** – *page 98*

More "voices." So, speaking of hearing a "voice" in the mind…shortly after moving into my new apartment in Fort Lauderdale, I was thinking one night about how close I'd come to actually bringing my brother Joe with me to Florida. I had almost rented a trailer and a hitch to attach to my car too, in order to haul his belongings. Stupid in retrospect, but my programming was strong. However, I managed to break from the programming and parted ways with Joe in Oregon, never to see him again.

So I was thinking about all of that, frowning, having very negative ideas about Joe and feeling *extremely* grateful that I'd ditched him in life, and then decided to bring the trash out to the dumpster. Out to the sidewalk and into the parking lot, I walked past the cars parked next to my building and accidentally slammed my thigh into something jutting out. Looking down I saw it was a **trailer hitch** on the back of one of the cars. I turned to continue towards the dumpster, in pain, rubbing my leg and carrying the trash bag, when I then heard a male voice in my mind command, "**Stop!…Look at the license plate!"**

I paused, frowning curiously, but started walking again towards the dumpster.

"STOP!" he commanded more forcefully. **"Look at the license plate!!"**

I stopped yet again, actually turning halfway around, lowering the trash bag…but then changed my mind and started walking again.

"LOOK AT THE LICENSE PLATE!!!"! he screamed at me now, *really* pissed off.

Alright!! I thought, whirling around and going back over to the neighbor's car, squatting down in front of the plate. Like the "alien in the cloud" incident, this voice meshed nearly seamlessly with my own thoughts, so I just responded to it without really questioning it.

I stared at the plate. Alright…it's from Michigan, I noted. Looking, looking. I know I'm supposed to see something here, but I don't get it. The numbers and letters didn't mean anything to me. But there's obviously something here…looking, looking….

Then I saw it. The license plate *frame.*

It simply said **Joseph.**

The trailer hitch which smashed my thigh. On my neighbor's car with the plate frame that said Joseph. Right after thinking intensely about how glad I was that I didn't get that trailer and hitch and actually bring Joseph to Florida with me. And then "them" screaming at me about it all. Okey dokey. And I continued to the dumpster to toss in my bag.

In retrospect one has to wonder how this amazing synchronicity was orchestrated.

Beeping noises in the air. For a period of time in Florida in 2002 and into 2003, I would hear these electronic beeping noises in my

apartment that would happen in mid-air, coming from an invisible source of some sort. Later an episode occurred with Tom there as a witness. It happened up in the air by the vent in the wall…and then beeped twice more, moving down the hallway…actually **echoing,** like there was a real "something" there, in the apartment, invisible, moving about. And the fact that it echoed between the walls was amazing.

Invisibility. …but even weirder was the time when "somebody," who knows what, "arrived" in my closet. I was by myself in the living room, reading, when I heard a loud thump in my closet/laundry room. **And then what sounded like a person in the closet, losing their balance and falling over.** Just this thumping and banging around, like somebody - the size and weight of an adult human - had materialized there and then fell over and was rustling about. And it wasn't my cat, because she was in the living room area with me. The closet door was open slightly, about six inches, but I didn't get up to go investigate. I nervously went back to reading with my back to the closet. Within a minute or so I saw something moving around out of the corner of my eye, and looked over to see a really faint, barely visible black shadowy thing moving slowly about over in that area of the kitchen/hall/closet. Whatever it was, it was trying to be quiet and go unnoticed. Problem was, I heard it arrive, and I could see it with my peripheral vision. So despite their cloaking, their presence was known. Now I was spooked and got up, grabbed my backpack, and left the apartment for several hours. I returned later, not worried about anything though. That was so me back then. Just…put it out of my head, lalala, and move on with things.

Side note: From the website "Alien Jigsaw" I recently found this very interesting tidbit (bolded words my own emphasis):

> "Another interesting paper concerning "Information Warfare" is classified and only individuals with appropriate security clearances can obtain a copy from the Defense Technical Information Center in Fort Belvoir, Virginia.[27] However, you can read in the abstract that this paper explores holographic image projection, **cloaking devices and multispectral camouflage** which will provide enhanced military deception capability….It is just possible that MILAB victims are being used as the guinea pigs for these research programs. Because they are secretive, they are not under congressional oversight."

Strange voicemails and phone call interference. My first experience with anomalous phone happenings occurred while still roommating with my brother in Portland, approximately January 2002. I dialed into my cell phone voicemail one morning while at work and found a message that went on and on for several minutes….**the sound of marching jackboots.** That's it. Nothing else. Barely anybody even had my personal phone number, and the few of people who did wouldn't do something like that. It was bizarre, and actually creeped me out. If I'm not mistaken, this message actually happened TWICE. But I wasn't documenting things back then, so I don't have dates. But the same day that I received the first message, my brother claimed that the Nissan he was driving, which I'd given him for free back in California, had caught fire, or experienced some kind of explosion within the engine that actually blew off the hood of the car, causing a fire. So the car was gone, burned, and had been towed away. This in itself was a set up, attempting to cause a situation of my already penniless and unemployed brother to have to further rely on me to keep taking care of him in life. I have zero proof that this really happened to Joe's car…but he did tell me the story before even hearing about the jackboots phone message.

The next anomalous message occurred after moving to Florida, in about April of 2002. It was strange, like a whooshing wind noise, and these random, weird, far away sounding blips, and finally the distorted, possibly electronic voice of a little girl saying "Bye!" and hitting one of the number buttons on the phone. Tom figured out it was the 9 button. What it all meant, I had no idea, but it was bizarre, and I'd never heard anything like that before. (or since.) I had loads of "stuff" going on during this time, so it fits right in. I still have a copy of this message, and Tom has run it through all sorts of filter programs to see what he could find.

A third really odd one was a sentence fragment featuring a man with a southern drawl saying, **"…manufactured hearts and kidneys and….hello?!....and limbs and things."** That's it, message ends. Still have a copy of that one as well. Some people may be dismissive of these messages as being wrong numbers or crank calls, but the interesting thing is they only ever happened during those crazy times when I had a lot of negative abduction activity occurring, and when I was in a vulnerable position in life. So, that's an important factor in

determining whether or not it as a sidetrack circus diversion/fear and paranoia generator event.

Then there's phone call interference, which has happened to me on four separate occasions that I can remember, with only two people in my life - once while talking to Joe back in 1999, and three times with Tom. Phone interference as I've experienced it seemed to be for the purpose of announcing their presence, let us know we were being listened to, and possibly instill fear too, I'm sure. When it happened to me and Joe, the noise scared the crap out of me. One second we were taking, the next there was a very sudden and loud blaring crazy noise that caused me to jump and pull the phone away from my ear, heart racing, nerves standing on end. It went on for a good ten seconds too. It's actually very similar to what happens in the movie "Mothman Prophesies," where Indrid Cold creates a blasting noise that causes Richard Gere/"John Klein" to jump and pull the phone away from his ear. My incident happened in '99 though, two years before the movie. With Tom, it's always been like distorted electronic beeping. The three times with Tom were during times when he was back in Iowa for family stuff while I was by myself at home. One of those phone calls was a very big deal, where we *this* close to breaking up, and where the outcome would affected the timeline of our lives (and other people's as well) in a major way. Not only did we experience the distorted electronic beeping interference announcement during that particular call, but I also had two ear tones in the middle of it all. So, something was definitely listening in to THAT conversation using all possible angles!

The "Gray" homeless guy. This was during the summer/fall of 2002, when all kinds of strange and bizarre events were happening to me and Tom. We were idling at a red light at Broward and Federal in downtown Fort Lauderdale when a homeless guy wearing the bright pink Sun Sentinel T-shirt approached Tom, who was driving, and began chatting casually with him through the open window. Homeless people selling the Street Sheet for donations or the Sun Sentinel newspaper were commonplace at that particular intersection, so this was normal. So they're chatting, and I'm over in the passenger side in my own world, not paying much attention, then the light turns green. As the cars in front of us begin to slowly pull forward, homeless man suddenly changes you could say. He goes from easy

breezy casual, to getting a sort of intense, serious look about his face, leans in through the window, staring intently at me – honing in on me for the first time - and gives me a big "V" sign with his fingers.

It was at this point that I really noticed how he looked. The guy was barely 5 feet tall, if that, probably about 90 pounds soaking wet, meaning, very tiny, and with a very pronounced triangular shaped face, and large alien-looking pale blue eyes, and very thin lips/small mouth. He looked like a barely disguised Gray alien in human form. And the way he was intensely staring me down, giving me the V, leaning partially into the car window was just bizarre. I just stared back at him, like, Huh?? then he pulled back out of the way, and Tom began moving forward. Tom and I were both like, What was THAT?? Damn!

Finally seeing "Them." August, 2002. Tom and I decided to go to Denny's in the middle of the night, around 1:45 a.m. At first we chose the one on Federal Highway. But we get in there, and there's like, no people. We're pretty much the only customers, and not only that, but our server is this older woman with a bad cold. We heard her hacking and coughing up a lung before she even got to our table. We ordered our Cokes and when she went to get them, hacking and coughing, we took off and bailed out, in search of a more happening Denny's. One with people, and better servers. !!! We headed further up Federal Highway and wound up at the Denny's on Commercial and Federal, which was jumping. Loads of people. We took our seat, ordered our drinks, and were waiting, chatting, and people watching.

I was looking towards Tom when I suddenly felt them approaching, before I ever saw them. I looked up and see two suits coming down the aisle in our direction…and both of their eyes were locked right on me, and only me. I stared right back, which isn't something I did at the time. Have to emphasize that. At that time I didn't stare down strangers, or lock eyes on people like that. The way I felt was that I couldn't NOT do it, even if I wanted to. I was frozen. They were dressed impeccably, looking just like government agent types. One of the guys was Caucasian, tall, over six feet, with meat on his bones, just a big and tall guy. He had thinning/balding light brown hair, pale skin, was clean shaven, and was wearing a full suit, with jacket and tie included. The jacket and pants were dark gray, the shirt

white. His face was plain white guy. The other guy was shorter, probably no more than 5′ 8″. His skin was tan, and his hair darker, and he had more hair than the other guy. His features were heavier than the other guy, a bigger nose, a heavier brow bone. He was also clean-shaven. He wore a crisp bright white dress shirt, gray pants, belt, a tie, but no jacket, unlike the other dude. He was the one I really looked at first, because that's the one I felt the draw to. He was staring me down intensely, with a little smirk on his face. The vibe was sexual. **And I also "recognized" him**. **I had no conscious recollection of him, but I knew him. There was recognition.** My attention then turned back to the other, taller guy as they walked by me, and that guy was also staring me down, but in a different way. His look was a mix of contempt and disdain, but also curiosity. Like "hmm." I didn't "recognize" him, and I knew that he was only seeing me for the first time as well.

As they passed by our booth I took another quick glance back at the other guy who I recognized, then looked down at our table, still frozen in place. The only feeling going through my mind was **"uh oh…"** like a little kid. I knew I'd "done something wrong" and had that feeling of being in trouble. I was definitely not doing what I was "supposed to be doing," or what somebody wanted me to be doing, that's for sure. Part of it I think involved being with Tom. They *do not* like him, that much I've figured out, and did not want me with him. The plan had apparently been to get me to stick with my brother at all costs, no matter what he was doing or how nasty he got, thus enabling him to carry out his various criminal/agent provocateur programming commands while simultaneously sabotaging my own life in the process; then, turn my back on my budding friendship with Tom and never make it out of Portland, Oregon. Instead, I permanently ditched my brother, made a break for Florida without him, and hooked up with Tom.

I was still staring at the table, frozen, when Tom finally said "What the hell was THAT?? Why were those guys staring at you like that?!?" He was frowning and watching them as they supposedly stopped at a booth behind us. I never saw that part though since I felt unable to turn around. He had no idea what was going on. I was finally able to tell him from my perspective.

According to Tom, who was facing them, they paused first at the booth behind ours, of course, while I sat paralyzed in place. Then the

shorter guy that I recognized pulled out a cigarette and lit it up. Then they moved further back, to a booth against the back wall of the restaurant. Tom said that in regards to the cigarette dude, his mannerisms and vibe in general was that of power. Like mafia. Just the way he lit his cigarette and carried himself. Total power.

Then the shorter darker mafia power cigarette guy, the one I "recognized", decided to head to the restroom, as an excuse to do another buzz by probably. I didn't see him head to the restroom, but, again, **I "felt" him when he approached back around again**. I intuitively looked up, directly at him. His eyes were locked on me from over fifteen or so feet away as he neared, again, with that smirk and sexual vibe.

So, yup, that was apparently "them." Or, some of them, anyway. **I had requested prior to this incident to be able to see some of "them" while I was out and about in the real world…and be able to *know* that it was them.** Well, guess I got my wish. They picked the optimal place and time to do it, too. A Denny's diner at two in the morning is perfect. Nobody is going to be dressed like they were at a Denny's, in the middle of the night. They totally stood out. Then factor in the telepathic tug, the way they were staring at only me, the one guy's inexplicable disdain/contempt, the subconscious recognition and the feeling like I knew I'd done something wrong, and well, there you go. There was no doubt in me and Tom's minds who we were looking at. If it had been during the day, during working hours, it could be dismissed.

It's interesting to note that we started out at a completely different Denny's…and bailed out to come to this one at the last minute. This begs the question – and you know, maybe I'm missing something here, but - in order to cross paths with "them" at the second Denny's, the situation had to be set up to get us to leave the first Denny's. So…is this saying that events were somehow arranged? If so…how? Who, and what, are these "people" and what in the frickity frack is going on here anyway?

The thermostat. During this same exact time period where we saw "them" around August of 2002, I came home from work one afternoon to find several of my apartment windows cranked open. It was August in South Florida, which means I had the A/C going for my cat

and had closed all the windows as a result. Also, the bathroom door was now open when it had been closed when I left, since I didn't want to waste A/C on the bathroom.

Frowning, I closed the windows and bathroom door again, then went over to the A/C to look at the temperature gauge. Normally it was always set between 72 – 75. Now it was set down to **69** degrees, exactly. So, someone had been there, and made their presence known. (see the "Number Sightings" subsection in Part III for more on the number 69 in relation to MILABs activities.)

Voice from the radio. September 2002. Tom and I had just returned from an overnight trip (to a C's channeling session in fact, an excerpt of which appears at the end of Part II) and we were unloading Tom's car, making several trips back and forth into the apartment. I had turned on the radio inside the apartment while we unpacked. As I walked inside carrying something, I heard a male voice say from the radio something really……vile. I won't repeat it here, but it was something nobody would say over the radio, nor be allowed to by FCC regulations, let's just put it that way. Also, what he coincidentally said matched up to yucko abduction related memory fragment that I experienced when I lived in Portland, which I discuss in the "Dream Hijacking" section. I could hear the smirk behind the vile words too.

It stopped me in my tracks, and I turned and looked back at the radio, holding my stuff, thinking, "Did I just hear what I thought I heard?!? Am I imagining this???!"

And as if to answer my question and dispel *any* sort of doubts about what was happening here, the voice went on to say something else that was ten times worse. But I can't remember it now. It was so disturbing that I immediately froze up and went into denial/rejection mode. He said it, shocked me into mental meltdown and I just….blocked it out. Then I turned away from the radio, feeling numb, and went back to my business. So all I have is the knowledge that something was said, but what was said I can no longer remember. It's been "deleted." And the fact that I even have such a capability says something in itself, to me. Kind of reveals some things.

Power repeatedly surging. On Halloween night in 2002, Tom was trying to set up our newly purchased web cam so that we could have it

on, monitoring us while we slept to deter abductions. Well "coincidentally," the power kept repeatedly surging/going out that night – six times in fact – interfering with the entire thing. Admittedly, it scared me to no end because that was my mindset back then. Plus I also had that newfound phobia about the power going out. I'd occasionally experienced power glitches in that apartment…but none like that, to that extent. And there hadn't been any in awhile…not until the night we were trying to set up the new web cam.

The Black Helicopter, Round 1. November 18, 2002. Something woke me up at 7 a.m. on the nose. As I sat up, squinty eyed, thinking "huh??" I realized what it was - there was a very loud military-sounding helicopter outside just going, and going, and going, and going. Hovering. Right next to my building. As I got up to go investigate, walking across my apartment to the front door, my nerves were standing on end and my stomach was sinking, because I already knew. This had to do with me. BUT, before I jumped to any conclusions I needed to see for myself. So I opened the front door and stepped outside and looked up into the bright and sunny and cheerful looking morning. Sure enough there was a large, unmarked, matte-black colored military looking helicopter hovering over the leasing office building across from mine**. Pointed in a beeline, straight at my front door.** (Later research on the 'net would show that the closest match to the body shape of this thing is a Comanche helicopter.) Oooohhh-kay, I thought, looking around to see if anybody else was hearing this. But there wasn't a neighbor to be found anywhere. And I promptly went back inside and shut the door.

It continued to hover outside and make a racket. As I came back inside, shaken, Tom sat up from bed and asked what was going on. I told him that there was a military helicopter hovering over the next building, pointed at my front door. "WHAT??" He sat up. He wanted to go out and look at it with his binoculars, but I requested that he not do that. I didn't want him to go out there and put himself in the middle of what I felt was something that had to do with me. Although they already know who he is anyway. But still, there's no point in going out there and showing himself unnecessarily. I wanted to lay low, not go out there and antagonize anybody. [Different mindset back then. ;)] I kept saying "this isn't good, this isn't good…" really

scared. The helicopter hovered for about another 30 seconds, then took off. It didn't hover any other buildings, and it didn't circle the neighborhood. It just came in, pointed itself at my front door, and hovered there for several minutes until I went out and showed myself and acknowledged it. Then it left, with no further business.

What's unusual about this incident: 1) You don't normally hear about black helicopters flying about urban areas in broad daylight, harassing people. 2) Nobody else noticed this helicopter. Nobody else came out of their apartment. Not one. A huge black military helicopter was hovering over our buildings making an absolute racket at 7 a.m., and nobody even poked their head out to see what was up??? Actually, it kind of doesn't surprise me.

Black Helicopter, Round 2. May 7, 2003. Tom was back in Iowa at this point, about to hit the road in a few days to drive back to Florida. He'd been back in Iowa for almost five months helping with family issues, so I was back to living alone with my cat. I was getting ready for work, and at 8 a.m. on the nose I heard the distinctive sound of a helicopter approaching outside from the back of my apartment…then stop, hovering very close by. Just going and going and going and going. My heart stopped. *ohhhhhh shiiiiit*, I thought. I went out the back door to go look, and found a shiny, all black, unmarked helicopter, with a large cross shaped thing sticking out from the back end, hovering low. Even the windows were tinted black. **It was pointed in a beeline at my back door this time.** *oh shit*, I thought again. I ran for the phone and called Tom in Iowa. I was like, PLEASE answer your phone, PLEASE answer your phone…and luckily, he did, even though it was 7 a.m. his time. I held the phone up in the air outside so he was able to hear the ruckus that it was making. Talk about two worlds colliding - I'm supposed to be getting dressed for work, figuring out what to wear, meanwhile, there's a black helicopter pointing straight at my apartment back door**.** I stood outside, on the phone talking to Tom and narrating the situation while staring up at it. At one point, it turned slightly to its left to look at me better. It looked like an insect when it did that. I was also freaking out that NOBODY seemed to even notice that this was happening, nobody was coming out of their apartment, just like the last time. Then I noticed that wait, there was a black guy standing in the parking lot, with his hands in his

pockets, gazing curiously up at it, kind of like, "WTF??" and then looking over at me. Yay! Let's hear it for witnesses! :D

Finally I went back inside and told Tom that I had to go, I have to get ready for work, forget this. We hung up. I was shaking and scared…then I heard the helicopter move so that it was now right on top of my apartment, hovering loud and intimidating, **right over where I stood in my kitchen.** I tried to go about my business like normal, pretending this wasn't happening, lalala! hoping it would go away. But I felt lost and panicked, wondering why I didn't have some sort of forewarning about this from my intuition, or "higher self." Something this bad should have come with a little bit of warning…right?! I felt abandoned.. I was panicked about what they planned to do, and why they were here. I kept thinking, I didn't DO anything!! I didn't DO anything!!!! Then I was saying to my higher self, "Why didn't you tell me?? Why did you let this happen!!! Why did you let this happen!!!!"

Then I got an answer. What I assume to be my higher self responded, since that's who I was addressing, and it sounded calm, mature, and slightly amused. "Because nothing's going to happen to you," it said. It also sounded like me, btw. My own voice. Female, only older, and more mature and maternal sounding, the way my higher self always sounds. The exact quote of what it told me was: "Treat this like you would an entity attack. Move to the center of the room and treat this like you would an entity attack, and watch what happens."

Okay, I thought. I was standing there, staring down at the floor, brows furrowed, interacting with this thought form without really thinking about it. That's the only way it seems to happen, I've noticed. It's when I'm not consciously focusing on what's happening, and am distracted. When I'm conscious, I tend to lock up and then things can't get through. So I did what it told me to do, and I turned from my spot in the kitchen and moved to the center of the apartment, the "living room" area, and stood there. It sounds corny, but, I remembered the scene at the end of the first Matrix, where Neo fully realizes that it's all an illusion, and he's the one in control. I thought about him stopping the bullets, and saying "No." Like, I'm not having this. No. This isn't my reality. Sorry.

I closed my eyes, outstretched my arms to each side, took a deep breath. The heli was still hovering and harassing, directly overhead. **Then I changed my frequency, basically.** That's the only way to describe it. Like changing the radio dial. I had the mentality of No. I'm not having this. Sorry. And I did exactly what I would do during an entity harassment, repeating NO. NO. NO. NO. Over and over again, firmly, and really and truly believing it and feeling no fear, whatsoever. Just a completely different mindset, one where I felt connected to my higher self, not having this situation.

And it immediately stopped. That heli pulled up and took off, getting out of there ASAP.

I slowly opened my eyes, realizing that it was leaving, and very rapidly, too. A grin spread over my face. I became giddy, realizing I had the power to make this stop and go away. It had worked. Whoever that thought form was gave me good advice.

A note about the time when this happened: The first time in November it was 7 a.m. on the nose. This time it was 8 a.m. exactly. Then I realized…Daylight Savings Time. Back in November DST was over. So whoever they were, they don't go by DST.

Black Helicopter, Round 3. May 10, 2003. Tom was now currently en route back to Florida, from Iowa. I had gone for a walk on Fort Lauderdale beach, and there had been a police/patrol helicopter flying up the coast, over the water. I thought about my black helicopter sighting from earlier in the week and compared the two helicopters, noting the differences in colors and body styles. I was focused heavily on the black helicopter incident almost as if expecting to see another, even though I'd never had such an experience at a public beach of all places. I went back to my car as if I were going to leave but then remembered…Hey, the point of me coming here was to go for a walk AND read my book afterwards on my beach chair. So, I grabbed my beach chair out of the trunk and headed back out to the sand and set everything up. I had just finished applying some sun tan oil and was settling in with my book when I heard another helicopter coming up the beach, from my left.

Before even looking up, I knew. **I recognized the sound of it, or else picked up on its frequency.** Sure enough, approaching slowly up the beach was a glossy, all black, unmarked helicopter with black tinted windows. It was barely over the water line, pretty close to the

sand where the people were sitting. But nobody seemed to notice it. As it approached where I was sitting it slowed down noticeably. I fixated on it as it passed by, thinking over and over to myself, "Come on…come back…come back…show me what you're made of…come back…come back…come on, show me what you're made of show me what you're made of…" Over and over. By "show me what you're made of," I was referencing the ability for them to read my thoughts. There was no fear, only me daring them with this manic, giddy glee.

And so they did.

The black helicopter immediately swung tightly around to the left in a U-turn, and did an even slower fly by right over where I was sitting. I stared up at them, still fixated. At this point I felt a little fear, I admit it. Partly I couldn't believe that they really *could* read my mind, and partly I was surprised that they responded, and did exactly what I asked. I was like, Whoa, holy shit…! Uh…yeah, okay…

They continued their super slow fly by, and again, **nobody around me seemed to notice it at all.** Finally when it was far enough away it picked up speed and took off at a regular pace up the beach, and was gone. So, two black helicopter sightings in one week. This was the same week that Tom was en route to come back to Florida from Iowa. Seems as if that was generating some attention. Also, going to the beach in the morning on the weekend is not normally something I do, but, I had the urge to do it this day.

Helicopters, Rounds 4 & 5. The final two episodes involved a new mode of operation: flying in huge circles over our apartment building, as well as the fact that these helicopters weren't solid black. Rather, they were a very dark blue color. For those two reasons I didn't think (at first) that they were black helicopter harassment, but several things indicated that it seemed to be the same thing:

Round 4 was on July 16, 2003 at 7:24 a.m. (You'll see in a minute why the time is important.) Just before this thing showed up I had been having a dream about "thems" in a helicopter; **they showed up in my dream, looking for their "three way radio."** My mom was there, of all people (I don't have any sort of relationship with her), and she had lost this three-way radio thing. They were annoyed, and wanted the three way radio back…whatever that's supposed to mean (?!?!) and for whatever reason, she of all people was involved in it all. I can only

guess. At the moment when the real helicopter was approaching our apartment in real life, my dream took a violent turn. People in my dream began attacking each other, hitting each other with frying pans. (kind of funny actually.) I then woke to hear the sound of a real helicopter beginning its repetitive circling overhead. When Tom went to go out and take a picture of it (dark blue in color, no markings) **I felt like the wind had been taken out of my sails, deflated, passive, like I couldn't do much of anything……and even admonished him *not* to take pictures of it!** (programming I suspect – because I wouldn't do that now.) Our apartment was on the outer edge of the circle it was flying in, but as soon as I stepped foot outside it "coincidentally" swung by right over where I stood. We went back inside, listening as it continued circling outside, and I realized I was getting more and more scared. Not good. So finally I told Tom, "Give me a moment…" and I lay on my bed, closed my eyes, and pulled another **"Change the Radio Dial."** Within *seconds* of me doing that the helicopter coincidentally flew off, and abruptly ended its circling.

Round 5 occurred on August 6, 2003, at 8:24 a.m. Exactly one hour to the MINUTE of Round 4. This one looked identical to the last one, and as soon as we saw it matched, I looked for any abduction bruise markings on my legs. Sure enough, found the telltale perfectly round, deep purple bruise on my calf below the knee. It hadn't been there the night before. This time instead of flying in repeated circles, the helicopter flew all over the place with no rhyme or reason to it, at all. It would circle over the apartment then fly move off and circle about in the distance, angled sideways, looking in our direction, then circle back over us, then move off again. Tom started immediately grabbing photos, and this time I overrode the urge to not take pictures! and grabbed for my own camera. Only problem was…**the battery was missing. Somehow the door casing had popped open, the battery had fallen out in my backpack, and the door had closed tightly again.** I needed a butter knife to pry this thing open to put the battery back in! This had NEVER happened before in the two years I'd had that camera!!! I got the battery back in and finally got a couple of shots, then nonchalantly decided to head off to work now. As I drove off down the street, the helicopter abandoned its random circling and followed me behind the tree line. When I got to the 4-way stop, it too stopped…and pointed directly at my car. I took my camera, hung out the window and got another shot of it. Then nonchalantly drove off,

smiling, listening to CDs, and singing. What a difference a few months makes, that's all I can say. (Tom confirmed that this helicopter stopped its circling after I left and drove off to work.) **And we never had another helicopter harassment again**. That afternoon we did experience one of those tremendous "black clouds of doom" though, documented in my Weather Anomalies section of my website. **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-weather**

Coincidental debunking article. On a side note, I have to mention this. But shortly after Round 4 and 5 I just so happened to be glancing through the Sun Sentinel paper at work and saw what of all things but…an article talking about flight school helicopters that will fly in repeated circles over residential neighborhoods in Fort Lauderdale, annoying people. "Nothing to see here folks, move it along…."

It would seem on a surface level that "See, it was all just flight school helis, that's all…" But is it? Just a simple review of the circumstances surrounding Rounds 4 & 5 indicate to me that they were something woo-woo, and not just "flight school helis." I think it's rather amazing that flight school helis could coincide with negative dreams that also involved a helicopter looking for a "three way radio," feeling passive and deflated, having the battery pop out of the camera in my bag and then the casing closing back up tightly as if trying to prevent me from using my camera when something like that has never happened before, and then the heli following me up the street behind the tree line and waiting for me at the four way stop…..then abandoning its "flight school flying" the second I left the vicinity to go to work. The article actually sounded a bit like something straight out of "The Truman Show."

The bright "camera flash." I decided recently to add this one in after re-reading the book "The Mothman Prophesies" by John Keel and seeing an exact description of this incident, verbatim. At the time it originally happened it struck me as really weird, but completely nonsensical, so therefore not worth mentioning in the same breath as the rest of the more obvious and interesting incidents of weirdness going on during the same time period. Now I realize I should mention it. But one night in 2003 I think (not sure because I didn't log it) Tom and I were exiting our apartment and walking towards my car to go

out somewhere. As we got to my car and I was approaching the driver's side door, with Tom standing at the passenger door, a sudden very bright, blue-white colored light double flashed from across the parking lot. It was like a camera flash, as if somebody had just taken our picture, which was my split second immediate thought. But yet the flash was VERY bright, a bit blinding, enough to be noticed around the entire parking lot, and definitely blue white in color. A "burst" you could call it, exactly as John Keel describes it as we'll see in a moment. So something about it was a bit "off" for being just some normal camera flash. The even weirder part was we didn't stop to investigate it. We both noticed it…then I slipped into the front seat, leaned over and unlocked Tom's door, and he slipped inside and I started the car, backed out, and we just…drove off. "lalala!" Like it was nothing. Didn't go over and investigate, or even try to scan the darkness to see if there was somebody with a camera. I can't describe how I felt other than a mix of knowing something woo-woo unusual had just happened, that it wasn't just somebody's camera flash, yet, while being in a passive daze and where looking closer didn't even seem to exist as an option. Disregard it and push on, as I so often did back then. Or else, something made me feel like I shouldn't pursue it, I don't know. I didn't even log it because it seemed so trivial compared to everything else that had been going on in my life. Bursts of blue white light in the parking lot right as Tom and I showed up? What's that all about? Seems so petty. And years later when re-reading "The Mothman Prophesies" I found this bit:

> "The ["phantom photographer"] phenomenon takes yet another form. The witness is **stepping out his door, or getting out of his automobile**, when there is a **sudden burst of light "like a flash gun going off."** No photographer or camera is visible. **There is no sudden paralysis or ill effects. The witness just scratches his head in bewilderment and goes about his business.** However, those who see these flashes have **usually had psychic experiences previously. They have seen a UFO, a monster, or a ghost, or they are gifted with ESP or precognition."**

The last bit describes Tom and I to a T, and the description of the experience itself matches verbatim, down to the sort of situation it occurred in – stepping out the door, and in our case, getting *into* an automobile, and our responses, or rather, lack thereof, also matches to

a T. What it means, I don't know, but for John Keel's research it's just one more bit of confusion that contactees experience in life, going nowhere, never any answers. (The whole point of his book is basically discussing his numerous investigations into what I nickname "sidetrack circus diversion/fear and paranoia generators" and how it plays out amongst UFO contactees and those who have paranormal experiences, which is why I always recommend his book for anybody who's interested in the weird.)

Another "Them"? December 24, 2002. I wasn't sure what to make of this back when it happened, and I still don't. But considering what had been going on with me all this particular week – I had more mysterious bruise marks on my legs, pains in my uterus, ear tones, and strange dreams - it probably is what I think it is. I was at Walgreen's on Broward Boulevard and I was in the magazine aisle, excitedly reading an article in Newsweek about the upcoming Matrix sequels. ;) So yeah, I was way excited, like really giddy, because I'm just a dweeb like that.

As I was reading the article I got a whiff of some perfume stuff **which didn't smell good to me.** I frowned to myself and looked up to see the source. I saw a well dressed, corporate looking older white guy who appeared to be in his 50's, who had just breezed past me down the aisle. He was the source. I only saw him from behind. He had all white hair, and a bright white clean crisp dress shirt and gray slacks, a belt, shined dress shoes. No jacket though. But impeccably dressed, spotlessly clean and unwrinkled. Almost too perfect. Stood out in this particular ghetto-y Walgreens. The downtown office buildings are only a mile away, but still, everything surrounding the store was black ghetto. (Two words: Sistrunk Boulevard, one street over.) My first assumption was that he'd just gotten off work, being that it was 5:15 p.m., and like I said, downtown was close by. I immediately dug back into the article, not giving him another thought.

A little while later I heard a really pointed and sarcastic voice say to me, **"Reading anything *INTERESTING?*"** I glanced up to my left to the source of the voice and saw that it was the same white haired corporate looking dude breezing past me, this time going the other direction. We were the only two people in the aisle now. Everybody else had cleared out.

He never slowed down. He never looked at me. He didn't wait, or want for, any sort of a response, unlike every single other harasser I'd encountered since moving to Florida. A harasser harasses you because they *want* that response, and even more importantly, they want to *see* your reaction. He on the other hand could have given two shits about what my response was. Total disdain.

Even more interesting was *my* reaction. Normally if somebody were to say something like that I would have gotten annoyed. Possibly even yelled something sarcastic back in response. This time, as I stood there watching him breeze away from me **it felt like the wind had been let out of my sails and all I could do was just stand there in a passive, childlike daze**, watching him go. I was numb, blank. Unable to say something back even if I had wanted to, like mental control had been exerted on me to shut me up.

Factoring in a) what had already been happening to me that week, with b) how this guy was dressed – it was identical to the two "Thems" at the Denny's four months earlier; c) the fact he had the same disdainful contempt for me as they did; d) the fact that his cologne registered with me in some way, causing me to frown while reading, and e) my inexplicable inability to talk or respond to his comments, and I'm liable to think that this was another Them, making their presence known.

Both encounters also involved what I consider to be telepathic exchange. In the first encounter, I felt them before I saw them, and was tugged to look up both times that they passed by me, as well as feeling paralyzed in some way, being unable to *not* look at them; the second time I was rendered unable to speak and could only stand there, in a blank daze. And to be honest, I can't confirm that what I heard him say was actually spoken out loud, because I never actually saw him say it. I've demonstrated the ability on previous occasions to clearly hear people's thoughts, so, who knows.

"MIA…" This one seems so trivial and unimportant that I was liable to dismiss it…until encountering somebody else who claims to have experienced the same thing. But one time I was walking into the aforementioned Walgreens in Fort Lauderdale, and as I walked towards the front doors I see two grungy guys standing off to the side, smoking cigarettes, and one of them (who had a moustache) calls out towards me, **"Looks like we got ourselves another MIA."**

I knew he was saying it for my benefit, being that he was staring me down as he took a drag off his cigarette, so inside I was like, what the hell?? I mean what is *that* supposed to mean? Another MIA? Another "Missing in Action"? If that's what it even means. Okay. Fort Lauderdale was littered with crazies, the whole "Street Theater" thing, so it wasn't surprising. But still, that was pretty pointed and strange. So much so that I filed it away in the back of my mind instead of dismissing it.

Like I've mentioned before in my writings, corroboration usually comes around eventually, if you're patient. Sure enough, about a year or so later I mentioned this in passing on a message board forum and surprisingly, one of the regular members, a female from Boston who's had a lot of her own weirdness in life, posted that she's gotten the same exact comment. **"Looks like we got ourselves another MIA…."** Go figure. But nothing surprises me anymore.

The "Dreams"

Dreams are often anything but. Sometimes they are actual memories of events, coming out while we sleep, screen memories of suspect abduction events, or symbolic messages given to us in regards to abduction happenings, fed to us by our subconscious mind. If you're an abductee, then one of the first places you should be looking at are your dreams. Even if you have hardly any actual memories, you'll most likely receive indicators when you sleep. Following are some of the more bizarre and highly suspect dreams I've had over the years. Some may be actual memories, and some seem to be highly symbolic messages being conveyed through the subconscious. Another important aspect of these abduction-related dreams that I've noticed is that when "something" is around in the astral realms honing in on me, maybe planning to snag me, my dreams will take a sudden negative turn, reflecting this. Either the dream will suddenly turn morbid, or I'll see aliens and/or UFOs. It seems to act as a head's up warning system that the crosshairs are on me. I delve more into this in the "Dream Hijacking" section.

So whatever these dreams are, they're worth mentioning to give the reader an idea of what one could be looking for.

The UFO. UFO dream when I was 13 - a UFO hovering/parked over our house in Connecticut, at night. I was out in the cul-de-sac, off to the right side with the streetlights providing light, just standing there calmly, watching it. The weirdest part was that the Joe Walsh song, "Life's Been Good" was playing, almost like a soundtrack of sorts to the whole scene. It was specifically the middle part of the song, where the lyrics cut out and it's just that trippy, sci fi-ish sounding synth music part that goes on and on.

More UFOs. Dream sometime in my teens, of me chasing frantically after a UFO. Even though I was a teen, the dream took place in the field behind an apartment building in Westfield Massachusetts, where we lived until I was three. I was in the field in the middle of a sunny morning with hazy summertime looking sky, and there's a UFO overhead, and it's taking off…without me!!!!!!! I panic and run after it as fast as I can, tearing through the field, like NOOOOOOOOOOOO, absolutely desperate. It's so intense, and I'm so determined, that they finally relent and I feel myself lifting up into the air, being brought into the UFO. As soon as my feet leave the ground I go limp in absolute bliss, completely happy and content. I can feel what it feels like to be suspended in the air while moving upwards. It's an awesome feeling, like flying. The second dream where this occurred I was at a gas station in the middle of the day, with a blue sky, and there's a UFO overhead, again, taking off without me. I start to mentally think NOOOO, and chase after it, and get pulled (happily) up towards the UFO. Not normal!

The underground base. Until this dream in 2000 I had no concept of the idea of "surface world" versus "underground world." I was smack in the middle of living out my adventures in "The Vortex" paranormal apartment in Rancho Santa Margarita when this dream happened, and it stayed with me for months afterwards. The dream centers around the idea of my brother Joe having "accidentally" discovered, through his many nocturnal adventures of poking around/trespassing, the entrance to an underground base facility located underneath a local mall…and then coming back to show me and bring me along. In real life Joe was nocturnal and spent every night out exploring whatever city we lived in, poking around where he shouldn't be going, breaking

into places, trespassing, stealing, etc. and making some interesting discoveries in the process. So this dream played out exactly as it would have in real life had this really happened. It was so real and so much fun that I could not shake this dream off for months afterwards, and wanted very badly to experience this again, and be in this world that I'd been witness to. I'd listen to Death in Vegas while imagining myself back in this place. "68 Balcony" "I Spy" and "Flying" if you'd like the personal soundtrack for this. ☺ I'll try to summarize it as concisely as possibly, omitting the non-relevant details, but taking many parts directly from a write up I did right after this happened. So you'll note the wide eyed, innocent voice of it all, I'm sure. A bit different from the way I am now.

"It started where me and Joe were standing next to a lake which was supposed to be similar to the lake here in Rancho. The sky was gray white overcast. The next thing we know we're watching a minivan drive slowly, head first, into the lake. It kept right on going until it was completely under. The engine didn't get flooded or stall, because it wasn't a normal minivan. It was made to be able to go into the water in order to access the secret entrance to an underground government facility. There were a couple of quick cut close up scenes of me next to the lake edge, looking down into the water at another submerging vehicle, going down into this secret entrance.

Next scene cuts to a mall that's in the vicinity of this lake, but it's a mall that's been built the equivalent of two stories underground. It's a novelty thing to everybody in suburbia who goes there, but who don't realize that it was built as a façade, right on top of the underground facility. So I'm in the mall now next to an escalator, staring up at a skylight in the ceiling above the escalators (same as the Laguna Hills Mall actually) – which is really the ground level of the world above - looking at the gray white overcast sky beyond, when Joe comes up to me and tells me to come on….he wants to show me the entrance to the facility from right there in the mall!

I snap out of my gazing thoughts and excitedly jump and dash after Joe, through the mall, into this dark hole-in-the-wall type looking restaurant/bar tucked into a corner nearby. No lights are on in the place. The only light is the bright white gray overcast natural lighting pouring in via the skylight of the mall that comes in through the front doorway.

[…] I catch up with Joe who is standing next to this rickety looking elevator in the back corner of this restaurant/bar thing next to a maintenance type of closet. We get in, and the elevator starts to go down, slow and rickety, like you would expect by looking at it.

I was filled with this overwhelming excitement and anticipation, my nerves standing on end for what was yet to come. I asked Joe, Did we bring any film?? Just as I realized we didn't. I made a little DOH type face, and specifically thought to myself that I need to pay very close attention to the details I was about to see, because I didn't have any film to record it. I was exhilarated because I knew we were about to embark on something we weren't supposed to know about. We'd be doing some serious trespassing.

When the elevator got as far down as it was supposed to go…….there was actually more to it. Joe showed me the trick he discovered, since he'd been through this all once before. You have to push one of the buttons down again, he showed me, and then……..he reached up and pulled at this little white string dangling from the ceiling corner. And that's all it took. The elevator dropped, going from slow and rickety and taking you nowhere to suddenly rapidly descending, strong and confident and with a purpose.

It descended rapidly, going down, down, down, down, down, at super high speed.

Onto something else.

My nerves were still on end, I had chills almost because I couldn't believe how cool this was. I looked up and watched the walls moving up as we moved down, hundreds and hundreds of feet. There were outcropping shapes sticking out of the walls, thick half circles and thick half squares, alternating between the two, evenly spaced.

When we got to the bottom the elevator thing didn't stop. Instead, some part of it must have split off because we were now traversing along horizontally, being carried by something. (Dream logic I guess ;) Or something that really can happen, who knows.)

We were now in this absolutely huge gigantic cavern room. A completely self-contained underground facility removed from the world of the surface. It was completely surreal. The woes of the surface world didn't exist down here. Politics, the environment, national borders, wars, starvations, materialism, disease, work, school, family, loved ones. None of it. It was calm and quiet and still and enormous. We rapidly began to ascend in height up and sideways into

the air, traversing along on whatever it was that was carrying us, formerly part of the elevator car. The lighting wasn't bright fluorescent, it was more like really bright firelight. Hard to describe. And it wasn't actually a cave, although I never got a good look at the wall structure. I was distracted by us lifting up into the air, and getting a whirling, almost panoramic view of the gigantic room below……including these enormous incinerator furnace fireplaces that were below us. Pot bellied stove furnace things with smoke stack chimneys that went up, up, up through the ceiling and onto whatever above that. These stove furnaces were enclosed in their own room that had this plexiglass-ish transparent wall material so you could clearly see them, and Joe excitedly explained to me that the stoves burned some combination of carbon dioxide and bleach. (??) I watched the fires roar silently from inside the rounded pot belly bottoms of these incinerators, behind the transparent enclosure. There was no signs of life in this huge cavernous room. No windows either, obviously. The air was still and warm.

Just then we found ourselves surrounded by a tingly energy type force and it took hold of the thing we had been traveling on, and it lifted us up so we were free flying through the air on just a small seat/bench sort of thing, up, up, slightly wobbly but completely controlled by some force [electro magnetic force field Joe would later tell me in the waking world] that had become aware of our presence and was not too happy. It wanted to see us and deal with us. We continued to free float, and I was nervous but completely EXHILERATED, all at the same time. What an adventure I'd gotten myself into! I gripped Joe's arm as we talked about how this energy force felt, while I nervously glanced down at how high up we were. (even in my dream, my fear of open, unprotected heights was there, adding to the realism!) I could feel the unseen presence behind the force field as being male. His own personal psychic power or something.

The scene then cut to another part of this self-contained underground world. There never was any big confrontation scene between us and the invisible male presence. It was a large room that was sectioned into smaller areas by furniture, like couches, tables, and free standing bookshelves, and decorated with rich tapestry carpets on the walls, and fireplaces with their chimneys going up and up. **Turns**

out, I've seen this scene before in another dream where I was free flying over these same giant partitioned rooms. I have that sometimes, where I re-visit particular dream scenes. But I wouldn't have remembered it were it not for this dream. I just know that when I revisited those tapestry lined, window-less fireplace rooms in the latest dream I felt the same way as the first time I saw it. Awestruck, taking it all in, a completely new experience. And it's interesting that in this particular world I'm always able to free-fly.

And that's when I woke up.

Very bummed, I will say.

I woke to the sound of rain tapping on the metal gutters and fan units outside my bedroom window, in the dark, with a slight breeze and a chill in the room. And after being in the dream of the self contained world removed from society, with no windows, natural light or breeze, just that warm stuffy pressured air…..let me tell you it was quite a shock. I lay there in bed for a minute trying to adjust from what was basically an abrupt switch from being deep underground to being on the surface. My heart was still pounding and my nerves were on end. I've never thought about the weather in terms of "surface life"……until now. Because I've never experienced anything different. Now I have that comparison."

[**As an afterward side note –** back in 2002 I came across references in one of David Icke's books to **lake/water entrances to underground bases,** which floored me as I figured this part of my dream was nonsense.]

Insectoid Gray Aliens. Really strange, creepy dream involving terrifying Gray/insectoid aliens cutting the power in my old house in Connecticut and swooping in to get us. In the dream, I was in my parent's bedroom and there was a corpse in a coffin, and a pukey green colored rose on the coffin, and a bunch of other morbid nonsense which indicated that "something was around" hijacking my sleep state. Then the power went off in the house in my dream. I went for the light switch, flicking it up and down, up and down, to no avail. I tried another light switch, and another, and finally realized, "uh ohhh, here we go…!" I knew "they" were coming to get me.

I left the room and went out into the darkened hallway and opened the door leading downstairs. From the light coming in through the front door downstairs, I could see the silhouette of a REALLY creepy

alien making its way up the stairs for me. It had a bald, round head, and really long limbs. To picture the way this thing moved, stand up, then squat down a little. Now, imagine walking up stairs very quickly in that same squatting position with your knees sticking out like that, hips swaying a bit back and forth, with the long thin arms. Well that's how this thing moved. I've never seen anything like that in any movie, so it didn't come from Hollyweird. When I saw that coming up the stairs, I knew…there's nowhere to run. You can't hide from them. You're cornered, and they're going to get you. And so I decided - if I'm going down, then I'm taking it down with me. Fuck them. And instead of running, or just freezing there and letting it get me, I hurled myself at it with my arms outstretched, to grab it and go head to head with it. As I fell through the air, silently in the dark, the alien disappeared. I fell through it. I turned around in mid-fall down the stairs, so I was facing the door at the top, where I had just been standing. My last thought as I fell slowly through the air before awaking was "I bet something like this really happened to us when we lived in Connecticut…"

Time Travel and the UFO. I was living in Fort Lauderdale and I found myself having a "dream" one night where I was suddenly sitting on a rock alongside a stream/creek somewhere in south Florida…500 years ago. Sitting to my right on the rock was a (Native American?) woman. I sat there in a dazed awe, looking around like "Wow…!" and somehow knew that it was the early 1500's. It was morning and the sun was out, the sky hazy and kind of thick, the sky had a yellow white hue to everything. There were no buildings around. Just the stream in front of me and tall grass and open land. It was quiet and peaceful. And the more interesting thing to note is that I didn't communicate verbally with the Indian woman. We communicated telepathically. I hardly had any time to really even get into a discussion because things got cut short prematurely, and also I was still absorbing the fact that……..I'm in the 1500's!! So the only thing I could think to ask her at first – mentally, not with verbal speech – was whether Miami existed yet! She telepathically responded that "Yes, Me-ah-me exists…" working in the correction on my pronunciation. :D Imagine that. I telepathically understood Me-ah-me, as she pronounced it, to be a settlement, not too far from where we

were. That made me smile, like wow…Miami is already around! Cool.

And then wouldn't you know it, but an annoyed UFO whizzed up to where we were. I glanced up at the black colored disc approaching, which slowed to a hover above us to the left, and telepathically felt its annoyance at me. It was conveying very loudly, with a robotic sort of voice, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING…STOP THAT RIGHT NOW…STOP THAT…STOP…" It wanted to put an immediate stop to this, and squelch me back into place. In my "dream" I sighed and felt limp, "knowing the drill" and immediately resigned myself, knowing there was nothing I could do to stop them from controlling the situation. That's where it abruptly ends. Later I did a pendulum dowsing to ask whether I really inadvertently time traveled back in time, and I got a strong Yes. I asked whether that woman was real, and I got a Yes. I asked whether she went back and told the people she lived with about her encounter with me and also got a Yes. O.o Interesting.

The Black Box. A dream when I lived back in Florida where I was shown something about how **"They" had connected a "black box" to my heart, and had control over whether I lived or died.** There was a switch/button on the black box that they could turn my life on - or off - with. The dream seemed to take place in a mix of where I grew up in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I was lying on a table, and there were people in white coats around me, performing the "black box heart procedure." But I seemed to be me at my age now, in the present, rather than a kid. I could see out the windows that it was sunny and blue skied outside. A weird muddled dream. Several years after this dream I read the book "Song of Freedom" by Judith K. Moore (mentioned earlier in this book) and there is a chapter called "The Little Black Box." For Judith Moore, the black box was an implant in her brain, installed by human elements that had been using her in mind control experimentation.

The Gray. Had a "dream" where I was in what appeared to be another one of those underground facilities, no windows. I'm walking along and up ahead, about twenty feet from me, is a Gray alien. Little thing, about four feet high, with the bulbous head and large black eyes.

It's stopped in place, glancing sideways (to the left) at me. As soon as I see it I frown inside, like "grrrrrrrrrr!!!"..…and just go limp - giving up. EXPECTING the mind control beams to come off it, controlling me, and knowing there's absolutely nothing I can do about it and being irritated by the whole situation. Another instance of **"knowing the drill."** Except for some reason…nothing happens. My limp body just stands there, then I perk up, with this "Huh??" confused feeling, looking around. Nothing had happened. I'm not under any mind control. And I look at this Gray being just standing there…and I charge after him, taking full advantage of this rare opportunity where I'm not under the control of these beings and free to do whatever I want. Free to defend myself. Rage surges through me as I rush up to him and just start beating the crap out of this thing, pummeling him, screaming, cussing, hitting, kicking, going off like a crazy person, getting out all the pent up hostility from my apparently quite negative previous Gray experiences. Except when my fists hit this thing it feels REALLY hard. The skin is this sort of leathery stuff over what feels like a metal skeleton. And I hear this thing's thoughts as it starts to hurry away from me. "It would not be safe for me to stand here much longer…it would not be safe for me to stand here much longer…" It's completely emotionless. **Its thoughts are just a sensory analysis of its environment.** Its thin little arms move up and down as it takes off, getting away from me. My fists drop, I frown, realizing this thing is a COMPUTER. **It's a fricking ROBOT.** My anger dissipates away in confusion. It's not a real sentient Gray being at all, so there's no point in beating it up. And that's the end of this "dream."

