Alien Within
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PROLOGUE

Throughout history, we have experienced events that had such a powerful impact on humanity that they changed the world. Each of those changes had significant sociological effects as well. We have witnessed the discovery of archeological wonders that have given us clues that allow us to determine where we came from. Egypt alone can account for enough evidence to logically debate the existence of aliens. It is baffling to think how ancient Egyptians could have performed eye, ear, brain, and vascular surgeries, embalming, and dental procedures. All that knowledge and history was lost for fifteen hundred years. Two thousand years ago, they knew the Earth was round, it was the third planet, the planets went around the sun, and the sun followed millions of other stars through space. What happened between ancient Egypt and the fifteenth century to set us back so far?

Civilizations and societies rose out of turbulent times to occupy and control entire continents. Every few hundred years, a person comes around with the desire to conquer and the influential prowess to gain followers. We have had more than our fair share in the past century. If we were able to predict the future or visit the past, would we be able to accept the truth, for good or bad? Would we try to manipulate the future or change the past?

Having an extraterrestrial experience may seem like science fiction, but for me, it is as real as the ground under my feet. It is an awakening for some people and a curse for others. One thing is for sure, anyone who has experienced an encounter with a being more advanced than us, from unknown origins, will have a life-changing moment—a moment of clarity you might say. If you were to step off a cliff, as soon as both feet have cleared, that is the moment; every nerve in your body wakes up. It is a moment of time when you know there is no going back.
But what if you could? What if we were to relearn what the ancients knew? What if alien encounters have been taking place throughout our existence? It may appear to be a hypothetical conjecture, but how much do we really know?

The human mind is the most complex subject we have yet to master. We use our eyes to see, ears to hear, sensitive nerve endings to feel, taste buds to taste, and a nose to smell, all providing stimuli to the brain. The brain then determines all the associated factors and derives a conclusion. However, we do not need eyes to see or ears to hear. Our brains can see images with our eyes closed. We can hear music when no music is playing if we only apply a little concentration. When we see or hear something, can we truly know if it is real, or could it be our imagination? If someone was in a coma, he or she could be living out a full life in an animated state, aware or unaware of the world around him or her. After we have learned to see, hear, feel, taste, and smell, we could live out the rest of our lives in a dream and never know it. Why does one person see a ghost, or hear voices, and others do not? Why does it seem that some people are lucky and others unlucky? There are too many questions with multiple hypotheses, but in the end, reality will be playing out in one dimension while alternate realities play out in others.

Life on the other side is the most sought-after answer since the first Stone Age family member died. We may learn the answer, though we shall not learn it at the same time. Stepping into that unknown scares the living hell out of some people. For others it is an enlightening experience, a portal, the great unknown left for the dead and dying. That may no longer the case. Understanding the dimensions between time and space will open the door for a physical and spiritual awakening.

Within the course of human existence, history has only recorded a few examples of contact with aliens and many of those have been clouded with skepticism from the lack of physical proof. Some of the greatest ideas man has ever conceived came directly from contact with extraterrestrial encounters. Within ancient writings, hieroglyphs, and
petroglyphs, there are many examples where we have had contact with aliens, many of them depicted as gods.

Many prominent people in history owe their legacy in science and the arts to how and from whom they acquired their insight—Galileo, Archimedes, Copernicus, Leonardo de Vinci, the list goes on and on. Even in the modern era, we have many examples: Albert Einstein, Wernher Von Braun, Thomas Edison, Nikola Tesla, Marie Curie, and Louis Pasteur. There are many more, but you get the point.

Sometimes we must look deep into ourselves and acknowledge our place in this big world. How much responsibility should one person have? Accepting that there are forces in the universe more powerful than man is more than an acknowledgment; it is a responsibility to investigate and learn.

This is just a small segment of one man’s life, the ending segment, the part of life our most profound thoughts are reserved for. If you are sensitive about religion, be warned. This story contains many references to God. However, our character’s description of God is his description and does not necessarily coincide with a traditional view of God that Christians worship. He was compelled to refer to the force that he had contact with as God, simply because there was no other name, concept, or definition that could possibly capture the true nature of its existence. He was not a religious person before his experience or after; he simply found enlightenment. However, he does refer to a universal existence, which is perceived to embody the powers of creation. It is a force of nature, a being made of cosmic energy. It has existed in the universe since the dawn of time, and like a web, it stretches far across time and space. Everybody’s concept of God is different. This account is merely an acknowledgment and acceptance of his.

Time is shorter than we think. By the time we realize our lives have an end, that end seems to come all too quick. The moral aspects of creationism often conflict with science and history. There is a fine balance between science, religion, and the interpretations of historical documents that keep the theological debate fueled. Morality is a code of conduct that has been developed and changes with the times. No
other species lives by a set of dos and don’ts and then changes their mind. It is instinct or nature that all other animals rely. Instincts are predominantly based on needs and often heightened by fear. Because of our advanced intellect and ego, we have adapted to sociologically accepted behaviors in order to prove we belong. So, what if there were an even more intellectually advanced being? Would they develop an even more complex or more profound sense of morality? Maybe they would not have the need for morality at all. If you take the emotional aspect away from the argument, morality would simply be a rule.

When we return full circle on our journey through life, there will be no questions left worth answering. The cyclical nature of life is being perpetually replicated on here an Earth, and we have no reason to believe it is not happening elsewhere in the universe. For us to think that, with the trillions of trillions of stars out there, each of them with potential to nurture life, we would have to be either ignorant or naive to believe we are alone. The problem lies with distance. We tell ourselves all the time that just because we cannot see God does not mean he does not exist. Then for us to say, because we have not found life somewhere else, it does not exist is not only hypocritical; it is illogical. Eventually, we will evolve to a higher intelligence and take that next step toward the future. In the meantime, relax and enjoy the ride. We live in exciting times.

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My name is Lincoln Cross. In my final year on this glorious planet, I had an epiphany and an extraordinary experience that opened my eyes and soul. I met face to face with God, angels, and extraterrestrials. My experience bridged the gap between reality and fantasy, science and science fiction, history, mythology, and spirituality, giving me a remarkable perspective on life and death. These are the thoughts and events that led to my extraordinary transformation.
I am just an ordinary man living in an ordinary time. Travel between solar systems is still decades away, the Industrial Age has waned, and the Technology Age controls the stock market, world banks, our children’s lives, and of course, governments and politicians. Government contractors still receive as many favors and handouts from lawmakers as ever. Replicable proof of quantum physics has yet to encourage us into a new age, the Age of Intellect, but I feel it is coming soon.

I was no one of any significance, and I certainly had no desire for attention. Once I had dreamed of stardom or some grand achievement, but that was when I was a child. Life has a way of changing you just as you have a way of changing life. I find myself now staying in the shadows. It is much safer there. I had what I would call a normal childhood, complete with all the ambitions and dreams you would expect from a child in the ’60s and ’70s. As a youth, I trusted adults. They were big, they were strong, they knew things, and I was just a boy who wanted to be big, strong, and knowledgeable. When I became an adult, I realized how flawed my young perceptions were. Adults are no more capable of understanding unknown variables than a child is. In fact, adults have already formed beliefs and established opinions related to laws of nature, making it much harder to learn or relearn
things. Our egos have a way of closing our minds, and until we realize the errors in our thoughts and beliefs, we are simply stubborn and ignorant, bound by nature to continue making the same mistakes. If we lived our whole lives never seeing a bird, what magical amazement would we ponder to witness an animal in flight? We must keep an open mind when we deal with the unknown and things we struggle to comprehend. In time, all questions are answered, and life will be in harmony with the universe.

We moved around a lot as I was growing up. A military family makes many sacrifices; among them is relocating about every three years. It is a culturally uplifting experience but stressful just the same. Meeting new people from all demographics and cultures, I learned to embrace new places as an adventure. I had much to do when I was a child—Little League, Red Cross, Boys Club, and Boy Scouts. Looking back, I had a good childhood. I remember my first girlfriend way back when I was in first grade—my first love. I still remember her name, what she looked like, and how I adored her. There is magic in the kiss of a five-year-old. The odd part is that I remember all my girlfriends, but I do not remember why we separated.

I remember a time as a ten-year-old boy when I was playing Little League baseball. I always ended up at shortstop, which was fine with me. I liked that position because of the high activity. I also pitched and played left and center field. I could throw from deep center field all the way to home plate. I thought I was good and could have a future in the major league. I thought that was every kid’s dream. There is no greater feeling, in all of sports, than to be at the plate in the bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, two strikes against you, and you get a hot one right down the middle. With all the speed and rhythm, I could muster, I brought that bat around with white knuckles and an eagle eye. The bat hit that ball right in the sweet spot, sending it past the third baseman, in bounds, and the winning run scores. Being the hero just that one time is enough to brighten my day any time I choose to remember.
At eleven, I got involved with the Red Cross junior lifesaving course. I was an excellent swimmer and loved the water. I was also on a junior dive team. We had to swim carrying weights from a barbell back and forth across the pool, and to make the final qualifications, we had to swim up toward a drowning victim (the coach), submerge, swim behind him, and ascend to get our arms around him without letting him get ahold of us. A drowning victim will try to grab you to help hold himself above water. It is an instinct of self-preservation. We had to secure the victim and swim him to the far side of the pool. Now imagine what may be going on in an eleven-year-old boy’s mind as he swims with an armful of breast, and because he is eleven and has shorter arms, there is a lot of repositioning being done. What a day that was.

Being born around the Thanksgiving holiday made my birthdays seem a little more important. Family gathering together for the holiday to mark another year of Thanksgiving all but ensured there were plenty of people around to join in my birthday celebrations, which really was not much. I had five brothers, and my parents worked hard but did not have a lot to spoil us with. Even though there were six of us, I never felt neglected. My parents did a wonderful job making each of us feel equally loved. I did not feel the need for attention, but I welcomed it nonetheless. I created my own attention by being the family aggressor. An independent streak compelled me to shy away from being a follower and standing up as an independent thinker. I danced to the beat of my own drum. I preferred to lead even though I did not know where I was going. My siblings would say I bullied them, and I am sure they were right, but by being the biggest dog in the yard, I felt it was my duty to preside over situations and events, thus forcing my will upon them. It is far too late for regrets. However, I did grow out of it, and that made me a better person.

When I was a child, my parents would take us to Sunday school. It turned out to be a wonderful place to meet new people, particularly girls. I think the adventurous part of me was collecting girlfriends. The denomination did not seem to matter. Protestant, Catholic, Christian, Methodist, Lutheran, Mormon, Baptist, Evangelical, and
Pentecostal—I have visited each, some more than once, all for the sake of a girl. I went to church with each of them. Not for the education, mind you, but for the rewards. Organized religion had too many holes in the entire concept for me to trust any of them. I chose to focus on science. As an independent thinker, I questioned everything. Not that I was antiestablishment-minded. Rather I realized that officials are people too, and they make mistakes and bad decisions at times. Who is to say that what I thought about it was relevant or not?

Truth and fact are perceptions. Things we have already accepted as truth may not yet have convinced others, making your truth different from someone else’s. From all the many cultures, languages, social variations, and spiritual backgrounds come billions of people with many perceptions. Sometimes perceptions can be preordained. In the animal kingdom, we would refer to this as instinct. *Instinct* is a cop-out word. It does not clearly define its own definition. Anything we do not understand falls into a few categories: spiritual, natural, mystical, magical, denial, and always controversial. However, instinct is the closest word we have for what is a true sixth sense. Akin to hearing or seeing, we must learn to nurture and develop it. Rather than a sixth sense, others might refer to it as nonsense. In either case, when an event happens, each of us must evaluate, understand, and be ready to respond if required. We will not all choose the same.

Mankind has been searching for answers as long as there have been questions. It is in our nature to rationalize. Is all the logical thinking we do a learned attribute, or is it coded in our DNA to seek more and more information? Or is it both? In either case, how much knowledge is too much? In terms of the universe, which is infinite, we are still fetuses. There is so much more to learn. If you are among those who have already formed an opinion concerning the existence of aliens on earth, you may be stopping yourself from examining life for what life is. On the other hand, if you are open to the idea that we have been frequently visited by extraterrestrials, and it has been occurring for thousands of years, you may find much to ponder in these chronicles.
I, like many others, have struggled with matters of faith. There is much ado about the concepts of immortality, eternity, and infinity. Every religion has a form of heaven. I had been to Sunday school many times, yet I still believed that we live on in the memories of others. Your eternity ends when people stop remembering you. It helped to make me a better person. Therefore, whether true or false, right or wrong, it was a good thing.

We have an opportunity to advance more in the next one hundred years than we have for the past one thousand years. One hundred years is about half the lifespan of humanity in the future. I could not imagine living two hundred years, and unfortunately, not everyone will be included in the advancements that make it possible to do so. Through the research and development of the flood of knowledge, we will experience in the near future, the advancement of humanity is about to be tested. Governments will undoubtedly make every effort to protect and control such advancements. It is going to get interesting. There are considerable coincidences occurring all the time, everywhere.

Throughout my childhood, I had some fantastic dreams. I often dreamed of being able to fly. In a disaster, I was always the hero. I had visions of spacecraft, propulsion systems, and the use of the world’s lay lines to thwart gravity. I was on a fire-fighting team, battling a major shipboard fire, and that was before I joined the navy. I once dreamed in cartoon. That was so weird I had to tell my wife, Margaret. She laughed and still thinks it is funny to this day. I choose to believe that I had a healthy imagination, but I never confused reality and fantasy, except for that time in the ’70s, when I was introduced to mushrooms.

The older I got, the more interested in math and science I became. If I could do it all over again, I would have been a physicist. However, physics is just the beginning of an even greater science. As time passes, more and more cases like mine will occur, and the world will begin to see tangible benefits of future technologies. Eventually, scholars and novices alike will take interest. Once the message is received by academia, the field will open to the sharpest minds on the planet. Thousands of jobs will be created. Even children as young as twelve
will be contributing to major military operations thousands of miles away, on a computer. In a well-protected game room, computer programmers will continue to learn and develop more advanced and complex algorithms, unlocking the lid to Pandora’s Box. Two examples come to mind: First, there is no such thing as a small nuclear explosion. Second, a black hole is not a hole. The mass of a black hole is so great its gravity literally crushes everything down into its core. In addition, there is no such thing as a small black hole. A better term for a black hole should be “Death Star.”

Advancements in technology and understanding will grow at a very rapid pace. This will be a very exciting time for anyone working in the field of science. However, I will have to bear witness from another existence or dimension; I wonder in amazement what changes are coming. The future is not mine to see but ours to make. I am fortunate to get a glimpse of what the future may be, but the human experience, as we know it, is about to change. If someone should come along with greater vision than that of an eagle, or the natural physical strength of a gorilla, the speed of a racehorse, the ability to calculate extremely complicated mathematical equations in one’s head in fractions of a second, or the ability to memorize every single note of Mozart’s Piano Concerto 23 in A minor after hearing it only once, would we be amazed, confused, or inspired? Would we face the possibility that being superhuman has nothing to do with being human? Rather it has more to do with what is not human. If people were to develop any of the advanced abilities, the next question would be, would they use that ability to advance their own personal agendas? Would they take advantage of their fellow man? Probably. Therefore, at some point there will be a lot of attention given to being able to control and regulate these abilities and the people who possess them. But will we be able to regulate the regulators? Probably not. Is it any wonder why “the people” have little faith and trust in government? Even more concerning is the probability that governments will use these advancements for malicious means, against other countries and our own citizens. You can use your imagination as to whom in this world we would have to protect ourselves from. Another concern is the
entire dynamics of world powers shifting. The entrance of a leader on the world stage brings much uncertainty. They could turn out to be a Gandhi or a Hitler.

Evolution never stops. All living things will continue to change. The strong replacing the weak, the efficient replacing the ineffective, adaptation to a changing environment will take place, and it is only a matter of time until we become the aliens. The great debate between religion and science is mostly a debate between two close-minded groups. Religion is based on beliefs derived from events we were unable understand completely. When we witness something that we cannot explain, we will fill in the blanks with things we do understand. As with all science and knowledge lost throughout time, the facts in a story passed down verbally from generation to generation too has been lost. Even when you know the truth, the story continues. We continue to exist, we continue to evolve, and one day all of mankind will have merged into a single race. No more black, no more white, no more Asian, everyone assimilated into one visibly similar being.

One could speculate that it would take fifty thousand years, perhaps longer, but in universal terms a nanosecond in time. When that time comes, we will have all merged into one race. The weakest of man will genetically cease to reproduce, not for lack of trying, and we will become a new breed of humanoid. The next generation will also be a new breed. To think, somewhere in the galaxy is another planet, with life similar to ours—that is, biological in nature. Their evolutionary progress may have them in a stage we are accustomed to. Life goes on as it has for billions of years. As we finish our journey on this planet, we should all proceed with an open mind. There is so much to learn, so much to experience, and so many changes we will have to adapt to and accept.