My cat to the rescue. I had just moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and woke up one morning in my motel room to the image in my mind of a very vivid, illuminated, glowing rainbow against a black background. Two UFOs descended from each side of the rainbow, landing together in front of it. From there, all these images of Gray faces filled my mind's eye. Even though they all looked the same I recognized them. I sensed individuality or at least was able to feel the essence of them. I knew them, but I don't know how. And I began fighting with everything I had to get out of my body and get to them. !! I strained with all my might, reaching for them, in total desperation.

As I frantically began pulling out of my body to get to them I became aware of the rest of the room, probably because I was now mostly out of my body. Then I heard my cat Kitty suddenly meow from across the room. She ran over to the bed, jumped up, then walked up my stomach and chest, meowing at me in an urgent way the whole time as she walked, and literally……just stood there on top of me.

Because she did that, and was standing on my chest, meowing in my face, I snapped out of it. I pulled back into my body and woke up. She jumped back off of me, watching me intently from the side as the image of the rainbow, UFOs and the Grays faded away in my mind's eye. I came to and sat up, realizing what had almost just happened. I have been extremely grateful and thankful to my cat to this day for doing that (or whatever positive "stuff" worked through her to help me). I'm not sure exactly what would have happened to me had she (or "stuff") not intervened. In the two years I'd had her at that point she'd never jumped on me while I was sleeping or in bed. This was not normal behavior for her. Only the one time when I was fighting to get out of my body to get to the "Grays" did she do that. Literally got on top of me and prevented it, whether intentionally, or inadvertently.

A dream? Or a real UFO/abduction? I don't know whether this was a dream, a real event, or a screen memory. However I'll include it in the "Dreams" section, just in case. But one night in Florida in March or April of 2002 (right after I moved to my new apartment in Fort Lauderdale), I had just gone to bed when suddenly, a bright blue-white light descended outside the front of my apartment. Its light poured through the blinds covering my front window. Whatever this was, it had tremendous force. I jumped out of bed, frantically grabbing for my cat to protect her…right as the light source blew in my front window. Which is amazing, considering it was a strong, tri-sectioned/slatted hurricane storm window. The glass and blinds flew in everywhere, landing all over the carpet, and now the noise level was doubled, and there was all this wind and ruckus mayhem, and bright blue white light pouring in, and more wind blowing around. All I could do was just stand there, clutching my cat, facing the window (about eight to ten feet from it) frozen in place, too shocked to do anything. I didn't make a run for the back door either. It was like I couldn't move. And that's all I remember.

I woke up the next morning, more than ten hours later - very suddenly - pushing myself up in bed with a HUGE gasp, eyes bugged out, whipping my head around to look over my shoulder, FULLY expecting to see my apartment completely trashed. It felt like it had only JUST happened, seconds before…when in reality more than ten hours had passed.

The apartment was perfect. The window was in place, the blinds were there, and sunlight lit the apartment. Outside life was as calm and still and pleasant as could be. My cat was there, and she was fine. The feeling of confusion and disbelief I felt is hard to convey. I KNEW the apartment should be trashed. To the core of my being I knew it had happened. Yet, the apartment was fine. Suspicious indicators: 1) it was like I was blacked out all night, I had no dreams, no memories of waking up even once in the night, and that's not normal for me; 2) waking as suddenly as I did, gasping; and 3) the feeling that no time had gone by at all, even though it had been ten hours - it's all indicative of being plunked back from an abduction. Guess things were rearranged too when I was plunked back. Like it never happened. Or, it's actually a very vivid and intense screen memory of sorts.

Fading abduction memory. Woke up in Florida one morning with the image of a short, pudgy, wrinkly old gray skinned "man" with huge black eyes in my mind. Like a cross between a wrinkly pudgy old man midget and a Gray. It was in my mind, then faded out the more I awoke.

As I was waking with this image in my mind I noticed my cat trying to get up in the living room window (it was a studio apartment, so, no separate bedroom) and fussing with the blinds as if she saw something going on outside the window. (Wouldn't surprise me – as noted in my e-book "Miscellaneous Stories of the Weird and Unusual" there had been several woo-woo incidents involving that particular window, including my cat getting attacked in it one night, with two more attempts on later dates.) I got out of bed to pull her back out and fix the blinds, and as I picked her up and placed her back down on the carpet I realized…..I don't recognize her. I don't "know" her, but I knew that I should. I knew this was "supposed to be" my cat, but I couldn't feel any sort of familiarity or connection with her. I realized

that I also didn't know myself, either. There was no sense of "me" or of the life I was supposed to be in. I stared at the cat curiously at my feet, feeling bad about not knowing or recognizing her as she seemed nice, and gave her a couple of pats on the head as some sort of condolence ;D and got back into bed. Later on everything was back to normal and I was back to being me, and of course knowing who my cat is. I think this is the same thing as what I mentioned earlier about those times when I'd wake up in bed and not know where – or even who – I was, as if I was just being plunked back into my body and experiencing temporary amnesia as a result. This was the only time though where I got up and walked around while it was happening and realized I also didn't know my own cat. These experiences only seemed to occur during a time period in 2003, and never happened again.

Killing Alison (Alice-in Wonderland.) At the start of the dream I was walking down the semi-dark hallway of my old high school in Connecticut lined with the blue lockers we had when I went there. The light source was natural light coming in through the windows from the cloudy day outside. But I was me at my current age, and current personality with the way I dress, feeling very calm and amused. I saw a girl I was once friends with, but here in the dream her face was a **porcelain mask** (major mind control symbolism). She stared at me stone faced, with a white painted face, red lips and blush on her cheeks, looking like a harlequin mask. I walked past her to the end of the hallway and into a room that had a huge tank of water featuring students taking a "scuba class." They were being monitored by a **"Them" government agent guy,** dressed in the white dress shirt, dress slacks, shoes, etc. He was barking snide sarcastic unfriendly orders at them. The room was dark, lit by the blue glow emanating from the large tank of water. Later in the dream, I was going into my old bedroom in CT where I found "Alison" waiting for me behind my door, waiting to jump out and get me. She had long straight blonde hair and bangs. Alison/Alice-in Wonderland. I got her first though. There was a scuffle, with me overpowering her and hitting her in the head with a hammer, over and over, in slow motion. (Trying to kill the "Alice in Wonderland" programming?) I detached from the whole thing, feeling muted. After that I planned to take off on the lam to escape killing "Alison", although I wasn't worried or concerned, I was

in a childlike daze. I was getting in my car to leave for this place that looked like a Middle Eastern Aladdin-type city in a desert. Pastel reddish brown yellow pink desert hues. I had to leave my kitty behind, which saddened me. (btw, my black cat named Kitty is a remnant of the black cat named Kitty from "Through the Looking Glass", although I didn't know that consciously at the time when I custom ordered her into my life and gave her the same name that Alice did in the book. I used to also be told that I had "Alice in Wonderland hair." Go figure.) In my mind's eye I saw the pastel desert hue colored Middle Eastern city with the domed architecture and all, and that's where the dream ended.

Symbolisms. Speaking of which, around this time period - fall of 2002/winter 2003 I was having lots of strange and unusual dreams that featured many prominent mind control symbolisms - dreams where I was in **elevators**, going up and down tall buildings; needing to get from floor to floor, getting off on the wrong floor and then having to find another elevator to get me to the correct floor; A LOT LOT LOT of elevator dreams. In several of these elevator dreams I could float due to a lack of gravity; in one **I had to use amped up sexual energy to keep myself afloat;** in that particular dream **a guy appeared out of nowhere and commanded me to get in the elevator,** so I did, and started floating around, and quickly realized that sexual energy could keep me floating; in other dreams I was wandering through these mall types of place, going into stores and doorways; in others I was wandering down the **halls of a hospital**, in a mellow daze, through double doors, walking past rooms that have glass windows, but the lights are off in those rooms, although I could still see into the rooms from the lighting from the hallway; [**NOTE:** Have read that MILABs often report dreams of being in hospitals] Lots of dreams about **tornadoes** too happening quite frequently during this time.

Being floated away. Have had several dreams that involved me flying along on my back, parallel to the floor, usually in the house I grew up in Connecticut, though I don't have these dreams anymore. In those dreams I was several feet off the floor facing up towards the ceiling, and I was usually flying rapidly backwards, creating a slightly exhilarating and enjoyable sensation. Then I'd start to rise up and go

through the ceilings/floors, and out the roof. Another time I passed through the walls and was very conscious of the moment that I passed through, having the thought that "they changed my body's frequency to get me to pass through solid objects…" In one of these dreams it started in some house, with a crazy lightning storm going on outside. I went outside to look at the lightning, onto the sidewalk in front of this house. The night sky was lit up by both the streetlights and all the overlapping lightning strikes. I turned and looked to my right…and right then there was a small UFO traveling down the power lines, coming for me, lit up with various colors around the UFO body. That's when it lifted me up into the air and began pulling me along, traveling parallel to the ground. I just went along with it, enjoying the sensation, and the dream ends there. The dreams always end as I'm being floated/flown away, I never see or experience anything beyond that.

Flying maps. I used to have dreams involving me staring intently at maps, then flying rapidly over these maps. And these maps always have the same exaggerated coloring – bright vivid blues for water, vivid yellow/yellow-orange and orange browns for the land. I would be liable to dismiss this as nonsense……**except I encountered another person on a message board who mentioned these identical same "flying over maps" dreams, with the same vivid coloring and everything.** She/he mentioned it first out of nowhere, without me ever even mentioning it. What are the odds? They were a bit creeped out to read me describing the same dreams they'd had, said they had to get up and walk away from the computer, go take a break. Had another dream where I was looking at Earth, from orbit, being shown Africa. Specifically I was directed to look at the area where Chad was. Have no idea why. The only tentative theory I can come up with regarding maps and planet locations could be remote viewing. Not sure.

Tehran, Iran. "Dream" (more like a memory/experience flash) where I'm sitting in the back seat of a car looking out the window in a passive daze. In this flash I don't see who else is in the car with me, driving, I'm just watching the skyline go past us on the highway/expressway. It's **Tehran, Iran.** I've never left the United States, let alone visited Tehran. !!! Nor would I want to visit Iran, and nor had I ever researched it or sought out imagery of it at that point. Later on I

would be working at a hotel as a front desk clerk with a guy who was from Iran, and I described to him the skyline of Tehran as seen from the highway, and the hazy, smoggy dirty blue color of the sky, and asked him if that's how it looked. He frowned at me, and said yes, actually, it does look like that. He stared at me like, How would you know that? Because of the way I just piped up, describing it like I'd been there, which contradicted the fact that I hadn't been there.

Not sure I even want to theorize what this whole "dream" snippet could really be about. It seems so farfetched.

Scrolling text. Had a really strange dream full of negative themes/elements, and I pulled myself out of it at the point where there was a computer screen sort of thing in front of me with **rapidly scrolling text** (programming?) Just all of this text, scrolling very quickly upwards, right in front of my face. Strange colors to it as well, like lime green, white, and turquoise blue or whatever.

Another Sky. I used to have these really interesting, occasional dreams here and there involving a sky packed full of flying objects. These dreams took place at night time, and almost always in our old house in Connecticut where we lived for nine years. (Although one of them did take place in Florida.) The sky would be a glowing a pinkish black color in these dreams, and there were all these lit up flying objects, like jets and things, long tube shaped flying things, and other assorted lighted aircraft, filling the sky. There's always such a magical feel to these dreams, because in the dream I'm just struck by how busy and bustling and exciting the sky is there (wherever "there" is….) versus here in our so-called normal world over "here," where there's nothing but the occasional plane. On a couple of occasions in these dreams (when they took place in Connecticut), one of these flying craft have landed (possibly crashed/skidded) into the woods behind our house. !! It looked like some sort of tear dropped shaped craft that could hold one, maybe two beings at the most.

"Thems" and Black helis. Both in Florida and in Virginia I've had dreams that involved "them" and their helicopters coming after me. Could be symbolic, or subconscious fears relating to them, but I do wonder. I think there's more to it than just that, though what it is and

how it works, I don't know. In one of the more interesting ones that I can remember I found myself outside on a city street on a cloudy day, and there were "thems" dressed in head to toe black, with rifles, trying to shoot at me. However, I wasn't scared…in fact it was the opposite. I was skipping and flitting down the street, kind of twirling about, feeling the bullets whizzing by but seeming unable to actually penetrate me. As I twirled about on the street I thought in a sing songy, neener neener neener way, "You can't kill me, *'cause-you're-not-**allowed-**to!"* Just a total, confident but nonchalant knowing about what the deal is. Then I flitted/skipped off away from them…into a church, to disappear. End of dream. Other times in my dreams I've been inside a house, usually the house I grew up in Connecticut, though sometimes it's other scenes, and outside there's a Them heli that's arrived, to harass and "come get me," honing in on me as I look at it out the window. This would always create a bit of an alarmed feeling.

In one of the more interesting dreams of this type both me and Tom were there, and it was a bright and sunny morning in the summertime, in my old house in CT, looking exactly as it did in real life, and I heard a helicopter approaching from up the street. (Details of this dream were taken from my log book, otherwise I wouldn't be able to remember it in full.) I went over to the front living room window and saw that it was an orange-y red color, not black, which surprised me. It flew straight over the house, low and quick and loud, tilted slightly to the side as it did so as if it were making a slight curve turn. I turned to Tom and used my index finger to trace a line in the air that cut across the house diagonally, to indicate without speaking the flight path of this thing. Then I moved to the back living room window and saw as it was passing by…then watched as it did a sharp U-turn and stopped in midair, pointing directly at us in a beeline over the woods. Now it was no longer orange-y red, and was white. "OH SHIT!!!" I thought, immediately ducking down, realizing that they were here to "come get us." I told Tom what was happening and said to get low to the floor. He did. I got up under the rear living room window, pushed up against the wall. Right then there was the whirring sound of a camera probe in the window inches over my head, scanning around, turning this way and that, zooming in and out. I practically held my breath. I glanced up to see if it was still there and now realized there was a male government agent "them" that had

shown up to kill me, and was somehow outside the (second story) living room window. (doesn't make sense, total dream logic). He was right there above my head, scanning the living room, trying to figure out where I was. I glanced up and saw his hands holding his handgun, his right fingers flexing since he was apparently right handed, then I popped up, already reaching to snatch the gun right out of his hands with lightning fast reflexes and shot him point blank in the face, getting rid of him. The gun had a silencer so it went "pfffft" when it went off, instead of some deafening blast. He was gone, but it wasn't over. I jumped up and told Tom, "Come on! Let's go upstairs!" and we all corralled ourselves upstairs, me Tom and my cat Kitty who was now there. Eventually we were pressed up against the wall under my bedroom window as another camera probe tried to locate me through the window, inches above my head. This dream was very vivid in that I felt the very distinct cool, soft shaggy texture of my old bedroom carpet under my bare legs, which is exactly how it felt, though I hadn't experienced it in years since we moved away in '91. So that was interesting and nostalgic. It was pretty much the end of the line for me, I'd been cornered and there was nowhere to hide and no way to get outside without being detected, but I wasn't going to go down without at least trying. And that's where the dream ended. (In retrospect I should have used the gun I snatched from the agent and shot out the camera probe. :D) On the one hand it's obviously a dream, but on the other hand that's not normal dream subject matter, and it was very detailed and vivid in a way that my normal dreams aren't, with visual, audio and even tactile sensory. So once again, what it is exactly and how it works, I don't know. But it's definitely something.

And in yet another dream later on in Virginia, probably around 2006, I found myself being chased around by "Thems" in what seemed like the woods behind our old house in Connecticut. Chased around and around, to and fro, and I found myself going up a tree, where they finally caught up with me…..but it turns out that **my frequency was now changed to the point where they couldn't connect with me anymore.** They appeared as blurred figures, due to me being phased out of their frequency. So when they finally caught up to me they realized they couldn't actually get me anymore, I'd changed too much, and there was nothing they could do. The end. ☺ I liked that one.

Another possible soul abduction attempt – and a clever poem. In the middle of writing this book back in 2006, I started to experience some weirdness you could say. Had a very bizarre "dream" that involved red UFO probe balls flying around in a cemetery where I and others were camping out in sleeping bags to watch them; later on I was inside a house, watching a miniature, elongated/**tear drop shaped UFO** craft flying around outside the screen door, and could even see the little being inside, piloting the craft. A mini-UFO with a mini-being. Right at the point as I was noticing this UFO just outside the door, **I heard a male human voice say in my mind:**

Rivers flow north
Rivers flow south
Rivers flow red
So shut your mouth.

Right as the human male voice said that, the UFO turned to face me from outside the door and honed in on me. I started to try to pull out of this "dream" and was half in, half out of sleep, aware of being in my bed, and aware of the room, but then slipping back under. I could feel my body suddenly being paralyzed in my bed, as an energy field of some sort enveloped my entire body. Then the alien spoke to me, with vocal chords that seemed a bit rusty, sounding crackly and popping. "Let goooooooooooooooooooo…." it told me, with its creepy crackling voice. I felt the telltale astral wind blowing about as I began to lift out of my body, along with that alien voice telling me to "let go" echoing around. I totally panicked and fought my way out of it, breaking free.

If this was real and not a dream, then all I can say is…wow! I don't know, I thought that poem was the most clever thing ever. I guess it was supposed to scare me, or be a threat of some sort, but instead I kept giggling in giddy glee whenever I thought about it later that day, admiring the cleverness of it all. I'm sure that annoyed them. ;)

Summary

And that's not even the half of it. There's so much more to the story, but it wasn't my goal to actually write a complex

autobiographical account of my life and happenings. Snapshots of experience work best when trying to put stuff out there so others can compare to their own happenings. Also, many anecdotal accounts have been left out because I can't know for certain whether they are what I think they are. They may be nothing, or have normal explanations, and for that reason I just chose to keep them out even when they seem to match up to stuff I've read in other people's accounts.

After I originally compiled the initial grouping of incidents for Part II I just sat on it all for the next several days afterwards, pondering things. And I pretty much almost abandoned this whole endeavor. My first thought was to just walk away. It all seemed so absurd, so over the top, that my reflexive conclusion was that it can't be happening. I'm imagining this, it's absolutely insane. Listen to what I think has happened here. There's no fricking WAY this has gone on in my life. There are so many unanswered plot holes, things I don't understand, stuff that makes no sense. What a confusing mess. So I must be imagining this or misinterpreting events in my life. Occum's Razor and all that. "The simplest explanation tends to be the right one" – which means nothing is happening here at all and I'm just crazy and imagining mountains out of molehills. And so the next thought was - **live out the rest of my life and don't think about this, literally, *ever again.*** It was a very strong urge too – "Just don't ever think about any of this again." This thought/command reeked of programming.

My calm, rational source of reason counteracting this urge reminded me of the couple of memories I do have, with the leftover marks on my body to prove it to myself, and some of the more undeniable incidents. If I have those couple of incidents then it means I can't turn and walk away. There's a story here. So eventually I snapped out of it. And so here we are.

That whole reaction is kind of understandable though, because when one is dealing with this subject in their own life, the biggest problems are:

1. **The lack of overt evidence (often times)** as mentioned previously. Forget trying to prove most of this stuff to an average person who isn't experiencing it, let alone being able to definitively prove anything to our own selves. Our only proof most times involves anomalous body markings, really unusual dreams, random flashes

of what seems to be actual memories, and a bunch of circus diversion craziness. Unless you go under hypnosis, which I'm not willing to do at the moment, then you're pretty much screwed in terms of finding out the full story of who's doing what, when, why, and how and being able to prove anything. There are just so many plot holes, things that don't make sense.

2. **The clash between abduction happenings and the "real world**." When you have this stuff going on in your life it creates a conflicting split. You can't just go and talk about it to any old person. So there usually is nowhere to go, except for the internet and books. You're left on your own, trying to reconcile where the evidence is pointing to in your personal life, with the clash of the mainstream world that often times denies that this stuff is real.

Even to this day, as of 2010 while in the middle of revising and updating this book, I *still* find myself experiencing doubt. It never goes away, despite everything that's gone on and what I should know. Part of me still goes back and forth about it all. A big part of this has to do with seeing people around me in life (either in person or over the 'net) who have completely normal lives, with no weirdness or woo-woo, which can of course lead one to wonder "Gee…am I crazy??" (Thanks to Facebook one can find all sorts of people from their past and see what sorts of life adventures they've been up to. And various people from my past, such as roommates, classmates and such, are living the most normal mundane lives imaginable. Married, kids, home owning, etc.) But then I realize……none of the normals that I'm seeing have the military intelligence connections going on in their lives. So that's something I do keep in mind. It doesn't mean all people with the military connections will have unusual freaky lives, and it doesn't mean all people without military connections will be normal. It just means that when I see the normals out there in the world who make me wonder if I'm just a lunatic, I look closer at who's got what going on in their lives, and there tends to be that pattern. The truly mundane normals don't tend to be the offspring of current or former military intelligence men.

One outcome of this endless back and forth was for me to create a distilled list of those absolutely undeniable incidents referenced earlier that in my opinion, leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore serve as

a good reminder for me that something is indeed going on here. They would be:

- Waking up with strange "dried iodine" amber colored stuff on me when I was five, in Westfield, Massachusetts.
- First known, overt abduction incident in October 2001 in SoCal, and follow up attempt at abduction a week later.
- Glowing "laser line" that appeared over my brother's bed in Portland, Oregon
- The "IT'S JUST A SPIDER BITE!!!!" yelling command in my mind when I subconsciously searching my scalp, and found the lump at the base of my skull. As well as everything else surrounding that incident.
- All incidents of waking up and catching stuff in the act of programming me.
- Flash memory where I saw myself in some facility sitting on a chair in a daze, scratching at my arm and creating a rash, then finding the remnant of that rash the next day on that exact spot on my arm.
- Some of the more anomalous markings I've found on my body, but in particular the red geometric diamond shape with the dot above and below it. (pic is found on my website.)
- Stuff repeatedly trying to pull me out of my body when I was lying down for a nap, and the accompanying tingling arms and anomalous purple circle on my arm that appeared right afterwards.
- "Alien in the cloud" incident, Fort Lauderdale, March 2002
- Voice screaming at me to "LOOK AT THE LICENSE PLATE!!!" in Fort Lauderdale, with the "Joseph" and trailer hitch.
- Beeping noises in the air moving around in my apartment in Fort Lauderdale, witnessed by Tom as well.
- The sound of something apparently arriving in my closet and then seeing some cloaked being/human trying to sneak around by the closet/kitchen area, Fort Lauderdale.
- "Thermostat incident" where somebody had been in my apartment in Fort Lauderdale and wanted me to know.
- The voice from the radio in Fort Lauderdale, making reference to an abduction related memory fragment from months earlier.

These particular incidents are the ones I have to refer back to when the "normal" everyday real world lulls me back into doubt and complacency. Some people may be wondering why some of the bigger incidents mentioned in this book aren't included on the list (such as the black helicopters, among others). That's because the criteria was that it had to be either physical proof corroborating an incident or memory and which couldn't be denied, and/or outright obvious and obnoxious incidents that were seen or heard, sometimes with a witness, and where there was no possible way they were anything other than what they seemed to be. For the latter, it's a case of "I know what I saw/heard." Versus something that could be excused away as a "coincidence." So something like the black helicopters, despite the obviousness of it all to me, could still be dismissed as coincidence. The first item on the list, concerning the amber substance that was on me at age five, is on the distilled list even though it doesn't corroborate a memory or experience only because it was the only time it's ever happened in my entire 35 years, and it's absolutely not something normal for a five year old to experience.

The clash with the "real" world, creating doubt, just can't be emphasized enough. The "real" world occupies 90-95% of our waking lives, reinforcing its particular version of "truth" and "reality" to us over and over. This other 5-10% involving abductions and paranormal is also very real, and equally as valid for those going through it, but there's no place for it in the 90-95% world. Years back I'd be at the drug store, surrounded by regular people and the hustle and bustle of the every day "real" world…buying Red Bulls or Frapuccinos so my boyfriend and I could stay up all night avoiding abductions, or buying film to photograph the anomalous bruises, small purple circles and even geometric marks that would periodically appear on my body. Standing in line to pay, holding the film, or the Red Bull in my hand while my eyes would fall on celebrity/fashion mags, or the local and national newspapers for sale near the register, with mainstream "news" headlines screaming from the covers. Clash of two worlds. Which one is more real? Not the one involving the newspapers and magazines, that's for sure. "It's the world that's been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth," as Morpheus says in The Matrix. Indeed.

*****

In the course of my ongoing research, one of the biggest things I've noticed is that **my story doesn't neatly fit into any of the groups or categories that I've read about.**

At first it was a case of knowing I'd been taken, but it didn't fit the typical aliens/UFO pattern one always reads about, so I knew that wasn't it. Then in 2002 I finally learned about MILABS, MK-Ultra, the Monarch program, etc., and there were many random aspects of all these things that fit my situation…but many aspects that did not. For instance, my dad was never active military when I was growing up. He was already out for two and a half years by the time I was born in 1974, and we never lived on or right near any military bases. But that's a common thread for most MILABs/Monarchs/MK-Ultras, living on or near bases, and/or being a military brat. Although in reading James Bartley's article "MILABS Operations" (mentioned in the "Recommended Reading" section) he notes that MILABS can run the gambit from having no immediate military connections in their family, on up to having extensive military involvement on both sides of the family. So I'm definitely in the middle of the spectrum there. During the four years my dad was enlisted, 1968-1972, he was Naval Intelligence, reporting to the NSA, engaging in spy type work and translating intercepted Morse code messages into type, etc. I get into more details of his story in the Appendix section at the end.

Also my parents were loners, not part of any church groups, brotherhood fraternities or the like – which is another common component in targets' lives that you'll often hear. Many victims were actively involved in church, usually Mormons or Catholic, or had dads that were Freemasons. Also, I wasn't sick all the time as a kid, with mysterious bodily injuries and ailments the way many targets are. The few things I did have were just what they were, and nothing more.

I also know that I wasn't a part of the old school "Monarch" programs, as that seems to be the story for many people who were born in the 40's and 50's. They had Satanic ritual abuse going on, sold into the government programs as small children and experimented on like lab rats throughout their childhood and teen years with visible ailments and bodily markings and indicators to prove it. Cathy O'Brien, Kathleen Sullivan, and the relatively unknown author Judith K. Moore who wrote "Song of Freedom" are three offhand examples of this textbook scenario. But yet in looking back over my life there's no

doubt that something is going on here, as evidenced by this book. So what I've tentatively concluded is this:

- I could have possibly been targeted for abductions as a kid due to "who I am" in general on a soul level, or, possibly something having to do with bloodlines, as mentioned earlier.
- Because of my dad's involvement in "stuff" while in the military; but even then he had obvious weirdness going well back into his childhood. (so in that sense we're looking at bloodline targeting.)
- Because of being so closely involved with and connected to my brother later on, who had his own "stuff" going on.
- Then later because of being connected with my current boyfriend, who's also an abductee, and who runs a well known website on all things conspiracy/alien/metaphysical related.

There are quite a few avenues, and all of them make sense, and possibly all of them are happening. It seems to be a mix of hyperdimensional and human military spook. There's probably definitely more than one thing involved here, and I think this could be the case for most abductees. Don't limit yourself into thinking that you've only got one thing happening, from one source, with one agenda. It's usually a lot more complicated than that.

And as far as what I'm being taken for, I hesitate to even theorize. But what I do know for certain is this:

- I've been programmed with self-destructive, self-sabotaging thoughts designed to take me out of the picture. I know this because I woke up and caught them in the middle of doing it, several times.
- I have the sense that I've been used for remote viewing, because again, I woke up and caught myself being pulled out of looking at something (by a human male voice), for somebody else's benefit. I also have demonstrated the ability to do this on my own, for personal reasons, in my waking life……*before* having ever read any material on the subject or knowing anything about it.
- Have memory snippets that indicate unsavory things happening to me by human males during an abduction as well.

I could theorize about additional purposes and reasons, but I hesitate to do so because I think it would be way too simplistic and laughable. I'm working with a puzzle that's missing most of the pieces.

Something worth noting is some feedback about my situation that I got while my boyfriend Tom and I attended a Cassiopaean channeling session in New Port Richey Florida, in September of 2002.

During the session, I took the opportunity to ask about Joe. I wanted to know if he had really been abducted, and if so, by whom. I didn't get a direct answer. In typical C's fashion, I seemed to get a roundabout answer that was pointing me in another direction entirely. The thing about the C's is that they liked to try to get people to think for themselves. Many things they'd answer directly. But if there was something somebody was missing, a point they were overlooking, and an opportunity for learning, they wouldn't just answer directly, because then there's no thinking involved. That was the case here. I was waaaaaaaaay over here wondering about whether Joe was abducted, and by whom, thinking that was all there was to the story, when really, I needed to be looking way over there…and asking *"Who the hell is Joe?"* Not "is he being abducted?" but *who is he* to begin with.

Here are excerpts from the transcript and what they had to say. Questions are listed with the person's first initial. I'm "C." The C's responses are given with "A" for answer. Also, on a side note, any word that the C's designate as being "in quotes" means that the word has a double meaning. Bolded answers are my own emphasis.

*****

"C: I just wanted to know has my brother Joe ever been abducted by……

A: **He's not here. But you are. Does that strike you as interesting?**

C: Can they clarify what they mean here?

A: In this room.

(a lot of confused head scratching from everybody at this point, theorizing what they mean……) The C's interrupted:

A: Did you get our question?

(more discussion)

C: Okay, I guess my next question is have I ever been abducted?

A: Well, now that you asked…you may find great benefit in contemplation of this issue while in a relaxed state. **Perhaps some consideration of the possibilities inherent in the events of your brother's life in relation to your own might be fruitful.**

C: Well mostly my question is more concern about my brother than about my own self. Enough so that I want to know if he's being abducted, and if so, by whom?

A: **Consider the terms: Projection and reflection?**

J: Projection meaning to take the image of something and projecting it onto something else, a reflection of something that mirrors, comparing how the events of his life correspond to yours.

A: **Are his experiences his alone?**

A: **She needs to "probe".**

V: Get to the root of the issue…might hypnotism be a good avenue for her to probe?

A: Good idea.

(then "V" asked some questions pertaining to her own abductions, which the C's responded with…….)

A: More projecting?

C: What do they mean by that?

A: **Some project……some reflect……..**"

Then, later on in the session:

"C: Could I just ask one question? Last fall [October 2001 abduction] I believed I was abducted, and I actually have one memory of it, or a Gray, you know, while I was laying on a table. I also had physical signs on my body of an abduction. I'm curious as I'm hearing this: Was I being abducted by grays that really exist, or was that like the government mind control making me think that I was?

A: **How about real abductions, but not necessarily "grays". They are very popular screens.**

V: Okay, if not Grays, then who?

A: **Ask her brother!"**

*****

That last comment was very interesting – ask her brother. You want to know who's taking you, ask him. Which means he obviously did have stuff going on. So, we've got several things revealed or confirmed here: 1) That I was definitely abducted in October 2001. 2) They're saying it was a screen memory, as in humans, not actual Grays. 3) Consider the idea that some of what happened to Joe may have actually happened to me. This ties into the idea that both he and I had supposed separate abductions in October of 2001. So if his was in an underground base with human government agent "thems," then what does that say about the nature of my own abduction during that same month? 4) The idea of projection/reflection and "probes" having to do with my brother, which is a whole side topic in itself, and one that I did eventually figure out after locating another C's session transcript from 1994 that used all those same terms.

In the 1994 session I saw that "probes" had to do with reanimated agent probes put into a person's life for the purpose of information gathering and derailment/destruction, and that they operate by **reflecting** back the energy that is **projected** to them by the target. Without the whole back story on Joe this probably wouldn't make much sense. But basically, by the time Joe re-entered my life in California after being out of my life for six years, it seems, based on his actions and the stuff he was doing and involved with, that he was a re-animated probe designed to mirror me – reflecting back what I projected. The thing that I had noted in my naïve obliviousness even back then was that the Joe that returned to me was all of a sudden amazingly like me in many ways, having coincidentally adopted many of the same traits I had, even though as kids we were nothing alike. Enough so that it made it difficult to turn my back on him and walk away, which was the whole point I guess. He also apparently shouldn't have still been alive by that point, as evidenced by some of the stories he relayed, and the fact that he even point blank said so, and yet….he still was. So as nutty as the idea may sound of "re-animated probes who reflect back your projected energy," all the evidence points to this. In any possible future revised editions of this

write up I may add in more details about the idea of reanimated probes in an abductee's life.

*****

Additional possible answers, or least, confirmation came in the form of a visit to an intuitive in the summer of 2007. Sometimes there are intuitives that work out of our local new age bookshop, each with their own way of tuning in to things, so I decided to visit one of them after hearing about her from somebody else. I'll call her N____. N____ works in a really odd way that I've never heard of before, which was most of the reason she got my interest in the first place. But she relaxes her mind and keeps it occupied by scribbling on a pad of paper, almost as if "writing," but it's gibberish. In preoccupying her front conscious mind in that way by scribbling, it allows these other entities to work through her. From there, she – or rather, the entities she's associated with - answer questions you have. Apparently there are two main entities she works with, and when each one takes over the way in which she scribbles on the pad will change. One causes her to write faster and more free flowing, the other slower and more deliberate. So of course, my #1 reason for seeing her was to see if I could get any input on my abductions situation.

I found N___ to be a really nice lady, in her 50s I'd guess, with blonde hair and piercing lighter blue eyes, and a kind vibe. Just from her eyes alone I felt there was definitely something unusual about her. As we got in the elevator to go upstairs to do the reading, she smiled over at me and noted, "Well, your heart chakra is definitely open." On the way over to the bookshop I was listening to CDs in my car as I always do, and one of the songs (don't even remember which one anymore) had highly affected me emotionally, in a charged up emotionally positive way. I could feel my emotions flowing and emanating from my heart chakra area, and apparently she could see that. She then noted with a wry smile, "You've had a very busy life."

To say I've had "a very busy life" is an understatement. I've packed three lives into one. So I was glad she could see that and know who I am. But this is exactly why I prefer people who are intuitive. They know who you are, they see where you've been and what you've been up to, so there's none of the usual misjudging and underestimating and getting things all wrong about me, which is pretty much how it frustratingly goes with every non-intuitive I meet.

An intuitive sees through to your core in a flash, no long winded life story explanations necessary. No misjudgments.

As far as the channeling session itself went (I paid for 15 minutes), I found it to be a little disappointing. I didn't get the abduction details the way I wanted, and it seems that as with all intuitives, the information is always to some extent colored by their own biases and personal filters. But the couple of bits that I did manage to get when asked "Why am I being taken??" was that 1) They've worked on my heart and legs. And 2) They've repaired/restored my hearing that was lost at one point in time.

The second part really got my attention, being that I had meningitis at the age of one and a half. For all intents and purposes I should not have come away from it unscathed……and yet I did. As if it never happened. It was bizarre, and anytime I've ever mentioned to people that I had meningitis and spent almost a month in the hospital and was quarantined that's pretty much the first thing they puzzle over. Like, wait a minute…..don't kids who get meningitis go deaf? And brain damage? Then I have to nod, and then it just seems weird at that point because I'm sitting there unaffected and it might seem like I'm lying. So I decided to no longer mention this to people, because it just gets weird. So apparently "stuff" has restored my hearing. But N____ would have no way of knowing about the meningitis. Sound has been very important to me in life, and I've had a penchant for going around making recordings of sounds, something that most people probably don't do. Walking in the crunching snow in the middle of winter. The wind chimes kicking up as a storm rolls in, and of course, the thunderstorms themselves. My cat eating. :D And meowing/talking, purring and snoring while sleeping. The sounds of the bubbling creek behind our apartment. Bird songs. Ocean waves when we lived back in Florida. The cacophony of locusts or cicadas or whatever they are in the trees in the summer, buzzing. And of course….music. It's like I need music to survive. When my ex Steve was going to learn sign language as one of his college courses he wanted me to join in with him, but I would have nothing to do with it. Strange, very negative aversion of having anything to do with the whole "deaf" thing. I wanted no part of it. Possible subconscious memories of the way something originally went, but which was changed. If so, I'm thankful for it. Whoever they are.

As far as work on my legs and heart go, who knows. If anything my problems have centered around my back and neck. I've had bad a prognosis from the one chiropractor I went to at age 20 who showed me an X ray of my not too good situation, which will only get worse as time goes on, and which it did. There have been times I've been rendered unable to walk due to recurring back and neck problems. I would imagine that seems to be a much more urgent issue than my legs….? If this is even true. As far as my legs go, yeah, I've got bad ankles and knee problems (that I now take supplements for, and which have greatly helped) but nothing that I can tell which would warrant abductions to work on. Makes no sense. Though funny enough, most of the mysterious and anomalous marks and bruises I've ever gotten have been on my legs. Including one mark that appeared to be a strange surgery-looking line on one of my calves, and another that looked like a mysterious surgery scar on one of my knees. Pics of both of these can be found on my website. And my heart – maybe. There's heart issues on both sides of my family, and my mom's father dropped dead of a heart attack at the shockingly young age of 36. My heart rate is very inconsistent, my blood pressure is freakishly low, and I have allergic reactions to alcohol, including my heart getting all weird and elevated and fluttery (especially from wine) to the point where I've worried I would die after drinking.

Other than those two bits of info. N____ wasn't much use to me in terms of getting detailed answers. She couldn't seem to come up with anything else. I don't know if it was blocked from her, whether she had biases and filters in place against the idea of negative abductions and mind control programming, or whether she was just a phony. Though in all fairness I could tell she definitely had some abilities, no doubt, but for whatever reason she was unable to access my situation in any amount of real detail.

*****

In the course of my research I eventually came across the book **"Unshackled,"** by Kathleen Sullivan, detailing one women's lifelong involvement in government mind control experimentation and black ops work. I have no idea whether all the events she writes about in the book really happened to her or not, yet there are some things worth noting. As different as our stories are (Kathleen is one of the classic Satanic ritual abuse cases of the 50's and 60s coupled with government mind control programming that you always hear about, very different

from my own situation), we share some strange personal details in common. Like me, she was bullied as a kid by a group of kids in a bad way to the point where she spent a lot of time alone, and books became her friends. She didn't get along with her mom but got along great with her maternal grandma…but her mom and grandma didn't get along with each other. Same deal here. She has a section in her book entitled "Comfortably Numb," about how physical pain used to not really register with her, and while I don't have that particular problem, it did remind me of how by the time I was sixteen I was covering my food in all this red pepper in a zombie-like trance state, unaware of what I was even doing until it was pointed out to me. I was obviously hoping that the pain would jolt me out of my depressed zombie stupor I was in during that time period, due to the really screwball life I was in the middle of. To say I was "comfortably numb" in terms of my emotional state when I was a teen is putting it mildly. Everything was nearly shut down, the world feeling far away as I navigated through it in a detached state with my personal walls on lockdown. But more interesting is the bit about having extremely **low blood pressure.** Kathleen mentions her extreme low blood pressure on page 38, saying that it used to hover around 90/60, 80/50 before she woke up and began therapeutic work to integrate her compartmentalized multiples. Such low blood pressure for her equates to operating in a trance-like, compartmentalized state of mind. My own blood pressure? Freakishly low, always has been to the point where nurses and medical assistants would comment on it. One male nurse even joked, "Are you even alive?!" After reading this in Kathleen's book I ran down to our corner pharmacy where they have a blood pressure machine. My reading? 91/53. Whether this has anything to do with being in a programmed, trance-like state or if it's just genetics, I don't know, but it's an interesting possibility.

Then there's something that pertains more to my brother and his later "Shawn Hill" agent provocateur programming, and adamant beliefs that "none of this was real." Kathleen mentions **"Otherworld programming"** where the target is convinced that the reality they're occupying isn't real, so therefore, they're free to do all the criminal mayhem they want. **"In 'Otherworld' nothing was real […] I believed nothing in that world was real, I had zero fear of carrying**

out instructions on black ops…didn't fear being hurt or killed […]no fear of being arrested – after all, the crime had never happened!"

This is THE most accurate description of Joe's attitude I've ever seen in a book about mind control programming. Joe had no fear about being caught, hurt or killed as he went about his criminal activities, because he truly believed in a way that I've never seen with anybody else that **"none of this is REAL, Carissa!"** as he once tried to explain to me in Portland, Oregon. His lack of fear led to a state of being invincible, and that, coupled with his special training skills meant he was able to pull off some unbelievable feats, things I can't get into here. I actually do think that this reality is a bit…questionable, and isn't what we're told it is, only because I've been witness to some very odd things in my time. Yet there can be no denying that this also seems to be a major disassociative programming tool. As I mention in the section "Untangling Disinformation," I myself was given a "dream" one night in Oregon narrated by a male "them" that tried to show/convince me that this reality isn't "real," it's just a program filled in with holographic technology. **The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle,** in my opinion. It usually is never a polarized choice between two black and white opposites. So to read her talking about this was amazing. I've never seen "Otherworld programming," or how it helps with criminal mayhem black ops stuff mentioned anywhere else.

Part III
Expanded Insights

In this section, I expand more in depth on the types of metaphysical, hyperdimensional, and psychological situations that a MILAB (or "alien") target may be facing in their every day real lives. Many of the books or articles that are available on these subjects speak in broad terms, offering an informational foundation for what mind control and abductions are. There isn't too much material pertaining to the every day sort of issues that an abductee may encounter, with the accompanying advise and tactical tips gleaned from first hand experience. And so that's where this section comes in.

Everybody's situation is unique though, and what I've learned in my own experiences may not apply to somebody else. And being that there are different groups out there abducting people, and all with their own agendas and methodologies, means that there is no one-size-fits-all advise that is applicable for everybody across the board. So this is intended as a general starting place for tips, pointers and theories. As I learn more over time I'm sure I'll be adding and revising this section for any possible future editions.

Fear in Relation to the Abduction Experience

What I'm not really seeing addressed in the materials that I've researched on MILABS and alien abduction is the subject of **Fear.** This is so important that it cannot be emphasized enough, and it's unfortunate that so many good books and articles out there fail to recognize this in their write ups. Too often all we get are a whole lot of stories that wind the reader up but then forget to mention (or maybe don't even realize) how fear factors into the entire scenario. **Addressing fear should be the next logical step in *all* abduction material.**

Over the years my experiences have repeatedly shown me that it's a low personal frequency that (often times) allows this stuff to breach your realm, and it's what definitely perpetuates harassment long after it should have stopped. I find it impossible to read other abductees' stories when it's a rehashing of a downward spiral of negative events and where the tone is one based on fear, frustration and paranoia. In

fact most MILABS material and personal accounts have a tone that I can't relate to, and you'll see why when you keep reading this section. My own attitude over the years has progressed from nervous, to defiant, to becoming downright manically giddy at the harassment, and because of that attitude/vibe, the nonsense I used to experience has completely stopped. **But I don't need to be different.** Other MILABS can do this too and put a stop to the things that are happening to them.

I was trying to figure out with my boyfriend why so many people don't arrive at this realization and why I was different, and he pointed out something I hadn't even noticed – most people who are all worked up about their harassment and the direction that life has taken them are worked up because **they're invested in the illusion.** And I'm just…..not. At least, not to the same degree. It's helped that I've had quite a few heavy duty "woo-woo!" experiences of a reality-shattering nature that burst whatever tentative bubble I may have still had left that this reality is what society would have us believe. I now know it's not. People get worked up and freak out and find themselves in a downward life spiral when they're clinging to something that's illusory to begin with. There's a strange paradox happening with many abductees. Their abductions have shown them another side of reality that grossly contradicts the mainstream version things, and yet they can't let go of hanging on to the illusion. Their job, their titles (people are *all* about labeling themselves I've noticed, most everybody likes their self-assigned titles that show off how many different roles they play and "who they are" in this reality), their role in life and personal identity they've attached to themselves, their material possessions…they still cling to it all despite what they now know. And because they cling and still relate to it, they become fearful of the things that are happening that work to shatter that. **Lose the investment in the illusion, and they lose power over you.** I'm not Carissa _____ (insert ten different title labels that define me as a person and make me feel grandiose and special) owner of _____ (insert all my material possessions here.) I'm just me.

In retrospect, I didn't really buy into this reality even as a child. This particular timeline with the way things have gone caused something to feel really off even as a kid. The closest way to describe it would be Morpheus' monologue to Neo in the movie "The Matrix" about the splinter in the mind. It's that, but a little different. I knew even as a kid that things weren't right, and I wasn't supposed to be

here to just be some normal person. I played along like a good little trained and obedient monkey, but it's also no wonder that I welcomed the weird and the woo-woo into my life…..it was validation, proving what I suspected all along, that the other way wasn't really real. So the last thing I'd do is cling to the fake illusion, upset that the weird woo-woo stuff was trying to tear it away from me. The woo woo was what was real. Not the every day "normal" world.

Besides the idea of not clinging to what isn't real to begin with, the attitude to have, as my boyfriend noted, seems to be: **"Having maximum awareness with the least amount of emotional hysteria."** Having the bigger picture perspective from a place of higher awareness.

Which leads to the next big point about **having the right perspective.** Too often, MILABS are getting so worked up over things like their phones being tapped, or vans being parked across the street from their homes, and so on. And to that sort of "harassment" I say…Who cares? I mean, let's gain some perspective here. What ends up coming out of it all? Pretty much nothing, as I've learned, and which I'll talk about more in depth coming up. But when nothing comes out of anything, why be scared?

In one particular MILABs book the author reiterated multiple times throughout the book her indignation at having her privacy invaded. "They're listening in on my thoughts! They're watching what I do!" Privacy schmivacy. In the end it doesn't matter if they watched you and voyeuristically monitored your thoughts. Ultimately you are energy, and you'll be moving on. Your body is your source of life, something to love, not a source of embarrassment and shame. So worrying about what other people think, what they're saying, how they may be judging your thoughts and watching your body is just 3rd density prison trappings. To really fully realize this and live it is truly liberating.

Recently I acquired a digital copy of the very hard to come by book "Operation Trojan Horse" by the late John Keel, (**http://in2worlds.net/file_download/6/**) written back in 1970, and it turns out that Mr. Keel had come to the exact same conclusions within his UFOs and interdimensionals research – the **reflective nature** of the phenomenon, and the way it responds to targets' fears and paranoia. As he noted:

> "**The phenomenon is reflective; the more frightened the victim becomes, the more the manifestations are escalated.** […] The phenomenon preys upon the neurotic, the gullible and the immature." – page 220

I was amazed to see that, since I'd also concluded the exact same thing, having experienced the reflective nature of the phenomenon first hand as well as witnessing what happens when one instantly "changes the radio dial." It's so important for targets to realize this, I wish I could just scream it from the rooftops.

So with that in mind, let's take a closer look at how fear can manifest in the lives of abductees, and what to do about it all.

Black helicopters

In Part II I got into my experiences with the black helicopters, and how when I learned to stop caring, and dropped the fear…they abruptly stopped. The second I changed my frequency, like changing the dial on the radio, the helicopters immediately took off.

The implications of this are pretty huge. What exactly is going on then if these helicopters take off the second I stop the fear and change my personal radio dial?? What am I saying here…**that they can somehow read minds? Pick up on a target's thoughts? That they're scanning a person's frequency in some way???**

Yes, actually, that's **exactly** what I'm saying.

Think of all that material out there that gets into the black helicopter harassment, treating it in this extremely serious, conspiracy way - and not one book (at least that I know of) mentions changing your frequency, or doing what I did in my own encounters. Instead, they promote the mistaken assumption that: a) these things are some kind of scary, "*OOOOOOOH!!!*" big deal, and b) there's nothing you can do to make it stop. They're going to hover, and circle, and harass you as long as they want, and as often as they want to. So you better just get used to it, because this is what it is.

X! I don't think so. It's anything BUT that. **Drop the fear, and they drop you.** What my higher self, or whatever it was, communicated to me during my second black heli encounter was totally right - treat it as you would an entity harassment/attack, and watch what happens. Well, what I had learned is that when it comes

to the neg entities, they feed on fear, and when I lost the fear, they lost me. So I took my higher self's advise and applied what I knew about negs to the helis, and voila. !!! My higher self didn't come right out and say "Don't be afraid!" because pssh, that wouldn't have helped. My response to that would have been "Yeah, whatever!!"…and that would have been it. So it had to propel me into some sort of action, because I had to learn by doing, and see it for myself. Which I did.

So there is absolutely *no* reason to have black helicopters hovering or flying in circles over your house or apartment for hours at a time, none. When reading cases of that happening I think, "That's bunk! There's no need!" Like I said, I wish I could shout it from the rooftops for all MILABS targets to hear…**"Change your radio dial!! Shift your frequency up and reject what's happening! They *will* take off!!"**

Why will they take off and react that way? Because again, they are there to scare you, maybe measure/record…maybe even feed…on your resulting fear. If you truly and sincerely could care less, **then they have no purpose for being there.**

It's completely understandable why targets get fearful and agitated during their first couple of black helicopter experiences….because they don't know what these things are going to do. In my first two encounters I seriously wondered if I was going to be shot at when I went outside to look. Seriously…what if it's there to kill me?! When the heli moved on top of my apartment, hovering directly over the spot where I stood inside my kitchen, I just flat out panicked. "WHAT IS IT DOING?!? WHY IS IT DOING THIS TO ME?!? I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!" Panic and stress and anxiety arose from not knowing what was going to happen next.

But when it becomes obvious that you're not going to get shot at, and this thing is just going to hover, or fly in circles, doesn't it seem, oh, I don't know…a bit stupid by that point? It does, come on, admit it. And it's at that point that you're now obligated to drop the fear, roll your eyes, shake your head, and shift your frequency straight up. By my third encounter I had an evil grin going as I challenged the heli to read my mind and swing back around…I dare you…I dare you….I felt giddy inside. I don't think we're supposed to feel that way. ;) hehe It's 180 degrees from what they're trying to accomplish. And there I am, getting off on it, challenging the thing with manic giddy glee. So adopt a bit of a psychotic mindset, like I've developed over the years.

It truly helps. They don't waste time doing all the "lab rat psychological mind games" with the rats that get a kick out of it.

At this point some may be wondering who…what….is piloting these black helis. Are they human? I don't know. Their windows are all blacked out. Can't tell what's inside. I'd almost venture as far as to say no, they're not human, or at least, not fully. Could be hybrids. If they're not alien/hybrid, then at best, they're probably robotic military types, the kinds that do as their told without thinking, including heli harassment of whatever location they're told to go to. Then there's even a more far out idea that they're not really helicopters at all, only projections of such – because in at least two of my encounters, nobody else seemed to be aware of these things, even though they were harassing in broad daylight in an urban area. Or maybe they are a helicopter overlay disguising a UFO. You never know. So keep all possibilities in mind if you find yourself having these encounters. Things are not always what they seem to be.

On a side note, something I began noticing more of while doing this write up is how often the black helicopter subject is held up as the ultimate example of the conspiracy crazies. Sometimes even by the people who research conspiracies. What is it about the idea of black helicopters that causes many people, including some so-called conspiracy theorists, to be automatically dismissive of them? Do they believe that all the people who've seen them must be confabulating a hallucination? All I can say is that black helis are most definitely very real, and I've actually begun using it as a gauge to measure how much somebody thinks they know when they claim to be a conspiracy researcher. If they're talking a lot of talk about this conspiracy and that, but then in the next breath dismiss certain other conspiracies as being in the black helicopter group, then it's obvious. "You still have a long way to go, buddy. But keep digging." And who knows. Maybe if they dig deep enough, a black heli will decide to pay them a visit. ;)

*****

The Bees. There's a related type of story that should be inserted in here, as it relates to changing the radio dial. It has to do with a **swarm of angry bees** that appeared outside our apartment one afternoon when I'd been reading the book "Barbara: Story of a UFO Investigator" about UFO researcher Barbara Bartholic. I mention her book again later on in this section as well, but I had been reading the

chapter titled "Punishment for Investigating" which details all the ways in which Barbara had been harassed over the years for her research into abductions and UFOs. My skin became hot and flushed as I read, and I was even shaking a little. It was the most disturbing chapter to read in the whole book, and I wasn't prepared for it. Especially the mention of harm that came to her pets. Innocent animals being targeted to get at their owners is horrible stuff. So I was worked up after several hours of reading. By then it was early afternoon and my boyfriend was up from sleeping, and so I took a break from reading to talk and hang with him for a bit. My cat was standing at the front door meowing expectantly, hoping to be let outside to play and have some fun, as was the norm on nice warm days such as that…but I inexplicably felt like I couldn't get up from the chair I was in. Normally I would have gotten up right away and opened the door for her, but it was like I was being held in place. So I just sat there and smiled at my cat from across the room and told her that I'd let her out in a little while, just hang in there. I didn't question the fact that I didn't seem to be able to get up. When "something" is being done to us we normally just go with it, as if in a dream.

I sat there in the chair talking with Tom and bouncing ideas back and forth about the chapter I'd just been reading, and after about a minute I heard a noise outside. It sounded like bees. *A lot* of bees.

"What's that noise?" I said to him, frowning and listening.

"Motorcycles?" he said, not paying much attention. Occasionally there are dirt bikes on the trail in the woods outside our apartment.

"No, that's not motorcycles….that sounds like bees…." I was now able to get up since the veil of control had lifted, and I walked over to the living room window to see what was out there, concerned.

It was bees alright. And we soon realized it was a *swarm*, thousands of them, the most bees Tom and I had ever seen in our entire lives. They were also individually *really* huge for bees, the largest non-bumblebees I've ever seen. And they were right outside one of our living room windows, seeming to be quite agitated. The swirling mass spanned from our window up to our neighbor's second and third story windows above us, since we live in a three story building. The bees were all facing the building and windows, and many of them seemed as if they were actually trying to find a way into *our* window, hovering right up against the screen and flying around the edges, exploring for ways in. Seeing thousands of agitated bees out

of nowhere hovering outside our window and hoping to get in, and the way it all sounded was alarming. To put it mildly. I'd just never seen or experienced anything like it. It was like something out of a movie. I had an immediate panic fear surge and began running around closing all the windows of the apartment. We have screens, but I wasn't taking any chances.

I resumed my spot next to Tom at the living room window where the bees were all concentrated, figuring they'd soon break it up and leave. Tom grabbed his digital camera and took video footage of it using the video function on his camera, which is good, so we have proof of this incident. **http://www.montalk.net/bees** (the video is grainy and shaky, and the window screen obscures a clear view, but you can still get the idea, enough to see the large mass of agitated – and very large sized – bees, aimed at our window. It was actually worse than how it appears in this video.) But one minute soon turned to five and then ten, and it became clear they weren't going anywhere anytime soon. They just kept going, and going, and going, thousands of crazy bees. And then I had the realization….

My cat had been pleading to go outside only a minute before they arrived. And her favorite spot where she always goes to first when she goes outside?

It was *exactly* where the swarm was now. Right outside that particular window, where she'll poke around and nibble on grass.

Something had held me in place as I sat at the chair, not allowing me to get up and let her outside. But if that something hadn't done that, then my cat would have walked right into what was to be an angry swarm. And me being me would have of course put myself right in the middle of it to get her out.

It would have been a very bad situation, and the realization of it coupled with the sound they were making and the way the swarm looked just made me panic even more. The fear was running away with me. So that's when I realized….Okay, **this has to stop NOW. I'm NOT having this.**

Without saying anything I turned from the window and went down the hall into the bathroom and closed the door, to block out the sound of the bees and get some quiet. Then, I did what I did for the black helicopters. I changed the radio dial. Controlled my breathing and did a frequency shift, dropping the fear and panic that had been surging through me, all the while repeatedly thinking ***NO. NO. NO***.

Just fully believed that ***I*** had control over this situation, not "something else," and that it was going to stop ***NOW.*** Because I'm ***NOT*** having it.

I intuitively sensed that I didn't need to do it for long, just enough to literally, change the dial so to speak and sweep out all the fear and reject what was happening. I finished, opened my eyes, opened the bathroom door, and went back out to the living room feeling calm and in charge. I don't know why I believed that it would work for bees of all things, but I did, for whatever reason.

And within *one minute* of me emerging from the bathroom the bees were disbanding and clearing out. Only a couple of stragglers remained, and within another minute they were gone too. Amazing coincidence. All was quiet outside once again.

It may not seem like much of a big deal, but I've since talked to Barbara Bartholic on the phone and she relayed to me that the "angry swarm of bees" thing is one of those things that most people don't know about, but it's very real and it does happen. That surprised me to hear, I had no idea. Until she told me that I still believed that there was a chance that this incident was natural and explainable. But she's got a few alarming stories in her files of personal research involving abductees or people involved in abduction research having the swarm of angry bees appear outside their residence. So she was absolutely amazed to say the least that I'd had an encounter with them too…and in the middle of reading her book, no less. It was she who encouraged me to add this section into my book in fact after hearing the outcome of my experience, because she feels it's important for people to know that they *can* apparently gain the upper hand in these situations. You don't have to stand there and let it just happen, being powerless to stop it. Harassment, be it helicopters to anomalous swarms of angry bees or *whatever* it may be can be stopped. **You just have to drop the fear, believe you have the ultimate control, and change the radio dial.**

Paranoia

Another related topic to fear is paranoia. I've encountered people on the internet, or in emails, who displayed the figurative wild-eyed paranoia. There they are, relaying sincere stories about tapped phones, surveillance and monitoring, black helis, "agents in disguise as regular

people," obsessing in circles about their weird events, and they're all worked up about it…completely amplifying the situation and ensuring that the harassment will never end. They've become a guaranteed fear/anger/paranoia all-you-can-eat buffet, and in the process they're locked into a downward spiral that may lead to their permanent derailment in life if they can't snap out of it. They haven't figured things out yet. You have to stop caring. You have to become nonchalant. As I bluntly told one guy on a message board - maybe too bluntly – "Calm the fuck down!"

You have to. You have to calm down, take a big breath and get a grip on yourself when it comes to this stuff. You have no choice but to learn how to be nonchalant. And I mean sincerely nonchalant. Don't pretend you don't care…just don't care. Period.

So, they're buzzing your apartment or house with a helicopter? Cool. Wave at them and take a few pictures. Then crank up some good music and dance around.

Your phones are tapped? That's good. Who cares. Give them something worth listening to. Have fun with it. When they've tapped into my conversations, namely, when my boyfriend has been back in Iowa visiting his family and we're talking long distance, we always say hi to them. "Hi! How ya doin'." Five seconds later we're onto other things and have totally forgotten about it. Are we going to be all weirded out about it for the rest of the conversation? Are we going to spiral down into low frequency fearful paranoia?? Hell no. It's not even worth remembering ten seconds after it happened, only because we've learned that **nothing ends up coming out of it.** They make their presence known…and then that's it. Nothing else. It's all side track circus diversion.

They're following you in black cars? Hmm. Tailing people in black cars sounds so, I don't know, 1970's doesn't it? It's a big mind game, because they know it will oooh, be spooky. My brother claimed that "they" would park across the street where he worked in Connecticut and just watch, and make their presence known. He got so pissed off about it that one day he went charging out the door, across the street and right up on them, screaming "WHAT?!? WHAT?!!? *WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?!?!"* I believe he began pounding on their car and kicking it, if I remember correctly. ;) They started the engine and took off. And that was the end of that. I've seen my brother in action firsthand, doing far worse things than

that, so I don't doubt for a second he did this. He was absolutely crazy and fearless.

A good example to cite here would be the book "The Mothman Prophesies." When you get worked up and obsessive about stuff, freaked out, scared, the way people were in Mothman, then the entities seem to want to mess with you even more. It's like a scientist toying with a lab rat. When you stop caring, when you get to that point where you're willing to charge right at them and confront them and take them on, face to face, when you lose all fear, it all stops cold turkey. The abductions may still continue, but it's back to business, **minus all the mind games.**

One of the big bombs my brother dropped on me after I arrived in Portland, when he was first explaining to me what the situation was with our abductions and with reality in general, was to tell me that "They" could see and hear everything that I see and think…due to my implants. !

Hmm, I thought. I realize that most ordinary people would get terribly freaked out by this revelation. The idea of no privacy. The idea that everything you're doing and thinking and saying is being monitored, by unknown "Thems." Quite the paranoia-inducing predicament of voyeuristic intrusion. For normal people. But I'm not normal. So later that night when my brother went off to work, I danced naked in front of the big mirror that was there in his apartment. They're watching? They can see what I see through my eyes? Good. Let me stand in front of a mirror. Here's a nice show for *you*. ;) This is what I think about "them" monitoring my every thought, word, and action and seeing what I see: I don't care. Next!

In retrospect it was that mindset that helped save me. Had I spiraled down into fear, paranoia, anger, frustration, etc. I probably wouldn't be typing this right now.

On a closing note there's another facet of paranoia I want to get into: **blaming every little thing that happens in life on the infamous invisible all powerful "THEMS!!!"** Sometimes things happen – stuff breaks, people don't get your email or voicemail message, mishaps occur, etc., and the "THEMS!!!" are *not* behind it, believe it or not. I have encountered a few people in life though with the tendency to blame every little thing that happens on the "THEMS!" in this bug eyed, alarmist way, and to that I say….it's time to get a grip. While you might be a target, they're not micromanaging every little

malfunction and mishap that occurs in life. I've gotten several emails from people who were convinced that the "THEMS!" were interfering with their email accounts, so sure that I wasn't going to get their email, or that if I didn't write back right away then it obviously meant that the "THEMS!" had struck again, causing interference to keep us from communicating. All of which just left me shaking my head. It's very off-putting to hear from people like that, stuck in that mindset. Another time when I was giving a talk/interview sort of deal to someone who's since become an acquaintance of my boyfriend and I, he was experiencing technical difficulty with the microphone and sound setup during our first talk. His immediate thoughts were that it was THEM! interfering. He was pretty convinced of it too….until the issue resolved itself. And we've never had another issue like that again while talking. It's because the problem wasn't "THEM!" interference, it was just normal technical difficulties while doing the initial set up. Those things do happen after all. I've also read of a guy on a message board (the same one who was freaking out about tapped phones, mentioned earlier) who was convinced that his hard drive was fried out by "THEM!" Well, sometimes computers die. It happens…a lot in fact. It doesn't mean "THEY!" did it.

The test for discerning what might be the handiwork of "them" is whether logical explanations can be ruled out. And ideally, I think we should always be looking for the logical explanations for things – not to the point of oblivious denial, but in a balanced and reasonable way. When an incident is over the top and unbelievable, then chances are it's probably "them." For the more mundane stuff that certainly seems suspicious, but you're not sure, it's a case of time will tell. Don't jump to immediate, paranoid conclusions. Keep a levelheaded mindset as you neutrally observe the entire situation from a detached viewpoint, gathering facts. And if it turns out to be "them," don't get freaked out by it. Keep your wits about you and **take what you can learn from the incident in order to apply that knowledge in the future….**and then move on with your life.

Death/injury threats and attempts

To me, the most disturbing facet of all concerning alien/MILAB abductions concerns prominent researchers and authors being physically maimed during abductions, instilled with disease

programming, or flat out being taken out. Cancer seems to be a biggie. Alien/MILABS researcher and author Karla Turner died prematurely of breast cancer. And in the book "Barbara: The Story of a UFO Investigator" she has this to say about the cancer programming:

> "I've made a wide circle of friends all across the U.S.A., most of whom were somehow involved with UFOs. Too many of them are dead or dying. Cancer seems the favorite method of ridding the world of nosy busybodies who want to known who and what the aliens are and where they came from and why they come here. Cancer is the answer to all their questions in far too many cases.
>
> Puzzling, isn't it?
>
> Not to me.
>
> Almost every day since I started my UFO investigations I have suffered strange happenings, sickness, complete lack of privacy, pain, torture to my animals, accidents to my family members, loss of property, threats, and almost every other kind of punishment you could wish upon your worst enemy…"

When I first read this chapter of her book, titled "Punishment for Investigating" I got a bit worked up as mentioned earlier in this section. I found myself easily succumbing to the same fear that many of these researchers also experience. But I took a step back, conferred with my boyfriend (who happens to be the web host of a metaphysics and conspiracy site, and the author of numerous articles on said topics, so, he's a good person to talk to for some feedback), and I came to my senses, you could say. He reminded me of what I've been writing about and living for the past two years. And so at this point in the game, I'm going to take a bold step forward and loudly proclaim that in my opinion, **it doesn't have to be this way. They don't have power over us. They can't kill you, nor can they give you cancer, or any other disease.**

What's happening here with these researchers is a multi-fold scenario:

- **The fear frequency.** It can't be stated enough. Fear, fear, and more fear.

- **Lack of intending for protection.** And I'm not talking about begging to God, in the traditional sense of praying – I'm talking about rising up and connecting with the very sources that you would be praying to, changing your frequency, empowering yourself, as well as taking preventative spiritual measures…as I will expand on in a bit.

- **Not taking control of the reigns** and reversing what's been done to one's body. We dictate the health of our bodies – not outside forces, as I will elaborate on in a second.

What happens to these researchers is not what has to happen to you.

For starters, sometimes people will receive warnings before attacks are implemented. But too often they don't listen and take it seriously, or take any sort of precautionary spiritual measures. So what to do when that happens?

We should listen. And I don't mean in the sense of becoming afraid and giving them power. What I mean is simply **acknowledge what's happening.** Don't run from it – face it straight on. "Okay…There is an intuition/voice, etc. telling me this. The source obviously believes this bad thing will happen to me if I don't take heed." **So… acknowledge it.** When there were black helis hovering and circling over me, ignoring it and just sticking my head in the sand – which was my first reaction! – did absolutely nothing to stop it and make it go away. In fact, **it only amplified it.**

So rule #1: Don't ignore what's happening!

The next step would be to stop what you're doing, right then and there, and have a spiritual pow-wow. Connect to something higher and positive, whatever works for you. Jesus/the Christ Consciousness, God/the Creator Source, angels, spirit guides and protectors, your Higher Self, and so on. Everybody has their own thing, so, call on yours, whatever it may be. Connect to it, merge with it, become it…for more on this, see the next section, called "Praying for Intervention." You're empowering yourself and raising your frequency, rising above 3rd density victimhood. You're taking action.

So rule #2 – Connect to the higher powers and raise your frequency

In doing step 2, you're already turning the tables on the outcome of the situation. Someone wants to harass you or your family, with the threat of more in the future?? I don't think so. You've picked the wrong targets to harass.

So rule #3 – Say no.

It seems so simple. Almost too simple, I'm sure. But I've done it, and it worked. "No. I don't think so. You are NOT going to do this to me. No. I'm changing the radio dial. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO." Over and over and over, while simultaneously raising your frequency. You're saying no, rejecting their threats and harassment, dictating how your life will go, according to *you*, taking control of the situation. All the while as you factor in your spiritual pow-wow…connecting to your higher power help, and merging with that, aligning with what it represents. Calmly rejecting whatever scenario "they" had in mind for you.

You have to know that you have the ultimate say in what happens to you.

So rule #4 – Realize you are the one in charge of your life. Not them. And *know it with everything you have.*

You have to *know* it, and not second guess yourself. And know that when you're done doing this, and are walking away to go do the next thing, that things are already in the works to make sure you get your desired – protected, safe – outcome.

From what it seems to me, based on the research I've done, the all out negative, physical abusive harassment doesn't just erupt in a MILAB's life out of nowhere. Thrashings during an abduction, leaving one's body black and blue, disease, organ failure…cancer…death. **You don't just go from "0" to all out craziness like that overnight**. It starts with **breaching your realm,** and from there it builds. And builds. And builds. The longer you allow it to happen, the more you stick your head in the sand, the more fear, worry and paranoia you generate that feed it, then the stronger the foothold it can get into your reality.

But if you fearlessly face off with it right from the get-go, you WILL nip problems in the bud. There will only be so much they can do after that when you've lost all fear, you can feel your own

empowerment and strength with total conviction, and are on permanent speed dial with your spiritual pow-wow source.

The other, very understandable, problem lies in the fact that most people will naturally be intimidated by these beings and military spooks. They seem so much bigger than us, so much stronger, so, so…*evil.* They're outside of time, whizzing around in UFOs, materializing and disappearing at will, abducting and implanting and monitoring, flying helis all around, tapping your phone. And as we all know, bigger, stronger and evil always equates to being invincible….*right?*

X! Hardly.

Everybody has their strong points, and their weaknesses. And that means "them" too.

Their weakness lies in the fact they overestimate themselves and believe that humans will continue to remain the victims we've demonstrated ourselves to be. They also seem to lack the spiritual connection we humans are able to tap into. Cold, cunning intelligence will only get you so far. You need the rest, which we have.

So now, why are they able to "give people cancer"? Are they all powerful God-like creatures with the ability to completely control and micromanage all other "lesser" beings at will?? And more importantly – WHO exactly is it that's "giving these people cancer"? Is it aliens?...or humans?

It's actually humans, apparently. Let's look at an interesting excerpt from the Barbara Bartholic book that directly pertains to this (bolded words my own emphasis):

> "…At about 4 a.m., I work to a voice saying, **"You have been infected with cancer."** The words were put into my brain through thought projection. **"There is no hope for you. The program has already been installed. Cancer will kill you."** The wordless projection felt human rather than alien. It was much too blunt to have come from alien sources. Too clumsy really to have come from ordinary human sources. I realized I must be hearing from a shadow military group. **I went wild with fear…"**
>
> *****
>
> "…I spoke to one of the ex-military men whom I knew to be psychic, then showed him the hand shaped bruise under my breast.

With a half smile he said, **"They're giving you cancer, kiddo. Looks like they're doing away with you, girl. There's no hope for you."**

"They who?"

"The Black Project Intelligence Operation."

I then showed him the bruise on my neck which appeared to contain a puncture mark.

"They don't want you speaking out any longer, Barbara," he said. **He even seemed pleased to add with a twisted grin, "You're a goner."**

*****

What's going on here when we really pick this exchange apart?

The power of suggestion.

They – being the military black ops/hybrids/whatever they are - have tapped into a very basic understanding about the nature of the human mind. **We are extremely suggestible and programmable.** People are so sensitive to their environment and to the emotions and reactions and words of everybody around them that they will usually take most things to heart. We are reactive people. **We get affected by words, both positive and negative.**

If you were surrounded by people affirming positive things to you every day, for your entire life, imagine where you'd be and how far you could go. But we don't live in that world. We live in a world that both purposely and inadvertently tears us down in so many ways and cripples our potential. And it takes so little to do it, which is pretty unfortunate. But it's the nature of this world, and also what it is to be a highly emotive, reactive human being that responds so sensitively to this world.

The military spooks issuing cancer commands, and later reinforcing it in person, know all this and are utilizing another form of **mind control.** And by this point, we should all know how much they rely on their handy dandy mind control. They are all about bending the will of their targets to mold and shape them according to their mandates, usually through hypnosis and **suggestive commands.** So keep this in mind. And I don't care if the cancer command/suggestion is coming from human military spooks, or a seven foot tall Reptilian or Mantid. **You are the one in control of your life and body, not them.**

Period. And they're counting on you not ever realizing this, rising up, and reclaiming your power. And that's their weak spot.

There is however another facet to this – instilling somebody with cancer or various diseases by beaming particular frequencies at them, known as scalar weapons. When you do the research you'll turn up evidence that the military has developed frequency weapons designed to kill outright or inflict harm and disease on a target. This has apparently been employed on certain MILABS targets in order to shut them up if they've pursued certain sensitive topics. **But I believe that even this is combatable.** Why? Because again, **they do not have the final say in what happens to you**. *You* are the one responsible for what happens to you! They may beam their little disease-inflecting weapons on you***, but you can combat it and reverse it. We all have that capability.*** Problems arise for those who don't realize that they can reverse the things being done to them, and instead, just lay down and die instead of rising up with an indignant mindset, ready to combat what's happening.

There's a book that I recommended on my web site that I want to take a moment to recommend here, because it's very fitting, but it's called "The Biology of Belief", by Dr. Bruce Lipton. Dr. Lipton was a cellular biologist and professor working for mainstream academia during his 20 year career. During the course of his work and research, he came to discover some startling things about the nature of the human body. It turns out that it's all about **mind over matter.** DNA and genetics don't dictate whether you get cancer, illnesses and diseases…**your own thoughts, perceptions, beliefs and attitudes do.** And it's too much to get into here for this write up, so all I can do is to just recommend this (well written, riveting, educational and down to earth) book as being one of the more important things you'll read, if you're not aware of this subject already. I'd put this concept to work for myself before ever reading Dr. Lipton's book or watching one of his presentations, thanks to another book entitled "The Holographic Universe", by Michael Talbot. I healed myself of various ailments through the sheer will of the mind, and literally, talking to the body parts in question that had the issues. I stopped a bladder infection, an ear/jaw issue that was rendering me unable to talk, a tooth problem, and other assorted things. Dr. Lipton's presentation and book served to help reaffirm and remind me of this knowledge that I'd already gleaned…but trust me…it can't be reinforced enough!

Once people realize this concept and can prove to themselves that it works, then suddenly the idea of a military spook commanding you to "get cancer" is absolutely absurd. Sure buddy. Whatever you say. ;) ;) eye roll, eye roll. Once again, **they rely on our lack of knowledge and awareness.**

I don't completely have my head in the clouds in the sense that I believe we can eliminate all abductions entirely through the above-mentioned practices. Things vary from person to person. But what I do know is that you *have* to at least fight back and take a stand, do *something,* because even eliminating 90% of your abductions and removing your fear has to be better than doing nothing at all and just going belly up. It's 90% less interference, programming and possible injury than you would have had otherwise – and - **that in itself reduces later attempts to take you, seems to eliminate how far they can go with you when/if they do take you, and pushes back the realm breach**.

Saving Yourself

Connecting to your higher powers

Following is a more detailed explanation of the concept mentioned in the previous section.

In reading the accounts of female MILAB targets, notably in the Karla Turner book "Taken," I couldn't help but notice the overwhelming feeling of fear that pervaded almost every woman's story. Fear of what was happening to them, fear of the dreaded impending abductions, fear of the strange paranormal occurrences that surrounded them. Fear, fear, fear, and more fear. A whole book of fear. Not only that, but several women mentioned begging and pleading to God to get their abductions to stop. **But help never came.** The abductions and harassment never stopped. Praying did absolutely nothing.

Why?

Because they were asking from power outside of themselves to come in and intervene and rescue them. In doing so, they became a helpless victim child, unable to help themselves.

As mentioned in the previous section, you have to realize your own power. **You have to rise up and connect to the very power you're asking for help from.** You have to become it. Whatever it may be. Jesus. Angels. God. Your Higher Self. You have to know that you have it within you, and that you can plug into it, access it, and align with it at any time. You're not going to cower in the corner asking for it to come and rescue you, the powerless victim. You're going to change your frequency right out of this 3rd density reality, and you're going to rise up and join forces with whomever you're calling upon. And this flies in the face of everything that mainstream religion would have us believe. Mainstream religion has conditioned the world's people that they are helpless victims that reside underneath a male God figure with a beard and flowing robes, perched on the clouds, holding a staff, judging everybody and only helping those that "He" deems worthy, the ones who live perfect, immaculate lives, while throwing lightening bolts and evil glares at all the rest of the heathens and damning them to hell. We've been conditioned to believe we are meek and powerless, and have no control over our lives and no say in anything that happens to us. "God" runs our lives. Not us. We're just God's little puppets on a string. And I'm here to say, this isn't true. But don't take my word for it. Discover for yourself what's possible and what you're capable of! The disinformation conditioning is designed to get you to believe that you're underneath higher powers so you won't realize that you ARE the higher powers. The higher power creator source is in everything, and you are already it.

Another tactic worth noting that seems to always work for those being harassed by abductors and neg entities is to **command something to stop and leave in the name of Jesus Christ.** "They" don't like that one AT all. People have reported being dropped like a hot potato the second they said that, myself included. Many reading this won't be Christian but it needs to be noted for those who are, and those who are willing to try it. It's highly effective, and worth trying if the reader hasn't already because it's not begging for intervention outside yourself - it's a form of aligning to a particular frequency and commanding that the negs have to leave your reality in the name of that team. Not to state the obvious, but a belief in and emotional connection to the idea of Jesus/the Christ Consciousness is also

absolutely necessary for this to work. You don't want to be uttering empty words with nothing propelling them.

To wrap up this section, I want to leave off with the reminder that being fearful and cowering in the corner waiting for intervention is what's known as "Option 1."

Being a fearless but slightly crazy person who goes around confronting life's harassers with fists, baseball bats, pellet guns and even an arsenal of empty wine bottles, like my brother did, ;) is "Option 2." And while it's heading in the right direction because it's definitely fearless, do keep in mind that The Grid is all about giving us only two polar extreme opposite choices. Black, white. Right, wrong. Liberal, conservative. Violence, or passive victim. TPTB are all about eliminating options, and giving us two false dichotomies to choose from.

So maybe what we want is to consider "Option 3." The one hidden behind the curtain. The one where you acknowledge the things that are happening to you, but without fear, then change your personal radio frequency and again, rise right up out of this 3rd density reality to align with the very higher powers that you would call upon. You're not a passive victim/prey. Nor are you becoming a fearless, psychotic aggressor. (Because if left unchecked, that fearless and violent retaliatory aggression can become a slippery slope into the realm of predator.) So Option 3. That's what it seems to be all about.

Revoking illegal metaphysical contracts

As the reader is probably realizing by this point, anything that I can pass along for what a MILABs target can do to combat their situation in a pro-active, fearless way, then I'm all for it. Years back I was given information by someone concerning "revoking illegal metaphysical contracts," including those concerning MILABs. I'd never heard of that before and found the idea intriguing, and worth trying out. In original versions of this book I cited the name of the person who passed along this information and who gave permission for me to use the material in this book. And despite the falling out between us in mid-2007, the material remained in here for years because for me it's not about personal differences, but whether there's information that could possibly help people. That took precedence. But as of 2013 a request has been made to remove her material and

name from this book, which I've obliged. However I'll still give the basic rundown of the concept.

The gist involves the idea of those pre-incarnational contracts that many new agers (and abductees in general) are being told humans have agreed to, mentioned back in Part I, and which is supposedly giving these alien/interdimensional races the "right" to abduct people. Thinking on this logically, how can a contract be valid when you can't even remember making it, and/or made it while existing in a different form, in another lifetime? And for all we know the entire thing is being made up in order to manipulate us. There's no way to prove any of it.

Then you have the subject of MILABs, and whatever supposed agreements targets may be coerced into making while in a mentally impaired state. Agreements made in such a state of mind have no validity, just as they don't in our "matrix" reality.

And that's where the idea of invoking Universal Law to revoke these contracts comes in. There is no one set type of wording or approach one has to adhere to, it's just the general idea one declaring that they revoke any and all illegal metaphysical contracts one may have been coerced into making throughout their lifetimes and across timelines, or which were made in another time and place as a different being under different circumstances. It's also important to include the idea of whatever contracts, real or false, that parents may have made that then extended down to their children by default, which absolutely has no validity.

Everybody's going to be different, so do and say what works for you when you revoke your contracts and ties. Ultimately what matters most is the **intent.** The mere fact that you are renouncing any known or possible ties or contracts with unsavory elements – whether legal or illegal - shows the universe where you currently stand, and proclaims where you are consciously trying to align yourself. That counts for a whole lot, actually.

"Karma," free will free-for-alls, and incarnational happenings

Tying into the idea of illegal metaphysical contracts is the idea of "karma" in relation to MILABs and targeting of people. Karma is a huge subject, and I don't intend to try to dissect it in depth in a book

that's primarily geared towards MILABS and mind control. But since these are ideas I've had, I thought it may be worth throwing in there.

Karma is typically understood as a "cosmic rewards and punishment system," the idea of whatever you do comes back to you, both positive and negative, as the universe tries to keep things in balance. So you do good, good comes back to you. You do bad, bad comes back to you. The idea of karma not only applies to things one does in their present life, with immediate rewards and punishment coming their way due to everyday behaviors and actions, but it also applies to actions from past lives as well. So entire incarnations can be set up based on what sort of situations were going on in one's past lives, and the karma that was either accumulated or burned off in those existences. And that's the simplified explanation for it based on what the majority of people believe about the subject. But based on my own life experiences, observations, research and my own (admittedly meager) awareness of things, I don't actually believe at this point that it's as simple as that. Most people's understanding about karma is based on the assumptions that everybody walking among us is fully human and therefore, subject to the same laws as everybody else, as well as the assumption that it's an actual god being of sorts doling out this reward and punishment. And this is where I diverge.

There's every indication that some walking among the population are….not human, to put it bluntly. Either that, or the original soul spark has "exited stage left" you could say, and/or severely fragmented, leaving behind a body vehicle that's being piloted or shadowed by other "stuff." There's also the idea that not all souls are fully developed and individualized, being more along the lines of a 2nd density hive mind group soul lacking the higher centers, which is a bit of a controversial subject within metaphysical circles. But all of which means, the things these "people" do may not necessarily be met with the same karmic checks and balances as everybody else. And as far as an external being or source of some sort being responsible for doling out karma, I've had every indication that it's actually *us* doling it upon ourselves, based on what happens after we die. To understand that (or even believe in it, for that matter) one of course has to believe in and be familiar with the idea of a soul, and an afterlife, and what supposedly happens in those after and in-between resting states, subjects that are beyond the scope of this book. So basically this

section applies only to those readers who do believe in these sorts of things and already have a familiarity with the topic. All others can either skip past it, or just read it for personal amusement. :D

Tying into this, for those who believe and are familiar, is the concept of incarnational life plans. While some people (usually New Agers) tend to feel that our lives are completely pre-planned before we arrive here, and every event is being micromanaged by our higher selves, I on the other hand hold a more moderate viewpoint. I'm thinking that at best, our life plans are only loosely set in stone. We may have ideas about things we'd like to do or accomplish, but the game plan can change according to unexpected twists and turns. I have my reasons for why I've concluded this, including having witnessed apparent "no-no's" that something higher didn't feel was its idea of a good time and so therefore un-did and/or reversed things, as well as attempts at intervention to try to prevent something that switched me onto a different timeline (I didn't listen though, so, the track switching still ended up happening) which in itself proves to me that free will violations and no-no's that weren't on the agenda can, and do, happen. But why is this?

Because apparently this place is a free will zone. Free will free-for-all might be more like it, which is why we see the entire spectrum represented among the population in terms of extreme good, and downright nasty evil, as well as real humans, and then the masqueraders and shell piloters. Anything goes here, and stuff's coming in from all over to get in on the action and get a piece of the 3rd density physicality pie. We have the free will to try to live out our incarnational plans (or to even change our plans) – and neg stuff has the free will to try to mess things up for people. Because that's just the nature of what this place is, and it's the risk we all take when incarnating here. Now, I don't advocate the victim mindset in the sense of never taking personal responsibility for anything, and always putting the blame on somebody else. But at the same time there's no doubt by this point that freewill violations can, and do happen to people.

Yet……experience and research has also shown me that there are certain lines that can't be crossed in individual cases. Boundaries can be pushed in terms of freewill violations, but in some people's cases there are blocks in place for how far something can go. And there could be any number of reasons for this, I don't profess to fully

know why or how it works. But it's the reason that certain things may not happen to a person that happens to others, and it's the reason that some people can't be killed before their time and why there will be repeated intervention to undo or rectify a no-no situation. Back in Part II there was an anecdote concerning my first overt abduction experience back in October of 2001, and the attempt at the overt follow up the next weekend. By the second one I'd changed my mind, as noted, and ran around trying to get away from the situation, yelling "NO!" in my mind. And as noted, such an overt attempt to take me never occurred again. After that it was all covert, under the radar, and for all I know there may be things that they weren't allowed to do even under those covert circumstances. The situation apparently needed my permission – my invite – to ramp up to an overt level like that, and I said no. And maybe that was all that was needed for freewill violations to back off. (That's why I have concern for naïve New Agers and fringers who think "alien" abductions are a great thing, and invite them in. They're giving permission to something they know nothing about and are most likely endangering themselves.) A simple NO, and declaring to the universe where you stand seems to actually count for something.

Now with those basics in mind we put the focus back on MILABS, alien abductees and other assorted targets out there in the world, many of whom are making claims about very bad things happening to them. What are we to make of this with regards to the Bigger Picture Understanding about karma, incarnational plans, and the idea of free will and illegal metaphysical contracts? What's going on here?

Looking at my own situation as an example, I tend to think there's a mix of self-imposed karma, along with the illegal metaphysical contracts, free will violations *and* personal vibes/frequency resonance, all rolled up together. A bit of a mish mash. It's not just past life karma kicking me in the butt. Nor is it just straight up free will violations. From what I've gathered from intuitive types who have told me things about supposed past lives (tending to corroborate each other) there seems to be a situation of having done some negative stuff in a "past" life (I put that in quotes since there apparently is no time ;)) of which I've supposedly kicked my own butt about ever since in every life after that. My intuitive Filipino boss Edwin from my hotel job years ago said to me one time that this life was supposed to have been a clean slate for me, I was supposed to give myself a fresh start,

especially after my last life (I was surprised to hear him indirectly confirming my own suspicions about the nature of that particular life). Apparently that was supposed to have been it in terms of "dumping on myself" you could call it, but noooooo, here I go again, beating myself up for things that happened long ago. So this life has supposedly just been more of the same in terms of that. Then he got emotional about it – in particular when he glimpsed my previous life and what happened there – and ran off. Even if he didn't know about the paranormal targeting and MILABs nonsense and was referring to other ways in which this life has been less than savory, there's no doubt the pattern would fit - allowing myself to be put into negative life situations, including clandestine under-the-radar happenings, where things could happen because on some level I still don't think I've paid enough for whatever supposedly has gone on in the "past."

A repeating theme I've come across in my past life research is the way in which souls get stuck in a frequency rut, which causes them to keep attracting in the same sorts of situations and themes, lifetime after lifetime until they finally become aware of it and learn to break out of it. (The MILABs, alien abductee, gangstalking, hyperdimensional targeting, etc. themes would be persecution and abuse you could say.) So basically there needs to be that awareness, and a core frequency shift to snap out of it. "Okay, yeah, uh, I think I'm done with this now. I've had enough. Time to break out of this pattern and try something new." o_O

Then you factor in one's personal vibes/frequency, which for me may have resonated with this whole thing due to not only conditioning I received in this life but past life guilt as well. And then there's the illegal metaphysical contracts deal. Possibly in a past life I got involved with some sort of contract that is trying to still follow me around to this day. In that sense it's illegal because I'm no longer in that other body, and I have no memory of whatever may have transpired, so, that's not exactly fair. But of course that's not how the Negs would see it, if that's the case. ;) Another avenue for illegal metaphysical contracts would tie into my dad. If I do indeed have pieces of him attached to me, and/or I'm attached to him in any way, thus allowing his "stuff" to become my "stuff," then that too is illegal, since I had no say in the bleed over and trickledown. Though on the other hand it was the risk I took when incarnating here, right? ;)

Indeed. So a realization like that does ultimately put the responsibility back in one's own hands.

It's all speculation though, and ultimately none of it may be true in terms of what I've been told about my supposed past lives. So I merely consider the possibilities, and meanwhile, keep myself open to new information. And for all I know in five years I'll have completely different ideas about the matter.

The reason I get into all this though is because the idea of victimization and MILABS (or alien abductee, targeted individuals, etc.) goes hand in hand. And no material, at least that I've ever come across, has even tried to delve into the metaphysical implications of why this would be happening to a person. Is it their own fault? Are they a 100% victim? Neither? Both? What's going on?? To answer these questions means an author has to delve into subjective areas that either not everybody believes in or has awareness of, so the issue is just straight up avoided, which I understand. And meanwhile the unspoken message is that people experiencing these sorts of things are 100% victims. Which may not be the case. The truth of the situation could actually be a bit of a tangled metaphysical mess. So this is why I put this in here. I feel it's important to address the higher metaphysical areas of these subjects and get people thinking in those ways if they weren't already. Not only that, but get people thinking in terms of multiple options, instead of making the mistake that so many people make of only black and white, polarized two choice dichotomies.

And how this relates to the idea of "saving yourself," since that's what this particular section is about after all, is that in coming to realize the multiple potentials for why a person finds themselves in this situation it can then lead them to start taking action to undo whatever may be going on. Whether it's awareness of the possibility of illegal metaphysical contracts, self imposed karmic butt kicking that's long overdue to end, conditioned personal vibe/frequency resonance that needs changing, and so on.

Thwarting psychic attacks

The term psychic attacks can refer to several things:

1. Deliberate mental targeting of an individual by a person or a group of people with the intention of harming them in some way;
2. Neg entities targeting a person to attach to them, harm them, and/or feed on them by draining their life force energy;
3. Having focused, negative thoughts about someone which inadvertently sends negative energy to that person.

Psychic attacks go by various names, and it's the same concept involved with dark occult black magic rituals when the intent is to harm somebody, or invoke demons and neg entities to do one's bidding.

So you may be wondering, why am I mentioning this in a book that concerns abductions? Namely because psychic attacks are often a major component involved with MILABS, and therefore makes it something worth mentioning. Plus the focus of this book has slightly evolved to become about multiple forms of targeting and harassment, of which neg entity problems would be included.

My boyfriend was once experiencing a psychic attack and decided to lie down, meditate, and trace it back to the source to discover who was behind it all. Surprisingly, he found himself popping in on three remote viewers working in an underground base whose job it was to hone in on him and mess with him. The remote viewers in turn received quite a jolt to suddenly find their target looking right back at them. !!! They weren't expecting that. So this is probably far more common than people realize: government-sponsored black ops remote viewers and psychic warriors being used to knock targets off balance in life, possibly to inflict harm, and maybe even get somebody taken out of the picture.

To give you the basic idea of what a psychic attack would feel like, following are some symptoms that I and others have experienced:

- **Intense energy drain and lethargy**, to the point where it's like your actual life force is being sucked out of you. It will often descend out of nowhere, which is another major clue, and render you practically unable to move or do anything other than crawl onto your bed and collapse into a heap.

- **Nausea** – again, usually appearing quite suddenly. Also **migraines, flashing in the eyes, or skin feeling as if it's on fire.**

- **Feeling extremely negative and hateful.** Non-affectionate and aloof towards loved ones to the point where you feel like you want them completely out of your presence...maybe even your life.
- **Mental agitation** for no logical reason, not tying into diet, sleep, or personal conflicts. The mind going going going, with amped up internal dialogue, **repeating thought loops** or all around negative mindset, and often times interfering with sleep.
- **Inexplicable depression, despondency and even suicidal ideas** – then sometimes followed immediately by thought forms in your head telling you to go kill yourself (or as I've experienced, being told to "go lay down and die, right now.")
- **Nightmares** and overall nasty themed/violent/upsetting dreams.

Many of these symptoms will usually go together as a package deal of sorts, and aren't to be confused with the flu or viral/bacterial sickness which can cause some of the same reactions. When I'm sick, I'll usually get the sinus discomfort, sore throat, and a fever that comes from *inside* the body and accompanied by chills, which is how I can differentiate between true sickness and then "something else." Also, sickness doesn't descend as rapidly as psychic attacks do. With a psychic attack you can literally be fine one minute, and then be overcome the next. And conversely, you can be under attack and then within seconds of intervention treatment - as quick as the snap of a finger - be fine again.

But don't despair…it can be combated. Of course, otherwise I wouldn't bother to mention it. The most important thing is to be able to recognize that this is happening in the first place. By learning that psychic attacks exist, and what some of the major symptoms are, you're already half way there. They count on people being ignorant of things, remember. That's how they're able to do what they do. So, it's all about becoming informed.

The next step is to pry the source of the attack off your body. Remove the muck, and sever the connection. What many people do is to lie down and then intend for the connection to break.

If you happen to have somebody nearby who's gifted with the art of hands-on healing, that's good too. In that case, the laying on of hands with the intent for the negs to leave, right now, can be enough to

get the negs to fly right off your body. I've experienced that, so, I know it's real. In the meantime, either you, or both you and your healer, should be calling on positive protective forces. Or rather – merging with your personal positive forces, as I outlined earlier in this book. You'll be shifting your frequency up, connecting to your positive forces, aligning with what they represent. Then what I've also done is perform a mental "raking" over my body, envisioning myself scraping all the neg muck that may still be on me, rounding it all up, putting it in a figurative bag, sealing it up, **coating it in the positive energy that I called on,** and do a big ol' **return to sender.** Sending it back to whence it came...whoever/whatever the source may be. Some people like to try to trace things back to find the source behind it all. I haven't attempted something like that, but if you're curious and like answers, then go for it. By knowing who the source is, it could come in handy for offsetting any future attack attempts.

After that, when I'm on such a roll, I then like to expand my protective intent to include my cat, my boyfriend, the entire apartment we live in and even the cars we drive. :D Why not, go all the way and cover all bases. It can't hurt.

Back in 2000, I had to do a cleaning in my bedroom as well as self protection after being whomped one night by a nasty neg entity who physically went after me while I was awake in bed, vulnerable. I documented this on my website in the write up called "The Vortex." And in that case, I didn't call on protective forces or even align with them. I wasn't at a point in life where I was into that sort of thing. But what I did do (and which worked), was to connect to who I was as a kid. Connected to the innocence, purity, and the uncorrupted core of "who I am" as a person. So just remembering that, and connecting to it, was enough to raise my frequency sky high. Once I was able to elevate my frequency, from there I wrapped my neg entity in lotsa luv, envisioned sending him back through the portal from where he came, then envisioned the portal being sealed. So ultimately, that's what we're aiming for with these protective meditations - **raising our frequency** - whatever thoughts or methods can get us there. There is no one, across-the-board method. Just do whatever works for you. When you raise yourself up like that, the negs can no longer hold on to you, and the hooks detach.

So that's the general outline of how it's done, but everybody's going to have their own methods that are tailored to them and their

personality and beliefs. Remember, we don't have to be helpless victims, but they count on us not realizing this. So I'd recommend doing research on websites, books and resources that get into more detail about neg entities, attachments, and psychic attacks if this is a subject that's of interest to you. A good starting place is the excellent book, **"Practical Psychic Self Defense,"** by Robert Bruce.

I'm also going to be honest – I can't pretend that you'll only have to do this once, and then life will return to flowers and rainbows permanently afterwards. It most likely won't. If you've experienced a deliberate targeted attack on you once, and managed to sever the source's connection and do a return to sender, then chances are they'll try again. I've experienced this several times. On one occasion for instance I severed a psychic attack/entity attachment, feeling fantastic afterwards to the point where I was practically floating and had blasted my heart chakra wide open, only to find myself inexplicably edgy and grumpy/low frequency within 24 hours. BUT…I don't mention this to instill fear. My mindset is matter-of-fact, "it's just how it is" shoulder shrugging awareness. They don't just let people go without a fight after one thwarted attack. So if you do have to protect yourself against a psychic attack/attachment, do keep in mind that it most likely will return. All of which means, intend for continued protection in the future, take preventive measures to keep up your frequency, and eliminate avenues in your life that allow them to breach your realm again. If you're aware and prepared, then it won't be a big deal.

Dreamtime Manipulation

Negative "entities" interfering with awakening MILABS

This was another bit I had wanted to include in earlier drafts of this book but then held back. What changed my mind was an email exchange with a guy that I had come to know through a message board forum I participated in. He had signs and symptoms of having maybe had funny stuff happening to him in life, and I'd always been pretty positive that he was an abductee based on various things he'd mentioned in emails to me. An abductee of whom or what, I didn't know, but he seemed to have *something* going on. At one point we

were emailing back and forth for several days discussing things, and during these several days where he was making some really important connections for the first time ever in his life (like the fact that his dad was Air Force intelligence…) really looking closely at things he hadn't noticed before, he coincidentally experienced negative entities visiting him in the dreamtime, harassing him.

I myself have also experienced supposed negative entities paying me visits during the dreamtime during times I was making important breakthroughs with regards to MILABS stuff, asking questions and probing for answers. Following is one example:

In the previous section I discussed the concept of citing Universal Law to revoke illegal metaphysical contracts. Well, despite feeling very excited about the subject upon first hearing it, I wasn't even able to get around to trying this until almost a full two months after the fact. I kept experiencing a feeling of negative discouragement, keeping me from trying it. Patiently I rode it out, knowing it couldn't last forever. Then two months later I could feel that the negative pressure had lifted, and I took the opportunity to squeeze in some revoking. For three nights in a row I did this as I drifted off to sleep. Well, on the third night, "something" came 'round to harass me while I slept. I found myself in a dream where I had a neg entity latched onto me. I became lucid and started connecting to the idea of the Christ Consciousness, raising my frequency, and even mentally crossing myself. That provoked it and I found this neg screaming and flailing about, causing my body to jerk all about as it put on quite the little drama queen histrionics display.

I got it off me and woke up in my bed. All was calm. Or was it? My cat was awake and began doing something very unusual. Silently she positioned herself with her back to me, facing out towards the rest of the room. She'd sit there for a bit, then get up and move to another side of my bed, calmly sitting, facing out towards my room. She continually moved around the three exposed sides of my bed, facing out towards the room…as if possibly facing off against "something" that was around, and maybe keeping it from getting near me on the bed…? I can only theorize.

This actually didn't spook me because by this point in my life I've been through a lot and have gotten a bit blasé. I lay there thinking about things, and then had the bright idea that since I'm awake and all in the middle of the night, and since I'm already on a roll with the

whole revoking illegal metaphysical contracts thing, then why not see about removing any "pieces" of my dad that might be stuck to me, any part of him that might be linked to the MILABS stuff in my own life? It's a long story in itself, but pieces of people's souls can attach themselves to others, and there's evidence that I have a piece of my dad stuck to me, as well as his possible MILABS connection.

I laid there and began intending for any possible pieces to detach and return to sender. I was doing this for about one minute when I received the smack down I guess you could call it. **I was "zapped" by something while I lay there in my bed.** It was like a small jolt of electricity in my chest/ribs/heart area, and it jerked my body. Did NOT feel good is all I can say, EXTREMELY unpleasant icky feeling. Even more interesting is that it simultaneously made a **"ping!"** noise in the air above me. !! So we had physical sensation going on here AND audio. (I later attempted this again, but did not experience the zap, thankfully.)

I've had extensive paranormal experiences as mentioned earlier in this book when I lived in the paranormal apartment from hell nicknamed "The Vortex" back in California, with my brother. But this was my introduction into MILABS-related awakening harassment. When MILABS begin poking around in sensitive areas, asking questions and taking steps to remove it from their life, "stuff" may appear, kicking up a stink.

I also came across something similar noted in the book "Song of Freedom" by Judith K. Moore. Back during her childhood and teen years in the 50's and early 60s, Judith Moore was used in Satanic ritual abuse/government mind control experimentation projects. Her story is one of the few of this type that I truly believed as I was reading it (versus people who may be copycatting other women's stories…) but at the beginning stages of her realizations about what had gone on in her childhood, she experienced one of those creepy paranormal entity encounters:

> "One night, coming home, my friend and I were talking about the possibility of incest in our childhoods. As we parked for a few minutes to continue our conversation, something horrifying happened: a big, dark figure loomed at the car window, then disappeared. We screamed and drove away. I know that was an apparition from the darkest side of life, a visitor from the other side, the world where demons wander in search of their lost souls. I cannot

remember being so frightened in my life as I was those first days of identifying myself as a survivor.**" – page 15**

Factoring in that message board buddy who had negative entity stuff coming around in the dream time during the first few days of truly questioning his childhood and his strange parents and their Air Force intelligence connections, along with my own stuff, and Ms. Moore's story, and it really makes me think there's something to this.