As I head toward the pinnacle of my existence, I must reflect on the nature by which I hasten my departure—years of unhealthy habits, genetic predisposition, and simply making bad decisions. With only a few years to live in the first place, you would think that people would, by simple rules of logic, desire to maintain healthy bodies and minds.
so they can get the most out of life. No, that is not how we think. Hormones affect emotion, and emotion has a way of trumping common sense and logic. Otherwise, we would not have very many lasting unions between people. With as many possibilities and combinations of thought patterns humans possess, the odds of finding a partner who thinks as you do are extremely rare. Most people live out parts of their lives with someone to decide later that they have intellectual, spiritual, mental, and emotional needs not being met. Hence, anger, depression, and resentment all play a part in a person’s choice to flee. Terms like *fight or flight* are philosophical staples in our psychology for a reason. We are not perfect beings, nor will we ever be perfect. However, as a race, we do see and understand the need to better ourselves. Some parallels to other issues in our lives can be made. Smoking is an obvious one. We know it is bad for us, but we do it anyway. We meet and marry the wrong person. We do not treat people as we would have them treat us. These are examples where emotions or chemical imbalances trump common sense.

We have been looking for the missing link ever since Darwin introduced his theory of evolution. Even three thousand years ago, mankind was convinced that we were created. Most religions claim that we were created. The only real question is, at what physiological state did we first appear? As was the case with Darwin, it starts at a single cell, and environmental conditions determine the level of genetic mutation that will occur. For most religious-minded individuals, we just suddenly appeared; poof, now we are here. For ancient alien theorists, we are the descendants of extraterrestrial beings. The truth may be more that our minds can comprehend or there could be a little truth in all three combined. It would be understandable and make more sense as to how and why different groups of people could see it differently. It is the human ego that refuses to look past our instinctive nature, and we cling close-mindedly to whichever belief that gives us comfort.

With all the influence of religion I was exposed to, there was one thing I was always looking for: someone to watch over me, protect me, and put things in my life to make my life better. Over the years, I got skeptical, cynical and at times defiant. I have not been inside of a church, with
the exception to hear my daughter, Lisa, sing in the Christmas choir at a friend’s church, since my mother passed away. I saw people all around me getting lucky, but when the odds were nine to ten in my favor, I still drew the 10 percent. At one point, I gave myself a nickname, “Schleprock,” from the old Flintstones cartoon, because if something could go wrong, it did. Damn you, Murphy. Then I realized, the Earth keeps spinning, and eventually we end up back where we started, and life does the same thing. There is a flow in the universe, like ripples on a pond, the wind and the waves, winter, spring, summer, and fall cycling through the seasons. When times are good, you feel like they will always be good, and when times are tough, you feel that they will always be bad. But everything changes, and sometimes it changes back. I had to learn patience and acceptance before I stopped torturing myself with guilt and pessimism.

My wife, believed in ghosts, spirits, and the supernatural. She has at least fifty books on the subject and has read each one more than once. I was on the fence. I could go along with a spiritual or supernatural experience, but having that spirit possess a sense of cognizant awareness in the present to interact with the living was a little too much. We have had many discussions about it that have lasted for hours. Once someone makes a determination, only things that support that determination receive any real thought. Everything else is dismissed and rather quickly. Therefore, I want to keep an open mind to limit the input equally. Otherwise I risk an unbalanced persuasion toward someone else’s ideals.

I remember a time when we were walking through a nearby cemetery to see if she could get some photos of orbs floating about. It was within walking distance from our house, and every now and then, we would walk through it just to see if we could feel or experience anything, maybe the actual presence of spirits or at least the sense that this resting place may not be very restful. I never received anything like that, but I once had a thought that our spirit would leave our body when we die and be carried around the globe in the wind—that a spirit from the other side of the world could arrive here to commingle with other spirits. Right then, as I had that thought, my wife and I both looked
at the headstone we were passing and read the passage on the stone that suggested that exact thought, in the form of a poem: “Though I have passed on to the hereafter, I am with you always. My spirit travels the world in the winds and with me in your heart; I shall take you with me.” I must admit, it was a little freaky. Of all the thoughts to have, and all the headstones we walked past, that I would have that thought, while passing that particular headstone, would be considered an omen by many. Even more bizarre was how I learned of my mother passing away. In 1984, I transferred to a ship in California. My three stepdaughters were staying with their father while we made the move to San Diego. They flew in later, after we were settled in. As my wife and I traveled to San Diego, we stopped in for a couple days on the way to meet my parents. That is when I found out my mother had COPD. At that time, I had not have even heard of COPD. I heard of emphysema, asthma, and bronchitis. I did not know they were all related and grouped together until I saw her death certificate, stating cause of death, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. I was told she had emphysema. Every year since, I had wanted to make another trip home but never made the commitment. Something always came up to keep me from taking the time, being able to afford the trip, marital problems, or being on deployment.

After three years aboard a guided missile cruiser in San Diego, I was promoted and transferred to another oilier out of Oakland. In December 1990, two weeks before Christmas, we got underway for a Western Pacific deployment. We spent Christmas in Hong Kong. A couple days in Singapore, a couple more in Thailand, then on course for the Persian Gulf. Within the first week of the New Year, the phone rang in my office. Without a missing a beat I said to my coworkers, “I hope that is not the chaplain telling me my mother passed away.” With no forethought, insight, or other indicators, I listened to the voice on the other end tell me exactly that. No logic was used, no recent communication with anyone about her condition, nothing but pure clairvoyance. That is what really got me interested in the presence of something more advanced, or greater, than us.
I had a feeling, a couple months prior to my dad passing away that he was going to pass soon. I was determined to play golf with him for Father’s Day. It was extremely hot, and my COPD was in control of my physical ability to swing the club. I am lucky to have kept my score in the nineties. The next weekend he passed. He had a smile on his face when we saw him at the funeral. His wife said that is how she found him when she woke at five in the morning. The timing was a strange coincidence. Just the previous week, I had just told my wife about a dream where I witnessed my own death, which began at 5:05 in the morning.

Marge has experienced more psychic activity than I have. She can see and hear things around the house that I cannot. However, there have been many times I had walked past a street light and it would go out. Sometimes they will go out even if I drive past them. It happens at different times, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and sometimes late at night. All the other lights stay on; just the occasional light next to me goes out. It would not be such an issue if it has not happened so many times. I have not figured it out. However, there is one thing that I have learned about subject of “belief.” Either you have it, or you don’t. In either case, you would be correct.

When you are young, you think you will live forever. By the time you die, you will realize that you have been dying a little at a time for a long time. It usually starts about the time you realize you can no longer do the things you really enjoyed doing. It is a sick feeling, like you have been beaten down and helpless. Compensating for your elderly failures with youthful memories is logical but misdiagnosing this behavior as dementia is inaccurate. Our studies of the mind are far behind where they should be at our stage of evolution. We always reflect on the mistakes we have made. It is important to clear the slate as you near the end. Years of regret and guilt will harden a person. However, not so much that they could not subconsciously seek and expect to find forgiveness. Sometimes, people just want to be understood.
CHAPTER 2

DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS

Life on planet Earth is relatively short for all species. Humans live about eighty years, dogs and cats live between nine and eighteen years. Now eighty years in comparison to the life of the Earth is about one in fifty-six million. The life of a fruit fly is only a day. Time in relation to species longevity is relevant to each species individually. Something in common though is life’s phases. The growth phase is from conception to maturity. The existence phase is where we experience the world around us. The final phase, deterioration, comes when we have reached the end of our existence and the body and or mind begin to shut down. As you near the latter and are aware of your body’s functionality failing, you begin to see how the end will be. Many are afraid of this process. For some reason, people just do not want to die. They cling to every little sliver of hope for another day. Mortality is inevitable. Some people will be completely oblivious when the time comes, but that is not important. What is important is that we should all want to matter.

Before becoming old, I never thought about being old. I knew that one day I would be, and surely, had I realized what it meant to travel that road, I would have paid a little more attention. In the tenth grade, I lost focus on academics. It became too easy to just skip school,
make it back by Friday to take the weekly exam, and still maintain a passing grade. I guess I taught myself how not to apply myself by getting high all the time. After all, it was the ’70s, I was a teenager, and life’s perceptions went unguided and unchecked as the party raged on. Perhaps being high during that specific time in my life was critical in the development of my most profound concepts and philosophies, behavioral guidelines that kept me on a particular path.

We had very few mile markers growing up to indicate how far or where the road went. The first milestone I recall was being a teenager. When you were ten, all you wanted to be was thirteen, because then you were a teenager. The second was turning eighteen, the official turning point of adolescence to adulthood. Of course, everyone waits impatiently to turn twenty-one. Then at twenty-five, your insurance company lowers your premium. After that there was only sixty-five. The mainstay period of your life was missing. From twenty-five to sixty-five is where all your living happens, and it is there where you will either make your mark on this world or you won’t. I had no concept, no long-term plan; I just pointed myself in a general direction and ran into the forest.

Heroes back when I grew up were different from the heroes of today. Today, people look up to and want to emulate other people as if it were a popularity contest. Celebrities attract some seriously crazy and mentally impaired followers. Back in the day, heroes were people who stood up to adversity, authority or evil and did what had to be done for all the right reasons.

One might say that I have lived a fulfilling life. I have been married three times. Turns out, I was a bit of an ass, and everything comes in threes. I have had a couple handfuls of children and stepchildren. I enlisted in the US Army when I was seventeen years old. My father had signed for me to join the army, and then did it again so I could get married at seventeen. My mother was a little more protective and did not want to take an active part in my bad decisions. She voiced her opinion that I was too young and immature; I disagreed and managed to talk my dad into signing. My mother was right. As proof, I offer the fact that the army did not work out for me. After boot camp, I
returned home on leave. My new wife was pregnant, still living with her parents, which she hated, and I was on my way to attending school nine hundred miles away. It was only going to be thirteen weeks, but a lot can happen in a short amount of time. I had too many troubles at home with a new, young wife and baby born while I was away. I think it is why she married me; she needed someone to get her out of her momma’s house.

I admit that I missed it, and as the immature young man I was, I left the army to go home and take proper care of my new family. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Spent the next four years trying to get out of what I came back for. We wanted different things in life and had to split. I later joined the US Navy. Traveling the world was an adventure. I have been all around the world more than once, and spending as much time at sea as I have rounded me out. I am cultured but not necessarily refined. Having had difficulties with relationships in my early sailor days, I struggled to find myself. It was not until I met my current wife that a career came into focus. In navy terms, I shifted colors and achieved all the shorter-term goals I had set for myself on the way to retirement.

On the other hand, one may say that I have not lived up to my potential. Both would be true. I jokingly refer to a story I call, “Me at seventeen,” to bring levity to my background in immaturity. I quit school, got married, joined the army, had a baby, and got out of the army, all before my eighteenth birthday. I was a soup sandwich. It was like being on the road at night without headlights at a high rate of speed. By all accounts, I should have crashed and burned. I was a very polite troublemaker. I have certainly done things in my past I am not proud of. In fact, it would be more correct to say that I have done things I was ashamed of, no different from anyone else, I suppose. After fifty-seven years, I have learned a few things, and one of them is that everyone has skeletons. Somewhere around the end of my time with wife number two, I grew up. I was out on my own when I was seventeen but did not mature until I was thirty. What a ride.
Though we go about our daily lives, strutting around like the proverbial rooster in the henhouse, inside all of us we are aware the truth is a little less appealing. There comes a time in all people’s lives when they accept themselves for who they are with all the imperfections and character shortcomings. Unfortunately, for many, that time comes at the very end within seconds of the lights going out permanently. For me, I can admit to myself all my shortcomings. I accept any indiscretions and poor judgments I may have made in the past. The hard part is accepting them while I am still engaging in thoughts and activities of a less-than-admirable nature.

For the past three years, I have noticed many little changes in my physical and mental health. Marge would tell me all the time that I was becoming forgetful. I think it is more a matter of a lack of concern. There are some things I just do not seem to care about any more. They are not important, not on my list of priorities. Therefore, I tend to apply my efforts to more important things.

I have developed intolerance toward stupidity even though stupidity is subjective. One person’s idea of stupid is different from another’s. An alternate view of something is one thing. However, an idea that makes no sense or has a high percentage of possible negative effects is what I am referring. The older I get, the more stupid I encounter. Stupid serves two purposes: Darwinism and to provide fodder to comedians. There is no room for it anywhere else. If someone wants to build a ramp to jump a moving train on his BMX bicycle, I say go for it. If he makes it, it is exciting; miss it and he is eliminated from the potential gene pool.

Watching your body go downhill is troubling and confusing. Your memory gets in the way of accepting the inevitable. I remember when, or back when I was a young man … We keep referring to a time when we were able to do something like that is the way it should always be. We are humans; we get old, we fall apart, and then we die. That is life. Nevertheless, when it happens to you, somehow it is supposed to be different. I used to be able to run a 5K and have plenty of energy to go out partying all night. Now I cannot run to the bathroom without
stopping to catch my breath. I was a very good swimmer. Now I am confident that I would be a drowning victim after four or five strokes. I could bench press my own weight ten times. Now I must take Lisa to the store with me, so I will have someone to put the dog food in the cart. I would say it was hell, but I know it could be worse. I believe this is why, when you ask older people, “How’s it going?” They tend to give you a rundown of their ailments and routine complaints. It is all that is on their minds. All their time is consumed with comparisons between the past and present. There is not much left to look toward the future, a future that will certainly be short and probably uncomfortable.

It dawned on me one day, being fifty-ish; I am halfway through my life. I cannot help to think what the second half may look like in comparison to the first. Knowing you are over the hump makes it hard to be the glass is half-full kind of person, but you try to keep all options open. My mother passed away at fifty-three from chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. One of my brothers passed away in the infirmary of a state prison down in Mississippi at forty-four from the same thing. A couple grandparents had heart disease and passed before they were sixty-four; my father has been living with diabetes for fifty years. The genetic markers are there. I know my days are numbered.

I have what was originally diagnosed as chronic bronchitis, which is COPD, as is emphysema. I have been taking three medications for a couple years now. It is sad that you can see someone deteriorate right in front of you, and when it starts happening to you and you are powerless to change, you get more of an appreciation of everything around you. The effects of smoking have taken my mother and brother, and now they are taking their toll on me. In one respect, I am not as concerned about my health as my family is. I am the breadwinner and provider. My position in the family is vital. You would think that a sane man would do things to change that fate. I have tried dozens of times. I have quit smoking for a few days here, a month or two there, and I once quit for six months. Something always snapped in my head, and I would start smoking again.
Their lives would be a little emptier without me. However, I look at the end as finally finding peace. So, there I am, sitting on the stoop of the porch, smoking, coughing, and thinking about all the things I should have done differently, and suddenly I realize that no matter what happens to me, or anyone else, fate has all of mankind dying, decomposing, and being dispersed throughout the world in the soil, air, and water. We will become part of Mother Earth again. We put ourselves high on a pedestal. We refer to ourselves as being on the top of the food chain, the most intelligent species on the planet. In the end, we are just insect and bacteria fodder. The truth is, we are insignificant with regard to the planet. Humans will be replaced with a more intelligent, resilient, effective, and resourceful species within a few millennia. It is cyclical, it has happened many times in the past, and it will happen many times in the future.

I have a long list of physical issues that seem to pop up more frequently at about forty-five. I have had a couple boils, dermatitis, a hernia, two ruptured discs in the lower back, surgery to remove injected paint from my finger, a broken clavicle, nose, wrist, sinusitis, intestinal issues, terrible leg cramps, and of course the whole breathing issue. However, my brain still thinks in a manner fitting a younger fellow. Now that I realize I just cannot do those things, any more I have to say, “It sucks to get old. That is life’s way of telling you that your story is almost over.”

I remember being seventeen. I looked at life right in the eyes and plowed my way forward. The only thing I feared was failing, and I did a lot of that. Now I must step out of the way. If I had never thought to list all my little troubles, I would have said that I am in fair but failing health. I am not naive enough to be convinced that this is just a phase and it will pass. No, these conditions are here to stay and compound. I had it all back then. Smart, good looking, charming, and I failed to use that to my advantage. I feel like Marlon Brando in On the Water Front; I could have been a contender. I truly do kick myself in the ass when I think about the opportunities, I threw away growing up.

When some people realize their life is short, they tend to take note of all the things they are going to miss. However, they would not actually
Lawrence Burk

miss anything because they would not be here anymore. Yet we tend to appreciate things more, which is a shame. We should be appreciating more every day anyway. Have you ever noticed people nearing the end of their lives begin to give away their belongings? It is more prevalent with people contemplating suicide, probably because they already have a timeline. I imagine, to them, it is their last act of compassion or making amends. Having given up on themselves, they try to make life a little better for the ones they are leaving behind. For me, I think it as more a matter of doing all I can to make life a little easier for the ones I care about. Whether I live thirty years more or three, it ends the same way. Will I be ready?

First day of summer, the sun was a blaze and my tired ass was out on the golf course increasing my handicap. By the time I got through, I was totally whipped. There were times out there I did not think I would make it back to the cart to sit down. Life is so much different when you are older than younger. I had back surgery twice, herniated discs L4/L5 and L2/L3. It is easy to get the muscles around that area to cramp and pull. It makes for a physical example of what aging really feels like. The oxygen levels in my blood have never been lower. I am beginning to think there are only a few rounds of golf left in me.

I have many ailments, physical impairments, medical issues. I once was healthy, and then I started smoking. For forty years I have known the dangers of smoking. For forty years, the USDA has allowed tobacco companies to put harmful chemicals in cigarettes. Yet again, I knew this. How powerful does a drug have to be to make entire societies submissive to government control? I do not blame the companies as much as I do the government. It does not seem so long ago I was young, handsome, and healthy. Now, I am falling apart and wear the look like a poster child. Truth is, I stopped taking care of myself before I started down the road to ruin. Over the years, you see the signs. Changes in sleep, appetite, entertainment, stamina, the list goes on. Then one day you realize you are over the hill and headed south. You are forced to accept your limitations or deny them and let everyone who knows you see what kind a fool you are. It is a humbling experience when you need help doing things, simple and basic things. Any shred of ego you
may have had is gone. You do not have to lose your self-respect but must accept that you are no longer in the race. As I sat on my porch stoop, smoking a cigarette, I briefly reflected on what was going on in my life and my body.

When the body starts to go, you know the mind will soon follow. People obsess about death. If they spent as much effort on life, we would all be better for it. You would think that in the twilight years people would be obsessed with a bucket list. I think we all have a deep-rooted desire to be significant in some way. After we are gone, the memories of our loved ones and friends is all that is left. What kind of memories are you leaving behind? It is a haunting question, one that most people will never be able to answer. On a positive note, time has a way of making not-so-good memories fade and the happier memories surface. I think it is in our nature to look for the good in people.

This was a melancholy period in my life. One day you wake and the feeling that you are only running on three cylinders sinks in. You must imagine that you will soon be running on only two cylinders, then one. I do not like melancholy, pity, and most of all, self-pity. So, dealing with an inevitable end, to an ordinary or mediocre existence was difficult. I think most people would like to be able to say that their lives mattered. If you have not done anything in your life to make a mark on humanity, is it too late. Not everyone on this planet is destined to prevail in the advancement of the human race, but everyone certainly has a purpose. Whether to aid or hinder the process, whether they realize it or, not everyone has a purpose. Some people are content just existing, feeding off the spoils of others like a parasite. What a sad existence, but still, I do not pity them. Not everyone will have a wonderful life; not everyone will be a superstar.

I have come to terms with my ailing body. You realize how you are likely to end, and feeling that, as time gets nearer, the more you have a need to evaluate and prioritize your life. I had to examine the relationships I had with family and friends. I wanted to say good-bye, but it was not time to go yet. I did not take the opportunity to say good-bye to my mother prior to her passing, and I did not want my loved one to feel
that kind of guilt. I talked to them about the inevitable, though they
did not seem to care about the conversation. Still, I am hoping that it
will aid them in mourning after I am gone.

As the end nears, will you close your eyes, resign to drift off into the
darkness, calm and quiet, peaceful and resolute, or will you be caught
like a deer in the headlights, wondering what the hell is happening and
powerless to get out of the way?
CHAPTER 3

First Contact

With my health in such bad shape, I honestly felt that I did not have a lot of time left. I ran out of breath drying myself after taking a shower. I struggled to make it up a flight of stairs. The last time my wife and I were intimate almost killed me. I just did not generate enough oxygen to supply the muscles, and it became too easy to get overexerted. It broke my heart to think my daughter might find me tits up on the porch someday. Even if I quit smoking, my disease was not going away.

Like so many things in life, events happen so quickly you do not have enough time to prepare. You must adjust as the events unfold and make decisions based on the information available. Tomorrow was my birthday. That evening, I went to bed with a headache. Most of the headaches I have had in the past were because of my sinuses. This was different and rare, a sharp, stabbing pain through both my temporal lobes. It was more annoying than painful. I could not concentrate on anything. I needed to relax, to get in touch with my chi and do a little healing from the inside out. I wanted to force the bad out of my head and find a little peace. It finally subsided around three in the morning, and I was able to doze off, mentally exhausted. I woke at 5:05 the next morning. Both legs from the knees down were cramped so bad that I
thought they were going to snap. I tried to jump out of bed but moved so quick I pulled a muscle in my back, which in turn landed me on the floor. Laying in agony on the floor, I knew I needed to get to my feet, and rise and down on the balls of my feet to work out the cramps.

Suddenly I started to cough—not a tickle cough, a harsh, scraping cough. My irritated lungs were pushing air out faster than I could bring it in. It did not take long before I started to feel lightheaded. My muscles got weak, I felt extremely dizzy, and everything went dark. After that, there was nothing, nothing at all. I have no memory after that. It was as if time had stopped; everything frozen in place, even my thoughts.

The next day around nine o’clock in the evening, stars were out, and the moon was a bright three-quarters full. I was sitting on the windowsill outside on the front porch, as I did every evening. I was thinking about work, family, money—normal things we contemplate as we prioritize things in our lives. I had just thumped the cherry off my cigarette; it landed four feet away on the porch. As I stared at its vibrant red glow, a hypnotizing feeling made me unable to stop staring. Suddenly, I felt an extremely sharp pain, a wave of pressure right through my eyes. I would say it was a sharp pain, but it did not hurt; it paralyzed me.

Captivated in a frozen state of shock, I was locked into a trance as the red turned to white and then got brighter and brighter. The light narrowed to a fine beam, like a laser, pulsed through my eyes and into my brain. The feeling was like a cold frostbite burn, hyper-stimulating my optic nerve. I became flush with the feeling of every life, every departed soul, flooding my brain with random memories of their existence. Crying and laughter, warm and cold, all the emotions I have felt in my life, all fighting for space in my brain. To say I was overwhelmed would be an overstatement.

For a moment, I thought I could hear an old radio broadcast in the background. It sounded like the “our finest hour” radio broadcast Winston Churchill gave as the Germans started bombing London, complete with radio static familiar to radio broadcasts back in the ’30s and ’40s. My head was spinning. I got dizzy and weak, and in that
moment, just for a moment, I understood what a soul truly was. The essence of living tissue, the vibration of energy radiating from its source, a gift from our stem cells controlling the regeneration of our cells. I was not sure what was happening to me. I was curious. A little fear kept me alert, but I also received this experience with an equal amount of intrigue and wonder. I was in the middle of being fascinated.

I thought for a moment that my time had come, and my life was ending right then and there. I could not help but to think about the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel scenario we hear about so often, when people explain their near-death experience. I am sure that has something to do with oxygen deprivation and blood pressure, but I think it is understandable that people might associate it with an encounter with the divine. The dizziness slowly went away, and I regained the ability to focus on individual thoughts again. Except this focus was much more in depth and in more detail than I recall ever being able to do prior.

Arriving to a state of what I would refer to as total peace, I could hear a very soft tone, a beautiful sound, so soft it could barely be heard. It was echoing in the background of my memories as I was taken on a tour of my life. It made me feel completely at ease, like a suckling baby. I felt more relaxed and at peace than I have ever been. Fear of the unknown is a natural and an understandable emotion, but that feeling was absent. I was simply in a zone of complete acceptance. This was a very overwhelming and comforting feeling. For only a second or two, I felt an uncontrollable weakness throughout my entire body, a total muscular and neurological sedation, like my entire body just surrendered. I started feeling dizzy and thought I was going to pass out. I blinked three or four times and was able to regain my focus. All this happened within just a few seconds. Or might it have taken an hour? I really could not know. Just as I thought the episode was ending, I started feeling a little funny—odd funny, not humorous funny.

For just a moment, it felt as time had slowed down, almost to a dead stop. I looked over at the front door and saw an insect flying around the porch light. I looked directly at it and saw its wings flapping up
and flapping down. It appears it was in slow motion, and I was looking at it through a zoom lens. As fast as this image came, it was back to normal just as quick. It was an amazing experience, yet it left me with more questions than answers. It was exhilarating and exciting, yet I felt unfulfilled.

Have you ever had an instance where you thought you saw something out of the corner of your eye, but as you glance over, there is nothing there? We interpret what we see in microseconds. If something were to move faster than the frequency at which we can interpret, we would not be able to receive and process the information and the incident would appear invisible. Our brains would most likely be convinced nothing happened. Take a bullet fired from a gun as an example. Traveling at about two thousand feet per second, the bullet is traveling too fast for us to see it.

Something must have clicked inside of me that day and allowed me to receive a signal, a transmission of information I would normally not be able to receive. Information that is simply just out there, everywhere, waiting for someone to stumble upon. It is odd that for as long as I can remember, I have thought it impossible that we were the only life, much less intelligent life, in the universe. Billions of stars in billions of galaxies with billions of opportunities to form planetary systems. So many people are afraid to learn there are forces all around us all the time, and those forces can communicate with all living things. The natural behavior is to replace the things you do not understand with things you can understand.

For what seemed like two days, I laid around the house feeling unusually tired and mentally exhausted, lethargic yet aware. I had lost track of time, and it did not seem to matter. I had spent a lot of time lying on the bed watching television, something I typically reserve for late night as I prepare for sleep. There was just too much going on upstairs, and I was just trying to clear my mind. Every now and then, I would get a vision, a glimpse into a nearby room. It was curiously eerie. Being in one room and being able to see into another room made me question whether it was a psychic ability or hallucination.
Paranormal researchers would refer to it as remote viewing, something the government has been secretly working on for decades.

Because so much of paranormal investigators’ understanding and claims are pure speculation and conjecture, it is considered a pseudoscience and not given much credibility in the scientific community. As a result, 90 percent of the people claiming to be paranormal investigators are not qualified to have a legitimate opinion and are, frankly, muddying the waters. Anyone with a camera or microphone can claim to be a paranormal investigator. There is so much fraud and deception in the fields of spiritual and psychic phenomena that true psychic abilities have given way to entertainment. For me, the glimpses of another room were more like looking through a window. I did not feel comfortable while viewing another room. It made me feel like I was spying, and in the back of my head, I felt that they knew I was there. It was creepy, and even though I was curious, and it was to some extent exciting, it felt wrong.

My immediate rationalization was that I had a good imagination and everything I had witnessed was an illusion. My brain was making things up, and I was experiencing a lucid dream. I had to rethink that thought around day three, when I mentally whispered to my daughter to call me on the phone and ask me what we were going to have for dinner. She was in her room, I was in mine, and in less than a minute after projecting that thought, the phone rang. It was her, and she asked me, “Hey, Daddy, what’s was for dinner?” I was blown away. I asked her why she had called instead of just asking me and why was she asking me about dinner at one in the afternoon. She simply said she did not know.

I suppose a transition time was necessary for my mind to adjust to processing so much more information than I was used to. After a while, I settled down and became more comfortable being able to see things. I could also choose not to see things. I watched as a car drove down the street. At nine in the evening, it was fairly dark. We had a quarter moon and a street lamp less than fifty yards away, but when the car got closer, it seemed to slow down to zero. As I focused on the car, the entire area
seemed to brighten, as if I were viewing through a night vision scope. I could see every little thing in his car. Even though the car had to have been traveling about forty miles per hour, the picture I was looking at in front of me was standing perfectly still. By all appearances, time had stopped. I could see the color of his shirt, the type of upholstery inside the car. There was a man in the driver seat smoking a cigarette, but the smoke just sat in front of him in a little cloud. I could even read the name brand on his cigarette. I could not help but wonder what in the world I was witnessing. Right about then I blinked, shook my head slightly and the car was back to traveling at normal speed. I thought there had to be a rational and logical reason for this phenomenon.

I sat there for a moment or two contemplating the images I just witnessed and realized that a ripple in time had occurred and I was smack in the middle of that experience. I had looked through a layer of time and into another. The layer beneath was like a reflection of the first layer, and I suddenly understood why we cannot go back in time. We live in a multidimensional environment. The top layer is where we are, where everything happens. It is the present, and that is all we can see and hear. Our brain interprets things through the transmission of information through channels of nerves carrying signals from neurons as they fire. The pulse of those neurological exchanges is scalable, giving them a frequency. Our brains operate within a small range of frequencies. Other animals operate on a different range, and even plants and trees have their own frequency.

Looking through these layers of time is like tuning a receiver. For example, we experience things at speed x, and the layer behind the top layer is experiencing things at the speed of -40x. Therefore, we are operating forty times faster than the images of the second layer below; the third layer is operating at -40x of the second layer above it. In the third layer, you can even hear the vibrations of water and chlorophyll passing through the veins of the nearby plants, a slight humming as the plants express to each other their contentment. The more I concentrated, the deeper into the second level I was able to go. The exact same scenario in the first layer was playing out in slow motion in the second layer.
Another scenario may be that you got too much data too fast and your brain cannot process the information, so it stores it away. At a trigger point, the stored information is played back in your mind, which makes you feel as you went back in time. Meanwhile, while you are reliving the recorded data, life is happening around you. At that point, you are in two different worlds, at two different times, but never together, until now.

My brain could not comprehend how I could be seeing the same thing at two different speeds, simultaneously. I am sure that quantum physicists would love to examine the principles at work here, and it convinced me that I had the ability to alter time or at least the perceptions of time. I could not help to think about the practical applications for this type of ability and quickly came to understand that this was one thing I could never tell anyone about. What a lonely and paranoid feeling it is when the secret controls you instead of you controlling the secret.

I spent many an hour on the front porch, usually smoking, sometimes with a cup of coffee, trying to find some peace within myself. I recalled the day of my first experience. The bright wave I stared at reminded me of heat rising off a hot car roof or above the hot coals of a fire. The heat was causing the immediate surrounding air to heat, speed up, and rise, making little ripples in the air above. That invisible wave is similar to how focusing on something works. If I concentrate on something, I can use the energy being emitted from myself and the object to form a wave that carries information back and forth between us, in lightning speed. Even if the object is far away, I can see the wave burst out through the atmosphere, carrying my thoughts or receiving thoughts from far away. The science behind it is that I am not slowing anything down; I am interpreting things a thousand of times faster than ever before, and I am able to process the information just as fast.

As I looked out to the street again, I tried to focus on the yard in the dark. I caught a glimpse of what appeared to an outline of distorted atmosphere. I could tell something was there, and the anticipation kept me completely captivated. It had my full, undivided attention. It reminded me of a bubble, floating in front of me. It appeared
transparent but lucent enough that I could distinguish a shape. It was constantly changing shape, expanding and contracting as if it were alive and moving about. All I could see was a hazy outline that would go in and out of focus. A cloud or a puff of smoke could resemble something like this, but I could feel its presence. As I locked myself in a gaze with the shape, I saw many colors appear and disappear.

I felt that it was communicating with itself, and the colors were differences and changes in energy. It bobbed around in front of me, and as it moved from one area to another, it crept closer and closer to me. A deeper look revealed that there were many of them. They were everywhere, just floating around with what seemed to be no discerning pattern or direction. They just seemed to float right through objects without altering their or the object’s shape. As it got close enough to touch, I just had to reach out to it. My hand entered it; I felt a faint tingle in my fingers that surged through my entire body. I could vaguely make out its outline floating around like a bubble. Other than that, I would not have been able to tell that anything was there at all. It was energy, pure but simple.

I was smack in the middle of this alien object as it communicated with itself about me. That is what the tingle was. It was reading every cell, every molecule in my body. I could feel the transfer of information from it to me and me to it. I was not sure if it was alive, whether it was a figment of my imagination or a force in nature we have not had the ability to detect until now. As my eyes refocused, I could now see that this being was not alone. They were everywhere. Two of them would come together and become one and then separate again. They continued merging and separating with different ones. At one point, about a dozen of them joined to make one very big one. Every time they joined, they transferred information to each other. Like a drop of water that touches another drop, they become one bigger drop of water. How was this thing able to exist? Did it have cognizant thought? Did it have a brain? Maybe not in the traditional gray matter sense of a brain, but I believe it did possess centralized processing capabilities. It gave me the impression that it was learning from me, recording
everything. Truly an “all-knowing” being. Its entire being was a central processing unit.

It resembled a web. As they touched up to another, they seem to join as a single unit. I could imagine the entire universe having this web floating freely throughout all of time and space. The most amazing part of this experience is the knowledge I received during this brief moment of contact. One thing I was sure of was the initial burst of energy I experienced, and this being had to be related. I was still trying to figure out why I was having this experience.

I thought I should give this entity a name but could not come up with anything that could capture its glory. The only names fitting, were God, the Creator, the Engineer, or the One. After a while and careful consideration, I decided to refer to it as God. That may sound funny coming from someone who claims to be an atheist, but it makes sense to me in that it has supernatural powers, is everywhere, and knows all. I had resigned to accept that everything I thought I knew was incomplete or incorrect. Everything in my life changed that day. Inside my own body, I did not feel like myself; I felt like a super me. I could see better, hear better, smell better, think more clearly and faster. I even felt stronger, on top of the world. Every day was getting better. However, inside I knew there was more to it, a price to be paid. I was a little concerned that price could end up being terminal.

Something amazingly powerful was going on inside of me. I had never felt more confident in my life. Imagine, one day you have a hard time remembering to set the alarm clock; the next day you can calculate π down to the hundredth digit. Answers to questions were appearing simultaneously, and I seemed to know things that I had never heard, read, or seen before, almost as if, the answer was there before the question. Regardless of the circumstance, when a question arose, the answer seemed to be right in front of me. I did not have to analyze or evaluate options; I just seem to know the answer. Or maybe I did not. Maybe someone or something else was doing the thinking for me and I was just a transmitter.
Confusion started to set in. I could feel the anxiety grow as I struggled to understand what was happening. My mind started to wander, so I stopped myself, closed my eyes, pictured a black background, and hummed a perfect A note. About a billion stars came flying past like I was traveling through space. Then I opened my eyes, and I was back to normal. It was a reminder from God that he is there when I need him.