But what I'm wondering is, **how exactly real are some of these entities?**

A real entity from another realm most definitely can appear in this realm and interact with us, as is the case with Judith Moore's encounter, or even attach to us and try to attack us, which I experienced back in "The Vortex." But in the case of my message board buddy and myself, the fact that these recent encounters were only appearing to us **while we slept** really threw me for a loop. There's no doubt that something was amiss here…people don't just have dreams about neg entities wrestling them, trying to latch on and harass them after all. But again, in my own encounters, **something about it didn't feel real.** As with all confusing things, I just put it aside and figured answers will come. They usually do, if you're patient enough.

At this point I think I've gotten some answers. It happened one night later on after the above incident, where I found myself wrestling with another harassing neg in the "dream" state. We're wrestling, and I'm invoking the Christ Consciousness energy, raising my frequency, taking this thing on, whatever it is, but with no fear, just in the most nonchalant way imaginable due to that aforementioned blasé attitude about it all…and I suddenly become aware that I can hear **human male voices** talking faintly in the background of my mind, on what sounded like a radio. !!! I couldn't discern what they were saying though, it was like gibberish. The entity? I could handle that for some reason. But the idea of human male voices being involved in it all…THAT freaked me out. I panicked, saying to myself like a little kid, "WHY DO I ALWAYS HEAR HUMAN VOICES?!!" "Always" being a reference to other times this apparently happened during my dreams, but which I didn't consciously remember until that exact triggering moment. And then it turns out that my boyfriend had experienced the same identical thing – battling it out against a neg entity in the

dreamtime, only to become aware of human male voices talking back and forth on a radio in the background of his mind.

But it gets better.

Later on after that particular incident I found myself fending off yet another neg entity during the dreamtime, feeling calm and nonchalant while invoking the Christ Consciousness vibration…**and then a sarcastic human male voice "cuts in on the line" so to speak,** sounding like late 20's, early 30's maybe, and jibes me with, "Why are you even *using* that technique anyway?? Jesus wasn't even *real!*" Just totally mocking the whole thing.

!!

This time hearing the human male voices didn't faze me. So I'm wrestling with this entity, whatever "it" really is, and meanwhile I'm addressing Mr. Sarcasm off to the side in the same sort of voice one might use to explain something to a five year old. "It doesn't MATTER if he wasn't real…**it's the IDEA BEHIND IT that counts."** Like, come on guys, let's get on the same page here. Duh. ;) REALLY funny in retrospect.

I haven't experienced any more of these encounters with sarcastic "thems" inserting their peanut gallery commentary since calmly answering back as if they were five years old, being completely unfazed, and I suspect I never will again. Why? **Because in my opinion, these dream time entities may often times have very human manufacturers behind them.** I was already taking them on in a very blasé way, which in itself is awesome and shows spiritual progression, but having knowledge that they're not even real to begin with dissolves the game. Now, it doesn't mean all night time/astral harassers are being created by human abductors. But certainly some of them seem to be as I've since discovered, possibly in order to mess with the target, to discourage/scare them from pursuing answers, to sink them into a lowered fear frequency and send them spiraling off course, and so on. And so I pass this on for consideration.

Neg entity harassers may also be **a component of the mind control programming itself,** a program/compartmentalized personality fragment instilled within the psyche to deter the target if they begin waking up, asking questions and remembering things. This was an idea I first came across in the work of Fritz Springmeier.

And there's also the offhand possibility that these entities actually are real, and were sent in by these human "thems" who may be

involved in occult ritual practices. But again, my experience has shown me that an entity who can only come after you while in the dreamtime/astral state, **versus on your own turf in the physical realm when you're awake**, is small potatoes and weak.

If these dreamtime entity harassments ever happens to you, then two of the biggest tips I can pass along is to be lucid and aware - that's important – and nonchalant and blasé. No fear, basically. Practice becoming more lucid and conscious in your waking life, as that will spill over into your sleep state. It's all about neutral awareness.

Dream Hijacking

"Dream hijacking" is exactly what it sounds like – a situation when one's dreams are "hijacked" into by an external source for the purposes of feeding on the negative energy that's generated by them and/or programming/rewiring the mind. They tend to center around deviant/perverse sexual situations where the dreamer is either directly involved, or watching from the sidelines, or fighting/aggressive situations where the dreamer is in an abnormally amped up state. Both sorts of situations provide a nice food source for astral/neg entity feeders, but in the case of the perverse/deviant sexual dreams it's in my opinion that they can also serve the purpose of programming a target via shock and trauma to the psyche. See Part II, and my experience with the "Programming Script" where I woke up with a hypnotic male voice trying to tell me, as if he was reading from a script, that certain (sexual) things had happened to me in life.

There's also the related "virtual reality dreamtime programming," discussed earlier in Part I, along with MILABS end times programming dreams, which is coming up in the next section. Both of those situations have a more human/military angle going on it seems, whereas the source for what I'm talking about here is a little more ambiguous. Could be MILABS in origin, could be so-called "alien" (be it Reptilians, Mantids, Grays, Nordics, etc.) could be opportunistic astral/neg entities who are just roaming about looking for a quick food source.

The way that I've been able to differentiate in my own situation between a normal dream where it may be your own subconscious generating the subject matter, versus external manipulation, is that in many situations a hijacked dream will start out normal and

boring……**but then it seems to take a sudden turn out in left field.** And there may also be **warning indicators**, symbolisms and situations that start appearing in the dream to alert that something or someone has the crosshairs out, much in the same way dark clouds roll in before a storm. This is where lucid dream capability comes in handy, to become fully conscious in the dream and recognize what's going on around you, instead of just being swept up in it the way we normally tend to do. Another indicator I've experienced is that in one dream, I suddenly "felt" that I was being watched, and even voiced this out loud in the dream, looking around, confused, interrupting the flow of things. I kept questioning that I felt like I was being watched and that "I have an intuition for this sort of thing…" looking around, puzzled. Then suddenly in the dream there appeared a large camera "eye" sort of thing in my field of view, zooming in, verifying what I kept feeling. The dream ended after that. In my opinion I really was being watched, something was either plugging in to the dream or outright manipulating the creation of the dream in the first place. And I knew, I could feel it and it caused me to become lucid.

Dreams involving fighting or aggression or mind control programming is easy enough for me to talk about, but perverted sexual subjects was not so easy for me to discuss before, which is why I originally avoided talking about that particular aspect of dreamtime interference for the past four years since this book originally went up. However over the past few years I've encountered people in emails and on the 'net reporting the sexually perverse dreams that clearly seem manipulated, causing distress in the target, so it seemed to me that this was a subject that needed to be talked about. And now at this point in my life many things that used to bother me no longer do. So, here we are. And in a way I'm glad I held off on discussing it since I now have more insight into the subject, and more personal experience with it all than I did before.

Aggression

In my own case, a relatively recent example of a manipulated dream involved me and my boyfriend. In the dream I found myself screaming at him, full of amped up anger, but yet no reason was given. He stood before me as I raged on and on, getting worse and worse, until it escalated into me kicking him. Which is so ridiculous it's

almost funny when you think about it. But at the point where I began actually kicking him in the shins I "came to" in the dream, because kicking him alarmed me, as this is my *boyfriend* and we don't have one of those drama/fighting relationships, at all. So it triggered my **true, core self** to snap out of it. I found myself looking around at my surroundings, puzzled, intuitively "feeling" things out, like, "WHAT in the…?!" Which in itself is amazing, to be able to do that. **And that's when I felt that my so-called "anger" was really a tacked on overlay of sorts,** like being dipped in mud, yet underneath things are clean. It wasn't me. I could clearly feel something else pressing down on me trying to pull my strings like a puppet, forcing me to "feel" something that wasn't really me. But as soon as I became aware of it and questioned it, looking around in the dream, it flew off, and I was back to feeling like myself. And the dream was over. But this connects into what I say elsewhere in this book, that if you have a strong sense of self, then "stuff" won't be able to get you to do things that go against who you are. Whether it's opportunistic astral feeders trying to manipulate you like a puppet, or negative programming.

Sexual

This one is a slightly bigger subject, as there are various types of artificial/manipulated sexual dream scenarios, and multiple possible agendas. I'll outline the ones that I'm familiar with from my own research:

Abnormal/deviant sexual themes. What sets these apart from a regular sex fantasy dream is that it's activity that the target would not normally engage in. A woman I once emailed with theorized that it's like "stuff" is trying to get people to accept deviant/perverse sorts of sexual behaviors as the norm. For what purpose, I don't know, although that certainly ties into what we're seeing within the mainstream media nowadays – same agenda. The envelope being pushed further and further every year, degradation that was previously taboo now being prominently featured in movies and on TV shows to desensitize the masses into accepting it as okay, etc. But I tend to think there's more to it than that. I suspect it's also a form of programming. The target may go along with things in the dream because they lack the strong mind to become lucid and put the brakes

on things, and then afterwards they feel a mix of shame and humiliation and shock, which can do things to the psyche.

In this case what I've seen is that the dreams may center around such things as sex with family members – that's a big one. They REALLY seem to dig that one from what I'm getting, with siblings, or parents and children hooking up. They just try to…..slip it in there and hope you'll go along with things and not become lucid. Incest is considered one of the ultimate taboos in modern Western society, and so this is a major avenue for psyche trauma should somebody not become lucid and wind up following through with the act. And another oft reported theme is homosexuality, from what I've gathered. (On a side note, when you do the research into alien abductions the theme of homosexual relations seems to be a particular subject of interest to them, whatever these creatures are. Three male members of a fringe message board forum I used to belong to all mentioned that it seems they were born straight, and had interest in females, and no interest in males….until the age of sixteen. Then at sixteen it was like a switch was flipped for all of them, and they suddenly became "homosexual." It was weird to find even one person saying this, but three? And all three experiencing this at the same exact age? I met one of the guys in person, who was heavily immersed in the woo-woo and was most definitely an abductee, and I just felt like he wasn't really gay. But it seems something sure wanted him to think he was. He seemed to have conflict about it all too, which says something. There are natural born homosexuals who just always knew who they are from the time they were little, and then apparently there are these types who go to bed one day a straight person, and wake up the next as if a switch was thrown, and suddenly have overwhelming compulsions for the same sex. Makes me wonder how many other people out there have experienced this. In my opinion this ties together with the homosexual obsession displayed by "aliens" during abductions, and the invasive/hijacked homosexual themed dreams that targets report having. I think stuff is playing people like puppets, trying to turn them into something they wouldn't normally be if left to their own natural devises.) The late author Karla Turner noted in her book "Into the Fringe" (which I only just got around to reading in 2010) that these "aliens" are obsessed with human sexuality and reproduction.

Actual memory flashes? Then there are the memory flashes that might seem like dreams only because one remembers them while in bed, in a relaxed state, making it difficult to determine the nature of the imagery. Dream, or real memory? It can be tricky, but here's one of my own examples. Back around 1999 when I was 24, and living with my now ex boyfriend Steve in SoCal, I had a very puzzling "dream" one night that made no sense to me, and remained a mystery for years afterwards. I call it a "dream" only because it took place at night while I was in bed, yet I seemed to actually be awake. It was only a fragment, and wasn't at all like a dream. In fact, it was exactly like a **memory flash,** since dreams usually have a plot of some sort going on, whether coherent or hazy, and this one didn't. A real dream (for me) doesn't just focus on one specific thing, with nothing else surrounding it, appearing as a sudden "flash" in the mind the way this one did. But in this memory flash I was having sex with what I could sense was an older guy, seemed to have white hair, and who was wearing a long sleeve white button down corporate style dress shirt, but his pants were off. Just the bare bones undress to get to the job done. I never did see his face directly, I just saw his body underneath me, but did see the white shirt, and had the sense that he was much older than me, in his 50s or so, and got the impression of white hair. I had no attraction to him and felt absolutely nothing – emotional *or* physical. **Yet I was "performing" as if I did,** while feeling completely blank inside. And that was it. I came to suddenly in our bed in our apartment, wondering "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!" It made no sense for me for several very important reasons: 1) Sex dreams were not the norm for me; 2) I didn't have a thing for middle aged guys, *at* all. Older white haired corporate/government looking dudes didn't do it for me. 3) The fact that I **felt nothing,** but was **performing as if I did,** with this totally blank mindset. It's the exact *opposite* of what a normal sex dream is all about. Just makes no sense. So everything about this memory flash snippet was opposite of what "should" be. Since this happened before I was even aware of such a thing as "MILABS" or my own status as an abductee it really made no sense.

Years later there was the strange experience with the white haired older corporate/government looking dude wearing the white shirt and gray pants at the Walgreens in Florida, mentioned in Part II, whose cologne registered with me subconsciously in a negative way, who

made a sarcastic comment to me as he passed by and who seemed to be able to exert mental control over me, and I'd have to say that he's the closest match to the guy that I remember from that memory flash. And funny how in both cases, whether in the "dream" or in the "real" world, I never saw the guy's face. A bit interesting when you think about it. In both cases I was only aware that it was an older male, white hair, and the clothing style. The Walgreens incident took place only four years after the memory flash, not too long, so, it's entirely feasible it could have been the same guy. If not, then it was a guy very much like him. This incident also matches the other sudden "memory flash" mentioned in Part II where I suddenly found myself on a table under a light surrounded by human males, leaning in and leering and jeering and where I seemed to be unable to move, feeling alarmed. What's also interesting is that in my mind control research (I think it was in the work of Fritz Springmeier, as always) I've since turned up mention that mind controlled girls being used for sex are, for whatever reason, **programmed to not feel pleasure while they do what they do. But they have to *act* as if they do.** Why, I don't know. But it matches to a T what I saw in that flash snippet…..years before I read that. It wouldn't be the first…or second, third, fourth, etc…..thing that Fritz has written that matched up to things in my own situation.

I hesitated in putting this in here at all only because in a lot of ways it can be pretty embarrassing, and more so since I don't have proof for what it is. I have gone endlessly back and forth about it, and when I finally submit this revised and updated version to Lulu and let it go to press I'm still not going to be fully okay with it. For all I know it's just my own overactive, weirdo mind generating random nuttiness, and here I am trying to insinuate that it's evidence of having been taken under the radar, and "mind controlled!" to have sex with some guy I'd never normally do anything with and then pretend to feel something when I actually didn't. I know it can seem ridiculous, but considering the next memory snippet that happened in early 2002 it means there's enough circumstantial evidence for me to believe that it is what I think it is, for all the above mentioned reasons, so I'm going to put it out there and let the chips fall where they may.

Elsewhere in this book that I referenced a "dream"/memory flash experience in Portland, Oregon around December 2001-January 2002, and because of the nature of it I don't want to get into too many details. But I seemed to experience this flash in the morning as I was

waking, which is why it may initially seem like a "dream," when in fact it was a memory snippet. But what I will confirm was that in this memory I was lying on a table on my left side under a bright light in a brightly lit room, I was either very drugged up or tranced out, and it seems that they were trying to see if they could get me to go along with a particular sexual situation with somebody else. The thing that I am proud about is that despite the drugging or trance state my core self would not be squelched. No amount of drugs (or hypnosis, but I think it was drugs based on how it felt) was working apparently. So I remember lying there, in a drugged or tranced haze in this bright room and saying faintly "nooooo……" not going along with it, not saying yes. My core self kept fighting to the surface. And that's all I remember.

As mentioned in Part II in the "Actual Memories" section, the thing that my few memory snippets all have in common is something attracting my totally focused, frightened or curious interest, independent of "their" direction, which then could have pulled me back up into conscious awareness just long enough to make an indelible stamp onto my brain that even the erasing techniques couldn't later eliminate. (Either that or in pulling me back into a more awakened, lucid state of mind it shifted my assemblage point, which is why I was later able to access the memory, once my assemblage point shifted back to that same position.) That seems to be the case here. My core self fought its way to the surface and kept saying no, and the situation itself that I was in was disturbing enough that it made that indelible stamp on my brain.

Months later in the fall of that year I was living in Fort Lauderdale and had an experience with a "voice from the radio" making reference to the subject matter of this particular "dream"/memory flash from Portland, where I could hear the smirk behind the words. This is elaborated on in Part II.

As the reader may have noticed, taking this section into account with other random things mentioned throughout this book, **sexual harassment** in various forms seems to be an ongoing theme for targets. Whether it's things being done to a vulnerable target during an abduction, or their dreams being hijacked. Again, not something I felt like talking about before. The first time I tried to write about this several years ago I got sloshed on alcohol in order to write it, wrote the section, but then changed my mind and deleted it all the next morning.

But I'm realizing that too many other MILAB/targets are all reporting the same exact sorts of stories. Males as well as females. So here we are. (This subject was also dealt with in David Jacobs' book "The Threat," concerning maladjusted hybrids, some of whom go on to sexually abuse and harass human female targets that are either assigned to them or who they know of through the abduction process.)

The only suggestion I can give anybody on the subject of hijacked dreams is to **practice being as aware and awake as possible during your waking state, because this *does* translate over into your sleep state as I've learned firsthand.** And it probably also translates over into situations where one is hypnotized and/or drugged. **A strong awareness and sense of self will push back at attempts at squelching one's consciousness.** During the winter of 2008-2008 I began practicing a daily spiritual/mental/emotional discipline routine, and of the many new things implemented into my life, mindfulness and being aware and awake and totally "in the moment" was one of them. (This was aided by the almost total removal of whatever little media I have left in my life. Although I wish I could say I kept up with that.) Quiet the mind, get focused, be "here" and aware and awake and clearheaded and focused. **And an unexpected side effect of all this intention was that it spilled over into my dreams.** I suddenly had a much stronger mind in my dreams, with the ability to question what was going on around me (to the point of questioning the bad dream logic plot holes that pepper most dreams, like, "heeeeey, wait a minute, that doesn't makes sense…." so that's amusing when you think about it….) and even managed to put the brakes on things and become lucid, if/when something thought it was going to plug in and hijack things. **So I know for a fact from personal experience that this works. Become more alert when you're awake, and you *will* become more alert when you sleep.**

You can also so some sort of **internal affirmation** to yourself before going to sleep, intending that astral feeders, remote psychic targeting, mind control programming, etc. won't be able to connect to you, that it's not compatible with you, etc. This way if it does, your subconscious will already be on alert, and thus, more apt to trigger you to wake up should something try to tap in. Also, Robert Bruce, author of "Practical Psychic Self Defense" gets into some detail about opportunistic astral feeders and sex dreams if anybody is curious to learn more about that subject and become armed with awareness.

End Times Programming

After the original printing of this book an interesting subject came up on a message board I used to participate in – the idea of apocalyptic doomsday end times scenarios seeming to be an actual need of mass consciousness, whether it's Biblical Revelations, the Rapture, the New Age's Shift/Ascension, 2012, Y2K, nuclear war, Planet X, global warming, ice age, pole flips, comet impacts, and so on. And right then as I read and posted to that thread I made the connection regarding my own apparent **end times programming, received via my apparent MILABS involvement.** I'd never thought much about it before then, and it certainly slipped my mind during the original writing of this book. Then, synchronistically within a day of making that post I came across a brand spanking new article by James Bartley outlining what of all things but…MILABS end time programming. Mr. Bartley's article was exciting for me to read as he was talking about the exact sort of programming I myself have experienced. There are endless uses for MILABS targets and many aspects of programming going on, but I think "end times cataclysm, NWO-lock down society" programming is SUCH a huge and important one that it warrants its own section in this book.

For me, this programming seems to have started back in 2000 when I was roommates with my brother in SoCal and apparently being abducted, but not aware of it. I knew *he* had the "thems" in his life, but I was in a state of oblivion about my own involvement. I was also not into reading conspiracy material at that point, and only had some basic understanding of the "NWO." But yet at this time I began experiencing what could be called obsessive thoughts regarding a future society in the midst of NWO lockdown/martial law. I'd have these vivid imaginings that would invade my thoughts where I could see tanks rolling down the streets of urban L.A., soldiers with guns drawn, patrolling, keeping everybody in line. Me living on the outside of this locked down society, on the lam, in the woods or in caves. These thoughts were so pervasive that as a writer I wanted to write some sort of story about it all, otherwise they were just burning up my brain with no outlet.

These thoughts continued into 2002 and 2003, an all-around state of mind that was expecting, prepared – and even hoping for – a

cataclysm where I would be a survivalist living in a post-apocalyptic society, again, on the lam from oppressive forces trying to keep everybody in line. It's not really normal to want this sort of future society and to be thinking in that direction.

I began reading military-issued survival material, books on how to grow and forage your own food, make your own soap and candles. Not in a crazy, wild eyed way, but out of matter-of-fact, level headed interest. I created a "Bug Out Bag" loaded with all the necessary "on the lam" survival supplies in the event we ever needed to grab and go. There was a very vivid, realistic dream of a nuclear explosion I had one night where it was the end of the game for me. Vivid imaginings of walking along roads that no longer had cars on them, because most people weren't driving anymore – ducking off into the woods to dodge the police roadblocks set up along the way for interrogating the rare people who did still drive. More vivid imaginings of Washington D.C. being nuked because it's only 100 miles away from where we currently live. Just far enough away that we wouldn't be killed…but still within a major danger zone requiring us to leave, and then surviving in a society that would now be in chaos. Vivid imaginings of panhandling for food outside stores that I could no longer go into because I'd said no to the Big Brother microchipping, while others said yes. So now I had to be on the outside looking in. And *lots* of obsessive interest about the logistics of freight train hopping. Not normal! ;) I'd intently study passing freight trains and imagine running along and grabbing on, jumping off, jumping onto the top from a platform above, and even got tips from my dad who hopped trains as a kid – wear gloves, he suggested. And get a belt or rope of some sort to strap yourself in if you plan to be on one for awhile, so your hands and arms won't get fatigued having to hold on for so long.

But then, there was the mother of all "bein' on the lam and escaping the NWO" dreams: It was so vivid that it may as well have happened. The dream started with the U.S. being in a war situation and with martial law in effect; I then found myself traveling by foot across the country and was in a convenience store where people were gathered around the T.V. that hung from the ceiling, calmly watching the news reports. Then it culminated with me and several others illegally hitching rides on freight trains, trying to get cross country past closed state borders. We were somewhere out west, in open land with mountains in the distance and a piercing blue sunny sky. Military

snipers dressed in black were set up intermittently along the tracks to pluck off people like me. I saw two sniper dudes about 30 feet (?) from the tracks, one of whom had his rifle up and firing. The one next to him had his rifle down, and just stood there squinting in the sun, letting the other guy take his shots at us. I could feel the bullets whizzing past me as I rounded the corner of the box car to get away and hang off the other side, and that's where the dream ended. My mentality through it all was calm and nonchalant. Just doing what needed to be done. No fear.

When I pendulum dowsed this back in 2005 I got that no, it was not a normal dream….and no, it wasn't a prophesy either, believe it or not. Much to my disappointment. Being wired to find this desirable and appealing means I was secretly hoping for such a fun and dangerous future! But alas, it apparently was not a premonition of a real situation waiting to happen. So what was it then? Well, what I got from my line of questioning was that yes, this was **programming**. Interesting, I thought, then put it aside and forgot all about it. Until now, after finding the James Bartley article, which outlines verbatim the fact that **MILABS are being run through dream time and virtual reality training programs designed to prep them for some future locked down post-cataclysm society where they will be on the lam, traveling cross country [heading west], dodging the bad guys and having to forage for food and survive.**

http://theuniversalseduction.com/bartley/8/milab-operations

It was more "almost falling out of my chair" when I read this. Just to see somebody describing my obsessive thoughts, ideas and dreams that I've been having over the past six years was amazing. So I guess the pendulum was right.

So how *can* you tell the difference between a premonition vision of one's future versus programming dreams and thoughts? Well, programming dreams are vivid. **Too vivid.** They're so real it was like you were there, and they seem to involve very negative scenarios. True premonition dreams seem to be a lot more subtle, even relying on symbolic imagery many times. And the thoughts and imaginings that I would have while awake didn't feel real. They were about outlandish scenarios and seemed to **invade my mind**, seeping in almost like a virus you could say, **overtaking whatever I was thinking about before.** They'd take on a life of their own, growing bigger and bigger like a snowball rolling down a mountain. True waking

premonitions, as I've experienced them anyway, pertain to everyday real sorts of situations.

The next question then is **Why?** Why are MILABS being programmed with end times training scenarios, and being wired to desire this in their lives? James Bartley has his personal theory for what's going on here (bolded words my own emphasis):

> "…**the obvious first candidates for survival are milab adults and especially milab children who have latent paraphysical abilities due to their unique DNA.** From the standpoint of the military controllers, **milabs and milab children are not negligible commodities. They are extremely valuable**. Think about it: Even aliens, sometimes several different species of aliens are interested in these people. **The aliens particularly the reptilians and the dracs, must have a good reason for being interested in these milabs.**"

On a side note: For some reading that it can be an ego wank to feel as if they're one of the "special chosen ones," due to special abilities and bloodlines, although I know that wasn't Mr. Bartley's intended purpose in mentioning it. This is just a word of caution for anybody who might make the mistake of falling for that potential ego pitfall, and it's something else I mention later on in this book.

With that said, I tend to agree with Mr. Bartley that this could be one particular reason for why some MILABS are being targeted for training. As always though, there's never just one reason for anything, and I'm thinking there may be more layers to peel back here:

1. **Disinformation.** If targets are programmed with very vivid, believable training scenarios and end times battle dreams it may reinforce and convince them that this really *is* our future. In turn, they help propagate this possibly mistaken belief out in the world - on the internet, with friends and family, and so on. So, a case of MILABS possibly being programmed to influence the masses.

2. **Ensnaring/herding desirable targets onto a negative timelines.** In getting a MILABS' attention focused obsessively on these negative future scenarios, the programmers are getting these selected desirable targets to **inadvertently pull that negative probable future reality to themselves.** Like attracts like, and your health, job, friends, and life happenings in general all reflect what you've pulled to yourself via your actions, thoughts, fears (or lack thereof), attitudes, and beliefs

about what's possible and what isn't. The same goes for where you wind up in the future: Your attitudes, thoughts, actions and beliefs right *now*, as you read this, are shaping what upcoming timelines you find yourself on. **And what if you're somebody with enormous potential on a future *positive* timeline?** And you're being derailed/sabotaged into pulling yourself towards one that's very negative? Now there's a thought.

3. **Encourage a Service-to-Self (STS) militia mindset.** One of the MILABS women in Bartley's article was trained for how to grab a shopping cart and race her way through a supermarket to stockpile food and supplies in the event of an emergency, beating out everybody else. Yay for me, I have food, too bad for you, you're going to starve! being the mentality. Another part of this end times cataclysm programming involves what to do with those who can't keep up with you when you're on the lam and trying to survive. The programming tells you to drop them, and don't think twice. No matter who they are…even if they're a loved one. I've run up against thoughts like this, wondering hmm, what happens if someone I'm with is dragging me down, but it's someone I care about?? Then I read about this very same thing in Mr. Bartley's article. Drop 'em, says the programming. A completely self centered, "me me me!" STS survivalist mindset all the way. At first I could sort of understand that point of view although I wasn't comfortable with it, so just pushed it out of my head, not wanting to think about something like that. After awhile though things began changing in me, and that's when I said, You know, wait a minute here…!! I don't think I could do that. I don't *want* to do that! To me it was the whole **false two choice dichotomy** deal, where we're only given two black and white polar opposite extremes to choose from – either save yourself at the expense of others, or go down in flames with the lagwagons who will drag you down.

   X! How about neither. How about this entire "end times" programming debacle is bunk? Where's my third option here?

   ding ding ding! Once you begin questioning things and aligning with a positive path, the negative programming starts to fall apart at the seams and loses its appeal. You start to see it for what it is. They want MILABs to adopt a militia mentality, one where they've got guns and are willing to trample on anybody who gets in their way, and do what they have to do to survive. It's utterly ridiculous in my opinion and

strips a person of their humanity. I'd starve to death before I carried on like that. Some people are already quite STS-oriented though, and/or are somebody with the potential to tip over in that direction, which is probably why they're targeted for this sort of programming. Keep in mind that "they" are always scoping for good STS recruits. ;) They can scan frequencies, see who has the dark side potential lurking within them, or those who are already full blown living it, making for an excellent new recruit. "Come, come work for us, you smart, psychic, STS bloodline you…!"

4. **Go west…into a trap?** Something else Mr. Bartley noted in his write up, which matched with my own "dream" experience, was that MILABS were being directed to go west in these "being on the lam and traveling cross country" scenarios. Go west…**why?** One idea is that the southwest is riddled with both above and below ground military bases that supposedly have both human and alien personnel, as well as having energy vortices galore. It is, or at least, has the potential to be, one **huge higher density bleed through.** So, "stuff" may be waiting to round up the arriving programmed recruits once they obey their programming and make the journey.

   Another idea may be purely survival-oriented, to get away from crowded urban areas with lots of people, police, guns, mayhem, and lockdown. Get to rural empty land away from people, and maybe have a better chance at survival.

   Related to that is the concept of Earth changes – it's been reported that many high up people in the know have been relocating to, and building homes in, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona, because those areas will supposedly be safe in the event that things wind up underwater. So many New Agers, MILABS and militia survivalists in general have it in their heads to go west/southwest that it automatically begs to be questioned. It's extremely suspicious at best, and I just know that should I ever find myself in the middle of a society gone to pot, I'm going the opposite of where all the programmed people are being herded. Forget the wide open baking hot desert with no food, water and no place to hide….one would be way better off heading for densely forested areas where there's food and game, better access to water, shade, and means to make solid camouflaged shelters. And the farther inland and the closer to mountains, the better – just in case we're talking about Earth

changes here where things have gone underwater. So, you know, just a thought. ;)

So we have four potential reasons off the top of my head as the reason for this programming. And yet all of it manages to cleverly skirt the "free will violation" kink in the works. Why? **Because we as humans have self awareness and sentience, with the ability to think, question and analyze not only ourselves, but the world.** And it's up to us to put those abilities to use. And if we don't…then oh well, not the programmers' faults. ;) So the negs' way of thinking goes. They like to exploit lack of awareness for all it's worth, get away with as much as they possibly can. The programmers aren't technically forcing the target onto that negative timeline…nor are they forcing them to live out that scenario if and when they do find themselves in it. The target still has freewill to stop and go, "WAIT a minute here…why am I having these obsessive thoughts? And why do I feel like these scenarios are appealing???" And they still have free will to override the programming that would have them going west, killing and trampling on others and doing what they have to do in order to survive, and coldly dropping those who can't keep up.

Once you can recognize that you have this sort of programming, and if you've decided that you don't like it, then take back control of the wheel. **Declare that you're aligned with positive sources**, ask for whatever help and protection they can offer, reject the obsessive thoughts about negative future survivalist "me me me!" scenarios that would invade your mind and dreams like a virus, and begin practicing all the small ways you can override those negative STS behavioral urges as they manifest in your every day life. You're basically re-programming yourself is what it boils down to, and aligning yourself with a different path…and a different probable future.

Physical and Spiritual Isolation of Targets

Isolation and relationship interference

When doing the research, I came across something interesting that really stood out for me – it was the concept of **keeping a mind controlled subject isolated in life**. As somebody whose life theme for the longest time seemed to be about isolation, I really sat up and took

notice of this. It's important enough to be mentioned here in this piece only because isolation can be extremely detrimental for a programmed person. We need other (quality) people in our lives, if for no other reason than to help keep an eye on us and make sure we're doing okay.

Keeping a target isolated from friends and family, in a situation where they're living alone, means the programmers/abductors could have unlimited access and experience little if any interference with their activities. An isolated abduction/mind control target is one that has no checks and balances system in their life. Self awareness of their abduction situation certainly helps, but sometimes we just can't pull ourselves out of a programmed funk on our own, or might not be able to override certain programming urges. So having people around us that we can talk to or who can get us to snap out of it is necessary. And if they're people who are aware and on the level regarding abductions and mind control, then it's even better.

As mentioned, my own life had been nothing but a variation on the isolation theme for the longest time and I can't help but notice how this probably has enabled much of the abductions and programming that may not have happened otherwise. I have only met a handful of other people in life that have been as cut off as I have been from family and normal friendships and normal relationships, and who were as completely independent, starting at such a young age.

The excerpt that I came across which first brought this issue to light for me was the following, from "Secret, Don't Tell" by Carla Emery, discussing the case of Candy Jones, and which was actually an excerpt from another source being quoted:

> "The first stage of any mind–control program involves isolation from family and friends while the foundation programming is implanted. After that, a more permanent form of isolation is built in: talk frankly only with "us"; stay away from "them." Jensen and Burger also programmed in harsh prejudices for the purpose of alienating Candy from all definable groups of people. Jensen's flat "no-friends" rule dealt with the rest. **The mind–controller wanted her to be a self-sufficient loner who avoided people and avoided relationships** because Candy said "…most of them wouldn't understand what I was doing. I couldn't take the risk." (Bain, page 141.)

A self-sufficient loner who avoided people…that was (and to a degree still is) definitely me. By the time I was 19, my favorite phrase was **"It's just me, myself and me in this world."** There's nobody else in this world that can help me. I'm on my own. I have no safety net in life. I have to take care of myself, because nobody else will…and nobody else cares. That was my philosophy, for years. It developed for a good reason, because events had conspired to make this the case. Also, considering that my entire immediate family has major signs of being tampered with, it's probably no accident that things went this way.

Another excerpt from "Secret, Don't Tell":

> "At their wedding, [Candy Jones'] long years of CIA-conditioned isolation were obvious. Long John had forty guests. Candy had none, except her mother and the attendant who looked after her. Donald Bain, Nebel's friend and biographer, noticed that, and thought it strange." – page 72.

That would so be me in the event I were to ever get married. Except I wouldn't even have my mother. It would just be me, myself and me. I used to say to myself that even if I did ever decide to get married for some reason….how I can have a wedding when there's nobody to invite! And the same goes for death…because there were long stretches in my life where I was living alone, with no family around, no boyfriend/husband, and no friends or acquaintances (or else renting a room from strangers who also wouldn't realize right away that I was gone or miss me). I realized it would be a precarious situation were I to die in a car crash or something. Nobody would know I was gone, let alone miss me. There would be nobody to claim the body. So, better make sure I don't die prematurely!

There's a lot to say about my life situation but in general it's very unusual. As far as I can remember I've never met any other person in my age group who has been in my boat in terms of being that alone in life. It may sound pathetic or lame, though it doesn't bother me, but I'm in my 30s and other than my boyfriend (who thankfully is a match for me in all the ways that matter) I don't have any actual personal friends that I hang with, and there's zero family in the picture. It doesn't mean I look to my boyfriend to solely provide everything for me, being clingy and dependent, that's definitely not my personality

type either. I'm capable of doing my own thing and amuse myself in life. But it's to the point where I feel like I can't be around people unless they're on the level about things, even a little bit…..which pretty much nobody is…..which therefore means, no friends, because for me it's impossible to tolerate anything other than that. Things did not start out that way. I started out as a friendly "social butterfly" chatterbox without a care in the world, with a large group of friends both at home and at school when I was a little kid living in Massachusetts. Due to years of life events and personality rewiring however, which really kicked in after age seven when my parents moved us to a small semi-rural town in eastern Connecticut, everything changed. It only took nine years, but at the end of those nine years I was barely recognizable as the being same kid I started out as. Now there's a perpetual feeling of "I don't belong" and "I don't fit in" and "being on the outside looking in." It's impossible to undo by this point. I can get along fine with people when I have to, such as at work, which for me oddly enough has almost always entailed positions with a large amount of public interaction. So I'm not socially inept. But it drains me, and I have a tendency to avoid unnecessary social interactions. Forget being in the spotlight. If there's a way I can duck out of something unnoticed, just to avoid having to talk with people, even with people I know, I will. Unless it's somebody who "grabs me"…somebody who's real, who I may even experience some sort of connection with, which has definitely happened with random people I've met in life over the years. I know them when I cross paths with them. But they're so few and far between.

In the case of Candy Jones, it was her CIA controllers giving her programming commands to ensure that she didn't pursue friendships and relationships and kept herself isolated from others in life. But it's not always human government agent "thems" that do this in my opinion. My theory is that this is something that's probably implemented more often by inter/hyperdimensional "stuff." A form of "interference" designed to redirect the life path of a person. And it would be done not only through abduction programming, but through manipulation of the people around the target, since that's what higher realm entities are capable of. Put the spotlight on both the target and those closest to them, working everybody equally until something eventually gives. **Friendship and relationship interference go hand in hand with being an abductee.** Those times you do find yourself

connecting to someone in life may be met with all sorts of bizarre happenings to keep you apart and derail the situation. Author Eve Lorgen wrote about this in depth in her book "The Alien Love Bite – Alien Interference in Human Love Relationships." **http://www.alienlovebite.com/** In the case of the alien love bite scenario, the purpose seems to be twofold – to interfere for the sake of keeping people apart, and also to **feed** on the extreme emotions that would be involved in such love relationships gone awry. I also wrote an article about the general subject of hyperdimensional interference, including within relationships: **http://in2worlds.net/interference-new-article-august-8-2009**

Isolating a high mark target is imperative if you plan to be targeting them on a regular basis – get them alone so they can be taken more frequently, and without as much interference. **It's also important if you just want to take them out of the picture in general.** Get them spiraling down into loneliness, alienation and despondency…that should do the trick, so they think. It's a very successful tactic, and seems to work on most…but it's never foolproof. Especially if the people involved have awareness about these sorts of things. Awareness is everything.

"There is no God"/severing spiritual connections

We've all heard of people who've been programmed into becoming religious fanatics, aka bible thumpers, and the even more extreme example of brainwashed religious cults, but what about the flip side of this? Cutting a target off from spirituality? I've seen this mentioned here and there in my research, with regards to getting a target to believe that either God hates them, or that there simply is no God. If a target believes that God hates them, or if you can get the target angry at God, then according to mind control author Fritz Springmeier, "You can get that person to commit any sin." And if a target believes there is no God, or *anything* spiritual for that matter, then there's no greater spiritual hope for them to cling to, nothing to get them through trying times…nothing to fuel self-empowerment when they're being worked over by their handlers and programming. All of which is mucho bueno when trying to isolate and destroy a target, or program them to commit criminal acts in the vein of agent provocateur work, assassinations, terrorist activity, and so on.

Spirituality often equals hope and empowerment. It can be a lifeline, and a weapon against the negs for any target who would try to fight back and resist what's happening to them. "They" do not want that.

I found this particular aspect of MILABS to be interesting, only because I believe that I experienced a variation on this, which can't be dismissed. My aforementioned ex with the mind compartmentalization and the NSA dad, was also a diehard Atheist and skeptic who seemed bent on getting me to convert to Atheism, to the point where it became apparent at the end of the relationship that it had been a mission of sorts for him. Steve's philosophy, which he stated…and stated often…was that **"There is no soul, we're all just pieces of meat, when we die it's "lights out", that's it, there is no God, there is no afterlife, we're all just pieces of meat, when we die it's "lights out", that's it, there is no……"** You get the idea.

What Steve had was a **script.** A glossy eyed, trance-like script that he would endlessly repeat during the three years we were together, and the year and a half as roommates before that, in order to convert me to being Atheist, and then reinforce the mindset. He was also a diehard skeptic, and refused to believe in anything to do with psychic abilities, the paranormal, and so on, and made sure to work on me to try to get me to stop believing in that stuff as well. The total irony was, he had past experiences with the paranormal, and could even read minds, but refused to admit what he was doing. He turned his back and adamantly refused to acknowledge any of it, to the point of extreme, illogical absurdity.

All of this became apparent to me by the end of the relationship, after I'd already began to notice the multiple personas issue. I was standing before him in the hallway one night, hearing "THE SCRIPT" for the millionth time in almost five years, and I noticed for the first time his completely glazed over eyes that weren't even seeing me as he spoke. And his robotic, trance-like state that seemed to be rehashing something that he had memorized. I had the clear and distinct thought of **"He's trying so hard to convince me that there is no God and no soul…..then it must mean…there is.** ***He's completely full of shit.*****"**

And I silently walked around him and left him standing there in the hall, talking to the wall……quite literally. He was so immersed in his light trance and "There is no God, there is no soul, we're all just pieces of meat…" script regurgitation that he didn't even realize I'd

sidestepped him and walked away until a few seconds after. Then he slowly trailed off, seeming confused as he just stood there in the hall by himself, unsure what to do with this new turn of events. I'd never done that before. I always listened intently to anything he had to say. Not anymore. The relationship was on its last leg, taking its final dying breaths and so I was now at the point where I'd either walk away, like right then, or just flat out tell him to "fuck off" whenever he'd start in with various b.s. After we'd officially broken up, the only thing he could come up with to complain about, his one big peeve about me, was **"…And you were *never* really an Atheist."** That was it. His face twisted with disdain when he said that, surprising me, due to his usual emotional neutrality about all things. He seemed to feel genuine disgust for this supposed indiscretion of mine! (And lest I sound like I'm coming across as a victim – I definitely take full responsibility for any people who've been in my life and the choices I've made in keeping them around long after they hit their expiration date. Programming or not, we still have free will and the ability to pull ourselves out of a situation. So just to clarify that I don't present these personalized examples featuring obnoxious people in order to paint myself as a sympathetic victim.)

It was all very puzzling for me at the time, like…."huh?" I of course did not know about MILABs, mind control, nor my own status as an abductee at that time, but in retrospect it seems that he could very well have been taken and programmed by "something else" and used to work me over. And considering his family's background and his multiple personas issues it makes him all the more suspect for such doings.

Cutting targets off from spirituality seems to be a very real facet of it all, because **spirituality, along with a connection to higher positive forces and having the spiritual bigger picture, is our ultimate weapon.** I've learned that from firsthand experience. Once I became attuned to the idea of my higher self and positive forces *everything* changed in my situation. That's when the tables started to turn. Spirituality is going to take different forms for everybody, it doesn't necessarily involve the worship of deities, and there is no right or wrong aspect of it. So long as one is tuned into positive ideals that's all that ultimately matters, and I can definitely say that negative stuff does seem to want to eliminate that. So this is something to be mindful of.

Sabotaging Programming Commands and Manipulated Life Situations

In Part II I mentioned several instances of waking up and catching "them" in the middle of programming me while I slept. "You will only see what's wrong and ugly in the world!!" and so on. Imagine if I hadn't woken up and caught them in mid-sentence…then what?? Even *with* the awareness of this command, I still found myself slipping into that mindset during the time period when this occurred. It was a slump I had to pull myself out of. **Think of how many people may be receiving these types of commands while they sleep and don't catch them, or, during abductions and don't remember them.** How many others have I received that I didn't catch? How many are planted within my subconscious as I type this? For that reason, if you're an abductee you have to take extra measures to really monitor yourself in life. Every day, and throughout each day, pay attention to your moods, thoughts, urges, feelings, and overall emotional state in general, and note any changes and subtle shifts as they occur, and try to pinpoint what may have brought about the change in attitude. And if you can't pinpoint the source, and it seems to have descended on you out of nowhere, then it could very well be a programming command kicking in (or just an all around hyperdimensional/psychic attack, a related concept mentioned earlier in this book). You never know. My boyfriend and I have gotten good at practicing this self-monitoring and analysis – a form of stalking, as it's termed by the Toltecs - that it's second nature for us now, although I still definitely slip up, falling victim to negative mood shifts and playing right into it. But I've definitely gotten better. It makes me wonder though how I ever got by in life before without monitoring myself. Scary to think about. But it's why most of what happened to me in my 20's even happened - lack of awareness, not paying attention, not noticing things, not analyzing and questioning all my thoughts, urges and actions.

A good potential example would be something that occurred to me in September of 2005, in the middle of the afternoon while at a temp job. The day was warm, bright and sunny and calm, with a beautiful blue sky and green trees, as I sat in the office I was using at the time. My life was great in every respect – living with Tom, who is a great boyfriend, working, making money at a temp job that to this day was

probably the best temp gig I've ever had. Yet there I sat in this office……with the most overwhelming urge to run away from my life. Abandon everything and just…..run. ***RIGHT NOW***. To where, I don't know, to do what, I don't know, but the urge was powerful. RUN!!!!!!!! LEAVE MY LIFE!!!!!!!! RIGHT *NOW!!!!!* ***GET IN MY CAR AND WALK OUT ON MY JOB AND JUST GO!!!!!!*** Leave my kitty behind with my boyfriend Tom, and abandon both of them back in our apartment here in Virginia and just….go.

The urge was so powerful, and yet so completely illogical and nonsensical that my mind was in a tug of war. So in the end I just sat glued to my swivel chair, my fingers gripping into the chair, just staring blankly ahead like a deer caught in the headlights, completely motionless. If somebody had walked into my office right at that moment it would have been a really odd sight. Glad nobody did. I wasn't moving, but my mind was very busy with this back and forth tug of war. It was very intense, and took about ten minutes to ride this whole thing out. And in the end, after not acting on this crazy urge from nowhere and sitting firm in my seat, it slowly subsided, and I was able to slowly return to my job duties.

This wouldn't be the only time I've had a strong urge to run away from my life, leave Tom, abandon Kitty and just run, but it was the most notable since it occurred in the middle of a work day, causing me to have to ride it out in an office with the potential for other people to witness me acting strangely. I've thankfully never acted on any of these urges. For that reason they don't seem to happen anymore. I've proven to be too strong a logical thinker, not a blind reactor.

In retrospect, these urges seemed to be attempts at **preemptive timeline manipulation.** I hadn't yet written this book or formulated my website in September of 2005…but it was coming up right around the corner. I purchased the domain name "in2worlds.net" one month after this incident, and began furiously finishing up the content of my website as of December, which I elaborate on in more detail in the "About" section on my website. And then began writing this book in March of 2006. And that particular temp gig that the programming wanted me to abandon wound up giving me a lot of tools that I would need for how to format this book in a nice way. So yeah, some big things were coming up within a matter of months. Hence, the intense urge to run away from my life and change the course of how everything would go, just prior to it all.

It's basically a battle of retaining your sentience and free will. It's easy to slip and get lazy and to allow life to drag you around by the nose, so you don't have to think. The zoo is designed to suck our energy at every turn, which in turn contributes to getting lazy if we're not aware and don't take precautions. This loss of energy is our weak point, the way that they can get in and chip away at our lives. So if you're an abductee, you have to find the energy to be able to stalk yourself and pay attention, and take back control over your own life. It becomes a matter of thinking before doing, every day, with everything. Is that thought really your own? Is that urge you have really the optimal thing to be doing right now? Is it logical? Does it make any sense? Are you able to pause, breathe, detach, and foresee what the negative consequences would be from doing this? If so can you now resist acting on these urges (which most likely aren't even your own) and go down a different path…one based on sentience and free will?

Another angle to this is having a strong **sense of self.** Too many people in this world are lost, and lack the ability for self-generated esteem. They look to others to make them whole, and to give them an identity and purpose. But if you have a strong sense of self, then you don't need to look to others for your esteem and identity, you will have an automatic innate sense of "who you are"……**which can also cause abduction programming to run afoul.** If you're instilled with a negative, icky programming command that goes against the core foundation of who you are you'll be more likely to resist it if you have that strong sense of self. The ego tends to get a bad rap in spiritual practices, but it serves a valuable purpose in this case. (I think much of what passes for New Age teachings, including their phobia about the ego, is designed to turn people into passive, compliant, non-thinking marshmallows because it serves an agenda. But, that's a whole side topic!)

Strong intuition coupled with a sharp mind that has analytical capabilities, pays attention and asks questions is a deadly combination. Intuition gives you a head's up advantage for seeing who's who and what's what beyond the borders of physical reality, while a strong mind means you'll question things, won't get played for gullible or taken for a ride in life.

When I was first roommating in California with my brother, a mind controlled target, one of the things he scorned me for was this very ability to think and pick things apart and critically analyze

everything. At the time he scorned me for this I was unaware of my own abductee status and so I was surprised at the level of contempt for me that drove his words, like, Wow…what's THAT all about?! I pick things apart and scrutinize everything too much?? What's it to him, you know? Why does he care? Then later in Portland I was told repeatedly by my brother that I needed to stop thinking about things so much…but now the new angle he used was that it had to do with tricking the "matrix" program of reality. (I get into this particular bit in a previous section.)

Thinking is not good for "them" which means it's a must for us. **They NEED people who don't think, and are drifting along in a dream state, on dopey autopilot.** I cannot emphasize this enough. This is the reason for why television and entertainment has become such a dominant force in our society, and why programs and commercials have gotten so hypnotic and nonsensical. It's a mass attempt to lull the population into a dream-like trance stupor. So for us we must then adopt the counter-tactic of awareness and personal stalking. Thinking, questioning, analyzing. You may never be able to stop the abductions, and you may never be able to fix or completely undo the mind control programming. But what you *can* do is be as sentient as possible at all times. Make sure you're not just reacting to programming and manipulative urges that are not in your best interest. With every sabotaging programming command that you override through self-awareness, the closer you get to personal freedom.

Or, to quote the fortune cookie that my boyfriend once "coincidentally" received:

"You control your response,
and therein lies your freedom."

Urges to move to certain locations

Related to this is how many people who are involved in the "weird and the strange" will have urges to up and move to various locations. Pay attention to the locations that people mention – so often it's the southwest. New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah. I myself had the persistent urge to move to the southwest for several years back in the 90s, after visiting there on several road trips. Other places I later

had the overwhelming urge to relocate to were North Carolina – specifically, Asheville, or the surrounding region, and northern California.

While some urges to relocate may be in your best interest and coming from your higher good, the fact is, if you're an abductee then **you still have to question everything.** It turns out that the places I've had urges to move to were areas that were known for their underground base/UFO activity. Asheville, North Carolina - supposedly - has an underground base, strong energy vortices and UFO activity galore, as well as a verifiable satanic occult issue happening, although I never knew that back when I first had the intense urge to move there. Glad I did the research before I just up and moved. And northern California is a hotbed of weirdness, with Mt. Shasta and its New Age scene, Bohemian Grove, various military installations, and all the rest. And most reading this are probably well aware of the situation in the southwest with all its bases, both above *and* below ground, huge military presence, countless UFO sightings, energy vortices, and all around weirdness that draws in the New Agers like a magnet.

My later move to Florida also seems as if it could have been a manipulated deal. I originally wanted to move there in '94, but changed my mind due to something that was said to me by a coworker. Then in early 2001 in Portland while hanging out with Joe one night we were pondering where we would live next. Going back to SoCal was out of the question for both of us for different reasons, so, where else should we go? I'd completely forgotten all about Florida by this point in my life and hadn't mentioned it to Joe. But nevertheless, Joe looked at me with that weird look he'd get, the glint in the eyes with the strange knowing smirk, and simply said "Florida." I happened to be holding a USA Today in my hand when he said it and glanced at the national weather/temperature map they have, and saw that the southern tip of Florida was one of the only areas in the continental U.S., next to south Texas, where the temperature colors were yellow and orange. Everywhere else was green, blue and purple. So hot and tropical Florida it was. And why did I later pick "Fort Lauderdale" specifically? I have no idea. It was just…**in my head.** Only after moving there and going through all my strangeness from 2002-2004 did I later learn that other female MILABS experienced

weirdness in south Florida, including Fort Lauderdale specifically, as well. I had no idea until after writing the original version of this book.

A related concept is getting the urge to take a sudden trip to some place out of nowhere, for no logical reason. I've also experienced this, as outlined in Part II, with regards to my spur of the moment road trip to Flagstaff/Sedona, Arizona, from California. If you keep tabs on yourself then this shouldn't be an issue. It becomes an issue when again, you lack awareness, and don't stalk yourself. If you're an abductee, and you have an urge to just drive off to some far away place – *alone* – and you can't track down where this urge may have come from, then maybe it's best to hold off on going. It may not be in your best interest.

Manipulated jobs?

Here and there in this book I've made reference to working for a brief period of time at what I called "the Illuminati hotel." In retrospect my brief time there seems to have been an orchestrated set up from the get-go. If I hadn't worked there then the idea of manipulated jobs, and things taken to that level, probably wouldn't have even occurred to me. But if one can have manipulated relationships and moves, then why not jobs, is how I now look at it. And I realize that all this can sound a bit…paranoid. But there were indications that something very unnatural was amiss with me seeking – and then getting - this job, so I use this story as a good example.

We had just moved to Virginia in September of 2004, and I began temping with one of the local temp agencies starting in October. I worked at a couple of assignments, then found myself assigned to this one particular company starting in December. I soon loathed the assignment, as it was all wrong and a total joke. It culminated with me giving two weeks notice. The minimum requirement with my agency was three days notice if one wanted to be pulled off an assignment, but I wanted to be nice and give them enough time to find a suitable replacement. Plus it made me look really good to my temp agency. :D It guaranteed that they'd continue to call me for work. But one afternoon during those two weeks notice my supervisor at the job assignment I was leaving needed me to find a room at one of the nicer end hotels in the area for an incoming company employee, and that's where it all began.

As I perused the yellow pages getting hotel phone numbers my attention was caught by one particular hotel ad. In retrospect I can recognize what happened next as something akin to "post hypnotic suggestion," because the moment my eyes saw the hotel's ad I had this sudden kind of trance-like knowing in my head that "I'm going to work there…..!" For no discernible reason. But I knew it….I *needed* to call and find out if they were hiring and if so, what I needed to do to apply, because I was going to work there. And I did, with total relaxed confidence, feeling like it was already a guaranteed done deal. I got the front desk, who sent me to human resources, who told me what to do to apply. Within a few days I was sitting in a meeting room filling out the paperwork…and found myself in a face to face interview with the front desk manager himself. Meaning, I'd already passed the first stages of judgment. I'll keep the front desk manager anonymous by calling him "Richard." By the end of the interview "Richard" was giving me a basic tour of the hotel and letting me know that I was pretty much hired. The job was mine, if I wanted it. I said I did, feeling excited inside. Then again, I "knew" it would be mine anyway before I even applied. Richard had a low key personality, not emotional, but in his low key way I could see he seemed pleased when I said yes, and had a small smile on his face. While we waited for the service elevator to take us back up to the lobby he let me know that the position had been open for almost five months now (in retrospect since we'd moved there…..…something I only just realized right now as I'm typing this in 2010……) but he'd rejected every person who had interviewed. Until me. That's a little weird when I look back on that. Now, it really could very well be a case of nothing but sketchy, and/or unqualified types applying for the job during all those months, and it wouldn't surprise me since I've seen that sort of thing happen, no doubt. But then again……maybe not.

A woman I knew over the 'net named Pam who identifies herself as a MILAB and also happened to be intuitive sensed negative things surrounding this job back when I was first getting hired on, and tried to warn me about it when I told her about it over the phone. Negative things as in, malevolent happenings, not just that I would be displeased with the job. She had never warned me about anything else……just this one particular job. At the time I just waved it off, thinking she was loopy. In retrospect she may have been right.

Soon I was working the front desk, usually the 6:30 am - 3:30 pm shift. Most of my coworkers were younger then me by over ten years and kind of immature, with limited work experience, whereas I was 30 at the time and had eight years of office job experience around the country under my belt, plus prior hotel experience, so I did well and was able to keep up with the busy paperwork, phones and guest traffic. The employee programming that went on there was a bit of a mind control trip in itself, though not surprising for a higher end hotel. Everything from the way we answered the phone, to how we stood, to how we spoke, and even directed guests (you never point, you always "gesture with your hand"!) had to be done a certain way.

I soon started referring to the hotel as "the illuminati" hotel when I got wind of where the corporate headquarters was located, the way the headquarters' restaurant was even named "Illume," the fact that the hotel's owner was some oil tycoon, and then realized that the hotel's logo had a thinly disguised pentagon in it. (Of course it didn't hurt either that in the break room it was mandatory for the TV to be set to CNN, all the time. One more "illuminati conspiracy" you could say. I say that tongue in cheek, but, it is a little weird. Hotel policy dictated that the TV was never to be switched from CNN, or turned off in general, though I frequently ignored the latter if I happened to be in there alone.) Then there was the matter of how the hotel had eastern European, Croatian and Russian/Belarussian immigrant workers, all of whom were being exploited by an agency that represented them to the hotel. The agency was knowingly doing it, the workers were knowingly submitting to it, and the hotel was knowingly okay with it and encouraging it. For instance, scheduling the Belarussian desk clerks for double, and even triple shifts, where they would sleep over in one of the hotel rooms and didn't get any overtime pay, and where their hourly rates were several dollars less an hour than the rest of us. Something the hotel couldn't get away with for legal U.S. residents who know their rights with the Federal labor laws. The immigrants accepted it because to them it was still a better deal than whatever they'd left behind. After I heard about what life was like in Belarus, the last communist holdover in the former Soviet bloc, I could see why they gladly accepted it. The one time I tried to broach this subject at the front desk, probing for more details about the agency who brought these people over, the bell hop – who wasn't even one of the immigrants – got fired up and shut down the conversation, seeming

fearful and angry, making it seem that I was going to be reporting people….and costing people their jobs. He let me know that the guys who ran the agency used to be (exploited) immigrants themselves, and now were running the agency to bring over more (exploited) immigrants. So basically a case of, "Shut up and mind your own business. Everybody here knows what's going on, and everybody involved is okay with it." This is why in retrospect I wondered whether some of these girls were being used for other……stuff on the side, considering how good looking they were, in a vulnerable, needy situation, and with innocent, passive, almost trance-like demeanors.

As far as my own indications of weird activity go, there are only a couple, not counting the unusual circumstances of me applying, and then getting, the job in the first place. The first thing I can think of is very minor, but it involves 15 minutes of "missing time" you could say. I left for home at the end of my shift at the normal time, with no delays en route, and yet when I got home I was 15 minutes late. And no, the clock at home was not incorrect. All the clocks and times matched….I was just missing 15 minutes. It stopped me in my tracks because it wasn't right. To this day I have no idea what that's all about, if something happened to me and my mind is blanked out, or what.

Also during this time as mentioned elsewhere in this book I began attracting in the "MILABS 69" thing in terms of number sightings. I experienced it once back in Fort Lauderdale, but now out of all the lockers that I could have been assigned, my locker number was #69. (so when it came time for me to select an employee number for logging into the computer and such I decided to choose 3169 from the list of ten numbers that were offered to me, why not you know. ;) Make it easy to remember. So that was my own doing.) And then I started frequently getting "6:09" on the clock….but only during the time I worked there.

Then came the morning in April when I had just started my shift in the morning and "Richard" arrived at the front desk at 7 a.m. on the nose, always impeccably dressed in a suit and on time to the minute for when his shift started. And as I glanced over at him to my left to say hi, an immediate, intensely strong feeling and knowing that something very unsavory had happened involving him just…..hit me. I don't know how to describe this. But when I saw him this knowing immediately surged up in my mind, that something very yucky had

gone on involving him, the memory *just* about to emerge…..but then feeling like it was running into a wall, or a ceiling, being blocked. The memory wanted to come out…..but couldn't. Over and over. Surge…block. Surge…block. Surge…block. My eyes bugged out a little bit as I glanced over at him and was hit with this intense surging of negative memory knowledge. He in turn looked slightly quizzical and surprised, probably at my surprised look, and I hurriedly glanced down and away. If something indeed had happened he gave no indication of it, and didn't seem to be aware of it. His surprised look seemed to be solely in response to my wide eyed look.

This all overlapped during the same time period when he gave his two week notice, having accepted a bigger and better position in another hotel chain outside the state, putting his house up for sale and preparing to move with his wife and two young kids. During those final two weeks this negative memory knowing remained strong, enough so that I completely avoided talking to him, wouldn't look at him and never said goodbye to him, even artfully dodging the little farewell thing on his last day. But I had such a negative feeling and knowing about him I didn't want to associate with him in any capacity. This has never happened before, or since, with anybody. Richard's "personality" or lack thereof was very interesting. But he was Caucasian, in his 40s, very clean cut and impeccable with dark blond close cropped hair, blue eyes, seeming kind of 1950s actually. Not necessarily good looking, but not ugly either. Reserved, with a cold intelligence, low key, though I did see indicators of a fiery temper a couple of times that he kept tightly in check, so he had restraint. And he actually gave off the vibe of possibly being gay, something effeminate, so I was shocked to hear he was married and had kids. What was going on there with my memory surging, I'll never know, and if something did happen, then truthfully I don't want to know.

I wound up leaving that job within two months after "Richard" left due to an escalating series of events piling on, primarily focused on the replacement desk manager, who was a total clown and very inept. But it was like reality was trying to get me to get out there, and when I wouldn't take the hint then more things kept piling on until I finally quit…and actually walked out in the middle of my shift no less. So I was only there for four months, then returned to temping with my previous agency.

The postscript to this whole tale is just as weird. But in October of 2006 I was temping at an assignment that I'd been at since June, when I got a call from my temp agency saying that this other company whom I'd temped with months ago, for only a day and a half mind you, was literally *begging* for me to come back and work for them with the plan for me to go permanent with them. Apparently this other company *HAD* to have me. And only me, they insisted. They were creating such a scene about it, calling the agency repeatedly, that my temp company was going to do something they didn't normally do…..offer me the position with this other company, and pull me off my current assignment. The whole thing was bizarre because again, they'd only worked with me for *a day and a half.* Why was I so special?? The position was for a tax accounting firm downtown, working the front desk as a receptionist basically, with light office admin duties. Everybody there was nice from what I remembered, the job seemed okay enough and the pay was fine, the location was only a couple of miles from home. Since the begging and pleading for me was so intense I gave in and agreed to be pulled off the assignment and go over there, feeling kind of flattered, admittedly, like, Wow, okay.

Long story short, when I got over to the tax firm it was a major case of "bait and switch." And this is where it eventually gets back to "the illuminati hotel," as you'll see in a moment. But my job duties weren't going to be what they told the temp company, and instead involved a whole bunch of back office grunt work and converting their thousands of paper files into scanned electronic copies. One of the women who worked there was showing me around and explaining these various job duties to me, and then brought me down to the mildewy smelling basement level where all the filing cabinets were located with the thousands of files that I'd supposedly be converting. She waved her arm towards all the cabinets and said, "Welcome to your future." O.o To this day I've never gotten over the arrogance behind that statement. So sure was she that I was just this meek, passive little chick who'd gratefully jump at the chance for this "opportunity" to work in a mildewy basement doing work that would make anybody want to jump off the nearest cliff.

But then as it turned out, the mildewy basement would not in fact be my future because guess what….they were moving in only a week and a half. So I was informed that another major aspect of my job duties would involve packing up, and helping to move, the entire

office. Again, none of which was told to the temp agency. But let's take a guess at where they were moving to……

…….into office spaces located inside the "illuminati hotel," of all places. ;)

So all this inexplicable intense begging and pleading that they HAD TO HAVE *ME* and *ONLY ME!!!* when they'd only known me for a day a half, months ago, *right* as they're packing up shop and moving into the "Illuminati hotel." ummmmmmm. Amazing coincidence there. Needless to say I was only there for one day before bailing out and going back to my previous assignment, who was happy to have me back. The temp agency sided with me and was peeved with this company for their bait and switch, and trying to get a free office mover in the process. I don't profess to understand what in the frickity frack was going on with this situation, and for all I know it's just a giant coincidence, but it was bizarre, to say the least.

Discovering Abduction Schedules

If you're dealing with military abductions, or the joint alien/military affair, then there will most likely be a pattern to when you're being taken. And it seems that they will operate on that schedule for as long as they can, until you discover it and begin throwing a wrench in the works.

Because so many things had begun happening to me by 2002 I started keeping a log book to document my stuff, as well as diligently photographing the mysterious nickel-shaped round dark purple bruises that were periodically appearing on my legs. **http://in2worlds.net/anomalous-markings** I hadn't figured anything out yet, and it was a bit frustrating, but I plugged away with it all nonetheless in hopes that someday, answers would come.

Then one day in April of 2003, I figured something out. In flipping through various photos of the nickel-sized bruises, I really noticed for the first time the dates on the back of each photo. **All of the photos were taken either between the 1st and 3rd of each month, or the 20th – 23rd.** !!! I couldn't believe I hadn't noticed this before. Amazing. This wasn't random chaos. This is why it's imperative to log and document your stuff. Over time, with enough materials gathered, you *will* discover the patterns and meanings. But you have to be patient

enough to wait for the materials to accumulate. It won't happen overnight.

This realization was so revelatory that I had to pause and take a moment to regroup. I closed my eyes and addressed my higher self. (or at least, what I understood to be my higher self. It may not have been, but as noted in my write up about it **http://in2worlds.net/the-higher-self** it was definitely something positive….) I started talking to it, saying, "Okay Higher Self, me in the future, it looks like I found a pattern to the abductions. Tell me what I'm supp…."

"It's about time!" came the response, interrupting.

Not in a sarcastic way, but rather in an urgent "don't stop now!" sort of way. The voice was like my own, so, it was differentiated from the outside 'microwave voice beaming' technology mentioned in Part II where the voices were male, and clearly not connected to me. The thought behind what the higher self voice was conveying was "Keep going! Keep moving, don't slack. You found the pattern, so don't stop now..." I started laughing though, shaking my head about it all. It was just too funny how it cut me off like that, all urgent.

There are a few possible reasons for why they might utilize a regular schedule:

- Possibly they're taking so many people that it has to be an organized affair. The military/black ops agencies would want things to be as organized and efficient as possible.
- May coincide with the target's personal biological cycles; Certain times of the month may be more opportune for snagging somebody based on the purposes they're being taken for. Think biorhythm cycles, women's monthly cycles, etc. and so on. Something to do with some sort of cycle.
- Maybe there's some unknown variable, something pertaining to whatever's going on in their realm, that makes it so that they can only take people at certain times.

Throwing a wrench in the works was just mentioned a moment ago. What does that involve?

It means exactly that…foiling their efforts to take you. What I came to discover was that my mysterious bruise markings were appearing on a regular schedule, and that during those times of the month I had an increase in number sightings and ear tones, indicating

that "something" was amiss. There was hyperdimensional forewarning, you could say. And I began thinking of that as my head's up, and used it to my advantage. On those nights when it seemed stuff might happen…my boyfriend and I stayed up all night. I would go to work on minimal to no sleep, and we'd down the Frapuccinos and Red Bulls to keep us awake. Or we'd take stuff to read and go hang out at Denny's for several hours in the middle of the night, eating food and drinking coffee and reading good books, during the prime time that they'd be (trying) to take me/us. Or, I'd just stay up as long as I could, and then conk out for the last two hours before my alarm was set to go off while my boyfriend kept watch. He's nocturnal anyway, so it was normal for him to be up during the night and to go to bed at around 6 a.m. or so, which certainly helped. Some people will claim that staying up will do nothing to thwart them. I disagree. That's defeatist. Especially if you leave your home and go elsewhere, and even more so when you go to a public place. ***You have to at least try.*** **You can't just go belly up.**

I didn't mind any of it though, all the dodging and outrunning abductions, losing sleep and all that, mostly because we lived in South Florida. The year round summer weather and close proximity to the beach meant everything had a fun vibe to it. It was perpetual summer vacation. My job required no brain power, so it was cool if I went in on no sleep – I didn't need it anyway – and life in general just didn't have that oppressive feel that you find elsewhere in the country. It's hard to get depressed and feel dragged down when you have an easy job, there's no winter, and outside your front door there's palm fronds rustling in the warm breeze and you can literally, be sipping a Pina Colada on the beach off the A1A the next day, which I had done on a few occasions. Translation = when you live where others come to vacation. So everything was already light hearted and felt like a game, and this was just one more aspect of the game. Having that outlook really helped matters too, in retrospect. It's ALL about your personal frequency, as I outlined in the section regarding Fear. And when you're not afraid, and are just facing the situation head on, just doing what you gotta do, and even getting a slight kick out of it in between going to the white sandy beach and frolicking in the crystal clear blue green water that's as warm as bathwater ;) then it turns the tables on the outcome.

Once I began throwing a wrench in the works enough times and made it difficult for them to adhere to any sort of set schedule, then I had the experience, as mentioned in Part II, where I woke up to hear a man's voice pulling me out what felt like a deep, trance-like state, saying "1-4-1-4-1…" as if it were some trigger code. It felt like I had been looking at something for him before he pulled me out of it. (Remote viewing?) But then another female voice cut in on the line you could say (higher self?) to inform me in an urgent, FYI-sounding way that **"They now have the ability to use you without actually taking you."** Via the implants, most likely.

But hearing that definitely threw a wrench in MY works. It seems that with MILABS, their preferred method is to take somebody physically, but if they have to then sure, they'll resort to Plan B, and use them remotely. Possibly it's not as effective, but, it gets the job done. Whatever "the job" is, I don't know. To this day I still have no idea what's going on and how it all works. I can only theorize. But talk about making me feel hopeless. What's the point of outrunning them if they're just going to plug into me while I sleep? So I gave up. At that time, I just didn't know how I could possibly side step somebody plugging into me while I sleep, seamlessly merging with me so I don't even know it and just perform for them like a good little monkey. If that's what's indeed happening. So for about a year and a half I took the blue pill, and slipped back below the waves. It just got so tiresome always being on the run from something when I didn't even know who or what I was running from, or what was actually going on. And to a degree, that's still my attitude I admit. I don't have the passion for it all that I once had.

Now however, at this point I think there are ways you can side step it. But it requires much more work then just staying up all night and drinking Red Bulls. As their tactics are amped up, when they start resorting to their Plan B's and Plan C's, then the effort we have to put in as a counter defense will also go up. One major counter-tactic would involve **lucid dreaming skills.** When you become adept at being conscious while sleeping, then it's possible you'll be more sensitive to any attempts at intrusion that may occur. Which ultimately means, **people *can* fight back.** It isn't entirely hopeless.

Figure out your abduction schedule, if there is one. Dodge the physical abductions if you can. And in the event that they plug into you via your implants, gain the upper hand by practicing lucid

dreaming and taking control of your sleep state. There has to be ways to program your own mind to alert yourself in the event that something is trying to plug into you while you sleep. Connect to your higher powers for any additional feedback and insight and help you can glean about it all. And always keep your frequency up. Don't get despondent about it all, it's not worth it. Think of it as a game, and just have fun with it.

Residual Talents and Abilities

Something I began noticing about myself in my early twenties was my unusual, to the point of being freakish, lightning fast reflexes. I don't recall having those abilities as a kid, but I sure had them now. It became evident during one particular incident at 21, while I was roommates with a group of friends who were in my life for several years. We were all in the kitchen, and I turned and accidentally knocked a tall glass off the counter with my left elbow. I saw it happen out of the corner of my eye, but before I even knew what I was doing I bent down a little and swooped my right hand behind my back…and caught the glass in mid-air behind me without looking. It was one smooth and continuous move, from knocking to bending to catching, and I had no control over doing it. My arms and hands had a mind of their own.

The room became silent, and I looked up with the glass in my hand to see three of my roommates just staring at me with looks of shocked puzzlement. I put it back on the counter, and one of the guys, Mike, said "Wow." That's all anybody could say. Conversation resumed a little nervously.

And that was my introduction into a skill I have absolutely no control over. Like the time at the pizza parlor in Fort Lauderdale where my boyfriend and I were studying a menu at the counter, and my left arm suddenly shot out to catch a falling menu in mid-air; my conscious mind didn't even realize it was falling until after my hand had already caught it and was carefully placing it back on the counter top. The guy behind the counter looked at me with wide eyes and said "whoa." Standing next to my bookshelf reading a book and my right arm shot out to catch the heavy bookend and then push all the toppling books back on the shelf, in one move – conscious mind had to

catch up once again with what my reflexes involuntarily did. And then what happened recently in 2010 - in the bathroom at work rinsing my glass mug in the sink, holding it with my left hand but then it slipped, about to crash to the tiled floor and shatter. All I know is that my left hand had a mind of its own and did all this crazy maneuvering so that I caught the mug left handed, pushing it against the sink to stabilize it, but which caused it to chip a little. And then it slipped out of my hands for a *second* time, spinning wildly through the air and once again threatening to shatter on the floor, and once again my reflexes went into overdrive, all nerves on end, bending my knees and dipping down with my left hand and some crazy maneuvering…..and I caught it, again, this time down closer to the floor. Put it back on the sink. I just stood there recuperating after this fiasco because my nerves were shot from the sudden alarm panic that flooded my system. It all happened so fast my conscious mind didn't even have time to catch up. All I know is that there was this slippery glass mug flipping wildly through the air threatening to shatter all over the floor, and then something else kicked in making sure it didn't happen. And the many times I've dropped something I'd been holding and one of my hands involuntarily forms a perfect little scoop shape and positions itself under the falling object to catch it. I can feel my mind shutting off as some other part takes over and does this. It's bizarre.

More specifically, I've come to realize that what tends to happen when something falls in front of me is that my eyes will come into sharp, intense focus on the object, so the background basically gets blurred out, like unplugging or detaching from the rest of reality, and all that exists is the falling object situation. And then it kind of feels like time gets distorted. Things slow down, and I'm able to position myself to catch the object, all the while being super coordinated in a way that isn't normal. Why, I don't know, because let's face it, the stuff that's usually falling isn't anything worthwhile, requiring *that* level of sophistication to catch it. But again I can't control it. Falling objects, no matter what they are or what their value, all register the same to my subconscious – **an emergency.** No differentiation. So if ever there is something of true value that does drop in my presence I don't think I'll need to worry too much. It will be caught. o_O

All of which has led me to question my other unusual skills and abilities. It's in my theory that people who are being taken and programmed, whose brains are being effectively rewired, are going to

find themselves with some unusual residual "talents" and special enhanced abilities that normal people don't have. And this needs to be mentioned, because it can be another marker that confirms something funny going on under the radar of our normal waking reality. So to illustrate, I'll list a sampling of my own abilities, and maybe the reader will be able to relate in some way:

* **Lightning fast reflexes,** as mentioned above. Most notably is the fact that **I have no control over it.** I can't override it. I happen to be right handed, but this goes for both hands, left included, which is interesting. Complete **ambidextrousness** in that regard. Something that reinforced to me that this skill is indeed indicative of "stuff" was the movie **"Mr. And Mrs. Smith"**…funny enough. I only had just watched this movie in September of 2007, about a bored married couple who soon discover that the other is a special ops agent. Brad Pitt's character is 99% convinced that his wife, played by Angelina Jolie, is an agent like himself, and he tests her by purposely dropping a wine bottle after refilling her glass. Without any conscious control, her left arm automatically shoots out and catches the bottle in mid-air without looking at it.…something that normal people don't do I guess. So now his character knows for certain, and the game is on. I only just watched this and was like "!!!" when I saw that - using "unconscious lightning fast reflexes" as the ultimate test to determine whether someone is an agent with training. Interesting. And then on a minor note, in the movie **"V For Vendetta"** the main character V, who happens to have "unusual blood properties" (unusual bloodline…) is the target of a government-sponsored experimentation program which results in him developing a new alter ego (split off multiple persona) and some pretty impressive skills – including heightened intellectual capabilities, and lightning fast reflexes.

  On a minor related note is that somewhere along the line in life I became ambidextrous. To the point where when I was waitressing at one particular job, my boss was watching me in action and said "Oh! You're a lefty!" pleased to find a fellow south paw. I looked at him like he was nuts. Sorry, I'm right handed. He promptly disagreed, and pointed out that I was working left handed. I hadn't even realized it. Another time I was playing Ms. Pac Man at a Laundromat and was intensely playing along, and

doing very well…until I looked down and noticed that I had been working the joystick left handed the whole time. It felt like my right to me, there was no difference. But the second I became conscious of it I wasn't able to do it anymore and got eaten by a ghost. :D

- **Psychic.** Have demonstrated all of the following at some point in my life: telepathy with both humans and animals, precognition/premonitions, clairvoyance, remote viewing, telekinesis by accident once or twice, and some pretty extreme reality manipulation skills, as well as just overall knowing/sensing what's coming up down the pike in life so there's no surprises.

- **Audio recognition.** Can recognize a song within sometimes one note, backwards as well. Won a radio contest at 13 for being able to recognize just a couple of notes - played backwards - of the 60's song, "I Can't Help Myself." (The Four Tops.) I was the only one who called in. Nobody else recognized it. And when listening to my boyfriend play around on his guitar…for every chord and every group of notes or sound effects he does with his amp, I'm matching up in my mind what songs have used those exact chords and effects. It's impossible for me to just hear the notes in a neutral way without my mind mentally placing them to other songs, like a computer, matching things up. One time when pondering out loud my audio recognition abilities I received a prominent ear tone in my right ear at that exact moment, as if confirming it.

- **Unusually good memory.** The ability - more so when I was younger though – to remember names, dates, birthdays, addresses, driver's license/plates/vehicle info., phone numbers, and all manner of data and trivia and life happenings in general, including conversations. It really did stand out amongst the people I was around, and became known at one particular job I temped at in '97 as a file clerk. There were over 30 cabinet drawers with over a 100 files per drawer, as well as various "To Be Filed" baskets, and files strewn on people's desks and everywhere. But it soon became known that if you couldn't find a file in the drawer, just ask me…I'll know where it is off the top off my head. "It's in the basket……it's on so-and-so's desk……it's on top of the cabinet…" The psychologists would come up to me and toss out a patient's name, skeptical that I could possibly

know……..and I always did. Once I proved myself enough times they began to kind of take it for granted.

This is also why I was such a great memorize and regurgitate robot machine in school. In high school I'd wait until the last day before a test – sometimes within only hours before - and then learn the entire two weeks' lesson…and get an A or B. Didn't pay attention to most of my Biology class for the second semester in 10th grade in Connecticut, and learned (and/or reviewed) five months of material in two days and got the highest score in the class on the final. Shocked even me. Took tests on books I never read…and passed. I'd recall details about the books that I heard during class discussion…in the background, while I did other "more important" things like read my own books that *I* wanted to read. ;) There is also the fact that I can remember my life going back to when I was a baby, mentioned back in Part II, which many (arrogant) people tend to scoff at, thinking that nobody can remember their lives before the age of five or so, merely because they can't. Which is total nonsense. (It never occurs to them that maybe it's because they have a low IQ and/or they are not a fully conscious and sentient being. This isn't to be confused with those people who are smart and sentient but have memory gaps in their childhood due to abuse and trauma. Those types are different from the arrogant scoffers who are most likely not as intelligent and sentient as they think they are, and believe that their lowered consciousness is the ultimate measuring gauge for how everybody else on the planet should be. !!) I have many memories of being a baby, toddler and small child, in diapers, in a crib, crawling, being fed in a highchair, playing with my various toys and my friends in our apartment complex, the TV programs that were on our TV, the music my dad would play, and then birthdays, Christmas, Halloween, etc. Just SO many memories (including the accidents, mishaps and foibles that are common to toddlers ;D), let alone memories when older.

And there was one freak incident that occurred in 1997 when I was 23 and worked as a waitress at one of my jobs – I was "on" all week and couldn't forget anything if I tried. I spent the entire week manically amped up getting hardly any sleep every night as if I was bi-polar or something, which I'm not. I could remember every last little thing that every table I'd waited on from the Sunday before had ordered…then realized I could remember

everything in general about everything that had happened all week. It was maddening, and I found myself sitting on the floor of the living room at 2:30 in the morning with my roommates, swigging cheap wine straight from the bottle trying to come down to a normal level so I could get some sleep and stop the craziness.

Recently I read an internet article about people who have the rare situation of being unable to forget anything that happens to them or anything they encounter in life, and various things described in the article applied to things I've experienced in my own life. My one week of being "on" 24/7 gave me the firsthand insight into what they mean when they say it's a burden to have, not something enjoyable. It's not fun at all. Luckily my extreme "on" situation did go away after that one week, although my general detail recollection remained as prominent as ever. Another issue with this ability is that it really magnifies all the people around you in life who are functioning in a half asleep "auto pilot" state, not paying attention or remembering most of what happens to them. When you remember so much, and in some cases, nearly everything, and most of the people around you don't, it just creates a glaring discrepancy. Especially when people try not to be held accountable for things that they did or said, because they themselves can barely remember the incident…..and they hope and assume you can't either.

- **Compartmentalized mind.** Have a compartmentalized mind that's demonstrated that it can do its own thing, and seems to operate separately, almost like a computer. In the past I've solved math stuff, or figured things out separately from the "main" brain, and then fed me the answer when it was done. This hasn't happened in a while though, but it has happened in the past, indicating the potential.

  Tying into the above two is the compartmentalized computer mind in general. I can get into a frame of mind where it's like another part of my brain takes over, like when playing video games, and is able to perform in a way that I can't in my normal state of consciousness. One time when I was 22 and at the movies with a friend named James in California, I was playing one of those Simon memory arcade games in the theater lobby…and I slipped into that compartmentalized state of mind and was able to keep going and going and going, perfectly playing back longer

> and longer strings of the color tones. My eyes were glazed over and I felt detached from myself, it was some other part of my brain that was playing. Finally James said, "Damn, girl…!!!" freaked out. Hearing that pulled me out of it, and I messed up and the game was over. I had made it up to about 25 tones, and if James hadn't said anything than who knows how long I could've gone on for.

So for myself, I noticed a definitive change, or at least another subtle level of change, occurring around the age of 22-23, in 1997. That's when my brain seemed to suddenly become "smarter" and much, MUCH more clear all the time, versus only during those select times when I needed it, like in school. I was reading the David Icke book, "Human Race Get Off Your Knees – The Lion Sleeps No More" and found a section getting into the functions of the left brain versus the right, and how humanity has become predominantly left brained, to our detriment. Some of the functions of the right brain that he noted included psychic abilities, improved memory function, and of course the control of the left hand. Even though I've read up before on the functions of right brain vs. left before I don't recall reading about memory function in association with the right brain, until his book. All these years I never made the connection between my bouts of heightened psychic abilities, the super memory function……the left handed ambidextrousness. But some of these seemingly separate phenomena I talk about here have **"right brain function/activity"** at their core, as I recently finally realized. I'm left brained dominant….but something apparently changed in my early 20s to heighten my right brain activity, leading to some of these anomalous talents I began displaying. The left hand ambidextrousness is the giveaway for it right there. In looking back on myself and my life at that time I can safely say that it wasn't anything that I was doing during my waking life that would have caused this change in me, and I can't imagine what I could have done anyway to cause such a large and recognizable level of change in brain function. So, thank you to David Icke for being the catalyst for my light bulb moment. I'm not good with pulling things together, at all, and making connections between subjects that seem separate. It's unfortunately one of the biggest problems I've faced in trying to figure out what's going on in my life.

But as noted in the bulleted list above, this new change in brain function came in handy at my jobs. As a waitress I could now take orders without having to write them down (which helps boost your tips ;) …that really seems to impress people because they feel like you're really paying attention to them). And in '99 when I was working at an executive suites, answering the switchboard for up to 48 different companies, it also paid off. There were times when I'd be answering multiple calls on the ten-line system using a headset (which very frequently meant having no less than ten calls at a time on hold that you'd have to work your way through, then put another ten on hold, and another…) and having every single four digit extension and every four digit voicemail memorized, along with the whereabouts of every person I answered phones for off the top off my head so I wouldn't have to stop and refer to my sheet. During one particular time period it was all that, PLUS simultaneously doing data entry side projects at the same time, typing (at that point) 65 wpm/10,000+ keystrokes per hour. So I'd be answering the calls with the headset on, having almost 50 four digit extensions and voicemails memorized, and all whereabouts known off the top of my head, and then after transferring the calls go back to cranking through the typing project like I was some perfectly performing computer robot. All for *$9.00* an hour. They sure got their money's worth with me. It's all very reminiscent though of my dad's "unusual" performance in the Navy of translating Morse code into type at something like 80-90+ wpm, among his other abilities which I get into in the Appendix.

I think people can be, and most likely are, tinkered with during their abductions and programming. Brains are upgraded – in my case, and maybe with others as well, their right brain hemisphere is amplified/stimulated because it serves some sort of purpose to them - people will find themselves with skills they didn't used to have, and some of it may even be the natural by-product of other things that they're being used for. As noted in the section regarding the after effects of being taken, finding oneself with increased psychic abilities out of nowhere lasting for up to several days in a row may be a natural by-product of the abduction process in itself, or as I recently realized, it could be an indicator of heightened right brain function.

Maybe there was a biological/nutritional reason for this, but I kind of doubt it. It just seems to me that I was upgraded. As with my dad, it was like the potential and foundation was there, and then maybe

something came along and tweaked things a bit. Factoring in the roundabout indicators of abductions occurring in my early 20s (despite the fact that I didn't even know about the topic), and these "talents and skills" definitely seem suspect in retrospect. Although I've certainly met people who blow me out of the water in terms of what they're able to do – psychic abilities that are to be reckoned with, true photographic memory all the time, stuff that's pretty freaky and probably natural-born, not a result of having been tinkered with. But still, I mention this in case it maybe rings a bell for somebody reading this.

Untangling Disinformation

A big part of what it means to be an abductee is that people will often find themselves being given revelations about various things. They're shown things, told things, they're given predictions or prophesies, insights into who's who and what's what in this reality. But the bottom line is – what's real, and what's disinformation?

At this point I'm going to relay what happened when my brother Joe finally got to meet "them" face to face during an abduction that he was "allowed" to remember, which took place in October of 2001, and the revelations about us, and reality in general, that he passed on to me. He was given all sorts of information, not only for his own programming purposes I imagie, but also because maybe it was supposed to get to me too, to shape the outcome of where I wound up in life. For the actual details about what Joe saw during his abduction, see the section called "The World Underground" in Part I. And keep in mind that I'm not endorsing what he relayed. I think some of it is flat out crazy. But what I am going to do is just lay out there what he was told and shown, **for the benefit of anybody else out there who may have been told/shown something similar during their own abduction experiences.** Because from what I'm starting to realize, there may be MILAB targets out there being put through the psychological mind game ringer to REALLY screw with their sense of what's real versus what's illusion, and to give them the impression that their abductors are God-like powerhouses who control reality to an absolute degree, all in an effort to sabotage them in life and aid the negative programming attempts. So this could be useful for that reason. Then, I'll untangle what I feel is the disinformation and correct

what's most likely been skewed. Disinformation is very clever in that it's usually closely intertwined around valid information. **It gets you nodding your head Yes, Yes, Yes to stuff that matches up to what you know, then takes a sudden turn way out into left field…with hopes that you'll just keep nodding your head Yes.** And as mentioned earlier in Part I, there's often double reverse psychology going on, requiring multiple unravelings of the material being presented.

At the time Joe told me all of this, I knew *nothing* about any of what he was talking about because it was 2001, and I was brand new to this entire thing. I had no way to verify any of it at the time, so all I could do was document it on my computer, which I diligently did, and put it all on the backburner. Only after the fact did I slowly start to find sources who were saying the same thing. And as mentioned previously, Joe did not read up on these subjects, and didn't go on the internet, so that's not where this information came from. But then again...he didn't have to seek the info out on the 'net or in books, because he wasn't a regular person, or a regular MILABS target. I mentioned in Part I that Joe was a probe/pawn of sorts, being piloted by "something else," and so by the end was acting as a direct extension of "them."

So with that in mind, these are some of the revelations that "they" told him during his 10/01 abduction. I don't get into everything he mentioned, as some of them are trivial or personal, but these are the major ones:

- This reality is "merging" with another, and because of what's happening, certain chunks of this reality have gone "missing." Those missing areas are being filled in with holographic projections. You can feel when you're in a holographic projection because the people and natural scenery will lack life energy.

- Holographic reality – known as **"The Program"** - is projected through an interconnected system of satellites, radio dishes and ELF waves, among other things. Basically anything that can be used to transmit signals.

- The media is all an illusory lie as well. He claims to have been shown some sort of disk thing that they can insert into something that has a crystal, I don't fully know or understand, but that's where our television, news, etc. comes from.

- Only about 3 out of 10 people are actually real anymore. About 30% of the population. If that. The rest are what you could call drones. Empty shells, background characters, puppets of the program. Black people however, usually are all still real. !! (he didn't explain why, just said this is what you'll see.)

- There are various secret factions of the government and they're at war with each other. i.e., they all have their different agendas and they're competing with each other. As far as the government we see – the President, Senate, Congress, etc…that's not who's really running things. They secret factions don't answer to them and have no regard for it at all. And yes, he said, the government was behind 9/11. duh.

- In about 5 years' time (putting the timeline at the end of 2006, into 2007, roughly), something is going to happen which is going to halt the way of life as we currently know it. Things will be locked down, [martial law?] and traveling will become so expensive and such a hassle with all the paperwork that's required for it that only the rich will be able to keep doing it. They're going to have militarized check points set up on the highways, with spike points for popping tires, and facilities set up underground for confiscating people's cars.

On a personal note, he went on to say that we both had implants that allow for "them" to see everything that we're seeing. Everything we do, say or think, can be - and is - monitored by "them." Then there was the bit about how we're not "from here" soul-wise – and they're not either. In fact, they're supposedly part of the same soul group as my brother and me. And that also, oddly enough, ties into why both of us look so young for our ages. He said we're not aging at the rate that others around us are. And supposedly, according to "them," my brother and I were abducted when we were kids by aliens. Stuff not related to "them" and their agenda. They are supposedly something separate……but they've been following us since we were kids. They have files on us containing every known possible detail about us, and he said they claimed that they've even manipulated events in our lives… **"to see what we'd do and how we'd react."** But then there was the tacked on bit that Oh, see, they like us, and are "on our side", and "do what they can to help" when they can. They're not supposed to, but they still sneak in help. (riiiiight.)

The part about manipulating events to see what we'd do and how we'd react sounded a bit ridiculous…at first. Until I stopped and

remembered that I've seen them, whoever/whatever they are, orchestrate some pretty unbelievable synchronicities that involved actual reality manipulation. It's stuff that's so out there that I normally just don't think about it too deeply because the implications are pretty astounding. Long after I'd put aside this particular revelation onto the backburner, I began realizing on my own that it seems as if there may be a **blueprint** of sorts with regards to the lives of abductees. Whether military or alien, I started to possibly see patterns in the chaos, **as if our lives are being manipulated to go a certain way, with certain types of things happening at certain ages – almost as if we were being experimented on.** Only then I remembered Joe's revelation about "them" manipulating life events "to see what we'd do and how we'd react" and was like, HOLY SHIT. It's something I'm still looking into.

There was one big thing that Joe heavily tried to impress upon me as well, which was that **I needed to stop thinking about things so much.** Because see, the way the grid program of reality works is that when you think about things to much, it tries to beat you to the punch you could say, and manipulates events based on its anticipation of what you're thinking of doing.

So, if I had to untangle the things that I was told, I'd say the truth was that yes, something is changing in our reality – some call it "the Shift" if you will - and yes, holographic projection technology seems to be real, from what I've since discovered in the past few years. In fact, the (channeled) book "Bringers of the Dawn" by Barbara Marciniak says much of the same stuff Joe relayed. Joe had never read that though, and neither had I, until after the fact. And as far as chunks of reality gone missing – I wrestled with this one. At first I was willing to believe it, with a neutral, "sure, anything's possible" mindset. Then I put the whole thing out of my head for several years. By 2006 I found myself returning to this particular revelation with some shocked incredulity. I've come across information from various people over the past year that corroborates this. Large amounts of people in crowds with no auras. Entire areas that used to be real but which no longer emit life force energy. People seeing the white grid lines, of which I have some personal experience with as well. And so on. So now I've found myself returning to this revelation with particular interest.

Now, fake media generated from a disc – I know that what we're told *via* the media is a bunch of lies, but as far as the entire shebang

being completely fake, people and all – no. Although I wouldn't doubt that the technology he was describing was real – discs, crystals, and who knows what, which all sounds very Atlantean-esque.

But what does seem to be valid is the concept of drones. People who are content to serve the program/system, and who try to keep the rest of us in place. To say that I've noticed people who weren't acting right is putting it mildly, and this started happening for me back in 2000, before my abductions were known to me. I've encountered people with big empty eyes, whose responses were not matching what was being said, people who could only talk about "normal" things, and who literally, shut down when something woo-woo was said, and people who were just acting reeeeaally off in general. So yeah, this part has validity, in my opinion.

9/11 being staged? Absolutely. The government not being what we're told it is? Check. Secret factions? Yup. At war with each other? I'm sure. So that all seems to be true.

However, the part about not thinking about things too much because of the way "the program" works was actually where the brunt of the most potentially damaging disinfo. was. It was designed to get my reality creation abilities nipped in the bud, pronto. I've consistently been able to manifest what I need in life, going way back to when I didn't even know about such concepts. So imagine what would happen should I begin trying to turn my mind off and "not think too much." As mentioned earlier in this write up, **they need people to not think.** They need people who are asleep and unaware, drifting through life on autopilot. People who "think too much" are a dangerous thing.

As far as the prediction about five years' time – guess we'll just have to wait and see. The thing about this one is that myself and others that I know through a message board forum have felt some definitive changes or shifts you could say over the past year or so. We feel like we've shifted onto a different timeline now…several times in fact. Some of us even have very clear knowing/memories that we are repeating ourselves as if in a time loop of sorts, myself included…and I'm not talking about déjà vu either. So for me I'm not worried about this predicted future because the bottom line is, the future is open, can change, and has already *been* changed on multiple occasions since 2001. **There are many open probabilities…a factor that was conveniently**

left out of this "prediction." OF course. ;) They don't tell you things like that, remember.

And while I don't doubt the both of us were implanted, the fact that I was told how my every action and thought could be heard and seen by "them" was said (in my opinion) in the hopes of driving me into self conscious, fearful paranoia…not because it was just some useful tidbit to know. Luckily, I didn't go down that route, and decided that I didn't care what they were seeing/hearing. Which ties into one of the biggest underlying reasons for telling me any of this stuff in the first place: To break me psychologically, and **get me to choose a very dark path as a result of what I now knew.** Fake media. Fake people. Fake reality. Nothing's real! Have a psychological meltdown! There's no point in being normal and mainstream anymore, right? Just go crazy and be a sociopathic criminal, like Joe. Close myself off to people, and hate them all, use them and exploit them, the way he did. And if everything I did or thought was known to "them," and they'd been snagging me and watching me my whole life, then shrink up in paranoid, self conscious fear. Be a helpless victim. All the while believing that these guys were really the good guys, who "help when they can" and are part of the same soul group as us. ;)

When I was talking about this topic to a male abductee over the internet, he said that their attempts to psychologically destroy him with these same tactics only **backfired.** I'd said the same thing about my own situation, so it was funny to hear him say that. And what we mean by backfire is that instead of converting us into angry/paranoid/hateful/fearful tools that serve the dark stuff, it backfired, and succeeded in just making us all that more aware, and switching us over to the opposite direction of what was intended. But as my very aware boyfriend has noted on many occasions, they always take a risk when they make the decision to fully go after someone. There's a high probability that they will succeed and the target will be converted/absorbed/taken down….but there's always the chance that it'll blow up in their faces. Sometimes in a *major* way. Then again….it could all be more layers of games within games, as already mentioned earlier in the book. ;) Who really knows what's actually going on here.

Several months after Joe relayed these revelations, I had a "dream" where I was shown what reality would be like without "The Program" in place. It scared the shit out of me, is all I can say. It was brief, but I heard a male human voice somewhere off to the side or behind me,

narrating, but I couldn't see him. Then I found myself…hovering in an empty void of total nothingness, my feet hanging in mid-air, accompanied by the most intense feeling of panic and anxiety I've probably ever felt. It's really hard to explain, but I'd have to say it really did actually maybe feel like how a void in reality might feel. "**THIS is what it's like without 'the program"** I was told. Kind of like, Do you get it now? Without fake reality this is what you'd have. Not very nice, is it?

I woke from that experience in a full panic, gasping for breath, nerves on end, really messed up. Whether somebody was really showing me something valid, just as a useful and informative FYI, or whether it was all manipulative mind control games designed to break me psychologically, I can only guess. I actually suspect it could be a mix of both. If nothing else I can say that people don't just have dreams like that. That was no normal "dream" by any means and for me proves something is amiss.

But this does make me wonder though how many other abductees are being targeted in a similar fashion, given revelations and insights, whether true or not, which are designed to try to derail them in life. If anybody out there experiences anything even remotely similar to what I went through while up in Portland, the only thing I can suggest is to not flip out. **Keep your wits about you, and just put whatever you're told or shown on the backburner until a later date when you can get more information and corroboration.** That's all you can do. You can't just automatically believe it and take it at face value, no matter what flashy theatrics they throw at you. What I've discovered is "they" have a lot of abilities, sure. But what's real, and what isn't? The thing to always keep in mind too is **the spiritual bigger picture.** The stuff they don't tell you about are higher positive forces and your own Higher Self. When I discovered that in 2003 it was like I gained a whole spiritual arsenal against them. That's when *everything* changed. So it's an absolute must to keep that aspect of it all at the forefront of your mind.

Multiple Personalities vs. "Multiple Personas"

Before researching heavily into the subject of mind control, I independently came up with the idea of what I call "multiple

personas," which differs from the concept of multiple personality disorder. In the case of MPD (or Disassociative Identity Disorder, DID, as it's now called) we understand it as being a situation of the person having separate, individual fractured personalities, sometimes having their own unique names, genders, ages, personalities, speech patterns, mannerisms, etc., and accompanying black out periods when personalities are flip flopping back and forth. It's wild stuff. And I can't say I've ever known anybody personally who had this problem to that severe of an extent - although I have on the other hand, witnessed what I have deemed **multiple personas**. It's a much milder form of being a full on split personality, but it's not to be confused with being a multi-dimensional person. If you're real you're not going to be a one dimensional cardboard cut out after all. You're going to exhibit different moods, different sides of yourself as you navigate your way through life playing your various roles. You're a mom, a friend, a wife and lover, a neighbor, a daughter. Somebody's dad, brother, son, boss, husband. You can't be one way to everybody, and that's very normal and totally understandable.

But what I'm talking about is having an **almost split personality**. A situation where the mood swings are more like severe personality swings, but the person in question still answers to their name and **never loses awareness of their core self,** versus multiple personality disorder where a person may answer to a different name, thinking they are actually somebody else. My theory is that in the case of multiple personas there could be one of a couple of things happening: 1) the mind control target has had their mind split/fractured during programming sessions, which leaves them with personality instability in their waking life that in turn, can cause their personality to shift around, yet…they never *quite* make the full flip over into a compartmentalized alter, losing the sense of who they are. It stops just short of that, leaving the person a fully functioning member of society, with (relatively…) little suspicious behavior that would be noticed by anybody. Or 2) it's a situation where programming to fracture the mind has only been done on a mild, surface level.

I figured some this out on my own by 1999-2000 or so, after having experienced my mom's rapid and unstable persona switches as a teen, as well as hearing my brother's story, and then observing my then-boyfriend Steve, as well as my own self, only to stumble onto corroborating data several years later in an article by Gunther

Rassbacher that backed up the tentative theory. From the online article **"Operation Open Eyes: Mind Control in America – Five Easy Steps to Create a Manchurian Candidate"** by Rassbacher (bolded words my own emphasis):

> "The next step is Level 3 hypnosis, where the subject will become an **"overwrite"** upon his own personality. An "overwrite" is a new identity or personality. **It is similar to having multiple personalities, except the original personality is repressed or hidden under the "overwrite"** and will not surface for a set period of time which is determined by the Programmer.
>
> **The "overwrite" is not a complete new identity….**"

While I have yet to know somebody who exhibited individualized split personalities to a severe extent, I have on the other hand, witnessed the concept of multiple personas, or maybe an **overwrite,** as it's called in the above excerpt. I have also seen these people **assign an alternate moniker to themselves that they like to occasionally go by,** and sometimes would use that name in lieu of their given name…but yet, while still retaining full memory and recognition of their real self. (have also read of a number of famous people that I suspect of being mind controlled who do this as well, casually talking about their various alter egos who have their own names.)