Nobody’s perfect. A man has thoughts. All this knowledge was a great advantage over other people. I could not help but wonder what could happen if this kind of power got into the wrong hands, and who is to say whom the wrong hands belong to? Then I started thinking about all the good that could happen if this power was in the right hands. Did I have the right hands to hold that power? What an amazing question. Either I am, or I am not. One way and you become useless. The other bears great responsibility. What makes it an amazing question is that it is a question that must be answered.

If the human mind has an average of twelve thousand thoughts a day, I must have been having one hundred twenty thousand. Always thinking, day in day out, I learned to quiet the voices, sort of speak, and continue as normal. At least, that is what anyone who knew me would see. But inside I had a lot of thinking and planning to do. I had long believed in fate, but I have also believed in being able to adjust the circumstances guiding you toward fate. This is one of those times where I needed to take the initiative and decide my own fate.

The first order of business was to find out as much as I could about how this all came to be. I wanted to know more about this ancient celestial being. I thought about it all throughout dinner and as I was getting ready for bed. I visited him by closing my eyes and thinking of a black background and humming an A note. In just a few seconds, I was in the zone. I could feel its presence, and within the first couple of seconds, a thought came rushing into my head. All matter is made of atoms. All atoms are kinetic. Kinetics equal energy. All energy is measurable. If it is measurable, it can be manipulated.

Why had I had that thought? I had no idea. It was such an obscure thought that came unexpectedly. Why had I not thought about winning
the lottery? Then again, I had another thought. The same atoms that were present on Earth during its formation are still here today. As living things die, they begin to decay. However, every single atom that made up that plant or animal still exists and will someday be a part of another living thing. Therefore, in one respect it supports reincarnation but does not support the spiritual aspect. Then it dawned on me—the spiritual aspect was communicating to me. Those thoughts were implanted in me as I relaxed and connected with my host. I received the impression from God that there were going to be many, many more obscure thoughts coming in the near future. We spoke no words; the conversation was mental images, as thoughts passed back and forth between God and me. It showed me its origin, over 12 billion light years past a distant binary star system that lies directly in the path of the center of the known universe. It showed me its purpose, to live and nurture the living. It could not have been broken down more simply. I was in awe. The statement did not say, “Nurture some of the living,” or “Nurture the living if…” It was a blanket statement: nurture the living. How could you not assume it meant all living things? This is my justification for referring to it as God.

Finally, I received an answer. I had a premonition that I would soon be visited by another intelligent species and to put all my bias aside to give them a chance. I learned that there were three others chosen to receive this gift. God had chosen us to mediate and interpret a great event of universal importance. Throughout history, many messengers have been designated to mediate and interpret messages from beings we regarded as gods.
CHAPTER 4

Origins

Ever since my first encounter with the greatest source of knowledge in the universe, it has been easier for me to concentrate. If I have a thought, the answers just seem to be right there in the front of my brain, as if the answer was waiting for the question.

I focused on this entity, and I could feel it drawing me closer and ultimately into it. It was a euphoric feeling, as if everything was just as it should be. A peaceful and serene feeling came over me as my mind opened and any inhibitions went away. It was amazing, and I could repeat it at anytime, anywhere, alone or in a crowd. Also amazing was that nobody else could see it unless they too had contact. Entering this being was a lot like a hallucination, and it is hard to tell the difference between reality and fantasy. Initially I felt there was no difference between the two, as if fantasy and reality coexisted simultaneously. After a moment, I began differentiating between them and arrived at a moment of clarity. When I connected with it, I could see visions everywhere, 360 degrees, little holographic images popping in and out of focus. I looked through what appeared to be a smoky haze out to the world and I could see everything in ordinary time and space. However, as I focused closer on what I was seeing, hearing, and feeling on the inside, I realized I was in the presence of true greatness. It had a shape
of a translucent wobbling bubble and an outline resembling a clear membrane with a prism-like reflective quality.

I focused on the images and messages received from my host and tried to determine their origin. My mind was being flooded with images of our history, science, math, and humanities and my own memories all at once. I could just pick a topic, a character, a place, or an emotion and the visions flashed in my head like a very fast PowerPoint presentation. I saw the faces of people throughout time who have had personal knowledge of and experiences with God. Though I did not know them, I somehow knew who they were. Some of them were people we would all imagine could have received their inspiration from an extraterrestrial source: Einstein, Galileo, Tesla, for example, which could explain a lot. However, I was very amazed how many there were.

So many questions and not enough brain. We truly are miniscule in the big picture. My entering God was not just for curiosity’s sake; I wanted answers. My body started feeling better as time went on, and I wanted to know why.

I was able to see into a moving car like an owl in the dark and witnessed slow motion in action. More than knowing why I could see it, I wanted to know how I could see it. How was all this possible? I tuned everything out, cleared my mind, and asked myself, “How?” I suddenly got dizzy and just as suddenly, regained composure just in time to see myself in a physical form, standing right in front of me. I had chosen my own image to act as a conduit, to communicate with this entity. It was surreal to have an image of myself reply, and it took a moment or two to comprehend what was going on. He said that he had physical structure other than a free-form, subatomic electrical field; therefore, he had no eyes to see or ears to hear. He did not need them because he simply knows all. After that initial communication, he no longer needed to convey messages through a medium. The answers to any questions would simply appear in my head, be it an image, a sound, or a thought. Maybe there is a little something for the psychologists to ponder as to why I chose an image of myself to
bridge the communication gap. I think it is because I could not think of anyone else, I could trust.

I refer to this being as God because he knows all and is everywhere. I refer to him as a he rather than an it because I could feel his presence, making it personal, and that presence was strong and absolute. So much of the communication is simply in my head, and at times, I really cannot tell if it was my thought or God’s; the use of my image was just an icebreaker. More and more, I can see a similarity between mankind’s description of God and this being. They both claim fame for creation; this one has shown me creation. They are both all-knowing and everywhere. I can see that early on in history, both would have been considered gods and worshiped. However, unlike the Christian-Judeo God, this one can separate into millions of little gods. I am not saying they are one and the same, just that it is easy enough to understand how people could draw that conclusion. It could be that God is just one of the many gods. However, I know the entity I referred to as God was real. I believe that man’s attempt to control everything in his world led to organized religion as a way to control the masses. He who is perceived to act in God’s behalf is granted power by the masses to preside over them. It has been so for thousands of years and is no different today. Whether people know it or not, they all have the ability to communicate with God. People should stop talking to God and start listening. The troubles of the world and in our lives exist to prepare and test our worthiness to advance to the next level of advanced intellectual evolution.

In response to my inquiry, “How,” I received an image of a strand of DNA. Geneticists around the world would have died of envy to understand this process. Between one of the base pairings was a very small discoloration—a patch that looked a little like a scar, different in color and was made of a protein that had to have been artificially made because it is found nowhere else on the planet. Signals pass through it from both directions, simultaneously, and for an instant, share the same space. That patch, that scar, that alteration, physically changed my DNA. There are only four nitrogen bases that make up our DNA. However, because of the induction of the new protein, an extra carbon
ring formed that, like an antenna, made it possible to synchronize molecularly and electrically with the Creator.

Being that God is virtually everywhere and can pass through anything, even us, his omnipresence links the world in which we live. He can alter DNA, and with that ability, you could say our entire existence is his to control. The big question now is how much cognizant thought and advanced intellect this being possesses. Is it using us, are we using it, or are we using each other? As he has shown me, God is organized energy in a mysterious and interdimensional way. A very subtle form of energy that learns, communicates, creates, and moves through space, enhancing life while literally creating worlds and civilizations. He has no hidden agenda, only continuation and progression of life in the universe. When we think of life, we think in terms of the flesh, tangible organisms, feeding, growing, and reproducing. What I have learned is life does not need a body. The energy that makes up God has no body, no arms or legs, no tissues or organs. It is energy in its purest state. But it has an intangible quality holding everything together with the ability to reason and calculate. That intangible quality is the essence of intelligent life and the basis of God’s existence.

As he separates to become many, there is no limit to how much he can divide himself into, just as how large he can expand is limitless. As it envelops the globe, we all become unknowingly connected. As it separates into smaller units, it condenses into a more direct focus of energy, which enables it to search, explore, and experiment. As it moves around the globe, time becomes irrelevant. God exists in immeasurable dimensions. Today, tomorrow, and yesterday are simply broken down into exists or does not exist. At different times throughout our history, we have witnessed examples of contact between them that had caused major changes in civilizations. Some changes were awe-inspiring; others could be classified as horrific. The atrocities men are capable of are unfathomable.

My next question would have been, “Why?” As energy goes, it is cyclical. Energy in, energy out. Our natural existence provides energy. Our physical movements and thoughts use energy and expel trace amounts
of energy, whether it is heat or electrical, which includes neurology. God uses this energy as fuel. The more aggressive our nature, the more aggressively God responds. Times of crisis or war, and times of Earth’s violent events, provide God with a lot of negative energy. There is also a harmony that envelops the Earth. Energy vibrations from all the plant and animal life are as a planetary heartbeat. That is mankind and nature at its best. Unfortunately, we tap into the energy perpetuating our actions. I understand God’s reluctance in allowing just anyone the ability to see and communicate with him. Now I must ask, “Why me?”

I questioned God how he came to be here. “On the solar winds of a distant star,” he said. He directed me toward a binary star system two and a half billion light years away and referred to it as his first home. Before that, he was just traveling through space, from the beginning of time, feeding off the energy from passing stars. Traveling at the speed of light, he traveled through space. We are not the only planet to have experienced his presence.

So much of ancient philosophy can be explained with this contact. The powers that astonished civilizations past, are still here. We assume he has always existed, but believing everything has a start and an end, I wondered how God came into existence. As I pondered the thought, a vision of traveling through space, going back in time, revealed his birth at the singular moment of the big bang, when everything in the universe was created. Therefore, he has been here from the beginning of time, surviving off the energy of billions of stars. I imagine he will be around until the end of time. You might say God has and will experience everything in the universe. What a powerful force.

With the known forces in the universe, like gravity, electromagnetism, radiation, God should officially be considered and classified as a force in the universe. He is a source of energy that feeds off energy and can manipulate particles, molecular structure, and the other forces in the universe to include time itself. Our link to science fiction and scientific fact is narrowing. We dream up new concepts, new gadgets, and new technologies, and we make the future from those dreams. Most of these
advancements were thoughts and plans delivered to us through contact with extraterrestrial sources; the rest is our contribution to science.

All the elements that make up the human body, animals, and plants can be found within the Earth. You could say that we are a growing part of Earth, hence, the term, “ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” The development of the Earth has been ongoing for eons. I have seen the process in which God assumed architect of this development. He started with the smallest of organisms. Bacteria, germs, and viruses were the first created or delivered to Earth within an asteroid or comet during Earth’s formation. Throughout time, they laid the foundation for all organic life on Earth. We still think in Earth terms, so it is hard to imagine nonorganic life, but in universal terms, there may be as many or more varieties of nonorganic life forms in the universe. I do not think we need to be concerned. In our lifetime, we will never meet a nonorganic life form. However, millions of years from now, we will.

The more contact I had with God, the more information was revealed to me. Life began in the violent explosion of a supernova. Gases and debris coalesced around a star, in our case the sun, and after a few billion years, matter from deep in space has brought more than just elements to our world. It brought the building blocks of life. In a way, we are all aliens on this planet. At one point in Earth’s history, it was just a ball of molten rock. Now look at it—the most beautiful planet in the galaxy. There are many forms of life in the universe. True, they are not all intelligent, but the ones that are may very well be superior to our intellect.

The nature of our heavenly host is to gather information, learn, and create. He feeds off the energy from the sun. Each individual unit of its composition is independently as knowledgeable as the whole, and when it rejoins itself, it shares all the information it has acquired with the whole. It is virtually undetectable by any of our common senses. The one sense that can detect it, we do not even have a proper name for. We just refer to it as a sixth sense, or in my case more like a seventh sense. At present, there are only four people chosen to have their DNA altered to give them that specific sense. As God exists, he
creates, alters, and evolves all living things. From the age of Earth, four and a half billion years, to the big bang, more than fourteen billion years, there are about nine and a half billion years’ worth of clues we could be looking for. This God is exclusive to this solar system for now. He has not always been here, and he may not always stay here, but without the sun, he would have to go find another star to feed from or it too could die. Many civilizations have worshiped the sun, most notably the Egyptians worshiping Ra. When you think of how we owe our existence to the sun, it becomes perfectly understandable that our ancient ancestors would revere the sun as a deity.

I have learned much in a very short amount of time. Having contact with this being has given me visions of the past, the present, and the future. He has educated me in ways much grander than the world. From the center of the universe to the outskirts, there are billions of light years’ worth of real estate, some of which have life, and some of that life exist on exo-planets and moons compatible for the evolution of life. Still, throughout the universe, microscopic organisms are frozen in time, locked away in a distant asteroid or comet, just waiting to crash into another celestial body. If that body is like Earth, we could have new species of organic life forms arise. We are so very young in comparison to the universe, and life on Earth still has millions of years of evolution left to experience. On these distant planets, the life that evolves would be like the life here on Earth. Worms would still be worms even if they were much larger. Birds may not fly depending on the gravity and atmosphere, but their structure would still be similar. Mammals may or may not have fur or be much larger, but four legs and a hunger for meat would still be prevalent. The same principles of anatomy would exist depending on the stage of evolution they were in.

Future travels to distant regions in space will be exciting. Having to wait millennia for the opportunity to venture that far from home will be the hardest part. Generations working toward a goal they know they may not see in their lifetime will be trying, but the closer we get, the more exciting it will become.
Other avenues of exploration will be outpost dwellings, deep under the ground of alien planets and moons. Built by giant tunnel drilling machines, we will be able to colonize, generate a huge industry in space mining, and possibly preserve the existence of mankind in the event of planetary catastrophe. When we develop the first settlement away from planet Earth, we will discover that organisms are not exclusive to Earth. They are carried across the galaxy on asteroids and comets. The organisms are given a chance to exist on the surfaces of the planets and moons that the celestial debris crashes into. Many factors must exist for the organisms to survive, including temperature, water, and the chemical makeup of the host planet. Some life forms developed from organisms that came from different galaxies, and others evolved over millions of years. Insects, for example, originated from meteors well outside the Kuiper Belt, while most sea life came from massive comets pounding the Earth a billion years ago. Water trapped deep in granite cofferdams, superheated from magma pools below the chamber, forces steam to escape through cracks in the mantle, bringing with its organisms that have been trapped for millions of years. These same organisms were the framework for much of the life forms we know today.

We get caught up in the idea of everything having a beginning and an end. The flaw in that concept is, where one thing ends, another begins. All throughout the universe, everything is recycled. Even heavier elements, like gold and platinum that can only be made in the powerful explosion of a supernova, were once carbon or oxygen, atoms of a lesser mass. Here on Earth it is no different. Everything on the surface of this planet will one day decompose and sink down into the Earth. It will have heated up, compressed, melted in magma, then resurface millions of years from now through plate tectonics, earthquakes, and volcanoes in another form, but they will still be the same atoms as they have always been.
In previous encounters with God, it became apparent that other species on this Earth have had their DNA altered as well. It is very intriguing that there may be a bond of sorts that would allow communication between us and other animals. We already talk to our dogs and cats. Though we think they do not know what we are saying, there are some things they have learned. Through repetition and the tone in our voice, they have learned to understand quite a bit. It would not be that far of a stretch for them to increase their ability to understand even more. As far as people go, we can deduce what someone may be thinking given the right circumstances but imagine knowing what other people are thinking under any circumstance. Or take it a step further and imagine if we could tell what all living things are thinking and feeling. As I experienced the kaleidoscope of information while conferring with God, one of the visions I saw was of an alien life form having its DNA altered the same way mine was. It was then I knew, without a doubt, we were not alone. There were others, and that disturbed me. How was I to know if they were benevolent? How would I know if they were dangerous? I needed more information.

I refer to them as alien only because their origin came from space. Some of them have experienced all their evolution here on Earth.
Their first encounter with this planet was millions of years ago, carried across space in a comet or asteroid. They may have evolved side by side with us over the course of history. It could be that they were the first Earthlings and we came along millions of years later.

We have all seen the movies, television shows, and documentaries depicting “Grays.” There is a lot of similarity to that in truth. However, the Grays experienced a revolution a few thousand years ago. Within the upper ranks, some of the leaders felt that humans could not be trained or controlled and needed to be eliminated, while the majority felt that there was hope for unification and peace. The smaller decedent group was forced into exile and began taking liberties with Earth’s inhabitants. While the majority fought to keep a low profile, the faction that broke away sought to eliminate or enslave us. We could refer to them as the good Grays and the bad Grays. Therefore, not all the Grays can be considered friendly. For the purposes of my story, the Grays I refer to are the benevolent ones, and the bad ones will be referred to as Greens. The Greens were a very small percentage of the Grays and sought refuge deep underground, in homemade caves, on the moon and Mars. In 1969, our astronauts encountered evidence of their existence during their trip. Subsequent visits to the moon confirmed their findings and ultimately led to the discontinuation of future missions due to safety. Though our government fully intended to go back once we figured out how to protect ourselves, they have not been able to figure out how to do it.