My brother had his alter-ego, "Shawn Hill", and mentioned a couple of incidents back when he lived in Connecticut where petty criminal stuff happened, and it seemed like he probably did it – as Shawn Hill - buuuut…he couldn't remember doing it…necessarily. It seemed like he had a vague recollection of being there and doing those things, but, it was so hazy…… Talking to him on the phone back in 1998 or 1999, he told me that he didn't want to be called Joe anymore. He wanted to be called Shawn. His new name was Shawn Hill. I laughed nervously, like, Ohhh-kay. "Well, I'm not going to call you Shawn. You're Joe to me. Your name is Joe." His whole demeanor during that call was short and brusque, and he was even less amused by my refusal to acknowledge this "overwrite" persona named Shawn Hill. But notice that he never lost awareness of Joe. Even though he was in Shawn Hill character, he still knew full well who Joe was, and Joe, when being Joe, was fully aware that there was this "Shawn Hill" running around doing things he could only vaguely remember. That's

not true multiple personality disorder. But it's definitely *something*. And multiple personas, or personality overwrites, seems like a good way of explaining it.

And my ex-boyfriend that I mentioned (whose dad happened to be former NSA), also had an alternate name that he'd occasionally use for himself, "Scott." When we were out in public he'd give his name as Scott. It never struck me as being anything too weird, just some funny thing he liked to do. But, then there was the fact that he experienced memory black outs where entire chunks of things he did, conversations he'd had, were gone. It was like he may as well have never done those things. And then the most telling incident that I witnessed with him occurred three years into the relationship (when the relationship was dead anyway) and tipped me off that there was an issue, and it was when **he split off in mid-conversation**. One second we were having a light hearted exchange, the next…his face changed, went blank. Not only did he not remember what he'd just said a second earlier, but he completely denied even having the entire conversation we'd just been having. Even me rehashing the entire conversation "Okay, you said this, then I said that, then you said this then I said that…!" did nothing to jog his memory. I didn't react well to it all, let's just put it that way. When I had to ask him, "What…do you have like, *multiple personalities* or something?!?" then I kind of knew. If you even have to ask that question, then it means *somethin'* is going on.

Yet, I don't believe these incidents can be classified as full fledged multiple personality disorder, because it wasn't like I would come home one day and try to talk to my brother, or then-boyfriend, only to have them pull a crazy and tell me "Joe isn't here right now..." Or "Who's Steve?? I'm Scott…I don't know who Steve is…." meanwhile, as they believe they really are their alter-ego. You hear about that sort of thing happening to people though.

Later on after I moved my brother out to California to come live with me and Steve, we were talking about his Joe/Shawn thing, and I mentioned my suspicions to him about Steve. He responded with a big grin and said, "Yeah, you didn't know that? I noticed it the first week I was here!"

!!!

Yes, I guess I did miss the signs, what can I say. Joe claimed that he watched Steve switch during one of their conversations – Steve's

expression changed, like he was suddenly switching personalities, or "coming to"…and Joe could tell that Steve didn't recognize what was going on. Supposedly Steve had an "oh shit…" look on his face, and just played it off so as to not attract attention to the situation. If I myself hadn't witnessed Steve switching from one second to the next that one time, then I would have had skepticism when hearing this.

My own situation is a weird one. Back in 1996, when I was 21-22, long before I knew that I was an abductee and had *definitely* never heard of government/military abductions and the subject of mind control, I awoke one morning and clearly heard in my mind a male voice saying with big eye rolling disdainful sarcasm, **"You have so many personalities you can't even keep up."**

!!! What??!? I thought to myself. Where did *that* come from? It couldn't be a dream – for starters there were no visuals, just a male voice. And why would I dream something like that anyway? I wondered. It wasn't true. So it didn't make much sense. At this point in time in my life I of course know about mind control programming, split off personas, MILABS and abductions, the human males that are involved in mine, and the way in which they sound (almost always with that same disdainful sarcasm).

Then there was another REALLY anomalous incident that happened in 2002. I'll reprint the incident from my log book. Excuse the language, but, this is exactly what went through my mind, and there's no way to censor that in order to appease sensitive types and yet still accurately represent what happened. If anything, the cussing and the attitude is the exact point I'm trying to make here, as you'll see:

> November 4, 2002
>
> I was standing at the printer [at work] waiting for my stuff to come off and I was staring out the window at the blue sky and the sunny day and the trees. Happened to direct my attention back inside around the office itself. Next thing I know, I temporarily "woke up." Either that, or some sort of program kicked in prematurely that wasn't supposed to. I felt like I emerged from a zombie-like state of trance tolerance, where normally I walk around in an amnesia-like state, tolerating having to work and pay bills and come to this place called C_____ Management, day in and day out, and be with these people, doing the job that I do, putting up with the crap I do.

All that changed. The amnesia lifted, and I had this realization about **WHO I AM.** And I was looking around the office thinking, **"WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING HERE??!?!!?"** It wasn't like I couldn't remember who I was, or where I was, or why I was there. It was quite the opposite, in fact. I knew EXACTLY who I was, and I was like, oh my GOD…..what the FUCK am I doing ***HERE?!!?!?*** Like, we're talking about *ME* here!!!!! ***ME!!!!!!!!*** What am ***I*** doing ***HERE?!?!?!?!?*** It's not like I didn't recognize the place. I knew it was C_____. I knew it was my work. I just couldn't believe that I was willingly coming here every day wasting 8 hours of my life, every day, HERE. At THIS place. It was almost like, "Oh, while you were sleeping, this is what you've been doing with yourself….." That whole, **"While you were sleeping" deal**. And when I realized what I'd been doing with myself, I was shocked and appalled and horrified.

And then I slipped back under the water, and the feeling was gone. All I had left was the intellectual knowing/memory that it had happened, but the mindset itself, that personality, was gone."

What's not mentioned in my log book entry is what would have happened had this realization about WHO I AM not gone away, had it not slipped back under the waves. The personality was aggressive, and had zero tolerance for the mainstream world. None, period. It would not have stayed at work, and it would not have continued living a normal life….going home to the apartment, laying around with the boyfriend, maybe reading, doing some article writing, doing internet research, watching a movie, sleeping, eating, paying bills, and more work at the stupid $10 an hour job. Repeat every day, on and on. Oh no, I don't think so. ;) Not hardly. Now, it wouldn't have been violent, I didn't get that feeling, but it wouldn't have been able to tolerate doing *any* aspect of the mainstream normal life that we all do every day.

There are two main explanations for what happened here. The first, which is the one I wanted it to be, is that this "awakening" was spiritual in nature, the spiritual/incarnation amnesia lifting and suddenly remembering, if only for one brief shining moment in time, "WHO I AM."

Of course that doesn't explain the cussing and negative, male, aggressive attitude. That personality was anything but spiritual. I've connected to my higher self, and let's just say that the discrepancy

between that personality which emerged accidentally while I was at work, and my Higher Self's emotionally detached, yet totally empathetic, wise and understanding nature is pretty glaring. It's night and day.

So, after several years of clinging on to the idea that this accidental personality emergence was the spiritual veil lifting, as pleasant and fluffy as that sounds, I've had to settle on it being an alternate, compartmentalized multiple persona that somehow, someway, was triggered and popped out when it shouldn't have. And this alter was just totally negative, that's all I can say. Which is another telltale sign of it being an alter. Some alters will be childlike, others will be sex kittens. Some will be angry, aggressive one dimensional "rage holders." This seemed to be something akin to the latter.

Several years after this incident I was reading the works of several mind control women who've written about their stories, describing their various alters. One of them in particular, Kathleen Sullivan, author of "Unshackled," supposedly had several very aggressive male personas that were created to do down and dirty work, high stress assignments for her handler "thems." These guy alters were all aggressive business, designed and trained to wield guns and take people out and live in a world that was completely removed from her normal every day core self who went to work, earned money, paid her bills, watched TV, hung with her husband, cleaned her house, etc. I'm not saying that's what my own alter was created for, if it even was an alter to begin with, but it felt very aggressive, male, no-nonsense, and negatively fueled. I've pendulum dowsed it and got each time that this personality emergence was a compartmentalized alter popping out, not spiritual amnesia lifting. In fact, the whole, "Who I Am" thing wouldn't even be an accurate description to describe the mindset, it was more like another side of me emerging that's normally dormant.

I've never been like Joe or Steve, and have never flipped and done 180s as quickly as my mom could and did (with her it was like a thundercloud would descend out of nowhere, and she would just switch, boom, from one moment to the next, then later on act like it hadn't happened…) and I don't have "two me's" and experience black out periods like my dad does. But unfortunately as the years have gone on I've noticed what I consider to be persona instability. And I don't like it. I feel like there are multiple sides of me, who have multiple conflicting views and attitudes and end up contradicting each

other. I can feel myself shifting around – but is it just normal mood shifting? I don't know. There's never a complete amnesiac break. Even with the above mentioned incident at work in 2002 I still knew who and where I was. But I've never formally adopted an alternate first name for myself for use in day-to-day waking life, the way programmed multiples often will, and in fact I'm adamantly against that. I'm Carissa. Period. I won't even tolerate a nickname, even when people have tried to give me one. And I've never experienced black out periods, nor have I ever been confronted with a conversation or situation where I was apparently there, but yet, have no memory of it. Thankfully. That to me is where the line is drawn. Up until that point there's a suspicious issue occurring, but it's not serious. When you cross over into black out periods, forgetting things you've done and using alternate names, then you're in trouble.

My own situation is apart from my family, because I've never carried on the way they have, taking things to that extent. I think a person's frequency determines how unstable they'll behave. Both of my parents had very low frequencies, as did my brother – either emotionally volatile, and/or extremely depressed and angry - so their flip flopping issues were QUITE noticeable. On the other hand, Steve always tried to be as emotionally neutral, stable and balanced as possible (reflected by his astrological configuration of being a double Libra, sun *and* moon), so quite fittingly, his problems went relatively unnoticed.

But the reason that this can go undetected for so long with some people is because the key lies in its **subtlety**. People are looking for the BIG and DRAMATIC and EXAGGERATED, the way it goes in the movies. But real life isn't going to be like the movie "Sybil."

I'm willing to bet the issue of multiple personas as a side effect of mind control programming is more common in society then we think. When you take into consideration how many military and government agency personnel there are out there, both active and retired…and their families…as well as the number of Hollyweird performers and entertainers, models, singers and television personalities; politicians, corporate big wigs, political authors and other high profile people with huge influence; inmates, juvenile throwaways, sex industry workers and runaways; New Age and religious gurus, and the alternative health, healing and metaphysics arena…that's a hell of a lot of people. And those are all the prime target candidates, according to the

research. **Main targets are people who are front and center of all major areas in our society that would serve to distract us and/or steer us down the wrong path, as well as society's throwaways, rejects and lost souls who are exploited simply because they *can* be.** However, many of these people still need to function in society and have their double lives, which means their programming would need to be relatively seamless. So **subtly** is imperative, as mentioned. Which means most of the time, things will go undetected and most of society will continue to remain unaware that this is happening.

The Hyperdimensional and Paranormal Phenomena

An important characteristic of someone who is an abductee is the strange hyperdimensional markers, or fingerprints, that become a part of their life: Ear tones/ringings, synchronicities, deja vus, number sightings, and so on. Ear tones/ringings usually tie in to implants and monitoring, deja vus seem to tie in to timeline manipulation (which I don't get into here, but I do cover on my website), and synchronicities and number sightings can either be a message conveyed to you from something higher, or can also signify timelines being changed around. Very few sources make mention of any of these things, yet, when you start hanging around on the internet you see these things mentioned repeatedly. I write in depth on my website about it all, but here's the overview for those who haven't read it, with some new information not included on the website version:

Number Sightings

This is probably *the* most common occurrence in an abductee's life, next to ear tones/ringings. When you notice that certain numbers keep appearing to you on the clock, various electronic items, or on stuff that come your way in life, then it usually means something. The more farfetched and unusual the occurrence, then the more meaningful it probably is. I've documented my own number sightings in depth in order to get to the bottom of what the numbers meant for me, as noted on my website, and I highly recommend that others do that if they have this happening. It's extremely useful. The only way to get to the

bottom of what a number sequence means for you is by logging the instances of when it happens.

For me, the main numbers that have followed me around for the longest time have been **119, 948**, and **141.** 119, for my birthday, 11/9. 9:48, for the time I was born. And 141…well, it wasn't originally my number, but it transferred over to me. But more on that in a moment. In 2003, as my awareness grew, the number sightings branched out to include repeating numbers such as **111, 222, 333, 444, 555, 1111,** etc., sequence numbers such as **123, 234** and **1234**, and even more unusual yet meaningful numbers such as **1133, 1010** and **1212.**

So, about the whole 141 transfer thing: 141 had been my brother's personal number, something that supposedly followed him around. With Joe it was always "141 this" and "141 that", although to be honest, I never saw any proof of this, I just took his word for it that it was happening. I myself didn't have numbers that followed me around like that. However, once I moved up to Portland, Oregon in November 2001, that started to change. My time in Portland was an unusual experience, something that was discouraged via obstacles and problems set in my path to prevent me from going, but stubborn and persistent me pushed right past them, more determined than ever, and I went anyway. And not too long after arriving in Portland where I was roommates with my brother, I began to notice that I was seeing **11:09** an awful lot on the clocks. I'd get the urge to glance at my digital alarm clock at home or at the computer clock at work right when it was 11:09. My birthday is 11/9, so the number meant something to me. Coincidentally, before starting to see these numbers in Portland, I'd recently begun assigning the numbers 119 and 948 to myself, usually within passwords and stuff. So I'd consciously reached out to those numbers you could say, which plays a big part in how it can possibly start, I think.

Then the night Joe was arrested in Portland, caught breaking into a building with stolen items on him from a previous burglary, everything changed. It's a long story, which I won't get into here, but that was the night that 141 transferred over to me. Five minutes before the cops showed up with my brother in the back of their car I got another **11:09** on the clock. It literally made me stop in my tracks, frozen in place for a few seconds realizing "Okay….this isn't right…something is happening…" Then the doorbell rang. How right I was.

Almost an hour an a half later when they were asking me to sign a warrant for them to search my belongings (since I roomed with him and was considered equally as guilty until proven innocent) I had to put the date and time on the paperwork. I glanced at the clock, which said **12:21.** A mirror number, the same backwards and forward. Not only that, but my full given name adds up to 84 in numerology, and 8+4 = **12**. Joe's adds up to **21.** ;) Pretty clever.

"But wait…there's more!" 1221 also happens to break down to:

1 2+2 1
1 4 1

When the cops were finally leaving I glanced at the clock for only the third time that evening. And it was **1:41** a.m. exactly. The cops were leaving at 1:41, with my brother in tow, but the fun had only just begun.

141, and the other two numbers, came up repeatedly throughout the course of that insane weekend. Every time I had the urge to glance at the clock that weekend it was 10:41, 11:41, 1:41, 11:09, 9:48, or some combination, such as 4:11, 10:14, 11:14, 1:14, 11:19 or 9:11. Even when I had the urge to look at my mileage odometer. I was sitting in my car in the Rite Aid parking lot intensely contemplating whether to bail my brother out of jail – yet again – then I had the urge to glance at the odometer, something I rarely pay any attention to. And it just so happened to be at exactly 119,974. My birthday is 11/9/1974. Close enough for horseshoes. It was absolutely out of control, and at the time I had the feeling that there was a tug of war going on between 119 and 141. 119, my number, me, and 141, my brother's number, him, who was dragging me down in life and who I was trying to make a break from.

141 has been a regular part of my life ever since that weekend, four years ago. I would also come to discover that 141 is embedded within my brother's birthday. 1/31/1981. Breaking it down numerology style, which reduces numbers down to single digits, we get:

1
3 + 1 = **4**
1 + 9 + 8 + 1 = 19 (= 10 = **1**)

Hyperdimensional fingerprints?

In my own log book I would document the date and time of my number sightings – often, the time in itself IS the number sighting, since I'd have urges to keep looking at the clock at key moments – as well as noting anything that I was doing at the time of the number occurrence. Where was I, what was I doing, who was I talking to and what about (if applicable), and so on. Then after you document enough number sighting incidents, along with any other surrounding corresponding phenomenon, you can begin to decipher what everything means. It's also highly recommended to learn the basics of numerology and what the common symbolic/esoteric meanings are behind numbers. What I've discovered is that most things have multiple layers. There is probably a reason why those specific numbers were picked for you in the first place, and that's where having a basic understanding of the language of numbers comes in handy, to decipher the next layer of it all.

Sometimes repeatedly getting a number sequence can be a warning of negative meddling, interference…abductions coming up very soon. Other times it may be a sign that something has been tinkered with on the timeline, good or bad. A lot of new age non-abductee spiritual types believe that number sightings are just the universe's way of trying to get your attention and wake you up. And that could very well be the case for them. For me, I just know that when I'm doing exceptionally good in life and/or averting negative interference, I'll get 11:33, 9:48, 10:10, 11:11 and so on. (9:48 being specific for me personally.) But overall there is no across-the-board explanation that I can offer up for what number sightings mean – **numbers will usually be tailored to an individual**, from what I've been learning. I expand more on the idea of numbers on my website: **http://www.in2worlds.net/numbersightings**

However…and there is always the exception to everything…I just discovered while reading a book about UFO researcher Barbara Bartholic that we both have had instances of receiving the same particular numbers – **69**. I experienced my 6 and 9 sightings mostly during a very specific time period in my life – during the four months when I worked for what I nicknamed "The Illuminati Hotel" here in Virginia, mentioned earlier in the "Manipulated Jobs" section. And as Barbara knew, and as I myself discovered thanks to her work, the 69's can be a sign of alien/MILABS at work. For instance, when I worked at the hotel I was assigned locker #**69**. I also began receiving a lot of

6:09's on the clock and in life in general, to the point where it became noticeable, although I had no idea what it meant at the time. So if it wasn't for Barbara's book I would never have gotten the answer to this random piece of the puzzle that was sitting on the back burner all this time. She was the first source that I've come across to even delve into the subject of number sightings in relation to abductions, and she relays in her book all the synchronistic, uncanny ways in which 69's appeared to her in life.

Getting the 69's stopped only when I quit the hotel after four months. And only when I started writing this book back in 2006, and was reading the Barbara B. book and looking back at my time spent at the "Illuminati hotel" the 69 sightings resume once again. For instance, in the middle of writing this book my boyfriend and I were driving past the "Illuminati hotel" one afternoon, about to make a right hand turn at the intersection near where the front entrance is when I noticed that the last four digits on the license plate of the car in front of us was……..**6169.** That used to be the log in/clock in code for me at the hotel. The odds of the car in front of me displaying my old log in code and being in front of me at the exact moment when passing by the hotel are astronomical. I also began receiving **6:09** and **6:19** again on the clocks while writing this book, corresponding with some very bizarre alien dreams with MILABS programming, and possible soul abduction attempts where things were kicked up a few notches and became much more overt.

The summary of what I got (via pendulum dowsing) is that "something" was doing some very wacky things to the people who worked at that hotel, unknown to them. My own experiences showed me something was amiss. And I did primarily begin receiving the "MILAB 69's" after working there, exactly as Barbara B. describes. (I only had one 69 indicator before that, back in Florida in 2002, as noted in Part II.) So when I saw Barbara B. mentioning her 6's and 9's, and saw that she connected it to MILABS/aliens abductions, I about fell out of my chair. **http://www.in2worlds.net/numbersightings.**

Ear tones

Again, another one of the big things that tend to happen to abductees. From my website: (**http://www.in2worlds.net/eartonesringings**):

"'Ear tones' are intermittent short lived tones, occurring in either ear, which many people seem to experience. Often times they are preluded by a pronounced **muting effect**, where the sound in the room seems to abruptly shut out as the tone then fades in. So it's a tone that fades in, goes on for a bit, then fades back out. But it's not to be confused with tinnitus, the chronic condition of damaged eardrums where one's ear(s) constantly ring or hum (as I understand it). Go to this link for **http://montalk.net/eartone.mp3** for a simulation of what a muting followed by an ear tone ringing sounds like. This was created by my boyfriend, and it's so accurate that it's kind of scary. !!

Ear tones can also leave **residual after effects.** For me, I've experienced a burning **"fried"** feeling in my ears on several occasions when they've occurred, much like I'd been chatting on a cell phone for several hours. Sometimes the tone itself causes physical discomfort in the ear, making one cringe. Related to this, I've experienced something akin to a **"tuning fork,"** where the sound was coming from just outside my ear and sounded identical to a tuning fork. It felt like I was literally being **"gonged"** and caused dizziness and disorientation for a few seconds afterwards.

Other related aspects to ear ringings are ear **clickings, "thwumpings,"** (for lack of a better way to describe it) and **muted pressure without a tone.**

"Clickings" are just that: clicking noises that seem to come from deep within the ear. My boyfriend has experienced this, which is how I heard about it, and has proven for himself that it's not natural or some biological malfunction. Often times these clickings occur when he's not consciously focused…yet they stop as soon as he focuses in on them.
"Thwumpings" feel very similar to the effect of having fingers flicked in front of your ears according to those I know who have described it to me.

The "muted pressure" is when the sound goes mute in an ear, accompanied by a pressure that usually feels quite uncomfortable. But no ringing or tone follows. This actually seems to be one new mode of operation within my own ear tone adventures, interestingly enough. ;) Since putting this write up out there on the 'net, not only are some of my ear tones now much fainter and shorter than they ever used to be, but there's also this new muted pressure thing as well. Another abductee I know who experiences the tones has recently noticed this "change in operations" as well.

And a new one that a reader just informed me about are ear tones that sound like **"Morse code."** To quote from her email (with permission): "….These are very very frequent for me, and in fact if I listen quietly enough, I can hear it running deep in the background most of the time. It is a series of two different notes or positive/negative sounds…tone semitone tone, in varying lengths of short and long. Morse code is the only thing I can liken it to…" I thought this was interesting enough to be worth mentioning, in case anybody else reading this also experiences it.

But the most important factor, which can't be stressed enough, is the **uncanny synchronistic timing** of ear tones. They often happen during key moments, in conjunction with a specific comment said by somebody, or maybe a number sighting, or a déjà vu. It is this aspect of ear tones that really got my attention and proved to me that they weren't a natural, random biological happening with some scientific explanation.

I've had sporatic ear tones throughout my life, but the issue became so prevalent during 2002, due to what I was involved with in life, that I created an entire section of my log book devoted solely to documenting it. The log book contained the following information, if possible:

- **The date and exact time** the tone happened;
- **Which ear** it occurred in;
- **What the tone sounded like** (high, low, strong, faint, short in duration or long; tuning fork, hum, muting pressure, etc.);
- **What physical after effects** there were, if any;
- What exactly I was doing/saying at the time it happened. **What was I thinking about? Who was I talking to? Where was I?**

Through documenting this information, I was able to determine over enough time that these ear tones are definitely not random, nor the result of a natural, biological problem with my ears, and most definitely did point to some external situation happening. I was also able to determine that there was a difference in meaning for right ear versus left ear. For me, the left ear has been negative, usually indicating straight up monitoring, or warning me that something is "off" about a person or situation, while the right was positive, sometimes seeming to confirm or reaffirm something I'm thinking or reading. In fact I just came across a reference to ear tones in the book

"Masquerade Party at Secret Canyon" by Jeannine Marie Steiner. The book is one psychic woman's personal experiences into the realm of abductions, mind control, and MILAB harassment, and on page 73 she says:

> "On my way back to Ventura, I drove past Pt. Mugu Naval Base. Stopping at the red traffic light, suddenly, in my left ear I got a very loud ringing noise. To a psychic that's a strong warning that means something is very, very wrong. It means red alert. (Ringing in the left ear is a warning and ringing right ear is positive.)

That was interesting to find someone else noting the same thing I've experienced….and who has independently come to the same conclusion as myself as to the meaning of left ear vs. right.

The more you log, the more you can determine for yourself what may be happening with you and what it means. It's all about logging your stuff – I can't stress it enough. Documenting things focuses your awareness, and in doing so you gain more power over your life.

Now, if you can rule out Tinnitus, and you've definitely noted a pattern and meaningful synchronistic timing to your ear tones, then the culprit behind it all might be monitoring, and/or implants. Abductees usually have implants – it's practically a given, for tracking and monitoring purpose. Many times these implants are located deep within their ears (among other areas, such as the base of the skull/cerebellum area, or embedded up in the nose). Implants are used for monitoring and behavior/thought pattern alteration – aka programming. So in this regard, it makes sense why so many of these ear tones occur while having "unusual" thoughts about the "weird" stuff, talking to certain people, or during key times and dates. (Some recent ear tone happenings occurred within a day or two of a conflict erupting with somebody around me in life. I experienced three ear tones in my left ear within a 24 hour period between December 1-2, 2007, which is very unusual. That means something is up on the personal front. And by December 3-4 I was involved in a "hiccup" misunderstanding between myself and a guy that my boyfriend and I have known since about 2005, which had the potential to result in a permanent parting of the ways on negative terms with burnt bridges. In other words: timeline split. This guy is an abductee who runs several websites about UFO/abduction/alien researchers…as well as promoting my website on his various websites, which gives me a lot of

traffic, and is much appreciated. And he also happens to be the target of some heavy duty harassment himself, and it's not the first time that I've gotten ear tones revolving around him. VERY interesting, to say the least. But this is why logging my ear tone occurrences was vital – only after the fact could I look back and see what happened around the time that I got them. In this instance it seemed quite clear why the sudden monitoring going on within a day of our weird misunderstanding and near parting of the ways.)

Another explanation that has been offered up is that the monitoring itself is silent and does not create an audible noise; instead, ear ringings are the body's own **self-generated mechanism** for alerting you that you're being monitored/interfered with. In that case, "right ear" versus "left ear" are actually the body's own **self designated code** to distinguish the different sources and intent behind the monitoring. Both theories make sense to me, and I tend to think both can be happening, depending on the situation. For instance: the ear tones which leave an ear feeling hot and "fried" and the tuning fork hum "gongs" which cause disorientation and dizziness could be a result from the actual physical implant – or even something in a neighboring realm affecting me. And the more benign, painless tones could be the body's own self-generated warning system. And as mentioned earlier, what two years of logging has shown me for my personal situation is that left ear tones are usually more "negative" in nature. They occur typically when other abduction weirdness is going on, if I'm speaking with somebody "unusual," or when somebody says something very pointed and strange to me. My right ear tones are often in relation to specific thoughts I'm thinking or important ideas I'm reading. Sometimes they almost seem to be a confirmation of sorts, especially when it happens when I'm thinking about "spiritual" subjects.

And recently a reader from India emailed me to report that for her: "I've found that there is a large natural calamity (Tsunami, flood, earthquake) about 2-3 days after I hear it." So I thought that was interesting and worth mentioning. Also noted in her email, she doesn't have the abductions thing going on the way I do because she's in India. (The whole MILABs and alien abduction phenomenon seem to be running rampant in America as mentioned earlier.) So for those in other countries where MILABS and alien abductions aren't prevalent, then ear tones may have other meanings.

However, I encourage anybody reading this to research the matter on their own, using their own experiences. I have a friend (the aforementioned guy who runs several websites about abduction stuff) who noticed that for him, left is positive while right is negative. So everybody will be different.

I learned how to utilize my ear tones as a head's up warning system. When they occur in the middle of the night, that's not a good sign. Abductions for me are a middle of the night/early morning occurrence, and so when I've gotten an ear tone at 3 a.m. it usually meant somebody was lookin' for me. ;) Ear tones for me are commonly accompanied by other phenomenon throughout the day, and taken together, everything indicates that "something is up." That's why it's so important to really pay attention to these things and keep a log of your phenomenon, and to pool everything together to see the Big Picture. For example, if you have a day where you experience several meaningful number sightings, some synchronicities/deja vu, and an ear ringing, then that's the universe trying to tell you something. And to discover what it all means you have to start somewhere, and that's **one logged entry at a time.** Then later you can go back over it all and see what was happening on what particular days.

When sleuthing out the patterns, look at everything you can possibly look at. Pay particular attention to the days of the week, the number of the day of the month, the times when things happened…everything. Maybe there's a pattern to when "stuff" is happening to you. There almost always is. And numbers are the best place to start – dates and times. Through documenting my various anomalous phenomenon, I soon learned that my pattern involved the 1st — 3rd of the month, and the 20th — 23rd for abductions.

On a closing note, something that can't be stressed enough here is **the need to not get caught up in crazy paranoia regarding this, and other unusual happenings.** Try your best to view it with an alert, attentive but yet, detached neutrality. When you start wigging out about things your frequency plummets and you become an easy target. "Stuff" loves nothing more than somebody who's freaked out, paranoid, or angry about the things that are happening to them, taking violent swings at empty air in the dark. Not good. If you're being monitored, there's probably not much you can do about it, so just go with it. View your ear tones as a tool, a head's up advantage, a game – not as the enemy. If nothing else at least they make life interesting, and

prove to you that there's a whole lot more to this reality then the mainstream world would have you believe. They help keep you awake and on your toes, paying closer attention to your life than you would have otherwise, which is always a good thing. So, try to maintain a positive, balanced perspective on it all."

Real vs. artificial synchronicities

From my website: (**http://www.in2worlds.net/synchronicities**):

"…if you are someone who experiences ear tones/ringings, deja vus, or frequent number sightings, or if you consider yourself to be an abductee with a lifelong history of the "weird stuff" happening, then it's safe to assume that synchronicity is another occurrence in your life.

"Synchronicities are meaningful coincidences. We all experiences coincidences in our lives, and many of them probably occur by statistical chance. But every so often there are those that are just so pointed and tailored to a particular detail and to something about you, specifically, that you can't dismiss it. When that happens, statistical probability doesn't matter. Throw it out the window. The only thing that matters at that point is whether it has meaning for you. For example, reading a word right as it's said out loud next to you – the more unusual the word, the more it means something; Objects coming your way or crossing your path/field of view that coincide with an idea or theme you have been thinking about, or matching up to something that has personal meaning for you, and so on.

"Synchs are often time multi-layered. Meaning, they happen several at a time, all connecting together in a cluster that can sometimes even connect to other strange happenings around you. I have a term for it all, which I call **lining up.** When you experience several synchs clustered together within a day or a few days' time, then it really can feel like reality is aligning in some way.

"Synchronicities can happen for various reasons. Several of my personal theories include timeline alteration, moving up/shifting up to something higher, messages being conveyed from our higher stuff, and so on."

For an abductee however, synchronicities can also be artificially generated courtesy of their human/alien abductors, and usually done for the purpose of influencing/reinforcing the path the abduction target is taking. For this reason, **it becomes necessary for abductees to learn**

how to differentiate between a natural synch, and one that is being artificially generated for manipulative purposes.

I've experienced both types in life, and several of my own artificially generated synchs were documented in Part II, which perfectly illustrates this concept. The "pen from nowhere", the Joseph license plate frame with the trailer hitch, and then there was another one not mentioned in this write up which had to do with moving to New Mexico. Shortly after arriving in Florida I was already thinking ahead about the possibility of moving to the southwest – specifically, New Mexico. I was driving my car one afternoon near the intersection of Sunrise Boulevard and Federal Highway pondering this, and I looked over and saw that……the next car over from me had a New Mexico license plate. !! Wow! I thought. Synchronicity!! Possibly positively reinforcing the idea of moving there! Then the next day I was telling Tom about this as we drove along the same stretch of Sunrise and Federal Highway, going the other direction this time, at a different time of the day……**and I looked over to find the exact same car, with the New Mexico plate, right next to us**. **Again.** The odds of this are astronomical. Now it just struck me as being creepy, and very suspicious.

In order to decipher what's what, it helps to understand how positive forces operate versus negative ones. And this is a topic that is a bit bigger than the scope of this write up, but I'll summarize a couple of important points here since it's relevant. But the big one to keep in mind is that **positive stuff doesn't use glaring, flashy theatrics designed to "Wow!" you** – that's what the negs do when trying to manipulate people. And it usually works for those naïve types who lack awareness, discernment, and healthy analytical and questioning abilities. Positive stuff also **doesn't use tactics that appeal to the ego,** or that which **advocates fear, paranoia, anger, division,** etc. But the negs do. If stuff's buttering you up and playing on your sense of self importance, or fanning the flames of discord then you can guarantee it's not a positive force at work. Negs are also quite fond of feeding people lines about whatever they feel you'll fall for, whatever your weak spot is, lying, taking credit for things they didn't do, just all around deception. In general, the rule for positive stuff seems to be the **respect of freewill.** They usually wait for you to come to them, not the other way around, they don't force anything on you, and if for some reason they do need to intervene to right a no-no that's occurred, they

seem to like to slip in and out the door being as unobtrusive as possible, not drawing attention to themselves. This is what my research and personal experience has shown me. So, look at everything surrounding a far-fetched unbelievable synch to see how it's playing out in order to determine if it seems positive or negative.

Another thing worth noting about the nature of artificially generated synchs geared toward influencing abductees is that often times**, they may utilize people.** I can only theorize why this would be, but I'm thinking it's because people are easy for "stuff" to work through and manipulate. People are also a more effective tool because they can directly vocalize something to us; we're more apt to sit up and take notice of other people telling us weird, synchronistic things…plain and simple. Human psychology.

On an important side note, if you do experience somebody in your own life taking part in a strange synch, try not to fall down the slippery slope of believing that all the people around you are knowing agents that are "in on it!' trying to get you. I've gotten emails or read message board posts from people who were sliding down that slope, and it's not good. So often, so much of what happens to people is a case of synchronicity, or stuff working *through* people, unknown to them, versus people being knowingly in on some plot.

Try to utilize your intuition and feel out a synchronicity. Artificially generated synchs, for me, have usually felt weird, and even a bit creepy. **They're just too perfect in their timing and execution, too manipulative, and too in-your-face.** They try too hard. If you're an abductee, then you have to be alert and on guard with the events that happen to you in your life. **Not in a paranoid, fearful way, but in a matter-of-fact, aware way.** Don't take things at face value, and even more importantly, don't assume that synchronicities are always reinforcing that you're on the right path, or that a decision/idea is in your best interest. Too often naïve New Ager types steadfastly ignore the idea of negative "stuff," making the mistake of viewing everything through a positive lens. Negative stuff does exist though, and it is out there, trying to exert its influence. Which means not everything is always coming from a positive place, including uncanny in-your-face synchronicities that seem to try to reinforce certain life paths. "Stuff" can easily orchestrate events to try to reinforce something that may actually be detrimental, so always pause to question things and feel things out, and above all else, be discerning.

The paranormal

A secondary characteristic that usually emerges in the life of an abductee is paranormal activity.

While living in Florida in 2002 – 2003, my apartment became a portal you could say. It was similar to what I wrote about in my write up "The Vortex," which appears on my website. "The Vortex" was the apartment I lived in with my brother for a year in SoCal and that was completely inundated with paranormal activity. The activity happening in California was a mix of various things, whereas Florida seemed to directly correlate to abductions, and had a negative alien element/feel to it all.

The front main window in Florida had "something" going on with it, and my cat was attacked in it one night, and almost again on two more occasions. And as I relayed in Part II, I had my "dream" where a (UFO?) craft emanating blue-white light descended outside that particular window and blew it in. Also, the corner next to the front door was a hot spot, causing my cat to jump up as high as she could towards it, repeatedly boinging like a springboard, trying to propel herself up into it…exactly as she used to do with the portal above my doorway in California. She'd jump up, then claw into the wall to try to pull her way up to it, only to slide back down, nails screeching against the wall. Woke up one time in the middle of the night to find a blue-green static-y portal thing in front of the door, same as what I experienced back in "The Vortex." Entity harassers came around a few times, one of them we nicknamed "Ralph the rustling plastic bag" **(you've gotta have a sense of humor about it all, remember…!)** because he was an all black…thing….that would paralyze me into my bed then vigorously shake himself around in my face, making a strange crinkling rustling noise like a plastic bag, trying to terrify me and feed on the fear, I take it. Who knows what he thought he was doing. ;D

There were the times when "stuff" would try to pull me out of my body, also documented in Part II. Another instance where an all black entity entered through the kitchen area, blew through the living room and then disappeared into the front wall/window hot spot area. And still other times when stuff would come around in general, which I would pick up on psychically. There was the occasional weird flashing, where the lighting or the room and surroundings in general

would seem to be flashing very rapidly. Both Tom and I witnessed that on several occasions, so it wasn't just one of us imagining it. And on and on and on. I talk about some of these paranormal instances, especially the entity encounters, more in depth in this write up on my website: **http://in2worlds.net/and-all-the-rest**

During 2002 and into 2003 the apartment had a yucky feel to it. It didn't start out that way when I moved in, but it became that way over time as harassment activity and abductions progressively got worse and worse. I gleaned my bit of very important insight though into the **Fear Frequency** in early 2003, a year after moving in, and that changed everything. My fear stopped, the harassment and paranormal craziness trickled off as a result, and by the time Tom came back to Florida in May of 2003, after supporting his family through some personal issues back home in Iowa, it was like a whole new apartment. I didn't have to do a cleaning on it the way I did to my room in SoCal, described in "The Vortex", but it felt so much cleaner. Very calm. Positive. When Tom came back it was like a fresh start, because all the stuff that had previously been happening before he left was gone. He also had a whole new mindset, and between the two of us, and our new mindsets and awareness and understanding, the apartment remained (relatively) clean. Stuff occasionally did still happen…but it was nothing like before. It was do-able, and it didn't taint the feel of the place.

Paranormal side effects occur in the lives of abductees for several reasons. For starters, it seems the very nature of non-human abductors creates paranormal activity, simply because of who they are. Wherever they go, the paranormal phenomenon as we view it and label it, follows. Also, when you have "stuff" coming and going from your living space, and they're snagging you on a regular basis and keeping an eye on you in general, then that seems to open doorways in your home, allowing other stuff to get through.

I now wonder in looking back over many of the incidents that happened to me in "The Vortex" whether at least some of them were alien in nature. It never occurred to me at the time, but a later re-read of the book "Watchers" by Raymond Fowler detailing the alien abduction happens of Betty Andreasson turned up a mention of glowing little sparkles – seeming to be a near identical match to "the sparklies," as I called them, which infested my room (until I yelled at them to go away!) And then the time when my room had a yellow

tint to it, feeling completely off and wrong (precursoring an attack by a neg entity a day later) - I've since turned up references to "4th density overlays" in 3rd density causing the environment to have a yellow colored tint to it.

But most importantly though is that if an abductee is the target of an active **fear campaign,** then they may find themselves surrounded by these sorts of strange, fear-inducing paranormal happenings. It goes with the territory, because "stuff" sometimes is looking to sink the abductee in life, and to do so relies on a person's negative/fearful/paranoid personal frequency. Think about what happens to people who are immersed in crazy paranormal happenings and harassment. Their effectiveness in life is drastically reduced, and any positive things they could be doing in life to help themselves, and others in the world, is virtually eliminated. Unless that person gains awareness and can snap out of it and put a stop to it, they're effectively removed from the picture. "Another one down! Mmmwwahahahahaha!" And in the meantime, the feeders get an all-you-can-eat buffet out of the deal.

Right now as I type this in Virginia, we have none of that stuff happening anymore. I had been taking that for granted in fact, until writing this section forgetting how it used to be. As far as I can tell, we still have abductions occurring, but none of the paranormal and anomalous happenings that have typically gone with it in the past. When you're aware and know exactly what to do and what mindset to adopt, they don't bother. There's nothing for them to latch onto. [**On a funny side note**, as I was typing that last paragraph, we experienced a power surge…three power glitches in a row. That's never happened in the year and a half we've lived in this apartment. (and a 2010 post side note – it's never happened since.) It could be "just a coincidence," but really, what are the odds. And the number three has often been noted as an announcement marker of non-human intelligences, whether it's three knocks, or what have you. So, I took it as a funny little reminder, that "Hello…we're still here…" And the fact that "something" is around and aware of us in order to respond so instantaneously to something I was typing, but yet, isn't kicking up a stink anymore says something, to me anyway.]

The "Chosen Ones"

Alien souls incarnating on a mission, or mind control?

Abductees will often feel as is they're here on a "mission," with an agenda to accomplish, and that they are different in some way. Some even feel as if they have to help save the world, that's how strong the urge is that drives them. I've experienced the feeling of having a mission and something important to accomplish ever since I was a kid, and this knowing that I'm not like everybody else, and I'm not here to have the life of a normal person. It was something that was always there, right under the surface.

Some people even take it to the point of believing that they're not from Earth, they're alien souls in human bodies - Wanderers, Star Seeds, Indigos, and various other labels that are floating around on the internet and in books. So what's going on with this? Are we really here on a mission? Are there really alien souls in human bodies right now? Is this just programming, designed to mess with abduction targets? Or is it both, depending?

1. Incarnation goals

In my opinion, it seems that positively oriented souls do arrive here from other realms with an intended goal or plan, with something they'd like to contribute to the world, adding their little bit to the pile to help shape and influence the outcome of life here on planet Earth during these times. I myself don't go around proclaiming to people that I'm an "ET soul," yet, I definitely feel as if I'm here to do something big - I can't just be some normal person content to live out their life and die. And I can easily see myself having existed as non-human beings on other planets. So one possibility is that this feeling could indeed tie into being here on a "Star Seed mission."

However, even if I have incarnated elsewhere, as other types of beings, I don't identify with being an "alien" as many of these supposed Star Seeds do, and I don't mentally reject being human, here on Earth. (For some though it gets taken to that level.) So another possibility is that this mission/drive could be a general all around incarnational goal, their life plan as a human soul, if nothing else.

2. *Programming*

But then there's the possibility that some people have been programmed to feel special and different because it's serving somebody else's agenda, such as MILABS projects, or New Age disinformation ("crystal children," "starseeds" "indigos" "rainbows" etc.) If one realizes that they are a MILAB, or an alien abductee in general, then they need to look very closely at their beliefs about being non-human, special, different, here on a mission, "chosen," and so on. Especially memories they may have that are associated with this belief. Mind control programming is apparently very vivid and believable and yes, quite effective on many. I don't mean to throw a wrench in the works for people, but for those who can acknowledge that they are an alien abductee or MILAB, **then it becomes imperative to question everything one thinks they believe or know about themselves,** because the fact is, "they" are programming people, and "they" are experimenting on people, playing them like lab rats.

In the book "Taken" by Dr. Karla Turner, she even gets into this:

> "Ten days later, Angie recalled another abduction, but this one differed dramatically from the previous encounters. […} Inside the van, Angie saw bench seats, carpet, and a large control panel. The other men entered, and Angie wondered if they belonged to some military group.
>
> "Are you all with the Army, Air Force, Navy or Marines," she inquired.
>
> The oldest man replied, but she was beginning to have a hard time understanding everything he said. She thought he said the group belonged to an organization called "High Shelf" which worked mainly in "special underground stations." **He also told her that she and other "Chosen Ones" were part of a mind-control project,** to "carry instructions and temperance, via thought transference" to other people." – "***Taken,"*** pages 157-158

Targets who are long term investments in various MILABS programs would in then fact be "special" and "chosen" and "different." For that reason they really are here to do something….**for MILABS black projects, that is.**

There's also the idea of taking people who genuinely are here on a higher level positive soul mission and derailing them into believing that it really is all just mind control programming, and nothing more. Get them re-routed and sidetracked away from realizing who they really are.

On a side note, in the 2005 sci-fi movie "The Island," the clones in the cloning facility receive some heavy doses of mind control programming while growing and forming in their pods. And one of the big programming commands was to be repeatedly told that they're special….they've been chosen….they're special….they've been chosen… While we're not clones on an island (at least….I don't think we are….! ;) You never know though of course….) just the idea that a movie featured mind control programming based on getting targets to believe that they're special, different and "chosen" of all things was very interesting in light of what I've been pondering in this book. I think there's lots of bits of truth tucked into fiction movies.

Now this doesn't mean that all people who believe/feel themselves to be alien, special, different and here on a mission are programmed, but, some certainly may be. In Part II I mentioned what seems to be a dream of an abduction memory where I was being told of my "reptilian genetics." Yet the fact that I was clearly lying on an exam table under a light, being told this fact by a hypnotic male voice while having some sort of hallucination of little gecko lizards pouring out of my chest doesn't exactly lend credence to the idea. But it's very interesting that "something" wanted me to believe this about myself. Getting a target to believe they're part Reptilian, Gray, or some sort of non-human entity in general when they're actually not can serve a variety of negative, manipulative purposes. So if you've ever had similar ideas, then ask yourself this:

- **How long have you felt this way?** Is it as long as you can remember? Or did it begin around a certain age? If so, what age? Can you pinpoint the exact time or moment that it began?

- **What effect did the belief have on you?** Has it changed the way you go about your life in any way, and if so, how? Has it altered your personality? What effects, if any, has it had on your relationships with other people? Has it been positive, negative, or neutral?

- **Are there groups or activities that you're involved with as a result of this belief that you wouldn't have been involved with otherwise?** If so, again, what are the effects of these activities/groups on you, your life, and your personal relationships? Is it positive, negative, or neutral?

These are important questions to ask for anybody who has found themselves convinced that they may be an alien hybrid or special chosen alien soul on a mission of some sort, apart from the rest of humanity. Take a moment to think about what a belief like that could do. Getting the target to identify with their abductors, and identify with their traits is one thing, for starters. "We're part of the same team…we're on your side, and **you're one of us."** Also, if the target is somebody who was working for "the good guys" doing positive things in life, it can be a form of sabotage to derail them, get them relating to "the bad guys" instead.

Something I have to wonder is: **Before the big New Age movement of the 20th century and all the black ops mind control projects, did people still go around believing that they were aliens in human form?** The military/government has had a hand in shaping and influencing the modern New Age movement. With that in mind you have to wonder then if "they" are the ones who are behind creating these ideas and labels in the first place, as part of some sort of experimentation of sorts, where people are messed with and programmed to see what "they" can get them to believe.

The kicker for me is that I once experienced a supposed pre-incarnational memory where I was apparently not human, and coming here on a mission (which I'll get into in a moment), and I also do believe that there is a hybrid breeding program going on in the population, and that this planet has been hijacked by non-human entities. So I can totally accept the idea of hybrids and non-human incarnations on other planets, but the way New Agers typically approach the subject has always rubbed me the wrong way. There seems to be a lot of manipulated disinfo bunk going on. So possibly another angle is that the infiltration into these New Age/metaphysical movements has been to distort what are actually some valid concepts, leading the herd astray. So many possibilities! One has to do a lot of careful unraveling when analyzing what may really be going on.

Then there's the subject of the military/government's involvement in tracking those children who have been labeled by their parents as "Indigos" and one of the "new gifted children." No surprise, but the government has a keen interest in children with exceptional mental and psychic abilities, as evidenced by the declassified government documents detailing their mind control experimentation over the decades. Get the New Age parents scoping their children's talents, slapping labels on them and announcing it to the world on the internet and symposium gatherings, doing the brunt of the talent scouting work so the government doesn't have to. Pretty clever. I didn't come up with this theory though, this is a word of caution I've seen from various people.

In summary I'll leave off with the aforementioned anecdote regarding a pre-incarnational mission memory. It happened one morning in early 2005, right after waking as I was laying in my bed. I had a spontaneous image where I could feel myself in the middle of a group of beings, getting ready to come here. We were not human it seemed. It was a big blur of whoooooosh motion as we took off. And we were definitely on a warrior type mission, something we signed up to do you could say. The whole feeling behind it was like the blast of a triumphant trumpet. It was also telepathically conveyed to me that this mission was the reason I've had protection in this life.

Yet I can't just take this as a face value memory, because again, if I can admit in one breath that I've been abducted, used and programmed, then I just cannot accept this as being my truth. Maybe as time goes on I'll tap into something that will give me some real and valid insight into "who I am" in the bigger scheme of things, why I'm here and how I came to get here, but until then, I can't just automatically believe this. But I know that MILAB targets have similar stories to this, and many people out there would just automatically believe something like this, without exercising any sort of discernment. And yet…I have my own personal proof for why this vision would actually be true, various tidbit stories that do confirm this but which I won't sidetrack onto here. So who really knows.

Now, saying that it were true, in a mundane life, something like this can be a welcome ego boost and something to spice things up. In fact, later when I pendulum dowsed it I had a bit of the ego wank going on, I admit it ;) For my line of questioning regarding the protection I have, I asked if it was because I'm a more advanced,

higher up soul? Got a loud NO. Is it because I'm special, you know, like higher up than other souls? (notice my inability to get away from that line of questioning. :D) NO. No? huh. (admitted disappointment. Who doesn't want to think they're special, right? haha) Is it just because of what I signed up to do then? YES. That's it? YES. Oh. So basically anybody who signed up to do that then would get the protection? YES. Oh, okay. Got it. It's part of the package. Sign up for such-and-such job, you automatically get the full coverage insurance. ;) But it's not due to be being "special" and "better."

So either something is programming targets to believe mind controlled delusions for various agendas, or, people are being honed in on and abducted because they really are different, and as such, they attract attention to themselves. As always I say…take your pick. I think it can be a mix of both, depending on the person involved.

Abduct me and make me feel special!

In 2006 we were watching a DVD of hypnotist/author/speaker Dolores Cannon giving a talk at a UFO symposium, and one of the things that really jumped out at me was a particular anecdote she relayed. She has what she calls the "thems" (aliens it seems) who will sometimes speak to her through her various hypnotized clients, and one of the big revelations that was relayed to her by "them" was that they are specially selecting people to abduct and genetically upgrade – increasing their DNA strands, and tweaking them overall to be a part of the aliens' master plan for a new Earth, and new people. Dolores recounted how she had been telling the audience this revelation at a previous conference, and how some guy in the audience had piped up with, "Where can I sign up!" She chuckled as she relayed this to her current audience, and the overall implication was that this alien revelation is real, and it's a good thing, and there are definitely people out there who'd love to sign up for this and team up with the aliens.