By nature, humans are predatory, and that makes the Grays very concerned. I am in awe of their powers and wonder how much of it has been given to them directly from God and how much was developed over time through evolution. If they came from a star system a billion times older than ours, would they be that much more advanced than us? They are not looking for a utopian society, where beings from different world can coexist. What they are doing is attempting to create a new breed of Grays, capable of sustaining life on Earth long term. By using what they have learned from God in the area of genetic engineering, they hope to combine their DNA with humans in such a way that allows their DNA to remain dominant and still incorporate certain
aspects of our composition that would increase their reproductive capabilities. It would be an added benefit if they were able to peacefully coexist with us. However, their main goal is survival.

In one of my connections with God, I sought information about these creatures. I needed to know of their relationship with God and what relationship they desired with humans. This turned out to be more revealing than I was prepared for. From every corner of the globe, there are places harboring alien species. They are living right here with us, on this planet, yet they elude us. However, we have not eluded them. They have occupied the caves in some of the most remote places on Earth for thousands of years. The oceans, seas, and lakes provide refuge to more than half of the alien forms. Some are so obvious that no one gives it a second thought because we have fixated on the notion that aliens are more advanced than we are. That is not so. Most of the alien life forms on Earth are of lesser intelligence. There are many species at very different stages in their evolutionary progress. Humans, for example, are still babies in such terms. These Grays are creatures not too different from us. They have been conferring with God longer than we have. They were here and commingled with the Anunnaki, who at one point had a presence in different cultures all over the world.

Each group of people had different names for them, but one thing they all had in common was they worshiped them as gods. They intervened in our progress, educated us, took us out of our tribes, and helped us develop civilizations with structure and order. Our existence throughout time has been aided by their gifts, and in many ways, we owe our ability to innovate to them. In our ignorance, we referred to them as gods, angels, demons, prophets, and witches without acknowledging that they too were mortal. The truth is they were simply more advanced than we were. The Grays had an unrepentant relationship with the Anunnaki. We worshiped the Anunnaki and chose to live in servitude to them, whereas the Grays were seen to be evil creatures. The Grays resented it.

When the Anunnaki left, they left a huge void in our spiritual requirement. The Grays were unable to fill that void. We were too
primitive for their strict, logical way of thinking. Therefore, we were deemed primitive and dangerous. For their own survival, they were forced into hiding. Since their departure from human contact, they have been planning their return to dominance. It is not that they were going to conquer or destroy us; their plan was originally to breed us out, but in turn, their existence may also be bred out, so it was imperative they get the crossbreeding formula correct. Like anything else, practice makes perfect, and they have been practicing.

We should not kid ourselves; every species on this planet has had some form of genetic alteration, compliments of God. Everything has contact with God whether it is aware of it or not. However, it is he who chooses which individuals, beasts, or organisms are to be altered. The more concerning changes are those that other species are trying to inflict upon us. Such was the case with the Grays. However, not knowing the reasons why makes it easy for us to condemn them. Knowing what I now know makes understanding their plight more palatable.

All species of animals on this planet should be considered alien. It is amazing to think that since the beginning of life on Earth, God has been here interacting with every living thing, virtually creating the world we live in. When another species displays evidence of an advanced social structure, the world takes notice. When the Grays are ready, they will literally walk right out of the cave and into society. We may not even notice. We may be too busy living our little lives, running our errands, going to work, and playing our games to recognize the subtle differences in the people we meet every day. That time is almost here. Their advances in genetic research will be groundbreaking in many medical fields. However, make no mistake—our survival as well as theirs will be on the line. Humanity has been a subject in their lab for centuries; we have only studied a very small portion of them for a very short amount of time.

The Grays are only fertile for about three days every ten years. It would take a long time for them to develop a population large enough to effectively form a dominant civilization. Even though they live about
four hundred years, they do not begin their reproductive cycle until after about forty years when they reach maturity. In their lifetime, they can produce about a dozen offspring. Therefore, we have populated the Earth at levels they cannot keep up with and have threatened their existence.

They do not have separate male and female genitalia; they are asexual, having both male and female organs. During their ovulation period, they turn from a charcoal gray color to a pale ash gray, perhaps because a large percent of their blood is being diverted to the womb. This process requires that they find a mate within the three-day window, and for the Grays, it becomes a priority. They cannot afford to miss a single opportunity to breed. It is interesting to think that one Gray could father an offspring this year and carry an offspring the following year. Similar issues have caused species here on Earth to go extinct, inferring the Grays may have veered off the evolutionary course and could be in line for extinction like the pandas, or it is a natural elevation for species to evolve. The gestation period is only about five months long. Embryonic development is very fast due the super-rich nutrition received. From the moment of conception, the mother immediately begins to build a very thick placenta around the embryo. After three months, the mother expels the fetus and the jellylike embryonic sack it is in. The jelly contains all the nutrients the baby needs to finish growing. An intelligent species that does not give live birth. The Grays do have one superstition: they believe the placenta to be magical. Even they do not understand why it has rich health and healing powers.

Their diet consists strictly of plant and animal proteins. An amazing aspect of their anatomy is a second stomach, used exclusively for feeding their young. Their primary stomach is very small, used like ours for the breakdown and digestion of food. However, unlike us, they do not require as much digestion as we do. A large part of their digestion is done in their mouths, which are lined with thousands of tiny receptors to suck the nutrition from the food. A gland in their necks produces a very powerful enzyme that breaks downs the food and extracts the protein before it goes down to the stomach. Then any solids are literally spit out as waste. They suck their food like babies. Any waste
that cannot be absorbed is passed through a single point, much like a bird. The receptors funnel the nutrients through a small tube to the stomach, where the proteins complete the extraction process, and then pass to the intestines, where they are absorbed into their blood stream. During the fertilization periods, the second stomach receives overflow from the first stomach and coagulates to a paste that they regurgitate to feed the baby, also like a bird. The amount of nutrition they need is extremely small compared to humans. Carbohydrates and sugars are not part of their diet, and as a result, they have virtually no body fat.

They first arrived on Earth about ten thousand years ago. A small expedition hitched a ride on a passing asteroid. As they passed near Earth, they dislodged from the asteroid, entered the Earth’s atmosphere, and crashed into the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Morocco near the Canary Islands. Having had contact with God from other areas in the universe, they were aware of his presence and able to connect and communicate with him. Their first encounter with inhabitants on Earth were the Anunnaki, who did not find much use for the Grays, and the Grays revered the Anunnaki as competition for resources. Humans, on the other hand, were considered a subspecies by both and uncontrollable by the Grays.

A big problem the Grays had with humans was that we propagated at a much faster rate. At one point, there may have been one of them for every one-hundred of us. Over time, we have become too populated, too uncontrollable, and too dangerous for them to hang around. Combine that with their light sensitivity, and they sought refuge in caves, under the ocean, and constructed dwellings underground in the most desolate places on the planet. They are still there, and we should leave them there undisturbed. They do not play well with others. Their hope is to do enough genetic research on us to formulate a way to increase their reproductive process. In the process of acquiring test subjects, they sometimes must break a few eggs to make an omelet, so to speak. As you may well imagine, that is not something they want the world to know. They have developed ingenious ways to lure us into a false sense of security while they are free to sample us. How many people simply disappear every year?
On our planet, a beetle is just a bug, nothing for us to fear. Elsewhere is the galaxy, a relative of that beetle may be gargantuan and a venerable tank in the field of battle, complete with audible commands and sophisticated tactics, body armor, and sharp weapons. They may be preparing themselves from an aerial invasion of giant birds or wasps in a prehistoric reference. Reptiles, insects, birds, mammals, fish, and amphibians all have ancestors, similar creatures throughout the universe, at different stages of evolution and different environments influencing their behavior. Reptilians are predators, and that motivation will remain imbedded in its resolve indifferent to the level of intelligence it acquires. Imagine a group of alligators leaving the swamps to go to the mall, waiting for the movie theater to start letting out and like a flash mob coming out the nearby bushes, rushing the exit. A deadly predator with the ability to plan and execute tactics of war could decimate our way of life or even eliminate it. It could level the playing field, unfortunately for us, but to the benefit of the Grays.

Prior to the Grays’ rise to fame, another form of alien life existed here. A few thousand years ago, scholars wrote about gods, angels, and aliens. Architects, painters, and sculptors depicted their images on buildings and monuments. There is evidence everywhere throughout antiquity that superior beings existed and were an integral part of our society. The Greeks, Romans, and Vikings all had gods. From India and Southeast Asia to the Americas, gods have been a cornerstone for civilizations. They were not true gods, but we were ignorant humans and a tool for their means. There is very good reason for the ancients to have believed them to be gods. They knew things man simply had no idea of. The wonders that the average person of the day would have witnessed must have been an awe-inspiring experience. What I refer to as the first original aliens came to colonize and mine the planet. Earth was very rich in elements, metals, and minerals. After creating a civilization and reaping the benefits of a few hundred years of mining, most of them left to explore other planets and moons. Many societies prepared memorials and waited for their return. Any that were left behind were probably eliminated out of fear. We had superior beings
among us, offering knowledge and technology, yet we found a way to destroy them.

The alteration and evolution of DNA in all species on mother Earth is a natural event. God does not have DNA because he is not organic; he is an anomaly of energy. His nature is to recycle energy. Every stage and every change in the biological world in which we live uses existing energy and creates new energies. God manipulates that energy as he fine-tunes his grand design for life. In turn, he provides us with new modifications, more commonly known as evolution.

The Grays have also tapped into God and have learned much more than we have so far. It appears that universal intelligence is like the Richter scale; each level of intelligence is exponentially greater than the previous level. Humans would no longer be a threat to the Grays if we were bred out. Alternatively, perhaps our government has already established collusion with them and unwittingly allowed them to expedite their plans to cleanse the Earth, genocide of the entire human race. We will still be here, but our offspring will all be a different breed, and their offspring will change as well. We will be taking that next step. However, we need these advances to come from God not the Grays. Otherwise, the potential for evil is greatly elevated from the Grays’ DNA due to their nature to control.

It is inevitable that even humans will begin genetically modifying their own and other species’ DNA. The Grays learned how to synthesize the proteins in the spliced DNA and have been making genetic modifications for hundreds of years. This should be of concern to every living being capable of having concern. We practice what we learn, and with practice comes achievements and advances, but we will never reach perfection. As far as science is concerned, it is a naturally progressive response to pursue the next step. Of course, they will study and experiment, regardless what laws or regulations have been imposed. The law means nothing to the people tasked with upholding the law. It is in our master code to be inquisitive. We know there will be a next step. We may even know what that next step will be. The real questions become, when will it occur, and what are we going to do about it?
We know the government has been experimenting with captured aliens. We know aliens have been experimenting on abducted humans, and there have been incidents where we have experimented on ourselves. I have little doubt that governments are still experimenting on us. Whether it’s fluoride in the water, additives in the food supply, or pharmaceuticals for medical research, we are still pawns. The entire concept is scary. How can you possibly trust someone or something that would indiscriminately mutilate another animal or person to validate their curiosity? We have witnessed such atrocities throughout history. The holocaust is Europe during World War II is a perfect example of the evil that men are capable of, yet countries are still performing crimes against humanity with little to no impunity as if we have learned nothing.

About three million years after the last ice age receded, the gods reigned supreme in every civilization to the modern day. This is the short list of gods we have worshiped: The Sumerians had Anunnaki, who were first to arrive. The Mayans had Hunab Ku, the Greek had Zeus, Romans had Jupiter, the Norse had Odin, Egypt had Ra, and the Chinese had Shangdi. The point is, evidence of gods and extraterrestrial beings, angels and demons, is all around us. The massive temples each of these civilizations have built took much dedication and more technology than can be explained. They were built on the lay lines of the Earth. The magnetic field of the Earth blankets the Earth and creates a magnetic gateway at the speed of light from an outlet point to another. These lay lines linked temples built on every continent. The God I refer knows all these gods.

Around the time of our first modern millennia, about five thousand years ago, all these gods were present and related and in every corner of the world. Not much remains of the ancient. Some have moved on, others were defeated, and the rest of us continue the cycle of life. In the heavens or out in the universe, around that same time, other settlements of various species battle for a place to call home. A very large moon from Jupiter, with an extremely dense core, traveling at over two hundred thousand miles an hour, flung itself out of Jupiter’s orbit and ended up barreling through the Kuiper Belt. Now it orbits
the sun from deep in space, always present and near enough to one day be a threat.

On that frozen chunk of rock and metal are creatures literally out of this world, with exoskeletons, four legs, and two arms, six and a half feet tall at the shoulders. These creatures mostly resemble a praying mantis but are a thousand times more powerful, even after taking size into account. Their inner bodies are nothing but a free-flowing form of jelly. If the extremely heavy and thick shell gets cracked, the jelly oozes out and hardens to repair the crack on contact. Their jaws are powerful enough to crush rock. Their front arms have claws like a beetle and are powerful enough to crush rock. Even though the size of this rock is about the size of our moon, its extremely dense core grants it the gravity of five times ours, yet these creatures are larger than us and move around twice as fast. To imagine how strong they may be, and how fast they may move, would make you question how much damage they could do here on Earth. That would be frightening. We should all be thankful they could only live in the extreme freeze of space.

A few more similarities the ancient gods had were the ability to alter the weather and the electromagnetic and the kinetic forces of the planet. In doing so, some species were able to thrive while others went extinct. It forced us into a new age. As interesting as the history behind these gods is, the history yet to write is our legacy.
My ailing body has been repairing itself, and the changes have been rapid. My recent experiences gave me a unique visual perspective, and I can tell my DNA has had a segment spliced with a stint of unknown origins. By definition, I have mutated. Future cells will already be coded with this new wonder gene, and as they divide and grow, we will witness a human hybrid evolving. I have made it a point to sit on the porch every night to connect with God. People talk about religion all the time, but they do not draw the connection between the dopamine-induced peace they feel as they perceive God’s presence and the science behind it. On the other side of the coin, some people can see the logical aspect of life and fail to get a spiritual connection. Not everyone will be able to understand or accept that everything about God qualifies and justifies his existence as the root of all religions. There is no other way to look at God: eternal, all knowing, all powerful, and the focus of worship for all.

Having had contact with this entity I call God had put me in a state of confusion I could not have imagined. People who claim to have seen God are generally looked upon as nut bags by most. Between struggling with my own concepts of religion and unexplainable evidence of God’s existence, I found myself questioning everything,
especially what I should do with this revelation. I cannot help but think of all the good that can be achieved through all this newfound knowledge—knowledge that was lost in previous civilizations.

Encounters with God had consumed me. I received major data dumps of history and information that I did not know what to do with. The questions kept coming, only to be answered by more questions. Concepts of creation, God’s involvement with our day-to-day lives, and whether there is a code that we should live by kept my mind scrambling for answers.

Visions filled my head with hundreds of years’ worth of stories. Stories of the destruction of one-of-a-kind manuscripts in the fires of Alexandria detailing historic events or the manuscripts buried in the Arabian desert all the way up to modern-day Turkey that haven’t been found yet. The Vatican possesses some extremely interesting true events, and they do not even realize it. Advancements in communication, medicine, engineering, and technology will soon be thrust upon us. In antiquity, rulers had an absolute need to control information. Information in the hands of “the people” hindered their ability to control the masses. That has not changed since the very first civilization. The difference is that our ancestors worshiped many gods, and those gods were extraterrestrial. Those extraterrestrial gods knew the one true constant in the universe and communicated with it as I do. There is no direction in life. Life just grows and forges new beginnings. We have a lot of work ahead of us in simply preparing for the knowledge to come.

As often as things in this world change, humans are reluctant to accept change. We get comfortable, lazy in many respects, with our environment and focus within ourselves. We selfishly organize things in our lives to benefit ourselves and blind ourselves to the rest of the world. Not our problem, we tell ourselves. However, when the problem comes to our front door, we are forced to act. We are conceited and believe humanity to be righteous. The truth is, there is good and there is evil. Mankind is not an exclusively peaceful species. We are the only species that preys on others for reasons other than survival. We see things in the news that are bad, we see things that are good, and we
miss the fundamental message of our flaws. There is a growing voice for passivism, anti-death penalty, and self-righteous indignation because people do not understand how insignificant we are. Entire civilizations have been wiped out, new civilizations fill the void, and life goes on. We should not mourn the ill reputable; we should look at it more like rotten fruit falling from the tree, leaving the tree cleaner, fresher, newer. The balance in humanity sways during times of unrest. Global power shifts among civilizations and reminds us of how inhumane we are as a race. As long as there is hate, there will be evil. Does fighting evil make us righteous, or is it our nature to battle, to fight the good fight? Does our predatory nature ensure perpetual struggles and disregard human safety to capitalize on the technology? Could we destroy ourselves before we have the chance to change?