Now, I really enjoy the works of Dolores Cannon and recommend several of her books on my website, I think she's a great author, but when I heard that I was like, AHHH! NO! slapping my forehead with my hand. It's a huge mistake that many people make, and make for all the wrong reasons. The idea of being one of the selected few who gets chosen to have special DNA upgrades by the God-like aliens is **appeal**

to the ego, as well as **relinquishing your power to something outside of yourself.**

If a person has a mundane life though this can be quite exciting – and that's understandable. Many abductees get a kick out of being targeted, because it sets them apart from others, it makes their life interesting and different, and some do go as far as to believe they must be special as a result of it all. And there's really nothing that can be said to a person who's in that mindset. They have to figure it out on their own, in their own way, for their own reasons. Can they be content to find excitement and stimulation in other, everyday ways, and not rely on their aliens and abductions to provide that kick? A person can still be apart from the herd and carve out a nice little independent, free-thinking niche for themselves in this reality without relying on their alien/military abductions to provide that for them.

And we definitely don't need aliens helping us to evolve via nifty little upgrades. They are not God or the Creator Source, and they're definitely not something we need to be submissively subservient to, giving ourselves up to them. A person is not going to be better than their neighbor or co-worker for having been specially selected for supposed DNA upgrades. If anything, they are now the alien's little puppet, as I call it, their guinea pig personal property. How can that be a good thing?? Well, unless of course they believe the abductors are good and God-like and that we somehow need them to improve us.

And then there's the fact that aliens that abduct and tinker with you are aliens that also lie, to put it bluntly. They'll tell you whatever you want to hear and whatever you want to believe if it means you'll willingly let them keep abducting you. We don't know what we're signing up for or what we've just given ourselves over to. So just because they're aliens doesn't make them better than us, God-like…or even truthful.

And not only that, **but it may not actually be aliens that we're dealing with**. Now there's a thought. What if it's a screen memory? What if it's human black-ops military factions doing the abducting and programming, convincing one to believe that they're dealing with happy little Grays from Zeta Reticuli? There the target is, willingly giving themselves up to them, "Choose *me!* Upgrade me! Make me better and special!" and "they" meanwhile, are programming with drugs and hypnosis and laughing their asses off as they do it. **This**

apparently happens. This seems to be what's going on for many people, unfortunately. So, something to keep in mind.

Because abductions are so shadowy and covert, and because we can't fully know or trust what we're actually dealing with, it's in my opinion that we should just say no to ALL abductions. Turn your back. Walk away. Truly positive forces are available to you whenever you need…**who don't have a need for abductions, empty promises and flashy theatrics.**

"Just Say No!" to Stockholm Syndrome

With female MILAB targets something I've come across a few times was the mentality of hoping that these guys who are taking them actually care about them in some way and that some of them are actually trying to help them out. Way back at the beginning of things I had wondered the same thing myself, so I can understand how people (and the women especially) would hope that this is the case. It reminds me of a version of Stockholm Syndrome, when captive hostages begin sympathizing with their captors. It's not always easy facing the reality that one is being used and abused, and it's more reassuring to think that whoever these "people" are that deep down some part of them does like you and cares about you. Somehow it makes it "okay," like you have these powerful people or forces on your side that other people don't have. "Yeah, they sometimes do bad things to me, but, don't at least a *few* of them care about me? Don't a few of them like me and want to help?!?"

This mindset is dangerous, as it gets a person to concede to whatever is happening to them. I don't normally tell people what they "should" be doing, but this would be one of those rare exceptions. (the other exception is me going on record very bluntly stating that I feel people should NOT invite the idea of "alien" abductions into their lives, and should reject the idea of alien saviors, as mentioned in the previous section.) In this case I feel like it would be better for people to face the music and assume the worst case scenario - that these guys are totally using and abusing you, and not one of them has the least bit of sympathy for you and nobody in their group is going to step up to the plate to "help" you in some way. So don't look to them as being any sort of potential force on your side. This goes for MILAB targets, and people dealing with aliens and their half human hybrids. It's one of

those times when a black/white, all or nothing viewpoint is going to serve somebody better than risking a slippery slope into Stockholm Syndrome territory.

There's also the programmed "lalala!" response that one can get despite being faced with some glaring evidence of nefarious happenings. I've had that as well. You just feel like it doesn't bother you, *shrug.* You're aware of it…but you feel like you're okay with it. But the question is, is that the real you feeling that, or is it something making you feel that way?

For me all I need to do is look at what my reaction was during that one "dream"/memory snippet where I found myself face to face with a Gray robotoid and actually *not* under their control for once. Rage. And the one stony faced white woman in the white coat with her hair pulled back that I've seen in at least one abduction memory snippet as well as two "dreams." More rage. Or the memory flash where I was flat on my back on a table under lights, seeming as if I was in a (drugged/hypnotic) daze, while several guys surrounded me, leering and jeering at me, scratching under my chin. Alarm. Those are the emotions that clue a person into what the real deal is with all this, versus whatever the programming tries to make one feel. Everybody's going to be different, but I know that some of these MILAB women who may start to sympathize with their harassers have their own share of negative memory snippets, "dreams" or bodily indicators showing them the true nature of what's going on with them. That's what a person needs to remember, and use that to push back against the programming.

Savoring the attention

Relating to all of this is repeating pattern I've noticed amongst some supposed gang stalking targets. I wrote an article about gang stalking **http://in2worlds.net/gangstalking-and-targeted-individuals** so I've received a fair share of emails from people over the past couple of years relating to the subject. And something I've noticed is that there are actually some people who, whether they're willing to admit it or not, don't really want the targeting to stop. For these types, their emails never mention anything having to do with **solutions, empowerment, or brainstorming on ways to get harassment to diminish, or stop completely.** They don't express any interest in

trying to find **true understanding behind why this is happening and how it works.** Rather, for them it's just about finding a captive audience for their drama, and going in self absorbed circles, along with various manipulations to try to hook me in as a feeding source. Deep down, they apparently like being a victim. They give off a surface appearance of wanting things to stop with all this "indignation"……but their actions (or rather, lack thereof) and the things they say indicate otherwise.

Not too long ago I came across a link on Rense.com relating to gang stalking, and in skimming through the readers' comments at the end of the piece, one comment really jumped out at me. I couldn't read any further after seeing it. It was one commentator attacking/defending against another commentator saying, near identical paraphrase, "**If you don't have this happening to you then it's because you're not important!**" Then kind of waving them off, telling them to "**go back to your insignificant life!**"

!!!!!

You're not important. Your life is insignificant. Why? **Because you aren't the specially chosen few being gang stalked and targeted.** Now, what was I saying again about the ego wank of it all? The way in which supposed victims often feel special for having been singled out? Drama and intrigue. A way to spice up an existence that would otherwise be boring and hum drum. Conversations being listened in on, finding oneself tailed and monitored. "I'm special. I'm so interesting that people want to devote all their attention to *me.*" So do we really think that a person who would indicate that the targeting makes them "significant" and "important" is actually going to look for ways to get this to *stop?* Do we even need to answer that question?

Not all targets have this mentality, and I've conversed with ones who are all about finding solutions and being empowered (my favorite types, the ones who are truly legit, in my opinion). But some clearly do have the "I secretly like the attention" mindset, and I was able to pick that up in a number of the emails I've received from people, analyzing how they talk in their writing, and what they do or don't say and talk about. It was very evident, although I don't think they even realized it about themselves. I even lamented in my gang stalking article about people emailing me to fill me in on all their gang stalking drama, but never taking even one step to get it to stop. One woman in particular mentioned in her email being closely followed down the

sidewalk by supposed harassers who were following her all over the place. (among other activity.) I read that and made a face and shook my head and thought, "That's what pepper spray is for." I don't understand this at all. I've had pepper spray on my keychain since a non-gang stalking related incident in Fort Lauderdale. And I wouldn't hesitate to use it if need be. Everything else about this woman's writing tone indicated a drama queen who was clearly getting off on all the attention, and had no intentions on trying to get things to stop, so really, no surprise there that she wasn't looking into self defense. And as noted, she wouldn't be the only one like that, unfortunately. This is just something I wanted to put out there.

The Big Boys with their Alien Toys

As the reader has probably already figured out for themselves, whatever is going on in my situation is a confusing mess. There have clearly been humans involved in my abductions, and yet, the technology they're utilizing is nothing that the mainstream public is aware of. And the way events are being orchestrated is **beyond time**, to put it simply, something that only non-human intelligences are supposed to be capable of. Or so we thought. So what's going on here? How can this be? Researchers only rarely talk about military abductions, let alone human/military factions that are acting like aliens. And it's exactly the reason I have had such difficulty in getting answers for my personal situation. We're usually presented with a black and white version of who's behind abductions – it's either regular old human military agents who are technologically on par with the rest of the public, or, it's super God-like aliens. Period. Take your pick.

X! Try again. What I've been seeing are **super God-like humans doing stuff that only aliens are supposed to be capable of.** However when I've pendulum dowsed my abduction situation on several occasions I've gotten some unusual answers. When I asked, "Am I being abducted by human military?" fully expecting the loud "Yes" and already mentally moving on to the next question, the answer instead came back as...."Maybe."

?? I thought. "Maybe" for me means keep digging, there's more to this then just simply yes or no. So then I asked, "Am I being abducted

by aliens?" And got another maybe. Maybe?? I thought. What does it mean, *maybe?* It can only be humans or aliens...right? What is this weird wrench in the works! I asked again and got the same Maybes. hmm. Finally at a loss for why it wasn't black and white yes/no, and not sure where else to go with this line of questioning, I finally thought to ask, "Am I being taken by *hybrids*??"

And I got a very clear YES. And I've gotten a clear yes every time I asked that question afterwards.

For starters, there's always the big possibility that pendulum dowsing is nonsense and it means nothing at all. But *if* it's valid, then this answer can mean different things. While one possibility is that yes, I'm being taken by literal "alien/human genetic hybrids", a secondary meaning could be human military spooks utilizing alien technology with alien buddies. So, **an operation that is a "hybrid" of the two sides.**

There's a reason I've gone around in my life and on the internet saying that the set up of this reality, and the things they want us to believe are lies. There are government/military factions running around out there completely removed from the mainstream government. They have technology we're supposed to think doesn't exist. I know this because of the things I've seen, which aren't supposed to be possible according to the accepted laws of reality on the surface civilian world of the sheep herd. Meanwhile, we the public are still driving around in metal boxes on rubber wheels and flying in the same-old combustible engine driven aluminum tubes, completely immersed in personal dramas, entertainment fluff, and illusory world strife that serves to distract us. There are clearly two worlds – or more – happening, and they've successfully got about 95% of the population herded very tightly into one reality option.

What researchers know from experience and by talking to abductees is that the military has the ability to beam messages via microwaves/ELF waves at people, as well as being able to communicate to a target via their implant(s), creating that "voices in the head" phenomena. This technology is old news in fact, going back decades. I myself believe I witnessed what appeared to be a "beam me up" laser, as well as having personal experiences where it seemed as if I was plunked back into bed very suddenly from someplace else. And "somebody" was quietly moving about my apartment in Florida, barely disguised with some sort of cloaking technology. This is all

pretty far out there stuff, but yet still relatively easy for the brain to digest, and all quite plausible when you stop and ponder it.

But then what about when we get to the areas involving reality manipulation, time manipulation, and synchronicities?? Those are concepts that the brain doesn't have such an easy time trying to decipher and seems beyond the range of human capability. If that infamous "pen from nowhere" back in Portland mentioned in Part II really was what I think it was, then how is that possible? That's literally like somebody was sitting behind a curtain that separated my reality from theirs, and was able to reach into this reality and alter it from behind the scenes, so to speak. But…behind the scenes *where?* Where is "behind the scenes"?

This is the point where people begin to think it has to be the aliens, but again, I've had experiences that show humans being intricately involved in these activities. Aliens don't speak with sarcastic human male voices and toss around very human writing instruments. And that's when it's time to face the music – there are human elements on this planet who can do these things, and it doesn't matter what the media, schools and "Powers That Be" tell you about who's who and what's what here on Earth…there's a whole reality going on right under our noses, and we're purposely being shielded from it. That shielding is exactly how they can keep doing what they're doing. We're still driving around on those metal boxes with rubber wheels, mind you – but do you think that's all The Powers That Be are capable of? If all those reports over the decades of alien contact are real, then why wouldn't the two sides have joined forces? There's always that possibility though that humans got there on their own, in which case, it's highly likely that some snazzy high level physicists have been spirited away to work for the government black ops and to develop teleportation technology, time travel, realm and time manipulation, and the like. It seems possible and highly likely, considering that the Navy was experimenting with invisibility and time holes…during WWII, with their Philadelphia Experiment. And that was 70 years ago. 70+ years from 1944 should put us into some pretty advanced technological territory.

The only problem is…what we're seeing here on the good old surface world is relative **stagnation**. Most people aren't noticing this though. Because their cell phone models become more refined and car bodies get slightly tweaked and we have more distraction tactic techno

gadgets to play with, we're supposedly "progressing." ;) Keep in mind that electronic swipe cards and flat screen computer monitors - just to name a couple of relatively recent technological "advancements" - were old hat to the secret military factions…decades ago. When you do the research into military abductions you'll find abductees describing these yet-to-be-invented technologies during abductions that took place many years ago.

It's been said that "They" are 30 years ahead in their technology versus what the public is **allowed** to know. 30 is a low estimate I think, the number is probably a lot higher. It's also one of those oft-quoted sayings, which makes it suspicious. It's a bit silly to even try to make estimates about where the technology timeline is really at when we the public are missing most of the story. What I've experienced/understood about this secret technology has led me to seriously question just how far behind we, the general population, have been held back, and how much reality has been manipulated to keep us asleep and out of the loop. What's actually going on here on this planet anyway? It really reminds me of the scene in "The Matrix" when Morpheus tells Neo, **"You believe it's the year 1999, when in fact it's closer to 2199. I can't tell you exactly what year it is because we honestly don't know."** So while it may be 2006, the fact is the mainstream public is being held down, held back, and kept out of the loop of progress, which in effect creates a distortion about where/when we really are. "Stuff" has gone on without us, and they don't want to bring the common riff raff along with them. ;) And actually I can understand that, I'm just neutrally bringing this fact to people's attention if they haven't already figured it out for themselves.

An interesting thing that I've also noticed is how many average people believe that if this secret government technology and these other layers of reality existed, well, they (Joe Average) would certainly know about it, right? The fact that they haven't heard about it and don't know about it means it plain old just doesn't exist, and that the rest of us who say differently are quite obviously crazy. Well, not to burst their bubble, but honestly…who is this Joe Average to "them"? Nobody. So why does Joe Average think they would – or should – know about it? The slave owner doesn't report to his slaves. It's the other way around. But the surface world has done a lot to pump up so many people's egos and confidence, making people think that they're somebody special and important because the media tells them so

twenty times a day, and also because they may even have a lot of money, a special title, a big house and three or four cars and a stock portfolio. It creates confident know-it-alls with highly inflated egos who believe they should - and would - be aware of such things. In truth, they're still an ant like the rest of us, despite their money, titles, houses and cars. Just a rich, glorified ant with a few more privileges. That's all. And they're still going to be out the loop about what's really going on here on Planet Earth, whether their ego can handle hearing that or not. And for the rest of us who have discovered that something is amiss, we only know about it because we stumbled onto it accidentally due to being abductees. Otherwise we wouldn't have a clue about it either.

It's not an easy topic to address, as it sounds very pessimistic and negative. But I put it out there in a matter-of-fact way. (And to clarify – when I refer to us as ants I'm not implying that we're forever destined to be powerless drones at the mercy of higher forces. Humans have boundless potential that most of us never realize or tap into. But as long as we continue to not realize who we are and not tap into our potential, then yes, we will continue to be ants. The biggest part of not realizing "who we are" involves us behaving as disempowered victims, which is discussed in other areas of this book.)

The biggest obstacle in overcoming the confusion surrounding my abductions was realizing this very simple fact – there are human military/government factions utilizing what we would consider to be alien technology, doing things that would really stretch a few brains. So either they managed to get there on their own, or, they had a little help from their alien friends and are now working side by side with them. So which one is it?

End Notes

It's now 2010 as I work on this revised version of Chasing Phantoms and a lot has changed for me since the initial writing of this in 2006. First and foremost I'm no longer the exact same person I used to be. It's been only four years but in a lot of ways it feels like it's been more than double that. There are reasons for this, which I won't sidetrack onto, but part of it is just the natural aging process and the knowledge and subdued personality that goes with it. Secondly, and

just as important, is that so much of what used to happen in my life no longer does. This was already the case in 2006 when I first wrote this book, which I mentioned in the "Paranormal" section, but it's even more so now. Overt weirdness erupted in my life starting in 2000 with "The Vortex" back in California, **http://in2worlds.net/the-vortex** followed me to Portland, Oregon, then on into Florida full force, and then began trickling off after we moved to Virginia in late 2004. Random things happened throughout 2005-2007, but as the years wore on it all began to seem like a distant memory. That's why by this point in 2010 it's gotten easy to slip into complacency, and even doubt, about the weird "MILAB" type of circus diversion – and even the more subtle, weird reality happenings - that used to make up my daily life. In reading back through my old log books while compiling this update I've been struck by all the more subtle woo-woo that used to go on back then as well, not just the overt circus diversion. It's stuff I don't even bother to get into because it's not necessarily related to the subject of MILABS and mind control. It's just strange and impossible reality happenings indicating a **fluid realm** you could say, and reality not being what it seems to be, which can follow certain people around. I may add them to my other book, "….And all the rest. Miscellaneous Stories of the Weird and Unusual."

It doesn't mean absolutely nothing ever happens anymore. I still get the occasional strange bruise on my body, and then sometimes parasitic neg entities trying to manipulate moods/thoughts, which have to be removed. But other than that, it's all very dull I must say. Under the radar. No circus diversion. No impossible reality happenings and fluid realms. What is the reason for this change? Why has the overt harassment and fluid realms phenomenon not continued to plague my life as it does for so many people? There's a few possibilities offhand. For one, there's the fact that there are different groups doing different things to different people. So not everybody will be the same in terms of what is happening to them, obviously. Some may do worse things than others, some may give it up more easily, I don't know. There's also the fact that the targets themselves are different, and so what's "allowed" for one may not be "allowed" for another. Everybody's here for different reasons, with different soul backgrounds, and not all of us are going in the same direction, so that has to be factored in for why the rules of the game are different for certain people. And there's also the idea that certain areas

of the country seem more susceptible to stuff than others. California, and especially Oregon and Florida, seemed to be far more unstable and susceptible than where we currently live in central Virginia. (though they certainly wouldn't be the only vulnerable locations in this country, as already mentioned earlier in this book.) So location can't be ignored either. Some places are very "vortex-y" and glitchy.

And yet another possibility, which was brought to my attention by my boyfriend Tom was the idea of sun cycles and its effects on the way our planet functions. A possible link that I never would have noticed was that at the height of our Florida weirdness in 2002-2003, the sun spot cycle was hitting a maximum period, with all kinds of crazy solar flare activity happening. X class level flares were being thrown off the sun left and right, it was nuts. This certainly may have played its part in why reality was more fluid and glitchy back then, and why paranormal activity was able to seep through so much easier. The trickling off of woo-woo activity coincided with our move away from Florida, our personal frequencies changing drastically….and the solar cycle going into an extended sleep mode. So it's hard to tell which factor was exerting the most influence on things. Maybe it was all three.

Ultimately I think the major part of it was the personal mindset frequency shift that was emphasized throughout this book. **Things happen to targets when it gets a rise out of them, makes them paranoid, or even cripples their personality.** Things give it up when a target laughs with manic giddy glee and genuinely think it's funny. I feel like it's safe to definitively conclude this now beyond any doubt. By the end of our time in Florida Tom and I were able to stop most things that had been happening just by changing our vibes alone, and that was despite the susceptibility of that area. If you don't care and aren't responding, if you aren't even noticing and paying attention to most of what stuff is doing, and if you're not scared when you do notice, then "stuff" has no choice but to give it up and move on to somebody who *does* notice, and *does* react.

Yet……..the other part of me has also wondered whether "stuff" doesn't just "let" me believe that I had any part in my life settling down and returning to normal. "Yeah, sure, that's right, you actually did something to change the outcome of things. Yup, it's all you. bwwahahahahahhaha!" (condescending pat on the head.) :D When I was originally writing about this in the "Paranormal" section back in

2006 our power glitched three times in a row in the middle of me typing, as if saying, "Hello, we're still here. We haven't gone anywhere." But I do see evidence for all those times when stuff seemed to stop the second I changed my internal reactions. As overly simplified as that seems, maybe that's really all it takes. Even John Keel talked about this, as referenced in his telling quote earlier in this book.

So sure, maybe something is just "letting" me think that I had some part in things, or…..maybe it really is like that one dream I had back in 2006 or so. Where "they" were chasing me all around, trying to catch up to me and get me, only to discover that when they finally caught up to me we were both phased out of each other's frequency. I'd changed too much and now they couldn't do what they wanted to do with me anymore.

*****

And on a final note I want to say that this book is my personal experiences, as well as my thoughts and theories on what basically amounts to an overwhelming amount of information that one must sort through when trying to get to the bottom of what's going on in this reality. As a result certain things may be off base, which I fully realize. (Considering what we're up against it's amazing anybody can manage to get anything right at all.) I'm sure I'm wrong about something somewhere, so if you find something you don't agree with then use it as a catalyst for seeking out your own conclusions. Everybody has their pieces of the puzzle, and I don't profess to have the puzzle figured out in full, not by a long shot. But that's why this book has grown and evolved since its first incarnation back in July of 2006, because along the way I've gathered up more pieces.

I don't want to be wrong - not because of ego, but rather because I'd like to be able to help people, so the less wrong I am, the better I can accomplish that. And so the perfectionistic side of me is inclined to not want to put anything out at all if some part of it is going to be inaccurate or if I don't have all the answers. However I also realize that to not put anything out at all is even worse than putting out something that may have some wrong bits in it. So, here we are. If more insights and revelations come in I'll keep revising and adding to this book, as always…..

Appendix

In early versions of the book I used to have an Appendix, where I attempted to outline what my family and early life was like. This was because I realized that a lot of readers are going to be wondering about the rest of my background. What were the parents like? Are they aware of the weird stuff? What was the childhood like? What about my brother Joe? How did he become what he later became? What's the deal??

Unfortunately I was never able to do the story any justice (in my opinion) and in the end decided to yank the whole thing. But in short the previous version discussed my empty mother whose behavior over the years disintegrated into verbal/emotional/physical abuse and whom I've purposely had no relationship with for 20 years now. Often times she behaved like a hostile, mildly cognitively impaired five or six year old trapped in an adult's body. I've gotten feedback from some readers saying that when they read the earlier Appendix they were "gobsmacked" or got "wound up" in an agitated way about the things that I described about my mom. The anecdotes were endless, and just when you thought it couldn't get crazier, it did. She behaves like a caricature. It's so far out into left field as to be almost unbelievable. (hmm…"the experiment"? Makes me wonder…) She wasn't a monster all the time, in fact she could drift along for periods at a time in this bland kind of empty state where she was relatively okay, for the most part, even being "happy." (though she still wasn't emotionally bonded with me and Joe even during these times, there was always an arm's length detachment.) Then she'd switch. Bland...hateful. Bland…hateful. In later years as she disintegrated the hateful periods were also accompanied with full on rampages.

The closest description I've come across that fits her is **Borderline Personality Disorder.** She was diagnosed by a psychiatrist when I was 17 as having a "personality disorder," but Borderline is the one that fits the most as I'd come to discover in my research. In one particular book I've come across, "Understanding the Borderline Mother: Helping Her Children Transcend the Intense, Unpredictable and Volatile Relationship" by Christine Ann Lawson, the author divides Borderline mothers into four main archetypal groups, and the one that she terms "The Queen" was the most spot-on for my mother, whose primary

state is emptiness and treats her kids as personal servants and who can never be pleased; along with "The Witch," who is hateful and goes on abusive rampages; and a dash of the paranoid, delusional, secretive "Hermit" thrown in there as well. The author had examples of the kinds of verbally abusive things that the Borderline mothers will say to her kids – usually one child in particular that she's singled out to be her target - and they were exact quotes my mom had said to me. The author also noted very specific types of behaviors that Borderline mothers will engage in, which were identical to my mom as well. It actually made me gasp out loud when I was flipping through the book at Barnes and Noble. It was like the author was a fly on our wall growing up. So if anybody out there has a crazy abusive Borderline mother – get this book. If nothing else it'll at least validate your experiences.

So yes, there's a reason I have zero relationship with her. It's a very unusual situation, as most people don't cut off contact with their own mothers, let alone do so when they're still young. But as a result of her increasingly abusive and mentally unstable behavior over the years I had no choice, and we had no bond anyway. We already had no bond by the time I was only six years old, and by the age of nine I was wishing to be out on my own, away from her and declaring that I hated her in my diary. By age ten I was already proclaiming to one of my friends at school that as soon as I could get away from her when I was older I would never talk to her again. Forget by the time I was a teen and how I felt about things then. I never internalized her treatment, thinking the problem was me the way a lot of kids do, I always knew it was her without a second hesitation, and knew that I needed to get away from her. I had a strong sense of self, feeling like an adult in a kids' body who knows better, so it pissed me off to have to be subjected to her.

And then I had a very real (unlike my mom), but also very damaged and flawed dad who in the end slipped under the waves, choosing oblivion. (In many ways he fits Christine Lawson's archetypal dad description of "The Fisherman," who lets the crazy abusive "Witch" mother wear the pants and just looks the other way and doesn't protect his kids, combined with the "Huntsman," the hardworking, ethical provider who emotionally distances himself from his family and also fails to protect his kids from the mother.) But we'll get more into him in a short bit.

And as far as my brother Joe goes…I wouldn't even know where to begin. I compiled a write up for myself to document his story and what happened there, but that's not for public consumption. A lot of it would actually be considered boring for most, as it's basically a sister's sentimental tribute to her kid brother. And then for the stuff that people would find exciting, involving his many – *many* – instances of cop dodging and criminal mayhem (or outright getting arrested) it's material that I don't want to put out there for the public. I have a "reader's digest condensed version" background on Joe that can be found at the beginning of my "Vortex" write up, so I'll just refer people to that if they're interested to hear a little more about him. **http://in2worlds.net/the-vortex** A mug shot for my brother from 2008, which appeared online for a news station that ran a story about his (petty) criminal activity also served as proof of sorts of what I'd been saying to Tom about my brother. As upsetting as that was to see (there's a part of me that will not stop seeing him as "my little brother", no matter what I've witnessed of him since that time) it was also finally some confirmation verifying what I'd been saying about him all these years. Official proof of something. As of right now I know that my brother's either had warrants for his arrest or been arrested in Connecticut, California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Georgia and Vermont, though he's lived/traveled in/to more states than that (including New Orleans, LA and Florida) and could very well have more. Those are just the ones I'm aware of through personal knowledge or internet research. He's been crisscrossing the country living as a wandering homeless vagrant I take it, since I ran for the hills from him back in 2002, making his living as a criminal it seems though he may have found legitimate work in the middle of that somewhere along the lines. I was shocked that he looked good in a recent mug shot from 2008, after living like that for years. He looked like he hadn't aged a day since I'd last seen him at age 21, in early 2002. He didn't look happy, but he looked good, considering. Part of me wanted to go find him and rescue him, the old programming holding strong, but I had to remind myself that Joe can't/won't shake the sociopathic behavior, and him being in my life means the cops will always be a regular fixture, as well as my life always being in danger, on top of him robbing me blind all the time and using me/manipulating me. He had no shame and minimal conscience by the time I last knew him in life. Anything I ever gave him, including two cars, he destroyed with no

remorse.

Another major component of the original version of the Appendix centered on the personality training and rewiring that happened to change me from one thing into another. Lots of story there. A mix of unhappy home life and dysfunctional parents, living in a crappy, culturally dead small town in rural eastern Connecticut, and years of intense bullying by some kids who lived on our street, which went on for fully eight of the nine years we lived there in some form or another. And who knows what else that may have been going on "under the radar," as evidenced by this book, which has to be factored in. So by the time I was in my mid teens I was barely recognizable as the kid I started out as. As a child I was a sociable extrovert, very conscious and sharp. (a couple of times in this book I talk about being conscious enough to have memories as a baby, which is apparently rare, but that's a major component of this sharpness.) But by the teen I was in an introverted, zombified stupor, all my walls on lockdown. During the time period between 15-17, overlapping between Connecticut and California, I have memories that are missing either the beginning, or the resolution, where I no longer remember the why's and how's, or where entire weeks of my high school experience are gone. I don't know, I don't remember, because even though my body was there, my consciousness was off somewhere else. (as evidenced by failing out of most of my classes after we moved to California. !!! In 11th grade I had no idea what was going on half the time, didn't know about homework, or tests, a kid would come up to me to ask me something and I had no idea who they even were….they're in my class?...?? huh? Things would sound far away while I sat there in class, distorted, like a fog.) "She's not there….." as the song goes. That was me. I even forgot to eat for a period of time apparently. I just know that one day in October of 11th grade I realized that my body looked a bit emaciated in my bedroom mirror. I finally *saw* myself and got on the bathroom scale where I saw that I had dropped down to 97-98 pounds, from my normal 105-106. (may not sound like much but I was only 5'2" at the time, so, it's not like I had much to spare. O.o) Realized I couldn't remember eating anything recently….or remember much of anything that had been going on at all in general.

Yet conversely I was (mostly) "there" for my after school job. Don't know why the paradox/contradiction, unless it's because my job was something enjoyable, unlike the home life and school. Things only

started to change for me by my senior year, and got better from there, improving every year.

And then there was the whole way in which me and Joe were kept isolated away from most all of our entire family, save for only our maternal grandmother, but even that was spotty depending on whether my mom was getting along with her or not. So I have grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. on both sides of the family, including a half sister, that I've never met and never will due to that whole deal, or where we did meet them when I was really young back in Massachusetts, but then things got cut off and I never saw them again to this day.

So obviously it's a lot of story. But for this latest version of my book what I've decided to do is just to focus on my dad, eliminating most of the childhood and upbringing aspect of the tale. Both are equally important, but since I can't do the whole story any justice, without coming across as "woe is me" then let's just focus on his background since I reference it several times throughout this book. He's an integral piece of the puzzle. The story didn't start with me, and I feel that it's important for readers to understand that we need to be looking at our parents – and maybe even further up the family tree, depending - if we want a more complete picture of what's going on. *Especially* if one's parents were in the military, and even more so if they were in military intelligence, like my dad was. I think it's safe to say that for anyone who considers themselves to be an alien contactee or a MILAB that the story started before they were even born.

Much of the following is taken from the first versions of the Appendix, so anybody who read that way back when may remember it. However there's new add-ons and commentary.

*****

My parents were avid believers in "the weird" and didn't harbor negative superstitious attitudes in regards to these topics. In fact, it was quite the opposite. Ghosts, psychic powers, UFOs/aliens, reincarnation – my parents were definitely open to these topics and didn't bat an eye at any of it, and never questioned me when I was checking books out of the library about it all. If anything, they inadvertently encouraged my interest in the subjects by theorizing about these subjects at the dinner table. Psychic powers and stories of mom Christine's psychic experiences as well as my grandma and great-grandma; past lives, and my parent's random memories of such;

UFOs, and my dad Bob's recounting of his one big UFO experience while in the military; Haunted houses and ghosts – and the haunted house my dad lived in from the ages of 10-18. Then there was my dad's astral travel experiences ("flying" as he called it) and his own demonstrated psychic abilities. And so on. I heard it all. It was my Dad who first taught me about how Man has made incredible technological jumps in the 20th century, and theorizing that it probably came from aliens. I was probably one of the few kids who even had the concept of the vast leaps that humans have taken in such a short time span…and had family that concluded that it came about through alien intelligences…and talked about it at the dinner table. I was into anything on TV or in the movies that related to the paranormal. "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," "Poltergeist" and "Raiders of the Lost Ark" were my all time favorite movies by the age of ten. Also by the age of ten and eleven, I'd worked my way through most of the books on the subjects of aliens, UFOs, abductions, ghosts, psychic powers, and the paranormal that you can possibly think of that our tiny local library had in stock…in the grown up section. And I just loved those "Time-Life Mysteries of the Unknown" series. ;) By 7th grade I gave a report in one of my classes outlining various psychic powers. In 10th and 11th grades, both Connecticut and California, it was the reports about UFOs and aliens. And in 12th grade it was something paranormal woo-woo, can't even remember what. It was during our psychology class' two week foray into parapsychology, and all I remember is that my report sparked an interactive discussion where our teacher and the entire class were all sidetracked, talking about paranormal woo-woo for the rest of the period. :D (Let's hear it for Mr. Beidler. Probably the only time in the mainstream public school system where kids were encouraged to discuss ghosts and psychic powers and learned how to dowse the human body's energy with metal coat hangers.) But there was a need to talk about these subjects and to "wake others up." I didn't much like the fact that the every day real world (at that time) didn't talk about these subjects, and in an open way. The shallow, mainstream, trivial boring stuff of money, college, economics, politics…my attitude was, who cares??! To me, the only subjects that felt real were the things that the majority of society wasn't comfortable talking about and didn't believe in. At this point in the 2000's things have changed for the better, with a less repressive

environment for discussing these things, which is good.

Yet there was an odd paradox with my parents, because they weren't New Age hippy dippies, which is the typical stereotype for people who are interested in those subjects and discuss them openly. They just, for whatever reason, were into these subjects. For my dad it'll become obvious why in a short bit.

At a private gathering in 2005 of free-thinking people who are into "the strange," for lack of a better way to put it, one older guy in his 50's made small talk with me by asking if I was interested in the subject of aliens and UFOs. It came about because I recommended the book he was flipping through, "Rule by Secrecy," by Jim Marrs. So when he asked that question I kind of laughed, and inside my head I rolled my eyes. I hesitated before answering. I was 30 years old at the time, and I'd been researching aliens and UFOs since I was nine. I'd read so much by this point that I couldn't honestly claim to be "actively" interested in aliens anymore. In fact, the subject was tired and worn out to me. Nevertheless, I said "Yeah, sure," nodding.

"So what got you interested?" he smiled, curious.

"My parents actually," I said, realizing it consciously for the first time. I had independent interest in it, but because of their acceptance of it all and the stories they shared and the movies we were watching, it quadrupled my interest and encouraged what might have only been a passing fad in my life.

For some reason, this genuinely threw him off. His smile faded, and he looked puzzled.

"I started heavily researching aliens when I was nine, but to be honest, I'm not really that interested in it anymore," I elaborated. "I guess I'm just kind of over it at this point, you know?"

He still looked surprised, kind of like "Huh. Well alrighty then!" That was the end of that conversation. I wasn't purposely trying to shut him out, I was just being honest. I do think that he was expecting to hear that I'd only recently become open to the subject on a shallow surface level, and probably only due to some recent silly experience or something. When in fact I'd been researching these subjects for literally most of my life, was indirectly encouraged by my parents, and am completely embroiled in the whole abduction phenomenon. (Though I never realized it for most of my life.) As well as being matter-of-fact about it all. I guess all four are a little unusual.

*****

My dad Charles, but who goes by Bob, was born in December of 1949 in Manhattan, New York. He was the conservative Reagan Republican, former military (Navy, 1968-1972, Vietnam) from a Catholic background including Parochial school until 8th grade, back when they had nuns that could beat you up. Reading "Conservative Reagan Republican military Catholic" might conjure up images of uptightness, but he wasn't as bad as it sounds – he was raised Catholic as a boy, but that was later abandoned, and his family was a dysfunctional mess. His stories were always so much fun to listen to when I was a kid. They all seemed to center around drinking, fighting, boinking, and playing in two different bands. (mostly guitar, but apparently some drums, and singing too.) In between getting good grades in school though, because he was smart. He had the craziest stories, but they were the best. There's a lot to say about my dad and his dysfunctional family and the life he had, but I'm going to skip over most of it and keep this to the bare bones minimum.

My dad's early childhood was spent in New York City, in Manhattan. His own father, my grandfather, was half Italian from his immigrant dad, half Hungarian from his immigrant mom, and he was also former Navy, and a bit on the crazy side. (I'm not going to be mentioning names of other family members to keep it as anonymous as possible.) My grandfather had a hellacious temper, inherited from his own father, which involved a lot of corporal punishment on my dad you could say. Very strict, no messing around, a bit abusive. My dad and grandfather weren't close at all, and did not have a good father-son relationship and spent years estranged from each other.

My dad's mom was of English descent from a family line that at one point was pedigreed, and had ties to George Washington and King George III way back when – red coat "tories" in the Revolutionary War. I've always wondered if that part of the family had anything else besides English going on with their ancestry, especially since they've been rooted in the U.S. since the 1600s, but there's no way to know at this point.

So that's my dad's ancestry, English, Italian and Hungarian. He and his two sisters were skinny and all had blond hair, tan/olive skin and brown eyes, everything I would later inherit.

In retrospect, with what I know now, it's safe to say that my entire family has been involved in abductions – especially my dad - although they consciously didn't realize it. It seems my Dad had gotten the

interest of "something" dating back to when he was just a kid, growing up in New York. Like father, like child, and so his abilities and weirdness were passed on to the next generation, to my brother and I. My dad could have gotten the attention of "stuff" possibly due to any or all of the following: 1) His dad had also been in the Navy (meaning, possible MILABS situation going on); 2) He had natural psychic abilities which attracted the attention of "them," whatever "them" is; and 3) He lived in the Hudson Valley area of New York - New York, and the Hudson Valley in particular, is supposed to be a hotbed of UFO/base activity. A recommended book by Ellen Crystall called "Silent Invasion" details the UFO craziness that was going on in the Pine Bush/Hudson Valley area in the 80s…she even specifically mentions Middletown, New York, where I was born.

My dad once relayed a strange experience that took place in a park when he was little, maybe around eight or nine. It was in the late afternoon/early evening, and involved something with his "vision," and things looking really different, not normal. He had a difficult time trying to explain to me what exactly happened, but basically he wasn't seeing things correctly. Everything looked strange and bizarre. Sounds to me that he was possibly seeing a realm bleed through, I don't know.

From ages 10-18, after his parents' divorce, he lived in a raised ranch style - haunted - house in the suburbs of Monroe, New York with his mom, step dad and siblings (which now included three additional half sibs, for six kids total). The tract neighborhood was brand spanking new but apparently had been built right on what used to be a cemetery, alongside a creek. My dad figured this out when he and one of his sisters found broken pieces of headstones in the soil of their brand new, still grass-less "yards." Ooops. So they had years of paranormal experiences - lights coming on in the middle of the night, footsteps walking up and down the hallway, the temperature in his mom's room rapidly dropping, becoming as cold as a refrigerator to where you could see your breath…in the middle of July. Despite the fact they had no air conditioning. And more. I remember some vague story of something that happened one night in the backyard when he was a teen, some apparition, or lights, or who knows what that terrified him to the point where he had difficulty even explaining to me what exactly happened. I have no idea if these paranormal happenings related to the supposed cemetery that used to be there, or

if it was for a completely different reason. In my research I've discovered that paranormal activity and UFO/alien activity usually go hand in hand. Where one is, the other is sure to follow.

After hitting puberty, he noticed that sometimes lights and electronic gadgets would turn off when he was in the room. I learned that after relaying to him over the phone how one time, my brother Joe turned the TV on with his mind when he was twelve, back when we were living in SoCal. Joe got so weirded out by it his eyes got big and his face froze and he slipped out of the room to go hide upstairs in his own room. My dad smiled over the phone when I told him that and wistfully relayed that when he was that age, it was the opposite. Stuff would shut off when he was around.

By the time he was sixteen, he was giving a report in his 10th grade class explaining that there were secret **"underground facilities"** located within the Adirondack Mountains - yet he didn't know how he knew this. He just knew it, and apparently felt compelled to share what he knew and wake others up. (Adirondack, because he lived in New York.) But for that reason, not being able to explain how he knew this or offering up any proof, his teacher ridiculed him in front of the class. I would love to have seen a copy of that report. Very interesting. Sounds a lot like me when I was a kid. I've often wished if only I could have known my dad when he was young, and been the same age as him at the same time. I would have had his back in that class! :D

When he was a senior in high school he began dating my mom Christine who was four years younger than him. ie…..she was in 8th grade. O.o This is something I only just recently realized. I used to always think she was a freshman while he was a senior, which is still a little eyebrow raising, but I realized that the dates didn't add up. If he was 1964-1968, and she was 1968-1972, then there's no way they were in high school at the same time. When she was starting high school in the fall of '68 he had already graduated earlier that year in June. That's just wild to me. !!!

The both of them coming together is a whole story in itself I suppose, because both had some majorly dysfunctional family backgrounds going on. But what's relevant for this is the way in which my dad would tell her, with a straight face, that he was an alien. Why, I don't know, though she of course knew he was goofing on her. But she went on to say that he never let up on this "joke" either. So…was he just goofing? O.o :D Just seems to me to be an odd thing to joke

about.

So if there was already something happening to him, then the situation certainly wasn't helped any when he enlisted in the Navy during Vietnam, in 1968. In the meantime, he and my mom stayed in touch, writing to each other during her entire four years of high school, even while both were dating and being with other people. Which is also wild to me. The idea that they clung on to the idea of each other, even though they'd only dated for a little bit while she was in 8th grade, and he a senior. But by enlisting and willingly offering himself up to the U.S. government as he did, versus being drafted, it helped ensure that he would be treated better, and stay out of harm's way. In theory. He enlisted as a "Communications Technician", i.e., a "tech personnel." Spying, to put it more bluntly, working in matters of intelligence, intercepting Morse code messages, and translating those Morse code messages into type. It's not a job anybody can do, but he was able to do it, and do it well. He was so fast that he would finish a line of type, yank his hands back off the type keys, and the typewriter would still be pounding away, trying to catch up. I remember him demonstrating for me as a kid what that was like, even imitating the hypnotic trance-like look on his face that he would have as he'd throw his head back, eyes half closed, arms and hands lifting off the type keys. He was proud - and rightly so. Most people can barely type. Let alone know Morse code. Let alone be able to translate Morse code at something like 80 or 90 wpm typing speed. I would later come across the work of Joseph McMoneagle, who'd worked as a remote viewer for the U.S. government, who described in his book "The Stargate Chronicles" what a tremendously difficult feat it was to master translating Morse code into type. It was something McMoneagle worked and worked on, his speed slowly increasing over time, with much effort. So for my dad to perform the way he did with such apparent ease is insanity. I know he's proud, but I don't think he comprehends the full extent of what he was able to do.

After his four years were up, my dad returned to the States in May of '72, and he and my mom were married only two months later. Right after my mom graduated high school. They wasted no time. Again, more wildness to me. I was born two and half years later, in November of '74. A big part of marrying him so young I think was to get away from her crazy family who was completely useless in terms of helping her out in life and being healthy, normal, loving and

supportive (hence, why she's Borderline Personality Disorder…there's a lot of abuse and trauma in her background) and because her personality wasn't the type that was strong enough to be out on her own. Years later she would resentfully tell me that if she could go back and do it all over again she wouldn't have me or my brother, and that she should have pursued working in NYC as a secretary on Wall Street, not marrying, not having kids. But the fact of the matter is, if she could have done it then she would have. The fact that she didn't says everything. As an adult I look back on her life and I understand that because she had no model for what a normal, loving, healthy mother was it's a wonder she even managed to function at all as a mother, and because her family was never there for here, literally, ever, she had no model for what it is to be loving, supportive and normal towards her own kids. There was nothing in her background to show her "how to be in a healthy family."

As mentioned earlier in this piece, when you do the research into government/military mind control experimentation, the Navy comes up time and time again as being a culprit. Back in 2002 I hit the goldmine when I stumbled across a piece that mentioned the Navy performing mind control experimentation way back when on what of all people but…

their tech personnel.

When I broached this subject with my Dad one afternoon on the phone back in 2002, during the one year period when we were back in contact with each other, it brought stuff to the surface, and things began pouring out. Without warning, he started ticking off all kinds of weirdness he remembered from throughout his entire life, including some of the incidents mentioned earlier, and on into his time in the military. As he started relaying these bits and pieces to me on the phone I realized what I was hearing and did a mad scramble for my notebook and a pen with one hand, while holding the phone with the other, so I could take notes but without interrupting him and risk breaking the flow of information that was coming out. This was NOT stuff I wanted to miss or forget. I'm extremely glad I had the smarts to do that. Over the years I've been prone to letting opportunities slip through my fingers but this wasn't one of those times. In 2003 I had (yet another) falling out with my dad, and have been out of contact with him since that time, so this was all I managed to get before that occurred. And what I got that afternoon is the following **(phrases in**

quotations are direct quotes from him):

After my dad enlisted and took his IQ and military aptitude tests, he was basically whisked away, you could say. He didn't have to go to school for training that everybody else did - somehow "got to skip that part." He even noticed this, but didn't question it too much. But what he does know is that his four year tour of duty was filled with strange happenings and preferential treatment. "Got the choicest places to be stationed" such as Germany, San Diego, and then Pensacola Florida for six months…in the winter. Concerning Florida in the winter, a buddy of his even joked, "Who are you blowin' to get *that*?!?" He even had his choice granted of being on planes, rather than on ships.

The weird thing about Germany is that he and one of his buddies spent Christmas at the house of an American couple that offered to host some American military personnel in their home for the Christmas holiday. Twenty five years later, at the factory that my Dad now manages in Connecticut, one of the new women working there looked vaguely familiar to him. Only to find out that she was the American woman who hosted him in her home, twenty five years earlier, on another continent. Now, what are the odds. Makes me wonder if she had a secondary purpose. Mind control handler? Keeping tabs on him? Because again, what are the odds. That doesn't just happen. It's astronomical. He just accepted it though. "Moving along….."

Then there was the incident he relayed that for me, cemented my suspicions about him possibly being taken and experimented with. Him and his buddy Hopkins, as he called him, were out late one night, and as far as he recalls they went to sleep back at the barracks. However, the next morning both of them were "wound up like eight day clocks!" and "were able to read each others' minds" all day long. (Amped up psychic abilities, basically.) They had SO much energy, and feelings of positiveness, "like the world was wonderful and beautiful," "boundless energy," "but not like a jittery caffeine energy. It was different."

Something obviously occurred between the time they went to bed and when they awoke the next morning. And logic would dictate that it couldn't have been the only time this ever happened, either.

Overall his experience in the Navy was pretty good he said, compared to what other people went through in Vietnam. A lot of partying, women, and good times, "kind of a breeze."

Another miscellaneous odd item worth noting about my dad during his military stint was his big "UFO encounter," which he told me about when I was a kid. At a military base in Vietnam or the Philippines, can't remember which one because he was stationed in both places at various points, two UFOs appeared and parked themselves over the base one night. Not registering on radar, of course. The people inside the base had to be "manually notified" you could say, because they saw nothing appearing on radar and had no clue what was transpiring outside. And out of everybody who could have been standing underneath these UFOs, guess who it was. My dad, and one of his buddies. They stood looking up at these UFOs, clutching their rifles, frozen with fear in a weird stand off. At that point, fighter jets were scrambled to go up after them, and then the UFOs took off. "zzzzip" over the hills, as I remember my dad telling me as a kid. Gone in a blink. The jets had barely pulled themselves off the ground and the UFOs were already gone. That seems a bit odd that it was my dad of all people – the guy who used to "joke" to my mom when they were dating that he was an alien, and who had inexplicable knowledge as a teen of underground facilities in the Adirondack Mountains – who found himself standing right underneath these UFOs. And I do wonder what, if anything, could have been passed along to my dad, any kind of communication transfer of some sort...? You never know. It's all just very strange.

I also learned at this time that even though he was in the Navy, he didn't actually report to the Navy. **He reported to the NSA**. I never knew that, not that it would have meant anything to me years ago anyway. I had no clue back then of anything. But I do now. Navy reporting to the NSA sounds to me like "The Department of the Navy," which is different from the regular Navy, I've since learned. The Department of the Navy is always coming up in my research as being "up to no good." After learning that I was left wondering, What are the odds that me, being who I am, would have dated my ex-boyfriend Steve whose dad is NSA…and only to find out after the fact that my dad technically worked for the NSA as well. If there's even some sort of connection there, I don't know.

My dad went on to stress several times that his **"whole life has been protected."** Time and again he's had close calls and near death moments, only to be plucked out. This luck with mortality extends into being overall very lucky in life. Says it seems like he "can do no

wrong" in life. Relayed stories about his (then) recent speeding ticket just being…thrown out of court. There was some problem involving an electrical power line outside his house, don't know exactly what he was talking about other than that the problem mysteriously "fixed itself." And in general, he realized that in his life everything always works out for him. Like something is watching over his shoulder.

Over the years he's relayed several of these near-death moments where "something" rescued him at the last moment, or where it was like there was a bubble of protection around him. One of those instances occurred when my dad was very little, and still living in Manhattan. He remembers standing in the open apartment window looking outside…then feeling a hand shove him from behind. As he lurched forward, about to pitch out the window to his death, another invisible hand yanked him back in. Had Scarlet Fever at age seven, but lived. (Thanks to antibiotics of course, but, maybe he had a little extra help.) Hopping trains one time as a kid in New York and he had the "urge" to jump off right at a particular moment. When he landed on the ground and looked up, there was a large post right there along the tracks that would have smacked into him and killed him had he not jumped right then. In Vietnam, a plane he was in was shot down - four out of seven in the plane were killed, but not my dad. He was plucked from the river, floating in jet fuel. Standing on the riverbank in the jungle, and a grenade goes off right next to him, killing his buddy who was standing right there. Doesn't touch a hair on my dad. And the time when I was a baby and he was driving back home in the middle of the night after visiting my maternal grandmother who lived in North Carolina at the time. We were on the 95 North, at the junction of the 95 and 295, going 70, 80 mph according to him. My dad realized he was in the wrong turn lane, but it was too late to swerve. He tried anyway though, not thinking clearly, then realized at the last moment that he wasn't going to make it and was going to smash right into the divider. But next thing he knows, he was safely on the highway, heading north. No recollection of what happened in between the moment when he was going to impact the median, to the moment when the car was safely back on the highway like nothing had happened. He had this feeling, or a voice of some sort come over him that said "everything is going to be okay, don't worry..." He and my mom looked at each other, wide eyed. She promptly fell asleep after that. And they never discussed the incident again. On the phone with

me in 2002 was the first time he was talking about it out loud to anybody in 27 years.