Burdened with heightened senses, I often wonder if it were possible to identify violent tendencies within a population prior to a violent act. It will be at that point society is tested. If the Earth’s population continues to expand, it will only be a matter of time before humans will be forced to eliminate the weak and the sick. The dissidence will be targeted, and a new order of preservation will control man. Humanity should concentrate on quality, not quantity. The days of “go forth and multiply” was a concept needed in a very violent and warring time and is not so relevant today. It once was tribes overtaking tribes, coveting everything, spreading their seed. We are past and above all that and need to focus on the big picture again.

As we gain knowledge, we need to scrutinize how we share that knowledge. The negative could outweigh the positive, which would indicate that we are not ready for such advances. Perhaps, this is why only few are given enlightenment. Advances in nuclear physics was a huge step for humans, a necessary step toward understanding the universe, yet it brought the darkest days in humanity the world had ever seen. In the ’30s, we saw some of the worst atrocities every committed by man, yet the concept was biologically and evolutionarily sound. The balance between science and man has only one constant: God. Unlike the Christians’ loving God, this God is indifferent to the desires of man. If we lost a billion people throughout the world from
disaster, famine, or disease, nothing changes in God’s world. However, if we develop means to eradicate cancer or other deadly diseases, God’s world becomes more peaceful and acceptable. Altering our DNA was his way to effect change, to speed up the process in which we grow intellectually and spiritually. How we effect change will determine what future changes God may have to make to keep us moving in a positive direction.

There are so many medical benefits ahead of us. Imagine a world with no terminal illnesses or disease. The average life span goes from eighty to two hundred years. These are historical advances. Other, less-conspicuous advances would be in propulsion, gravitational influence, agriculture, travel, and engineering. Something to remember is that all these advances will be met with skepticism, adulation, and the power struggle for those who desire to capitalize on it or monopolize from it. The responsibility of this technology is too great for humanity to accept by itself. We, as a people, may not be prepared or responsible enough to be ward to all the technology coming. The ancients placed those virtues on their gods. We would be fools to believe we can change the world into a loving utopia overnight. With separated powers, there will always be conflict. With state responsibility, they will always take from you to give to someone else. They will use it against other nations, usually for profit or more power. Governments cannot be trusted with this knowledge; it must be left up to private industry with a lot of oversight to protect humanity from itself. Then of course, we will need a checks and balances system to monitor industry and commerce.

The benefits are numerous and great. Unbelievable advances in health, science, technologies, and social and economic comfort, will leave future generations much better off than we were. The downside leaves us with two very large and important issues. As we can learn and advance, so do Grays. They may very well receive more advanced information than us because they have had a head start and are able to understand the universe more than we. To characterize them, I would refer to them as opponents on the field of play or at least apprehensive allies in global affairs. Their advances may be more than we can combat. The other problem is how to protect the information from being used
in a malevolent way. Like every civilization before us, leaders will stop at nothing to protect their intellectual property. There is corruption in politics. The two words are synonymous. I think they should go ahead and change the name and replace the word *politics* with corruption. There are deals made behind closed doors in every country and by every form of government. When we get back to the basics and adhere to the constitution, we may get closer to being worthy.

Yesterday it was apple pie, red, white, and blue, and baseball. The days of pride and accomplishment are long gone. Today, when we call ourselves Americans it does not mean the same thing. Our leaders have sold our solidarity to the world for narcissistic views of superiority that invariably contribute to a multinational-consorted effort to screw each other. Some of the things we will see in our lifetime are biological engineered food sources that are ultra-nutritious, cost effective, abundant, and oddly enough flavorful. There are plenty of other ways for people to die; famine does not have to be one of them. We will explore deeper into our neighboring planets and travel outside our solar system. We have tried so hard, for so long, to be a leader in the world, but we have had too many leaders who have lacked the vision to lead and allowed the world to suck us back into the past. If you are not leading, you are following, and followers do not make decisions. We can be leaders in the world once more, but we must abandon the socialistic platform. Though taking care of your people may seem like a noble cause, people must be responsible in order to be worthy of evolutionary advancement. We are not a colony of ants. We do not exist for the sole purpose of protecting and promoting a communal lifestyle. Each of us has the right to exist, and socialism only works for groups that lack the ability to think for themselves. When it takes someone else to take care of you, you lose the desire to do for yourself.

It has become lonely in this new world. I hesitate to get too close to anyone for fear they may discover my secret. I fear that if my experience were to get out, I may not be seen or heard from again. I would probably be locked up in a silo under the North Dakota frozen ground somewhere, being interrogated or experimented on. Every day and every night, I try to stick to a routine. People feel comfortable with
routine, no alarms or flags, just being dependable. I want to confide in my wife and daughter or somebody, but I just cannot do it. That may put them in harm’s way.

If I was going to walk around with all this ability, I needed to establish some rules and limitations. Rule number one: Do nothing to harm the innocent. Rule number two: Do something for the good of humanity. That’s it, just two rules. One concept that makes these decisions a little more difficult is that sometimes you must provide some tough love, because we do not always know what is best for us. If I need to influence people, their brains will think it was their idea. I provide the thought, and in their minds, that is all they know. They will not hear another voice telling them something; therefore, they will believe the thought to be their own. This differs greatly from people who claim to hear voices. They may be hearing voices, perhaps from another entity unlike me, giving them direction and guidance. Within our society, one could be considered clairvoyant, while another considered crazy. I think the difference comes from the source of the power. I received this gift through contact with the one and only, whereas others may have received similar psychic abilities through a surrogate. After all, humans are not the only species on the planet with contact with God.

There are so many diseases, viruses, toxins, and venoms proliferated throughout the world. Some of them affect us, some affect other animals but not all, and some are simply species killers. To eradicate any of the deadly diseases, cancer for example, would appear on the surface to be a miracle, but sadly, they exist for a reason. All throughout the history of the world, from the dawn of time, only the strongest of any given species was meant to survive. From plants, to animals, to humans, to the future species of the world, the strongest and the smartest survive where the weakest are left for extinction. Knowing this and still being able to care for the weak is a concept the Grays do not understand. They see it as a human weakness, and we see it as being human. Nonetheless, we have a commitment to mankind to leave it better than when we started. We have not always lived up to it.
I can feel changes happening within my body. Some are subtle, like my hair starting to grow back; others are more dramatic, like all the little aches and pains of arthritis going away. My senses are keener. I hear better, see better, tendons, ligaments, and muscles are feeling stronger and free from tension. I just all around feel better. Just when I think there is no downside, I must wonder what my experience would be worth to someone with a lot of money and what they would do to get it from me. Suddenly I am reminded of yin and yang. In order to truly experience happiness, you must also know sadness. Success is sweeter the harder you had to work for it. With yin and yang in mind, we should be ever aware that when we accept gifts, they usually come with a price. What would it be worth if we could eliminate cancer? What sacrifices will we bear in order to end hunger? Are we even prepared to think about it? I hope so, because this issue demands an answer, and that question will soon be presented.

Today turned out to be an interesting day. I went to the grocery store about noon, passed by many people, and if I were to stop for just a moment and focus on people, I instinctively knew what they were thinking. As I went down the cereal aisle, no more than ten feet in front of me, a man was reaching for a box of Lucky Charms and I got a sick feeling. I knew what he was thinking, and it was not good. He was a child predator and had such thoughts on his mind. He was planning to grab a little girl standing at the end of the aisle while her mother was reading nutrition labels from many cereal boxes. This was one of those times you do not have a lot of time to think; you must act.

I discreetly hurried down the aisle, reached over the girl to grab a box, and told the girl softly, “There’s a bad man down this aisle dressed in gray. Go stand next to your mommy.”

Then I stood guard at the end of the aisle. I wanted to call 911 or tell the store manager or something. That was a seriously dangerous person. Someone that should be locked away from society, but I had the truth with no proof. Societies cannot function like that.

Someone cannot just accuse someone without proof. This was a dilemma. I knew that I could easily follow this person and scan his
mind for his address. I could stalk out his house and wait for him to have physical evidence of his deviance in hand, and then call in an anonymous tip. I would fear the police would get there too late or the tip and all its evidence be deemed inadmissible.

I cannot say it was a good idea, but it was the only one I could come up with. I confronted the man outside the store. I slowly veered in front of him to stop him and with a calm and quiet voice, I said, “I know your darkest secrets, and if you had managed to grab that little girl in there, I would have been right there to catch you red handed. If you visit this store again, I’ll lead the police to your front door.”

His eyes got as big as golf balls, and he took off running like a bat out of hell. I knew then there would be many instances like this and I needed to develop some protocol. It was dangerous for me to confront him, but at least he now had a reason to be paranoid and maybe it would make him rethink his desires.

I have benefitted greatly for this gift, but it seems for each benefit comes a burden. I was playing poker at Grand Casino in Biloxi last night, and I noticed a small shade of pink on the bottom corner of the man sitting forty-five degrees to my left. He was about five feet away; the shaded area was about one-centimeter square. I focused on it, and it became clear—very clear. The clear difference you might expect going from a 720 dpi 1980 CRT flat screen beast to an 1180 dpi LDE HD TV. Add being able to magnify tenfold, I could see that pink spot was reflecting his hand. I snickered quietly to myself and folded; he had a heart flush.

Now that I think of it, I have not found a downside to my increased vision yet. However, the increased hearing can keep you up at night and annoy the hell out of you during the day. It is all about volume control. From across the living room I saw Lisa combing her hair. The air conditioner was on with a vent above me howling, of course the TV was on, but I could hear the comb going through her hair. Each stroke had a soft swooshing sound and occasional snapping sound as a hair broke. This was from ten feet away. Can you imagine the conversations one with this ability could overhear?
During a company meeting the other day, I noticed the boss look out of the corner of his eye with his arms folded and head cocked slightly away from one of our superintendents as he spoke. The boss’s lips were barely moving. I focused in on his lips, and I could hear him whispering under his breath to himself. He was saying, “What the hell are you talking about?” He said it about three times in a row, very condescendingly. That is no doubt; even the person closest to him could not have heard it. I could have been reading his mind or body language, but this time it came with sound.

That evening I went out. It was very rare for me to go out and participate in events or even socialize with people outside of work. I went down to the beach in Biloxi to the Hard Rock Casino, cashed in fifty dollars for chips, placed all fifty on black at the roulette table, and hit. I then placed half on red twelve and the other half on black seventeen, and seventeen hit. I then walked to the slot machines, put a single quarter in the slot, and jackpot. Within ten minutes of entering the casino, I was walking out with over $18,000. As I played the games, I knew I was mentally coercing the outcome. I knew it was cheating, I knew it was wrong, but today, I was okay with that. The day after, I would resign from my job. I needed money to live and pay bills. In one short evening, I made as much if I had worked three months at my job. I did not feel anyone got hurt because of it, so I talked myself into thinking it was all fair. Besides, I needed time to figure out everything that was going on with me, time to develop plans, but most of all, time to experience a little freedom and life.

I handed my resignation to my boss the following morning as planned. He looked devastated. I had been very vital to the company, and for me to quit unexpectedly was something he had never thought of. I knew I was vital, but I needed time and money. I had thought for hours of ways to ask for a raise, but not until I decided I was going to leave did the answer come to me. I told him I needed time for myself, to live a little, and money to afford a lifestyle I was comfortable with. He agreed and asked me if I would stay to work just two days a week and he would pay me twice the salary. That was too sweet to pass up. However, I did let
him know in the future I may still have to leave depending on greater commitments and I would give him plenty of advance notice.
CHAPTER 7

A Noble Cause

B eing able to read people’s mind was the hardest to control. I had to teach myself not to listen, to block out random input and only receive information when I was ready. Some of the things people think about are scary. Not everything you learn from people is knowledge. Being able to discern the difference between credible information and mental trash can be difficult. I can see how it could cause someone to go crazy, and that thought made me realize some of the people we think of as having a mental disorder may have been abducted. Not being able to handle the information puts them in a state of confusion where reality and fantasy not only coexist but feed off each other. This new theory had to be tested. I drove an hour and a half north to the Fern Grove Clinic in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where I improvised and told them I was a clinical psychiatrist from the coast, doing research for a new study being published in the New England Journal of Medicine on schizophrenia. It was easier than I thought. I did give them a suggestion telepathically that this was a good thing. Besides that, helping them with their more difficult cases had to have been appealing in the clinical sense.

As I made my way through the corridor, led by an orderly in his fifties, overweight and balding, I thought to myself that this person must
have more personal issues going on than half the people locked up in these rooms. I could feel the turmoil these patients were going through before I even reach their rooms. Their fear and confusion filled the hallways. The sorrow and sadness kept them in a constant state of destitution and deliria. Out of eight patients, only two truly needed to be there. They were a danger to themselves and to others. Each was cold and totally void of emotion, 100 percent sociopath. The world they were living in was not the same one I was living in, or any of us for that matter. There was no fixing them. It appeared as if they were in hell and the outside could not get in. I would have to come back to these two at another time. The other six were simply confused. Their brains did not function in a systematic or logical way, which allowed them to prioritize their thoughts. They were experiencing random data interference at a rapid pace and could not process the information fast enough to keep up before the next thought took control of their head.

I was drawn to one of them particularly, a ten-year-old boy who had been there half of his life. He could not or would not talk, but his eyes told you everything. His name was Kevin. The only treatment he had received that gave him any benefit was what they referred to as the quiet room—a ten-by-ten-foot room with a plush recliner in the middle of the floor, pastel green paint on the walls, very low lighting, and music faintly being played in the background, designed to allow the occupant to relax. He would go there daily for an hour from eleven to twelve every day and relax enough to get him through the rest of the day. The peace and serenity he received in the quiet room cleared his mind from the barrage of scattered information he received constantly. Some of the staff would say that it was the only time they had ever seen him with his eyes closed.

Reading his mind was a lot like the static snow on an old black and white television. Removing all the dark spots revealed what he was seeing, hearing, and thinking. The moment I made that discovery, I could tell he knew that I understood. A solitary tear came to his eye as he realized he was no longer alone. I saw his aura change from bluish purple to a soft orange hue in less than a second. With my visitation time nearing its limit, I put my hand on his shoulder, closed
my eyes, and concentrated on God, hoping that Kevin could receive absolution as I had. If he had been altered, modified, or experienced deep emotional or psychological trauma in the past, he may still be able to reconnect with this God I brought to him and correct him from within.

I went back the next day, but they allowed me much less time than yesterday. I did not get the feeling that they knew I was not a psychologist, but I could tell they were a little more apprehensive today. I thought to myself that a short time would be all I had to investigate, so I had better make it count. I decided to use all the time with Kevin. The orderly escorted me back through two sets of reinforced doors, to his ward down a very long hallway. Doors on each side, lined the corridor like a penitentiary, steel doors with one-foot-by-one-foot heavy glass windows, five feet high in the middle of the door. As I walked toward the back of the ward, all the background noises and sounds faded away except the faint sound of someone humming. It was Kevin, sitting on his bed, humming an unfamiliar tune, because he could tell it was me coming to see him. His song was a greeting.

Kevin’s mother sent him here after sudden and dramatic changed appeared overnight. He was a perfectly happy and healthy boy one day and the next day he was in a world of his own, a place where other people were no more significant than a dining room chair. To Kevin, people were inanimate objects. He was in his own little world, another dimension; he was unreachable. The term “The lights are on but no one’s home” fit this case perfectly. He stopped talking and would not look directly at anyone. In retrospect, he might not have wanted to see into someone else’s soul if he was in a different dimension and could only see spirits.

A referral from his doctor allowed him to be admitted at Fern Grove. It was also the only facility that would admit him with Medicaid. One state hospital to service an entire state is absurd, but that is how it was. His young mother had no means and could barely take care of the necessities in her own life. Now she had a child who needed a great deal of medical attention. She was so beside herself and depressed
about leaving Kevin there alone she did not sleep for a week. She felt as though she had abandoned him. Her life took a sharp downward path to drugs and alcohol. If the state would have recognized the need for grieving and distraught parents to receive help and counseling on the same ticket, her life too may have been saved.

I entered his room. He was sitting on the bed, looking toward the door, patiently waiting to see me. From that point forward, our communication was telepathic. We instinctively knew what each other were thinking, as if our minds had become one. A thought from either of us was shared with the other simultaneously, making it our thought. In a very basic way, we experienced something similar to when God joins with others like him and become one. Kevin thought that if you put the concept of God coming together with other parts of him, becoming one, the reverse construction would take us back fourteen and a half billion years and show us where God comes from. Those were the thoughts in Kevin’s head.

He was the classic example of alien abduction. Sitting alone on the floor in his room, a cartoon was on the television behind him, but he was not paying it any attention. His focus was on a shadow in the corner of his room. As he watched it, another shadow appeared beside the first, then another. They stepped forward toward him, out of the shadows and into a hazy beam of light from the street lamp out by the road. He could make out their shapes like a silhouette, but he could not make out any specific features. It was like a living shadow. He felt paralyzed down to every muscle; he just stared at them, frozen stiff as they approached. His heart was pounding and sweat started beading on his forehead. He watched intensely as they put their hands out to touch him. The one closest to him blinked, and as he did a resemblance of a strobe light, a quick flash in his eye spontaneously appeared; they were in another world. Kevin did not know if he had been transported somewhere or if he was in another dimension. However, at this point, his was absolutely convinced that they controlled him.