My regret is not having followed up with my dad in a later phone conversation to press for more stories from him. I should have formulated some questions, but I didn't have enough knowledge and information at that point to even know what to ask him. Although I did broach the subject of military mind control on several later occasions with him over the phone, but none of those phone calls ever elicited the response that I got on that one rare occasion. The last time I recall mentioning the subject to him he finished my sentence for me, showing me that he was aware of the subject and remembered what I had to say about it previously…..but his voice showed that he sounded skeptical and detached. Kind of like he was slipping back into oblivious denial. Not interested. Moving on. Next. Even though it was he himself who had offered up all these amazing stories during a previous call. My dad was settled in to his life with his second wife and their daughter, who at that point was six years old, in a modest, custom made house in southern Connecticut. He had his long standing job that he'd been at since 1989 as one of the head supervisors in a manufacturing plant, running the place, and life was for all intents and purposes, normal. So, not interested in rocking the boat I guess, keep up the normal routine of things, keep everything moving along, same as it ever was. (to quote a Talking Heads song ;)) Which I can partly understand.

*****

The last time I actually spoke to my dad was February 2003; then he dropped out of the picture and I didn't hear from him again until July of that year, via email, and I admittedly didn't respond very nicely, but I had my reasons. (though at this point in life, almost eight years later, it's safe to say that I would respond differently.) And it was the nail in the coffin of our relationship, twelve years in the making, going back to 1991 when my mom moved my brother and myself to California after the divorce. What's interesting to note is that those times my dad was sporadically contacting me in 2002-2003 while I was in Florida, it eventually got so that it was around the 20th of the month. Like clockwork, **like a schedule.** My abductions, or whatever it was that was going on, I would later learn also coincided at that point in my life on either the 1st-3rd of each month…or the **20th –**

23rd. It was an odd coincidence, no doubt.

(And on a miscellaneous side note, back in late 2001 I discovered that my dad's phone extension at work was……**141**. Of all numbers. **http://www.in2worlds.net/numbersightings** The odds on that one are pretty amazing. When I told my brother Joe about it in Portland he just stared at me, deadpan, not believing me. He made me redial the number so he could hear the voicemail recording for himself that says my dad's name, followed by "141." When I realized what his phone extension was back in 2002 my first thought was **"Oh, they got to you too."** In my opinion, it was a "fingerprint" indicating something at work in his life. He'd been compromised.)

I finally parted ways because the situation with him had become too intolerably weird for me. One of the most notable things was that during the time period when I was in the process of moving cross country from Oregon to Florida, and was back in contact with him via the cell phone I had at that time, I discovered that he was suddenly "on the same page" as me in terms of being a newfound conspiracy theorist. In fact he described a book that he'd just finished reading that I thought must be David Icke, based on the subject matter (Illuminati runs the world, spawned from earlier Middle Eastern roots, linked up to non-humans), but he insisted that no, it wasn't. I later figured out that the book he was describing was Jim Marrs' "Rule by Secrecy," a book I myself crossed paths with a few months later in Florida. So now he was coincidentally into researching conspiracies, same as me. (Seems to be the same "mirroring" pattern that Joe displayed when I first got him back to Cali in 2000.) But even though he supposedly was now into conspiracy theories, he was only interested in a "surface scratching" way, not in any real meaningful way. Just enough to superficially "match" me I guess.

Then the weirdest part of all. After I got to Florida and was waiting for Tom to come join me I'd of course mention Tom to him in our phone calls, excited. And every single time I'd mention Tom's name he would get silent. Then change the subject. Even more bizarre….on several occasions he changed the subject onto my old friend Mike, back in California. Mike, whom he's never met, and never will, whom he's never even *talked* to, doesn't know what he looks like and knows nothing about him, and whom he had no interest in during the eight years that Mike actually was in my life back when I

lived in Cali. Now suddenly in 2002 he had developed this weird obsession with Mike.

(Me) "blah blah blah…Tom!"
(Dad) silence….."So uh, yeah, does Mike plan to visit you in Florida?"

Or,

(Me) "blah blah blah….Tom!!!"
(Dad) silence……"So have you heard from Mike lately?"

Every single time I ever mentioned the word "Tom" my dad would do this routine, going silent, and either change the subject onto something else, or switch focus onto Mike. It was probably one of the nuttiest things I've ever experienced with him. In the year that he was back in my life, before I walked away again, **he never once at any point acknowledged Tom.** Even after Tom got to Florida and we were officially together as a couple. Never asked about him, and always skipped over any mention of him, like a robot that couldn't compute. Once I realized this was the case I just no longer talked about Tom, because there obviously was no point. He'd made it clear he wasn't interested. When I mentioned this nuttiness to Mike on the phone Mike's response was "Something's interested in me, and I don't like it." So Mike's interpretation of this was that "something" was probing through my dad to find out about the situation between me and Mike, and whether Mike was still going to be around in the picture, and if so, to what capacity. Had we talked? Were we going to be visiting? Had I heard from him? So strange. I don't know what to make of it all. If it was indeed probing, then why? The only thing I can think of is that it's possibly because of the role that Mike had played in my life. Mike had been my lifeline in California, somebody whom I "recognized" from the first moment I met him, feeling instantly at ease as if we went waaaay back, coming into my life during a crucial, precarious time period when I had nobody else to help me. (I get into him in more detail in my "Miscellaneous Stories of the Weird and Unusual" free e-book on my site.) Though once again, it's not like my dad cared or paid attention to Mike and his role in things way back when.

The other major oddity was that I pretty much couldn't say anything to him without him interrupting and going on a sidetrack tangent of some sort. Nearly every single thing I'd say would remind

him of something or other and spark a sidetrack tangent, to which I'd get quiet, and let him go on and on and on, until he finally would get silent and go "ANYway, you were saying…" Then I'd continue, only to interrupted again, and again. So having an actual real conversation was usually not possible. This wasn't something he used to ever do, but it was his new habit you could say. And then there were the strange out of place questions. "So, do you still like that grunge music?" To which I went "What?" Like, Hanh? There was silence. "You mean, the music from *twelve years ago??"* More silence. We'd only been out of contact with each other for two years, between 2000-2002, **but yet he was acting as if we hadn't been in contact throughout the entire 90s** and was asking if I was still into music from like, 1991. o_O

So needless to say, during that year we were back in contact I would always hang up the phone after our calls with my skin being flushed, feeling hot, which for me means stress and agitation (and/or a side effect of being under psychic attack). On a subliminal/subconscious level something was registering with me as being really wrong or off.

In retrospect I'd have to say that his whole way of being was a computer that had been programmed and was **"running scripts."** There was never any real feeling behind his words, and he always seemed passive and detached. I never actually felt like I was really talking to my dad, there was no real connection happening between us. It was really like I was talking to an inanimate object. I didn't feel anything there with my feelers. Our phone calls, with that one rare exception where he revealed interesting insights, were totally pointless. And of course, factoring in the "refusal to acknowledge Tom" thing, and strange obsession with Mike after I first moved to Florida, and always interrupting and preventing a real conversation of any sort, and seeming to be stuck in the waaaay past as if the in-between hadn't happened, and all of it together caused me to feel stressed and flushed after every call. Since reading "The Mothman Prophesies," and in light of my half sister's discovery that my dad has no knowledge of what's gone wrong between us, I've gone as far as to wonder if I was actually even talking to my dad. After reading about John Keel's experiences with "phony phone calls" where somebody who sounded identical to a person that he knows was talking to him for entire phone conversations, only to find out after the fact that said

person never talked to John, or the vice versa situation of people claiming to have talked to John Keel on the phone which he had no knowledge of, then yeah, I've had to wonder if something like this wasn't going on in my own situation. The other possibility is that something else was piloting his wheel during those calls and speaking to me through him. Or maybe it was an alter persona of some sort.

But before the end, before I walked away for the final time, he was telling me some very eye opening things. **"I do stuff, then forget doing it,"** he said, such as re-wiring all the electrical in his mom's house, or fixing broken computers for his family - **skills he didn't even know he had.** (btw, these insights and quotes were told to me during the same phone conversation when I grabbed a notebook and took notes while he talked.) When he's in crowds, he feels like he's "in a dream world," thing are "not real," he's just "going through the motions, like a leaf blowing through the breeze." He's **"here but not here," "I feel like I'm in a play,"** and that in general, **"thing**s **ar**e **predetermined."** "I don't remember half of what I do anymore" but it's not Alzheimer's he says, because stuff does get done…**he just doesn't remember doing it.** Like with the hard drive in his computer – he doesn't remember how he fixed it. When he looked at it he couldn't figure it out to save his life. But yet, it's fixed. He did it, according to those who saw him do it. (on a side note – years back he relayed an experience pertaining to "waking up" one day and realizing he'd been in that horrible marriage to my mom for so long. It was like….."he woke up." He felt as if he was emerging from a fifteen year dream, like "WHAT AM I *DOING*? It's not supposed to BE like this!!!" And that was the beginning of the end.)

Black out periods/missing chunks of one's life/missing time, feeling as if in a dream state, feeling as if "waking up," and *especially* skills from an unknown source (of which my brother also demonstrated) are classic indicators a programmed, compartmentalized mind. My dad has definitely shown signs of this for years, as evident by his two personality sides. There was nice, dippy, dopey, passive and oblivious dad who drifted along in a daze (trance?) not noticing things he should have noticed, and then there was mean dad. Mean dad was sharp, on the ball, with a disdainful, sourpuss face and disposition of a bear (or as my maternal grandmother referred to him behind his back – an ogre) who expected 110% perfection from me and acted as if he couldn't stand me and Joe. (As mentioned earlier in this book, the

"Thems" that I've experienced were *exactly* like this side of him. Identical. And that silver Cross brand pen that was tossed at me in an elevator in Portland, Oregon, mentioned in Part II was "coincidentally" my dad's exact same favorite pen type.) But that's the side of him that drove me to become the meek, unquestioning robot computer super achiever in school. The mean dad side was very harsh, critical and judgmental. Not a nice person. When my dad flip flopped it wasn't as pronounced as my mom would later be, it wasn't like a dark cloud would just descend over him and where he'd change from one second to the next……..which was how she was. His was more of a gradual slipping around between personas.

Another perfect example of "split personality dad" concerns the subject of sex. This anecdote was also mentioned in the original version of the appendix. The preface to the tale is as follows: One night out of nowhere when I was 15 or so, my mom sat me down at the kitchen table and proceeded to inform me, general paraphrase, that I should sleep with guys before I get married because otherwise I would be missing out on what that is like, and it could create problems. I just sat there in my usual trance-like blank stupor of that time, listening to this, and having no idea why she was telling me this. There wasn't any passion or emotion behind her words, she just relayed this piece of "advise" blankly and monotone. I listened until she was done, just kind of nodded in a daze, then slowly and silently got up and went back upstairs to my room.

Within a week my dad then proceeded to do the same thing. Sat me down at the kitchen table, and began advising me about how I should sleep with guys before I get married, because when people get married as virgins they later begin to wonder what they missed out on and it causes problems, etc. etc. etc. It was bad enough hearing this from my mom when we despised each other, but to hear it from my *dad*….it was just downright embarrassing. His voice was also blank, emotionless, monotone, and his eyes were far away, not even really seeing me as I sat across from him. It was like they were both programmed to tell me this, and just responded to it like good little programmed, tranced out monkeys. I sat there in silence, nodded when he was done, then got up and returned to my room.

Flash forward to tenth grade, age 16, where he was advising me on what the most sensitive part of a penis is to focus on during sex. Under the head, he told me. That's the spot. I'm not even kidding. I

forgot about this for years until about 2007. I was doing volunteer work one afternoon sorting books for a "books or prisoners" program I used to like to help out with, and I came across something in one of the books I was sorting that triggered the memory. When I remembered it my face immediately became hot, and this surge of total embarrassment surged through me, actually making me catch my breath a little. Back when this conversation somehow happened when I was 16 I just stood there in the kitchen looking at him as he told me this, feeling blank, like, "okay." Not saying anything back, then the subject changed. Now as an adult in my 30s I'm very different, no longer numb and tranced out, very much "here" and aware and feeling things, so I felt a surge of embarrassment. I wouldn't say that the memory was actually suppressed or anything, and taken to that severe of a level, because it didn't traumatize me or anything back when it happened (which is usually the cause of suppressed memories). The memory felt like it had always been kicking around in my mind, I just hadn't thought about it all these years until that moment, triggered by something I came across in a book. Then poof, there it was.

Then for the grand finale where the persona switch occurs, let's flash forward to age 20, when I'd now been living in California for four years. I was visiting my dad at his home in southern Connecticut for the summer of '95, along with my then-boyfriend Gary who'd come along. The whole trip was an ill conceived nightmare on my part, which I won't get into, but to make a long story short I was heading out one night to go visit Gary who was now staying at a motel. Gary had arrived with me in my car, and so he was essentially stranded in a motel in a strange state he'd never been to with no transportation, completely relying on me, and waiting for me. So after I was done with my work shift (as a waitress at a local restaurant, for the summer) I was heading out to go see him. And this made my dad completely lose his shit. I poked my head into the living room to say goodbye to him, and found him sitting on the couch staring straight ahead at the air, looking pissed. My Vietnamese step mother sat to his left, looking concerned and worried. I asked him what was wrong. His head turned towards me, eyes flashing, and that's where he proceeded to just lose it, spewing all this hateful rage at me for the fact I was leaving to go see Gary. He sounded like demon possessed, I'd never seen him get that bad, ever. He raged and spewed, on and on, and in the middle of the crazy diatribe I was called, among other things, "a fucking

tramp!" At that point in his rant my stepmom gasped "BOB!" shocked and appalled, grabbing onto his arm. I let him rage and rage until he ran out of steam, sitting there on the couch staring at me with hateful eyes, waiting for me to respond….clearly wanting that knock down, drag out verbal brawl.

Instead I just stood there silently, watching him, a combination of wheels turning in my head, and numbed shock. Then without a word I turned, picked up my purse in the kitchen, and left, leaving him with his own words hanging in the air. I'm proud of my response in looking back, considering I was only 20. You don't play into stuff like that. It's a total set up. The only thing to do is walk away and not give it what it's looking for.

Tranced out dad sitting across from me at the kitchen table telling me I should sleep with guys before I get married, then later advising me on the best parts of the penis to focus on during sex. Then raging demon possessed dad screaming that I'm a fucking tramp for going to visit my boyfriend who was stranded in a strange motel in a strange state with no transportation, when I was a 20 year old grown adult who'd been on my own supporting myself since before I even graduated high school. This personality inconsistency absolutely *defined* both my parents though. In a way it really wasn't anything new. That was just the most extreme example of it with my dad. Fritz Springmeier talks about this too in his book "Illuminati Formula…" which I put in my "Recommended Reading section." Yet another thing he describes that I could relate to. The mind job programming where something is okay one day but not the next, and the general inconsistency and flip flopping back and forth in personality so the kid never knows what to expect and gets frazzled. Let your guard down then BOOM! switcharoo out of nowhere. By the end of me living at home with my mom in '92-'93 I learned the hard way about letting my guard down with her even when she was being "nice," because she'd shown that she could, and definitely would, switch from one second to the next. We could be having a rare nice moment, only to have her switch out of nowhere within seconds, like a dark cloud descending, totally ruining things as she would become hateful or irrational and crazy. My parents didn't start out that drastically inconsistent, per se, but definitely disintegrated into it as the years went by. But I don't think it was done consciously by them, it was more like side effects of their other "stuff" and problems.

My 13 year old half sister, whom I've never met but had been in contact with back in 2010 via email, has said the same thing I noticed about the two sides of our dad. Being 13 at the time she described him as if "he's a shape, with different sides to him." He flip flops from one day to the next and she never knows which "side" of the "shape" he's going to be. One day he's in a great mood, and laughs and jokes with her and where things are okay and acceptable, as she's relayed. He acts like her buddy, sharing his lighter with her, making dirty jokes, and all of her friends thinks he's so cool, as I've seen with their comments on her Facebook page. "I love your dad!" they'll respond when she quotes the latest off color humorous comment she heard him spout. The next day he's pissy and sniping at everything, and where things are suddenly not acceptable. (though apparently he's never taken the pissiness to the level that he would with me and my brother, saying the sorts of things he's said to us and calling her the sorts of names he's called me.) That's the side of him that hits the fan when she's busted for drugs at school and expelled for the rest of 7th grade. But who was the one loaning out his lighter to the 12, 13 year old in the first place, you know? Probably the same side of him that was later making jokes and being nonchalant as they sat around in the court room, waiting for my sister's case to be called. Flip flop, flip flop. (even I didn't experience that drastic level of "persona switching" when I was a kid. The dad I knew growing up is not the same dad she has. I was kept at the level of a small child by both my parents, something I got into in the original Appendix version, whereas with her he tells off color jokes and loans out his lighter, among other things. There seems to have been two different agendas going on when it comes to me and her. I have enough reason to believe she's already on the radar of "stuff." But then again being his offspring means it's pretty much guaranteed.)

But in general she still worships the ground he walks on, same as I did for so many years always chasing after him post-divorce. Same as Joe did, despite the fact our dad never had a close relationship with him. My dad has had that effect on all his kids. Something about him lures you in. He's real, and flawed, and he's had all these crazy experiences, and can be cool and fun, and is your buddy, teaching you things about the world, and it's all even more magnified when your mother is batshit crazy and has nothing going for her which makes him godlike by comparison. Then he turns. And for a sensitive kid it

can be very upsetting.

Something my sister relayed to me is that in talking to my dad it seems he has no idea what the problem is between us. She broached the subject with him one day in the summer of '10 about why he and I have no relationship, trying to get his side of the story and perspective on things, and basically he was at a loss. So this means has no idea about the effects of his two sides (coupled with his uncaring obliviousness post divorce, which I don't even bother to try to get into here), even though I had told him point blank in an email back in 2000, after our first falling out. And it also means he doesn't recollect the crazy email he sent to me out of the blue in late fall 2004….sixteen months after my final email to him…..where he popped his top for no discernable reason, spewing hate and rage at me. The email arrived out of nowhere, with no provocation on a full moon of all nights, and I didn't even finish reading it once I realized he was reverting back to the old "mean dad rage spewing like demon possessed" persona. No thanks. Go find somebody else to abuse. Clicked off of it and deleted it. I didn't even want to leave it sitting in my in-box. Didn't respond back and play into the games and feed fest, because there's no point. I hadn't even seen the guy in ten years at that point and knew I never would again, making it all that much *more* pointless. Stuff was obviously using him and he just responded to it like a good little puppet on a string, not questioning anything and with no ability for self monitoring, totally playing into somebody else's agenda, as always. So like I told my sis, if he's at a loss for what the problem is then it means he doesn't recall sending that full moon crazy email, let alone anything else that's gone on over the years….of which I've already told him about like, ten years ago.

In a way it matched up to something I encountered with him on the phone during that one year period we were back in contact. I had broached the subject of a couple of things he'd said in the past (nothing that was discussed here, it was other stuff), and he sounded far away, apparently not remembering those things, and his tone of voice was very passive and just….kind of lost. I think he even said he didn't mean whatever he supposedly said. (and uh, I'd definitely disagree. When he was hatefully spitting things out, engaging in derogatory name calling, doing mocking impersonations of people, etc. etc. he definitely meant it. After all, one of my dad's favorite phrases used to be "Say what you mean and mean what you say!" Now suddenly it's

a case of not having said what he really meant and not meaning what he said? ummmm.) One of the incidents in question happened only seven years before, the other twelve. So we're not talking thirty, forty years ago or something, so there was no reason not to remember.

Yet I believed him (and still do) when he said he had no idea and didn't mean whatever it was he supposedly said. He's not lying or just trying to feign a weak smooth-over. That's not his style. It's just that particular side of him I was speaking with on the phone at that moment really didn't say those things or mean it. Though the other side did. **Multiple personas,** all the way. So the question is, do I remain bitter for having a dad that's carried on the way he has? When it's now a little bit more clear that we're dealing with a situation of multiple personas, where right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing? For the longest time it was hard to let things go as if they never happened, but having the knowledge and awareness of soul fragmentation, neg entity manipulation and attachments, mind control programming and multiple personas certainly does help. I think it pretty much explains everything.

*****

Earlier I mentioned the school conditioning I received, courtesy of my dad, to become a robot computer. Even though it's more of my own autobiographical happenings it's important to mention since it involves him, and is the perfect illustration of the "Thems" side of his personality. I'm going to copy and paste from a version of the Appendix that I have on my computer which gets into my entire story. Before I dive into this though I think it's also important to mention that while there was this aspect of him that behaved this way with regards to my schooling and brain molding, there was also a more positive manifestation of it. The positive side of him had a thirst for knowledge and loved to learn about the world, and he passed that along to me by taking the time to teach me things about all sorts of stuff when I was little. Whereas my mom had a depressed and angry personality that tended towards pushing me and Joe away so she could nap or veg out watching mindless entertainment programs and sitcoms, he took the time to teach me stuff. It wasn't anything that big or important, but he was always encouraging a curiosity about the world, and took initiative. He had enthusiasm for learning and wanted me to learn too. So in all fairness that's the positive aspect of what follows.

"Despite the relative good time that life was back in Massachusetts, there were definitely some emerging issues, especially when it came to school. By age five to six, "report card day" was already a highly stressful situation. Every year I was always chastised for "talking too much" and given lower marks in the category of "behavior" as a result. I learned to dread and fear report card day. (I had pre-first grade, unlike a lot of other kids, so that's where it started, continuing on into first.) My first grade teacher Miss Bruce even called my mom at home to complain about how much of a **"social butterfly"** I was. These complaints did NOT go over well with my parents, let's just put it that way, and I think if these teachers understood what sort of reaction they were provoking in my parents – and how I was going to later turn out by the time I was in high school, withdrawing into a tranced out zombie shell, deadened to the world, hardly talking at all - they would have kept quiet. But I remember sitting at the kitchen table with my mom completely freaking out and pacing around the kitchen yelling and screaming and berating, because one of my report cards said I "talked too much." *Just-Flipped-Out* on me, all the while threatening how much worse it was going to get when my dad got home from work. And sure enough, when he did, it was on and on and on and on and on, more screaming and berating. In a way you could say they were trying to terrorize me into submitting to how they wanted me to be. A pattern they utilized for years, keeping me in a terrorized, meek and obedient, completely controlled child-like state. They'd just go and go until they finally would run out of steam. Then I would scuttle back to my room, completely frazzled. Each and every report card day. Parent Teachers Conferences…….same deal. I remember sitting on a chair outside the classroom in the hallway during one of these after-hours school meetings, stomach completely in knots, nerves shot, psychologically frazzled at the prospect of what was to come, the screaming, the berating. The on and on and on. I didn't know how to not care. And I was never allowed not to. You would have thought I was a monster child, and performing poorly in school. In truth, I was always one of the smartest in my class, got high marks, was friendly and got on well with everybody, and I always had a wide assortment of friends, male and female, of different ages and backgrounds. My worst crime was being too social. Too friendly. Keep the straight A's, but ***stop talking. Stop being friendly.*** Personality conditioning. Reshaping, remolding. (The system as a whole attempts to do this to

all kids in the modern school systems you could say, it's not just a "MILABs" thing.) In this case however there was an added element going on with my parents, where they acted very bizarrely, as if they themselves were programmed to condition my mind and instill certain personality traits in me, steering me in a very different direction then I would have wound up otherwise.

I may have only been six and only just learned how to add simple one digit numbers together, but my dad made sure I could add up a row of five or six numbers long, *carrying* the digits. Subtracting long numbers and *borrowing* digits…….AND teaching me how to check your work when you do subtraction. (you add the answer to the number you subtracted, and it should equal the number being subtracted from.. ;)) This….by first grade. So I was already a grade or two ahead most times with everything. I remember sitting at the kitchen table in Westfield having to work out math problems for so long that my little fingers literally, gave out, and I couldn't squeeze my fingers together anymore to hold the pencil. Meanwhile as my dad would get irritated and impatiently try to shoo me along into getting over it, ASAP, and keep going, get on with it. More math, more work.

On the one hand it's good that they were on top of my schooling and made sure I was smart. They liked to give me educational toys as well to play with, like that Disney pictorial map of the United States puzzle when I was seven, teaching me what all the states were and where they were located. And my mom was always bringing me to the library and buying me books galore. But they took things WAY too seriously.

The way in which I was "molded" and "shaped" as a kid seems in retrospect to be **"them"- style programming**. It started in Massachusetts, as mentioned, and by the time I was in Connecticut it escalated into expecting me to be a perfect straight-A super achiever brainiac who could memorize and regurgitate instantly, on cue. **A robot. A computer.** I was very intelligent, and had a thirsty mind and loved to read and learn, so in many ways I didn't mind "being smart." It came easy. But it had its unpleasant drawbacks. The most perfect example would be when I was learning the multiplication tables at age nine. Forget my hand becoming so weak that I could no longer even hold a pencil from all the math my dad would run me through. That was old news. Now we had……multiplication table memorization! I would stand before my dad as he wore his harsh, humorless "mean

persona," rapid fire quizzing me. If I got an answer wrong – if I even so much as *hesitated*, or faltered in my response – I was sent back to my room while his face twisted in disdain. And this could go on for hours. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. I remember at one point when I hesitated in an answer and he bellowed, **"I DON'T WANT YOU TO *THINK*! *I WANT YOU TO JUST KNOOOWW!*"**

Be a robot. **No thinking**. Just KNOW, and be able to instantly conjure up perfect answers, on cue, every time. (Picture the very fitting image of quickly snapping fingers, snap, snap, snap…) As mentioned it was like there were different personas going on with him. One was relaxed and easy going, the other was mean and disdainful, holding his daughter to ridiculous standards, where nothing was ever good enough. No matter how good you could be, his response was to cavalierly believe you should do better. And better. And better.

It worked though. I remember being in third grade and taking timed multiplication tests, and I was *always* the first one done, every single time. I could just crank through the answers like a computer, taking the timed aspect of the test seriously, as if my life depended on it. There were kids who weren't even finished when time was up, and then there was me, done with minutes and minutes to spare. I remember my teacher Mrs. Todd looking at me quizzically several times as my pencil went down way before everybody else in the class.

[….] On a random note was the idiosynchric game my dad used to like to play where he would ask me random trivia questions that I was expected to know the answers to…snap, snap, snap…off the top of my head. This started back in Massachusetts actually. Nothing bad would happen if I didn't – though it's not like it even occurred to me to go against anything anyway - it was presented as if it was just this fun little inside game we both had, so I never minded. But in retrospect, that's still kind of weird. I mean, who *doe*s that, you know? **Why would you want your kid to be a "memorize and regurgitate robot" who can generate answers perfectly on cue at any given moment, in pop-quiz fashion?** Years later I came across a mention of this style of "home programming" in the work of Fritz Springmeier. It was more of that "almost falling out of my chair" thing when I saw him talking about parents quizzing their kids (who were involved in military/government mind control programs) and making them know all sorts of weird, random trivia facts that they'd have to be able to

regurgitate off the top of their heads at any given moment, snap, snap, snap. What are the odds?

Over the years I've heard many stories about kids who are bribed into getting good grades or rewarded in some way, and that's just very foreign to me. I was even told that there's no rewards for good performance. Why? Because it's expected. It's not something that should be some sort of big deal. So basically saying, You *will* perform perfectly, period. Because that's the way it is. There *i*s no other option. I remember in eighth grade dropping from an A+ to an A- in some subject one quarter. Oh, that sure got the disdainful, verbal berating from him, on and on and on about "how many percentage points drop" an A+ to an A- was. Whereas other parents would just be happy that their kid even got an A, for my dad it wasn't good enough.

Second place in the 5th grade spelling bee…….1st place in 6th grade. Placed in the 8th grade beginner band (flute) while only in 4th grade. 1st place in 7th grade for the junior high writing contest for the entire school. Put into the "Gifted Program" in 6th, 7th and 8th grades. Member of the National Junior Honor Society in 8th grade and member of the "Academic Bowl" (quiz trivia team thing). Won all the local levels with the team and went on to participate in the Kids Quiz TV program filmed in Providence, Rhode Island. And we won. Always tested years above my level on those yearly "Iowa Tests of Basic Skills." By 4th grade I was testing at a 9th grade level in reading comprehension, vocabulary, writing and spelling. (due to being a voracious reader.) IQ tested sometime in grade school and apparently got a score that was high enough that my parents wouldn't tell me what it was, for fear of affecting me. So to this day I have no idea what I scored. I just remember my mom's infamous "deer caught in the headlights" look when I asked, and her refusal to say anything. So bizarre. IQ tests do have some validity, but on some level they're also just a test of how well you've been conformed to the system's way of thinking and perceiving reality. My dad had also tested high on his IQ tests in the past, to the point where he'd been invited to join Mensa. O.o He loved to poke fun at that for years, the old drinking, brawling and hell raising side of him rolling his eyes at the pomposity of a group of self designated geniuses sitting around basking in their own geniusness. ;D

Natural smartness inadvertently led to these sorts of "achievements" – and to not have achieved that stuff would have

required mindful overriding and purposely screwing up in school, something that didn't cross my mind. In retrospect I wish I'd realized what was happening and purposely just gotten a C average, because once I established myself as being able to perform on that level the bar was raised by my parents, and it became expected that I perform at 120% all the time. It's the same lesson I learned the hard way in the working world, and what one very smart and observant male co-worker buddy named Ryan back in Florida once told me – never let on how smart you are. Don't do *anything* beyond the bare minimum of what's expected of you because then they just want you to do more, and more, and more. He also went on to talk about how after you establish yourself as being capable you then get promoted…and completely eaten up, spit out and then ultimately fired. Wise words, as I'd seen this for myself at several jobs, and in looking back it applied to my home life as well. The big lesson: **Stay as invisible as possible.**

(Later in life I would inadvertently attract to myself job situations that were exact replica of everything I'd known growing up. Jobs in SoCal where the pressure was on to be a super multi-tasking worker in super fast paced environments, going going going, where mistakes were not acceptable, supervised often times by these cold, robotic, fake puppet people "reptilian-esque" managers who didn't show appreciation or acknowledge a job well done, instead, focusing only on every little thing that employees did wrong and taking them for granted, and where I had to be on my toes, because the threat of being written up and/or coldly fired out of nowhere always loomed over my head. And not to sound like a self-help book, but several years ago I began examining my childhood in-depth and realized that I was attracting life situations that mirrored what I knew growing up….because that's all I knew, and so subconsciously I kept pulling it to me. Once I realized it though I was able to break out of it, and start creating new patterns for myself at better jobs with nice, relaxed environments. And at this point I no longer tolerate nonsense working environments and bosses anymore.)

[…] By 9th grade in Connecticut I'd completely turned my back on the "brainiac super achiever" persona that had been foisted upon me. Starting in 9th grade I got my first D, and then F, in Algebra….and to my absolute joy, I heard not one word about it from either parent. They were so wrapped up in their divorce drama that for once, there was almost zero attention on me anymore. To be left alone like that

concerning school for the first time in my life was absolutely fantastic. In fact, it was during this time period that the domineering control issues with my parents did a 180 flip flop. Whereas once things were strict and oppressive, suddenly it was hands off. (Paradoxically the abuse issues with my mother went through the roof during this time, since we'd always hated each other anyway and now she was in the middle of divorcing my dad who I took after in terms of my overall looks. So I became her verbal punching bag and target of physical abuse since I was such a glaring reminder of him.) But as far as school itself went, for the most part they barely noticed.

In 10th grade my high school in Connecticut was seeking out "gifted" students to place in their newly formed gifted and talented program (the junior high had one, but not the high school), and so an IQ test was administered to everybody. I remember taking the test in English class and being the first one done…and promptly returned to my riveting novel that I was absorbed in. My pencil was down while everybody else was still slaving away, trying to figure things out. Later when the results were in I was given an invite in the form of some letter that was delivered to me in one of my classes to join their little "gifted program" for the few smart kids who'd gotten the highest scores in the school. I didn't even respond back. A big middle finger of indifference to the system that I'd been cornered into my whole life. And it was pretty much all downhill from there as far as school goes. ;D

Despite my dad's earlier training techniques for molding me into a computer-like super performer regurgitation machine, I still don't believe he was even consciously aware of what he was doing. Possibly he was told to be that way by "something," who knows what, because it serves valuable purposes, and so…he did, without any conscious realization of what he was doing, or ability to even question himself. It was like he would switch over into this pissy mean persona whenever he was being a slave driver with school.

On the one hand I want to dismiss the idea of him being under the influence of something else to mold my personality this way, because on the outset it does sound ludicrous, just so….farfetched. Really out there, especially considering we had such a seemingly boring life and nothing overtly obvious in terms of "weird" stuff going on. We didn't live on a military base. My dad wasn't actively involved in the military anymore at that point. So who were the mysterious "thems"

that I'm alluding to then? Where were they coming from? I don't know. Yet on the other hand there's no denying for myself that this very unusual personality shaping was occurring. **If I can even suspect that I was being "taken," by humans or otherwise, due to those strange indicators as a child mentioned in Part II, then of course my parents would have been too.** I mean, what normal parent takes their kid's grammar school performance THAT seriously?? If their little girl doesn't get straight A's in grade school and perform like a human robot computer then the world will end? Come on now. So yeah, I've had to try to come up with some theory, and based on what I know now of the "Big Picture" in my 30s looking back with more puzzle pieces in place, stuff possibly seems to point to that, as much as I want to roll my eyes and think "That's *really* nuts." But I just keep remembering the line from "The Truman Show," spoken by Christoff, the "man behind the curtain" – **"We accept the reality of the world with which we're presented."** And if that reality has hidden stuff behind the scenes that we can't see, then of course it's not going to occur to us to think in those terms. Instead we will take what we're presented with at face value…no matter how weird and "off" it may be. And the idea of the other option will of course sound crazy.

So, possibly molding someone into a meek, powerless, completely controlled brainiac "memorize and regurgitate computer robot" at home, who jumps when snapped at and has been conditioned with screaming/terrorizing, spills over into their abduction programming and performance with their handlers. As mentioned earlier in my book, **"they" need people who don't think. They need people who mindlessly obey.** This is all just theory though, but one that I have to consider in light of everything else I now know. But, kudos do go to my dad though for not repeating the mistakes of his father, and his grandfather before him, who were both psychotically physically abusive. My crazy Italian immigrant great-grandfather kicked the shit out of my grandfather, who in turn kicked the shit out of my dad. My dad inherited their same hellacious temper…but refrained from kicking the shit out of me and my brother, although he did engage in questionable treatment of Joe, no doubt there. It just wasn't anything close to the level of his dad and grandfather.

I often look back on all of it and wonder what would have happened had I decided to rebel and not perform like their meek little robot. Just…refused. Basically, be the way my brother Joe was,

because he didn't listen to anybody and would not be controlled, and didn't take anything seriously. That was just inconceivable though. The thought never even crossed my mind, such was the level of control I was under with the complete inability to even think for myself about the idea of rebelling in ANY sort of way. Lot of fear.

As a weird miscellaneous – and more positive – add on, another defining feature of my dad was card games. Since we had such an isolated existence and he liked his card games he taught me how to play, this way he'd have somebody to play against. So, I was his card buddy. (He also taught me chess, so I know all the basics of what the pieces are and how they move, though I know nothing of strategy and for that reason would never even attempt to play against anybody. ;D) He taught me Solitaire, Black Jack, Rummy, Crazy 8s…and Cribbage. That was my favorite, I just loved that game. I was good too, even though I was only like, 11, 12, 13 years old, enough that I could give him a run for his money. :D "15-2, 15-4, 15-6 and a pair for 8!" I may have even won a few games, but I don't remember now. But I have good memories of my dad heading over to the cabinet in the living room and pulling down the deck of Bicycle playing cards (the only kind he'd ever use) and his wooden Cribbage board with the metal pegs, and nodding towards me like, Hey, come on, let's play. At the kitchen table mostly, but during summer weekend mornings we'd be out at the picnic table under the hazy, hot humid sky with those locust bugs buzzing in the trees in the woods. So, yet another example of teaching me stuff and making me smart, but it's a good memory, so I wanted to leave off this section with that.

*****

In looking over all of this, I think that for starters, my dad's work with the Navy and NSA doing whatever he did didn't end with the military. If he had useful skills and talents then possibly he was continually taken and used for years afterwards, unknown to him, long after he was married and had kids. Maybe for psychic stuff, remote viewing/PSI work. Maybe by stuff that isn't even human. I don't know, because I still don't understand who is behind it and how it all works. One reason for this theory is due to one specific incident from when I was sixteen, when my dad was experiencing one of his recurring bouts of out of control psychic ability, what he called **"Being On."** It was the first time he divulged this phenomenon to me, and I

listened with rapt interest. It was driving him mad, because while "On," he could continually read people's minds and know things about everybody around him (namely the people he worked with and such) **with no ability to shut it off.** He was pacing back and forth in our house in Connecticut, annoyed and aggravated about the situation, as I watched, interested, like Huh. Wow. My mom was out somewhere, which was why he was even talking about it. Had she been around, this incident would never have happened since they were going through their divorce. My dad grabbed a deck of playing cards and told me to shuffle them, meanwhile, as he wrote down a list of ten cards on a piece of paper. When I was done shuffling he took the cards from me and flipped over the first ten in the deck.

The cards matched perfectly, in the exact order of what he'd written on his list.

He wasn't amused by this though, if anything, it seemed to annoy him even more. I look back on this now and think that maybe it was residual after effects of being used for psychic work, reminiscent of his anomalous incident with Hopkins back in the Navy that I learned about years later. And for some reason this incident didn't shock me back then as much as it could have. This seemed neat but yet, normal. I didn't find psychic stuff to be surprising. I was already an avid reader of the "weird" for close to seven years by that point, and had demonstrated my own abilities, as well as hearing stories from my parents. And in my ideal world, everybody would acknowledge it as the normal way for humans to be. This was why I'd felt compelled to give reports on psychic powers at school – educate the masses about what's possible, and what should be normal for us. But I could understand his frustration and aggravation about being plagued by something he didn't want and didn't understand, and even the slight fear behind it, wondering how this came to be. But I just figured it was something he was naturally born with, and left it at that.

At this stage however, I don't necessarily think that.

My dad was born with natural intuitive abilities, and he definitely had a naturally bright intellect. But possibly "stuff" took those natural abilities, tweaked him, and "amped thing up" a few notches through experimentation and mind control. To perform the way my dad did with the Morse code type could have been his natural talent - but maybe he was "tweaked" to perform better. And the way he was whisked away after taking his IQ/aptitude tests and getting to skip the

mandatory schooling and training, and his incident with Hopkins, and a UFO finding itself situated right over his head on a military base, and along with his preferential treatment in general, confirms for me that something strange was definitely amiss. But it couldn't have stopped in the military, obviously. Because then you factor in those aforementioned blackout periods he mentioned a few years ago, his dream-like state of mind, and the skills he didn't even know he had, and Houston, we have a problem.

Recommended Reading

There were a few sources mentioned throughout this book, but of those here are the handful that I would really recommend for further information regarding the subjects of aliens/interdimensional beings, neg entities, psychic attacks, MILABS and mind control. (And there would be more recommendations here but I've had to remove some links over time because unfortunately, the material was no longer available. So it goes on the internet.) Directly click on any of the links if you're reading the electronic copy of this book…

Mind Control

"Operation Open Eyes – Five Easy Steps for Creating a Manchurian Candidate" – Gunther Rassbacher. Article that outlines the government's selection and training of youths from America's incarceration system to become programmed "Manchurian Candidates." As noted elsewhere in this piece, the things Gunther described matched my own brother Joe's situation to a T, who spent ages 14-17 in various juvenile lock ups, which is why I recommend this. **http://www.rumormillnews.com/operation.htm**

"The Illuminati Formula for Creating a Totally Undetectable Mind Controlled Slave" and **"Deeper Insights into the Illuminati Formula"** – Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler. **http://www.theforbiddenknowledge.com/hardtruth/illuminati_formula_mind_control.htm** Hands down the single most detailed and comprehensive source on Illuminati/occult based mind control. However it's not written like a regular book, and is a bit all over the place. So be prepared for that if one chooses to read it. The book outlines the techniques that are supposedly employed to compartmentalize the mind, how the systems are set up within the mind, what the symbolisms, trigger words and number codes are (sometimes supposedly minus a few words or numbers so as to not trigger programmed people who may be reading), as well as information regarding electronic mind control, implants, ritual cult programming and assigning demons to targets, among many other things including Disney, and the Wizard of Oz. It's like a handbook in a way getting into some heavy duty dark material. Not for the faint of heart. Recommend easing your way into the subject with lighter fare first if you are new to the topic. What's interesting to me is that Fritz and Cisco

made a few claims in this book about specific people, which at the time there was no real way to confirm. But since then some of these claims have in fact been verified….by the very people themselves. So that's made me sit up and look closer. There's a lot of personal controversy surrounding Fritz, but there's still no question for me that so much of what is reported in "Illuminati Formula" is apparently spot-on. (the proof of what he and Cisco talk about can also be found running rampant within the media: **http://in2worlds.net/mind-control-themes-and-programming-triggers-in-movies**) Since I see evidence in the world for what he's talking about, I continue to recommend the book despite whatever weird and questionable things may be going on with Fritz personally.

"Mind Control, World Control" and **"Mass Control"** – Jim Keith. Two books that give a solid overviews of all things relating to government mind control on both individual targets and the masses at large, by the late Jim Keith. **http://www.amazon.com/Mass-Control-Engineering-Human-Consciousness/dp/1931882215**

"Secret, Don't Tell – The Encyclopedia of Hypnotism" – Carla Emery. Comprehensive historical overview of hypnosis that delves into the use of unethical hypnosis, as well as government mind control projects. Detailed and valuable resource that also contains many additional book, article and website links and references. The late Ms. Emery, who claims to have been victim of mind control herself, put a lot of time and effort into compiling this work and even went into hiding while writing it. If it wasn't for the intervention of "something higher" one night, then this book wouldn't exist at all, as explained in the very first opening introduction. **http://www.hypnotism.org/orders.htm**

UFOs, Aliens, Abductions and MILABS

"Taken" – Karla Turner, Ph.D. The late Dr. Turner's book regarding eight women's personal case histories as alien/military abductees. Nice sampling that gives a broad overview on the topic, and which is guaranteed to provide at least a few answers and fill in some missing puzzle pieces for MILABs. **http://www.karlaturner.org/mainpage-vidboxes/panel2.html**

"MILABS Operations" – James Bartley. Article that covers many aspects of MILABS not being discussed anywhere else.

http://theuniversalseduction.com/bartley/8/milab-operations (For more of Mr. Bartley's writings, see the sidebar on that link.)

"MILABS - Military Mind Control and Alien Abductions" – Dr. Helmut Lammer and Marion Lammer. Having never heard of the idea of the military/government taking and messing with people, I was stuck in "unanswered question limbo" back during 2002…until reading this book. It provided my big "Eureka!" breakthrough moment, which is why I still have to recommend it despite its flaws. There are many useful insights and corroborations to be found in the Lammers' "MILABS," but do read with discernment as there seems to be a subtle agenda going on with this book to dismiss certain aspects of abductions, as well as using silly comic book-style illustrations that undermine this important subject. But, still a must-read for any MILABS/mind control researcher. Another write up from Dr. Lammer would be **"Preliminary Findings of Project MILAB – Evidence for military kidnappings of alleged UFO-abductees."** http://www.karlaturner.org/articles/citations/project_milab_lammer.html And then his follow up article, **"Further Findings of Project MILAB – Looking behind the alien/military abduction agenda":** http://truthseek.info/articles/3/22/page52/1003//cached/html/

"Discerning Alien Disinformation" – Montalk. Fantastic book that dissects all aspects of the alien situation. Purchase the book from Lulu Press: http://www.lulu.com/product/paperback/discerning-alien-disinformation/4542989 or download the free PDF version from Montalk's website: http://montalk.net/Discerning_Alien_Disinfo_v3.1.pdf

"Operation Trojan Horse" – John Keel. Link to PDF copy of the extremely hard to come by and highly recommended "Operation Trojan Horse" by the late John Keel. I put this book on a very short list of impressive UFO research, not only for the thousands of historical records Mr. Keel sifted through in his research (most of which would probably have been lost and forgotten had it not been for his work in digging them up) along with his firsthand experience and investigative research, and the hundreds of interviews he's conducted with people over the years, but also for the patterns that he spotted in the chaos, and the conclusions he draws from them. http://in2worlds.net/file_download/6/ It's in my opinion that UFO researchers are indebted to Mr. Keel's efforts.

"The Love Bite – Alien Interference in Human Love Relationships" – Eve Lorgen. http://www.alienlovebite.com/main.htm

"The Dark Side of Cupid – Love Affairs, the Supernatural and Energy Vampirism" – Eve Logen. http://evelorgen.com/wp/news/dark-side-of-cupid-book-now-ready-for-pre-order/

"Barbara: The Story of a UFO Investigator" – Barbara Bartholic, as told to Peggy Fielding. The life and times of the late UFO abductee and researcher Barbara Bartholic who worked with Jacque Vallee for seven years and eventually became a MILABs target as well. Written by Peggy Fielding, and based on interviews that Barbara gave to her. It's an interesting read that gets into aspects of the abduction scenario I've never seen mentioned elsewhere, painting a darker, more realistic picture of alien abductions, counterbalancing the typical New Age viewpoint. http://www.whale.to/b/Bartholic%20-%20Story%20of%20a%20UFO%20Investigator.pdf

"**The Threat - The Secret Agenda**" - **David M. Jacobs, Ph.D.** A counterbalance to the new age love 'n light pro-alien propaganda, looking at the possible insidious side to the hybrid breeding program and what the aliens may really be here for. http://www.ufoabduction.com/books1.htm

"Silent Invasion" - Ellen Crystal, PhD. The UFO invasion of the Pine Bush/Hudson Valley area of New York back in the 1980s. http://www.pinebushufo.com/pinebushpage25.htm I was left a bit dumbfounded after reading this book, wondering how this went relatively unnoticed and unreported within the mainstream?? UFOs were out there practically every night, skimming over treetops and people's houses….*landing in fields*…..and the world in general just looked the other way? Not Ellen Crystall though, she was out giving these things chase on the roads and in the fields, taking pictures, rounding up whoever she could get to go out chasing with her, and even reported that these beings were involved in some sort of digging underground in the middle of the night. Possibly mining for certain elements, as that area contains rare elements not found anywhere else. I even know a woman in her mid-50s who lived in that area during that same time period, and knew of Ellen and could have participated in the UFO chases and investigations if she'd wanted, so that was interesting to get first hand corroboration from somebody who was there. This is a must-read for anybody who's interested in UFO-ology.

"The Cryptoterrestrials" – Mac Tonnes. **"What if 'aliens' are not from other planets?"** **http://www.anomalistbooks.com/tonnies.html** "If evidence for the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis has failed to surface—despite decades of hard work and diligent investigations—then maybe we should consider the notion that we are looking for the answers in all the wrong places. Instead of looking up, maybe we should be looking around us. And, perhaps, even below us, too." – From the Foreword by **Nick Redfern**, author of *On the Trail of the Saucer Spies*

"Extra Terrestrial Friends and Foes" – George C. Andrews. Interesting book that covers a wide variety of alien lore: The hybrid breeding program, the increase in missing children in certain countries, underground bases, the secret treaty-gone-awry between the U.S. government and the "Grays" and whoever their masters are, the various assortment of aliens that have been visiting Earth and the different agendas, the demonic/interdimensional possibly alien influence on Adolf Hitler, the supposed Virgin Mary sightings and the evidence that they are holographically projected images originating from UFOs, disinformation authors and government-sponsored disinformation, crop circles, indications of ET manipulation in human affairs contained within history and mythology, the extent of the alien cover up and people who are "suicided" when they get too close to things, and lots more, including excerpts from other works and guest contributions from various researchers and authors. The author's approach is intellectual, yet still personable, and he applies rational logical thinking to dissect what we're being told about all things alien and abduction related.

Miscellaneous

Montalk. High quality website with articles by the author Montalk regarding aliens/abductions, metaphysics, conspiracy, alternative science and the Matrix Control System. **www.montalk.net**

"Practical Psychic Self Defense" - Robert Bruce. Mr. Bruce knows what he's talking about as his book is filled with personal anecdotes from his hands-on experience dealing with neg entities and possession, and it's written in a personable, accessible and level headed way. So much of what he describes in this book I experienced for myself and talk about in my write up, "The Vortex," which can be found on my website. People don't realize how much neg entities run rampant exerting their influence on people, and for that reason I consider this book a must-read.

"The Mothman Prophesies" – John Keel. In the 13 months leading up to the collapse of the Silver Bridge on December 15, 1967, Point Pleasant West Virginia was inundated with all sorts of paranormal activity. UFOs galore, strange Men in Black and humanoid entities visiting the townspeople, and the Mothman itself, a 7-8 foot tall winged creature with glowing red eyes. A doorway to another realm seems to have been activated during those thirteen months allowing for a host of bizarre phenomenon to manifest on our side. Many non-fiction investigative books are written by random strangers who weren't there, trying to recreate a story they didn't live through so the reader can learn about it. Keel however was in the middle of it while it was happening, experiencing the weirdness firsthand and had become intertwined in the lives of the residents of Point Pleasant (and the non-human entities) long before the bridge collapsed, and before anybody understood why any of it was happening. There really isn't another book like this.

"The Gods of Eden" – William Bramley. Mr. Bramley's historical research into the origins of human warfare wound up revealing that non-human intelligences seem to be directing affairs on planet Earth from behind the scenes. Down to earth, informative and thought provoking, this excellent book (released in 1990, before David Icke and Jim Marrs) winds its way back through human history and shows the thread that links wars, religion, politics, and even great plagues.