I pulled a couple of chairs together, facing each other, sat, and invited Kevin to sit. Just sitting there, eyes closed and leaning forward, we
Lawrence Burk

meditated into a connection with God. To understand what someone thinks with no other input than thought makes communication extremely convenient. The three of us shared a single thought and a single answer. Kevin’s gift, or burden, had been created and implanted in him by the Grays, who had been doing genetic experimentation to become more like God themselves. Kevin did not have the same abilities as I did, but I could see a similarity. The Grays had mutated Kevin’s DNA in a similar fashion as God mutated mine. However, they could not duplicate the trigger to make the protein necessary for growth and expansion to survive. We did not have to ask God to repair it. It just happened. After only a few minutes, Kevin’s entire life was returned to him, and his gifted abilities returned to another dimension. He was back to his preabduction self, not faintly aware of his ordeal; he was now a five-year-old boy in a ten-year-old body. A small price to pay considering the alternative. I walked out of the room confused. On one hand, Kevin had been healed and I could feel good about being able to help; on the other hand, I was back to being alone with this knowledge.

Returning home that evening, I could not stop thinking about our session. The Grays were competing with God for creation. In a theological sense, they were like fallen angels and demigods. To understand the forces at work and the alien connection, further studies of the ancient civilizations of Egypt, Samaria, Mayans, and Incas were necessary. Other studies in Roman, Greek, and Norse mythology could then be understood. There is a common theme, spanning thousands of years, with no proof of collusion. Independent occurrences cannot be a coincidence. With all the many theories, we have discovered the truth has been staring us in the face since time began. The Anunnaki were the last of the benevolent beings to have visited Earth. I refer to them as benevolent because they had no desire to destroy us. They used us to their benefit, we were just tools in the shed, but still, they taught us unimaginable knowledge. Much of that knowledge was lost over time. They also left a legacy within our ancestors, a gene to pass down through generations, in the form of DNA splicing. However, only the worthiest were chosen. Tracing their lineage will ultimately
reveal proof of their existence and begin an honest debate of the true history behind the development of all religions and man.

The next day came with a new purpose. Compelled to continue the search for others like me, I took my coffee to go and headed downtown. Thinking that the homeless community may be a source of human dysfunction associated with abduction or contact, I was hopeful that today would bring more answers. I parked in the parking garage of the Hard Rock Casino and set out on foot five blocks north. My plan was to walk near the local homeless to see if I could pick up any useful information telepathically. If I received an indication of alien contact, I would then approach the individual. Because there are many reasons for the homeless circumstances, and all of them private, I wanted to be courteous and cautious.

I could not have imagined how right I was. Within the first five people I came across, I found my first contact. He was a veteran of the Gulf War, in his late thirties, and below average on hygienic attributes. He was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder by the V.A. and given a trove of psychotic medications, which he sold on the street for food and supplies. After his discharge from the service, he had developed a fear of other people. He could trust no one. He stopped taking his medication because it kept him from being able to communicate effectively, which made his condition even worse.

Being retired navy, I have a good understanding of the value system of fellow veterans and their relatives far away. Members are dedicating their lives for a cause greater than themselves, and the family members’ patience is tested every time they go away. Now, they feel alone in this world with very few people they can trust. Some find fellowship in various organizations, VFW, DAV, Moose Lodge, Elks Lodge, Knight of Columbus, etc. I am more of a loner; an association with any of those groups would require me to appreciate being a part of them, and I have not felt a part of anything since I retired. His name was Roland; he hailed from a small town in New Hampshire and left an ex-wife and son about three years ago. Living a secluded and isolated life on the streets of Biloxi, he was totally removed from a life that beat his spirit.
into the ground. He was responsible for no one; he had nowhere to go, nothing to do, and no one to depend on. In a strange way he was free; in another, he was a prisoner of his fears. In his own words, his “coper” was broke, and he could no longer deal with the day-to-day struggles.

He was generally a good man, but he felt broken. Roland was a very depressed man. He felt sorry for himself, unlOved, and unwanted and had no purpose among the living. But every day he crawled out of a cardboard box and did the same thing all over again. To help him, I planted a thought in his head that there is beauty and goodness in everything if we are open and willing to see it. I also invoked the phrase, “It is better to love than to be loved.” I hoped that he would occasionally have that thought and have less of a tendency to feel sorry for himself, and maybe have a little appreciation for the simpler things in life. Only time would tell. I wanted to remind myself to check on him in a week, but I had a feeling my schedule would soon breathe life of its own.

If I were to continue to search out ways to exercise this gift, I needed to start a journal—notes to myself, detailing events so I could keep myself on a noble cause. Later that evening, as I was sitting down to write in my journal, I realized that reaching out to help people was the right thing to do. Sure, I could put these talents to selfish purposes, but that would not help humanity, and being a part of something greater than myself was an important aspect of doing righteous things.

I thought there had to be a better way of reaching so many people. Then I looked around and saw billboards and neon signs and advertisements everywhere. In lieu of charitable contributions, I could convince entrepreneurs to invest in advertising, specifically to take up as much billboard space as possible with messages of hope and all things positive. The inspirational approach was a nice thought, but I had to face that people react faster to money than principle; the advertising would have to be paid for.

Ideas came to me all the time. I had to evaluate each of them, and an idea to track your children came to me that deserved special attention. I thought that small transmitters imbedded in a Band-Aid, worn in
pairs, one for the child, a transmitter, and one for the parent, a receiver. They would be synchronized so you would always know where your children were, providing they wore the Band-Aid.
had to remind myself that these gifts were just that—gifts. I thought the best way to apply my gift was to go about my daily routine and mentally interact with people. As I ran across people with troubles, not problems, I was sure there were things I could do to help. A few words of hope would go a long way in the life of a troubled soul. That sounds as if it should be in a song. If I were able to help just one person a day, the numbers would add up in time.

That evening, I laid in bed thinking about my plan. I was careful not to dwell on being able to read my coworkers’ minds, just focus on the cry for help. I did not sleep too well that night, but it did not seem to matter; I woke refreshed. I had been so tired the past few days, but now I felt fully rested. I stopped at the gas station on the way to work to get a cup of coffee. The girl at the counter was nice enough, but her head was not completely into her work. She was daydreaming of leaving her boyfriend. She lacked confidence in herself, which compounded her dependency on a person who had no ambition. He was perfectly content with a mediocre job if it provided enough money to hit the bar every other night. She wanted more out of life but did not know what to do about it. In the time that it took to pay for my coffee, I gave her a thought that she had everything it took to find a better job—one
where she had upward mobility and better pay and that would allow her to take more control of her life. I saw a different look in her face as I was leaving than the one, she had when I arrived. I convinced myself it was a good choice to help her, and it made me feel good as well.

As I started my day, I found myself spending too much time trying not to think about the people around me. Contrary to my purpose, I did not want to involve myself with my coworkers too much, for fear that I would force myself away. The whole idea behind helping people is the ability to do so without being identified. I did not want notoriety or praise; I simply wanted to make the world around me better. I did have an extremely large amount of ideas flood my head related to my work I did at Suntech—so many, in fact, that I had to write them down. Before I could act on any of the ideas, I was getting another idea.

On my way home, that evening I passed a man with a sign standing by the on ramp to the highway. The sign read, “Down and out, please help.” You would think that this would be right up my alley for the chosen commitment I have accepted. Being able to read people and their thoughts has many benefits, one of which is being able to see the truth. This man had no troubles in his life requiring assistance. He was simply a lazy person who fed off the sympathy of others, a professional beggar. I loathe that concept. I would categorize someone like that as a social parasite. I gave him a thought as I drove past him, a deep sense of guilt, as if he were robbing the futures of the people who chose to give him money. I also suggested that he donate time to helping the homeless or an animal shelter. I have always had a problem with users and people who are only concerned for themselves.

The first Saturday since my first contact came around and my body had never felt better. My mind had never been as sharp, and the knowledge gained surpassed all the knowledge I had accumulated over the years. I knew I needed to get some relaxation time for myself, so I figured a trip to the pet store was in order. It had been three years since the last of our three dogs had passed. I could use some companionship. Of course, I could rely on my wife for companionship, but she hated it when I scratched her behind the ears. While at the pet shop, I was
overwhelmed with the vibes and signals the animals were exuding. Every one of them was confused and unhappy. They worried, and some were in fear. They did not have to utter a sound, yet I knew exactly what they were feeling. As much as I wanted to rescue them all, I had to settle for leaving them with a feeling of hope. It is so much easier communicating with animals. They do not lie to themselves. I left without a pet, but I also left knowing how much anguish this is in everyday life. Even animals experience mental and emotional stress that throws their lives out of balance.

For the next couple of days, I constantly practiced my gift. I made it a point to stop and smell the roses every now and then. Though I enjoyed some of the simpler things in life, I knew something big was going to happen soon and my purpose for the future would be obvious. Maybe it was not fate but a statistical chance. If I walk around with my radar on, I am bound to come across a threat, some dubious behavior, or some criminal activity that would compel me to do something about it. Now I was remembering the two main rules about doing no harm and doing something good. I had to work on the judge, jury, and executioner frame of mind. There is a part of me that just screams for justice, but I know I need to focus on the bigger picture. I had interacted with about a dozen people so far. As best I can tell, they seem to be better off now than they were before, but I could feel something bigger on the horizon. I was not sure if I was ready for anything big. I had not yet become comfortable with small stuff but felt I was about to be tested.

I went about my day, ever so careful to pay attention to anything out of the ordinary. Not because of paranoia, because all my senses were in overdrive. Shortly after dinner that evening, I drove down to the local gas station for cigarettes. After I returned home, I saw a light through the trees behind the house. It was not extremely bright like you might image from the movies, but it was clean, soft, yet bright, like an LED light. I parked all the way to the front of the driveway, got out of the car, and raced around the back of the house to get a better look. Well, shiver me timbers—there it was. An actual, real life UFO. Everyone has been exposed to some form of UFO story, but few can claim
they took part. It was foretold that I would receive a visit, but until it happened, I could not fully appreciate the excitement and adrenalin rush. It hovered over my yard for only about three seconds, and a light resonating from the bottom of the craft resembling a florescent blast appeared on the ground below the craft. Immediately after the flash, the craft was gone. Less than twenty feet away, three Grays were walking toward me. They stood about four feet tall and looked as they may have weighed about eighty pounds. Their heads were about as big as a rugby ball.

Marge and Lisa heard my car pull up and saw a bright light shine through the window, a light much brighter than that of a car. They ran to the window to investigate but were not fast enough to see the spacecraft that had already came and left. However, they did see the Grays standing in front of me in the middle of the lawn. In a state of shock and disbelief, Marge grabbed her camera and rushed to the door. Standing in the doorway, she was able to take about a dozen photos.

All my senses were in overdrive and my heart was racing, and I knew I was vulnerable. The excitement was building by the second. They stopped right in front of me and just stood there, looking at me as if they were waiting for me to speak. There were three of them standing about four feet tall, slowly moving closer to me. The one in the middle looked to be about two inches taller than the other two and had a stone-cold leather face. Seeing him the first time made me feel intimidated by his obvious intellectual superiority yet strangely comforted by a sense of trust.

He held his hand up, shoulder high, exposing the palm of his hand as if to wave. The first thing I noticed was he only had four fingers. I raised my hand in kind. “Welcome,” was all I said. The leader motioned his hand toward himself as to beckon me closer. I bent over until our faces were about six inches apart. He inhaled a deep breath of my exhaled breath. I first thought it was an alien custom, but I later found out that he could analyze my entire physical health by analyzing the chemical composition of my exhaled breath.
Looking deep into their eyes was like looking into a universe, a very deep and mysterious stare to the point I could feel their energy absorb right through me and then back to this Gray. From then on, I instinctively knew what they were telling me without having uttered a noise. The depictions of aliens we have become familiar with was eerily close to what I was looking at. Big head, big eyes, slender and small, their skin had a light charcoal gray color, and they wore what looked to be a body suit, covering their torsos and abdomens.

They had been aware of my activities and had been watching me close with their telepathic radar. They too had a connection with God, and my access to God allowed them to have access to me via proxy. They knew I was aware that they would be coming to meet me. They felt it was important to meet face to face with the human who would help them rebuild a civilization and mediate peace in the world that they had been waiting for a thousand years to belong to. By intervening in Kevin’s situation, I interrupted their experiment. This caused them concern, because until now they had been able to appear, do human experimentation, and depart virtually unnoticed, all while being protected by our ignorance and confusion. Presenting themselves to me was their way of formalizing a bond of greater importance. I suppose that made us galactic statesmen. They needed me to know how to get in touch with them. There was a lot of work to be done. I still had quite a way to go before negotiations and dialogue could be established with the governments of the world.

Standing in front of me, looking into my eyes, they could tell right away that I had an altered DNA sequence. They knew it came from God. You might say that they gave me a pass but putting their faith in God would be more actuate. There are so very few “gifted” humans that that they could not pass up the opportunity to exchange information. Granted, they wanted to know more about me and what I knew than to enlighten me on what they knew. The only information people know about aliens they learned from government and media propaganda. Our skepticism and fears have prevented us from learning the truth about their existence and given rise to their demonization.
Very few of the crop circles reported were theirs. The ones that were theirs had been used as messages to other groups of Grays. Most were hoaxes perpetuated by man to fuel skepticism. Some animal mutilations could be indirectly credited to the Grays. Because of various genetic experiments gone awry, new species had been created. Realizing the error, the Grays hunted and eliminated the defective creatures. If you build a monster in the lab and it gets out, there is plenty of distraction to keep us searching in a misdirected way. Some of their other experiments included sasquatches, yetis, giant squids, and chupicabaras.

The Grays are an amazing species. Though they can communicate strictly through telepathy, they hold on to a native language. They can communicate with themselves in a very unfamiliar way. They project a faint sub-frequency signal, resembling humming, that even dogs have trouble hearing. What makes it even stranger is that I can hear it. The peaks and valleys of their pitch had a definite structural pattern of language, but it was something I had no reference for. The more I concentrated on it, the easier it got and the clearer the message became. They could communicate with telepathy by itself but used the audio signal as a form of confirmation and justification, and I suppose it reinforced a sense of camaraderie between them. Once they realized I could understand their conversation, they stopped and stood beside themselves, facing me as if to bid me farewell. After scouring my mind for a moment or so, they left me with some extraterrestrial advice. They implied, not in words but in thought, that I was wasting my time on the defective ones and that I should seek out other people who have had similar experiences with God as I had.

They referred to God as the Mother and that she had foretold of three others. Seeing that God and women were creators of life, it made sense to me. They were careful not to disclose too much information about themselves, but I could tell, having humans with the ability to understand and communicate with them made them a little uneasy. It added new complications to whatever plan they originally had for us. It was so much harder to read their minds than those of my fellow man. It is like telling the difference between a dog’s bark to go outside as
opposed to his, “I am ready to come back inside” bark. You really must pay close attention. Breaking down the language helped considerably. I also learned that they fear humans. They know we are unpredictable and cannot be trusted.

A major aspect of their survival had been on genetic research, so they could adapt to life on this planet. They do not need as much oxygen as we do, and our atmosphere can make them a little light-headed after a while. If they had attempted to lower the oxygen levels of our atmosphere, they would have had to make their presence known much earlier. Lowering the oxygen levels, a little would have helped them and hindered us, but as evil as the Grays have been portrayed, the gamble that we would hunt them down and destroy them was too great. Since the dark ages, if they had made themselves known, humans would have “gone medieval on them.” We would have risen, sought them out, and destroyed any chance for us to live together. To the Grays, crossing our DNA seemed like a marriage of necessity. This was truly a strange endeavor. They are afraid of us, and we are afraid of them. They can hurt us, and we can hurt them. They need us, and whether we admit it, we need them.

Their biggest challenge had been splicing our DNA together so that their DNA was always more dominant. Having an offspring with human-dominant DNA would be a loss for them and a gain for us. They were also working on a triple-helix stand of DNA but had not been able to adapt it to either their or our DNA yet. When we jumped from a single- to a double-helix DNA strand, evolution was accelerated considerably. I am sure they were not trying to breed themselves out. However, eventually they would have to be accepted by us or dominate us. They believed the chances for a treaty with humans right now was better than it had ever been. Seventy years of speculation and conspiracy could finally be laid to rest.

Their reason for visiting was a meet and greet. I popped up on their radar the first time I connected with God. They met with me to get a feel for whom I was, what I was doing, and what my intentions were and to let me know they were aware of my gift and that they were
accessible. To contact them, they imbedded an extremely small crystal transponder under my skin on my wrist. I did not feel a thing. In fact, if I had not seen them put it there, I would never have known it was there. The one I assumed was in charge put his hand over the back of my left hand and touched my wrist, right next to my watch, and a little glow under my skin appeared and then faded away. All I had to do was touch it and think of them, and they would receive my request for contact. Their plan was for me to find others like myself who had been transformed and convince them to meet with them. We would become their public relations and liaisons to world leaders. The time was near for them to make their existence and presence known to the entire world. In today’s world, everything is global. Integration into human civilization had been a very delicate and dangerous scenario, one that had their leaders concerned for centuries. Since they were only being able to produce offspring at their present rate, they would not be able to regenerate their forces should we harm too many in combat. Therefore, their elders wisely decided their best option was cohabitation, unless, of course, they wanted to continue living underground for another millennium.

I had many questions. I thought it would be good to find others like me, though I had not a clue where to start. How could I trust the aliens’ intentions? What was their ultimate goal? Most importantly, I wanted to maintain my anonymity, but this would put me on everyone’s radar. I had a lot to think about. I needed to know more about these visitors; I needed a plan of my own. In fact, I needed a plan A, B, and C. As I lay in bed that evening, I closed my eyes and let my subconscious take over. I decided that I would help the Grays get a message to our leaders and would continue to help people whenever I could. This could be the most important event mankind has ever witnessed, two species finding themselves together, both at the precipice of their existence. The events following would dictate the future of each species. To succeed or fail were the only options, not to mention the entire world being at stake.

Prior to this experience, I would not have thought that the Grays could be our ally, but then again, prior to this experience, I was naive at best and ignorant to be sure. With all the negative press from the
government and the media, the public had been manipulated and lied to about so many things, and they became complacent and apathetic to the truth. Appearances are deceiving, and propaganda was a key component in keeping the secrets of the nations. Government and religious leaders had kept the population in the dark for centuries. Whenever facts appear, someone is always there to interject doubt, even if it is a ridiculous argument. We have mindlessly stored it away as a mystery and did not give it the evidentiary value it was worth.

Experiments with other groups of beings and captives had kept the governments of the United States, China, and Russia busy for a long time, with small technological results in comparison to the advances we could be receiving. The Grays’ willingness to share technology with us would be determined by our willingness to accept them.

I had to get some very important people a message. The National Security Agency, the Department of Homeland Security, the FBI, and the CIA would all love this information, but I was not ready for that much attention. While on active duty, one of the jobs available to me was at the Defense Logistics Agency. I contacted an old friend who had a current roster of senior navy enlisted at the Pentagon. He gave me the e-mail address of Master Chief Brightwell, the command master chief, Naval Logistics Command. I thought if I could get an inside point of contact, I could keep the security agencies away at least temporarily.

Protocol dictates notification procedures, and this had to stay outside normal channels. Within the Pentagon, various admirals and generals have their own inner circles. I would appeal to the fraternity of a fellow chief to get my request to the right people. My e-mail read, “Dear CMC Brightwell, as a matter of national security, it is imperative that this message makes it to the commander, Naval Logistics Command, Admiral Hart without delay and in total confidence. I need to meet with senior administrative personnel regarding alien technology. I can say no more other than I have evidence. Please do not disregard this request. Let Admiral Hart make that call. For your benefit, discuss this with no one other than Admiral Hart.”
Within ten minutes from hitting the send button, I received a call from an individual using the name Mr. Smith, who said that Admiral Hart contacted him and requested we meet. He asked me to maintain my usual routine and talk to no one else about this, and within hours he would have his people contact me in person. My e-mail address was all they had, yet within ten minutes, they were able to track me down.

Around noon that day, two men contacted me; they were nicely dressed and arrived where I work in the guise of insurance salesmen. They offered to take me to lunch to discuss options in private. Instead of lunch, we drove to their hotel room, a suite at the Beau Rivage on the beach in Biloxi. I knew these guys were the infamous “Men in Black,” but they were not wearing black. They looked perfectly normal except for their no-nonsense attitudes and no personality whatsoever. I told them that aliens had visited me and that they wanted to establish a dialogue with us in the interest of peace and mutual prosperity. I monitored their thoughts as I explained the encounter, and they accepted everything I said without judgment. Confirmed in their minds, that this was a legitimate contact investigation, they encouraged me to return to work, discuss this with no one, and request a personal day off from work for an insurance physical, and they would arrange a flight so I could meet with their superiors and go into more detail of the communications I had with the Grays.

When I got home that evening, I noticed a vehicle parked on the other side of the street that I had never seen before. I figured it was the government monitoring me. I tried to remain unaware and go about my business but knowing that you are under surveillance has a way of making you more aware of your surroundings. One of them knocked on my door at about nine that evening. He told me they would be back at four in the morning to take me to the airport and requested I be ready. He went back to his car and drove off. They must have just gone around the block because they were back on station in less than five minutes.

Four o’clock in the morning came quickly. I felt well for not having slept worth a damn. The most pressing thought I had was the realization
that there was no turning back. In for a penny, in for a pound they say. Part of me hated the idea of being involved with the government; another part of me was excited to be hip deep and center stage in an event this huge. The airport was not the airport I had imagined. They took me to Keesler Air Force Base to fly out on a Citation Encore jet. No baggage check, no check in, no TSA, straight out to the flight line, on the plane, and away we went.

During the entire flight, all I could think about was the stories and movies where government agencies conduct secret operations and people disappear, never to be heard from again. Clandestine is just a fancy name for illegal. The concept, “No one is above the law” is a fallacy. Our leaders are experts in deception and impropriety. Though I wanted to believe that this meeting was an honest attempt to seek answers and solutions, I did not feel that confident. I had hoped they were interested in what I knew and would appreciate my assistance, but in the back of my head, I knew it could go the other way. If I knew too much, would I end up being another missing person?
At 6:55 a.m., I entered the south entrance of an old courthouse, in the middle of Nowhereville, Texas. Today was Wednesday, but it looked like a Sunday. It was almost 7:00 a.m., and there was nobody on the streets anywhere. I began to think the government had their own little town. I was escorted by two young airmen who certainly appeared to take care of themselves. I was to meet with a group from the Pentagon who virtually worked for themselves and answered to no one. All the funding was provided by black ops and secret deals between governments. The State Department, the White House, and Congress had all been left out of the loop. Only top Defense Department personnel, the director of National Security, two senators on the Senate Armed Services Committee and two congressmen on the House Ways and Means Committee were aware of the program, and they were all present at the meeting.

The four legislators’ only responsibility in the program was to secure secret funding. They could not claim oversight or participation, but the program needed money to operate, and the technology gained was the tradeoff for their support. Advanced knowledge not only gave them a powerful advantage with their peers and constituents, but it also gave them a huge financial advantage on Wall Street. Of course,
the director of the program told them only the bare minimum. Every person in the program was continuously monitored and vetted to ensure security. Noncompliance regarding secrecy would often result in someone disappearing, never to be heard from again.

The congressmen and senators sat in chairs behind a large two-way glass window, from where they could observe what they thought would be an interrogation or some form of secret CIA information-extraction techniques. That is not what I gave them. My senses were about twenty times sharper than theirs are. They had no way of knowing, but I could see them through that mirror. I could hear them discuss their concerns. In the room they took me to, there was a long conference table. On one side of the table were three men in very nice business suits. Five others stood at the end of the table, to include the defense secretary and the director of National Security. The three men interviewing me were from the program. Each appeared to be about thirty-five years old and looked enough alike you might have thought they were brothers.

I sat on the other side of the table directly across from them. With hands clasped together on the table, the one in the middle introduced himself as Mr. Smith and said, “Tell us what you know.”

I admit, the confident and direct approach was compelling, but I was not going to let him dictate the atmosphere of this meeting. They may have thought this was to be an interrogation, but knew I had to be the one in control of this session. I began by not saying a word; I looked directly into their eyes and mentally projected the thought that they would accept anything I said as fact. To let them know that I was controlling their thoughts, I made them forget the names of the other people in the room. Once they realized they could not remember each other’s names, they were completely dumbfounded—but not as confused as the visitors behind the window, watching a staring contest from their darkened nest. Once Mr. Smith acknowledged my abilities, I unblocked their memories, and we began what would come to be known as the Conference of Hope. Of course, they had their own code name to file it under.
I took my wallet out of my pocket and pulled out three clear cards about the same size as a credit card. I gave one to the fellow on the far left, another to the fellow on the far right, and kept the third. I asked them to hold them in front of them, on the table, facing each other. We moved them toward each other until they formed the points of a twelve-inch triangle. When all three cards faced the center of the triangle, a holographic image of a Gray appeared, no more than six inches tall. The image looked around the table at the people present and then turned to give a cold stare through the glass wall at the special guests. The alien projected thoughts in the form of images into the brains of our hosts to convince them he was real and that we had much to offer each other.

The Grays used me as a medium in this negotiation for their own safety, until enough trust could be established to associate directly. They had given me some knowledge that had been lost for over three thousand years, handed down from the Annunoki to share as a gesture of good faith: geophysical levitation.

We have seen the result but failed to realize the dynamics of the levitation phenomena throughout history in the building of the pyramids in Egypt, the Maui on Easter Island, Stonehenge, and Mayan temples, to name a few. Returning to the three cards and holographic images, I showed our hosts an image of the device used to levitate the heavy stones. Three cylinders were filled with a sixty/forty mix of gases, similar to neon and xenon in properties. Included with the gas was an extremely fine iron oxide powder. The cylinders were pressurized, the gases in the cylinders heated up from friction, and the particles hyperactively moved faster and faster. This excited the iron particles and created a vortex magnetic field between the three cylinders. The cylinders were placed at exactly at 120 degrees from each other, making a perfect triangle. The distance apart affected the strength of the magnetic field created. The larger the field needed, the more power was required, and the pressure applied to the gases in the cylinders controlled the power. A tube through the middle of each cylinder, from top to bottom and open at each end, was designed to allow the surrounding atmosphere to flow freely through it. At each end of the
cylinders were huge pieces of crystal, shaped like pyramids, with each of their faces facing each other.

Placing the device over an area where the Earth’s lay lines generate their magnetic field acts as a gravitational neutral zone. The higher the gas pressure, the hotter the gas, the faster the motion, and the stronger the electromagnetic field. When the pressure of the gases reaches a high enough level, the iron particles spiral up and down through the cylinders near the speed of light. The particles traveled back and forth from crystal to crystal, creating a field strong enough to force the gravity field of the Earth out of its space. When the device is set up and in proper alignment, sunlight passes through the crystals, creating a beam of light that is reflected toward the other crystals, each transferring power from the sun, increasing its intensity. Reversing the field would cause outside particles to rush into the field and ultimately be annihilated, like a black hole. We do not want that, and we have been warned. This device can be used anywhere, but it is much stronger at the source of the Earth’s magnetic fields.

I explained to the team, “A piece of lost technology has been given back to us, lost for thousands of years. Our guests have nothing to gain from giving this technology back to us, other than opening a dialog and establishing relations with us.”

The conversation behind the glass quickly turned toward economics and military applications. At that point, I turned toward the window and told them, “This is only one of many examples of their knowledge and power. To misuse it would be a breach in faith and cause them to retreat to a defensive posture, putting an alliance between us in jeopardy.”

To make clear their resolve for peace, another vision was shared with the group—the vision of a nuclear explosion being reversed to a singularity and disappearing without event. The implication was that even an atomic explosion could be captured and destroyed. That scenario got their attention. If further negotiations appeared to promise a chance for peace, the Grays indicated that they would share the knowledge necessary for us to cure the incurable. Viruses and bacteria that have
plagued mankind from its onset could be eliminated to include the plague, malaria, typhus, flu, Ebola, and even cancer.

I felt this was a good point to conclude the meeting. The Grays have had willingness to work together and offer great promise for our future. However, they needed a concession from us: protection from the populace. Knowing we, as a species, have a dangerous and violent nature, they needed support for their safety. Once that confidence had been established, they would meet with us again to continue building our relationship.

I thought about the fellow’s statement for a moment, “Tell us what you know,” and I truly resented it. What arrogance must a person have to believe he could blood suck information out of someone. If the entire human race thought like that, I failed to see how we could deserve such a chance as this before us. More important than a presidential election, the coronation of a king or queen, or a new pope being chosen, this meeting ushered in a new era, a new civilization, and was much too important to let the character of one individual screw it up.

Ingenuity, innovation, and inspiration had created great societies, and insanity had taken it away even faster. Trouble follows us, but the level of trouble we will see in the future, if we cannot eliminate the insanity, may condemn us. We must eliminate the destructive nature we have displayed, time and time again, and conform to a constructive nature again. Construction, not destruction, creates rather than destroys.

Until now, my hosts had only heard speculation and seen parlor tricks. They needed a little more physical evidence to legitimize the implications that had been presented. I turned toward the only exterior window in the room. With eyes closed, I concentrated on the Grays, pointed at the window, and said, “Look upon your evidence.”

Everyone in the room migrated to the window just in time to see a craft appear. Seemingly, out of the blue, quiet and stealthy, it dropped out of the clouds at an extremely fast rate of speed and hovered ten feet from the ground. It stayed there motionless for about twenty seconds and then disappeared back into the clouds.
At that point, I stated, “Gentlemen, you have some very serious thinking and planning to do. The Grays wish to meet again in about two weeks for further communication and negotiation. At this time, they will have a request of their own. They will officially ask for the remains of their scouts that we have locked away deep in the Rocky Mountains. The government has had them hidden away in the depths of Cheyenne Mountain since Roswell. The craft and all its parts were shipped off to Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio, but they have sensed it has been relocated. This will be a major test for us. Our government is not going to want to divulge this truth. Secrecy and propaganda have been the only constants for the past seventy years regarding aliens. This is a tough sell indeed. When our government faces the possibility that the aliens could show up in every major city in the United States and cause mass hysteria, it would be a cover story for every newspaper, magazine, and cable news channel, and they would be forced to concede anyway.”

Mr. Smith wanted to keep me there much longer, but the Grays only wanted to give them a taste of the possibilities. After a few more visits and a better understanding of the relationship required for them and us to be able to coexist, a more detailed plan to exchange information could be established. There were a couple of things they would require of us before providing us too much information. Their safety and welfare were paramount. Without it, they would have to establish a defensive posture, which would certainly cause chaos.

There was one thing left I needed to share with them before departing—a physical gift from the Grays. I presented a two-inch, crystal pyramid to Mr. Smith and said, “I would be derelict not to mention, this pyramid has the ability to transmit a visual imagine of everything within its perimeter and receive images as well. More importantly, this pyramid is the crystal used in the levitation device. Do all the tests necessary to learn from it, but be warned—if the crystal is damaged, all its associated powers vanish, and you will learn nothing.”

The Grays would be able to watch everything in the proximity of the crystal. They were also aware that they would undoubtedly move it to a secret location and that secret location might be a place of interest.
Because the crystal harnesses electromagnetic fields, it could also be used in transferring energy—a lot of energy. They will first look at it through a spectrogram and they will be amazed that each of the colors will have its own wave, moving from one point to another, seemingly random. But it is not random; everything has a pattern. When they figure that out, they will break the first code that opens the door for a new era in technology. I was certainly ready to leave but could not resist a little humor.

I told them, “It was nice, but next time we meet at my place.” Nobody laughed.

The same airmen who brought me to the meeting drove me to the airport. This time one of them spoke. “Are you important?” he asked without any inflection in his voice.

I replied, “Absolutely.”

That was the full extent of our conversation. The ride to the airport was short, but I had enough time to reflect on the use of my abilities and realized I was getting better at everything. Everything was beginning to flow seamlessly. I felt transformed.

The airfield was hardly an airport. It was about the size of a football field. One can only imagine the size of plane able to take off and land on such a small area. I thought that these arrangements were very poor. They could have spent a dollar or two and given me a decent ride home.

At this point, the Grays knew there was no turning back. Out of hiding after a thousand years, they either had to make the treaty between us work or spend another thousand years battling us. They cannot afford to lose too many in battle because they would not be able to repopulate. They knew they had much to offer us in the way of technology and knowledge. Would it be enough to subdue our fears and allow us to coexist? That was their dilemma. Could we share the Earth?

That same day, after the meeting, all the people at this meeting were on a plane back to Washington. They instinctively knew this could
no longer be kept top secret. The White House and Congress would have to be briefed. This was a terrible time to be the person who had to admit knowledge of this program. I guess it was good for them that the perpetuation of conspiracy and propaganda was something the government actually did efficiently.

It was near three in the afternoon when they returned to Washington. Waiting on their arrival was a half dozen secret service agents to escort them to Marine One, the president’s CH53 helicopter, where it would take them straight to the White House. They landed on the south lawn, met by another half dozen secret service agents who escorted them to the Situation Room. It is ironic that the feeling they tried to give me is the feeling they were now experiencing, except by now the team of players had grown. The president, his chief of staff, the vice president, director of the secret service, the head of NASA, and the secretary of state were now all involved in the largest sociologic global event in all of history.

Of course, the first question the president had was why he did not know. He was told that no president since Truman was told about the program for a specific reason. The president had too much power, and no one man should have that much control over an issue as big as this. Truman knew firsthand what one man with a button could do. It scared him enough that he established an agency to keep that kind of decision away from one man. We are just one country; extraterrestrial implications are global. The big spin machine was going to have to figure a way to keep things quiet until all the diplomatic resolutions could be established. The order to increase cyber security and monitoring was immediately given. A cover story for the press had to be available. The joint chiefs directed an aircraft carrier on the east coast and one from the west coast to cruise up and down the coasts to conduct aircraft launch and recovery training. They even gave it a name, “Homeland Shuffle.” As a distraction, it helped to keep the eyes away from inside Washington on out to the decoy, the old Texas two-step.

It was getting late, but everyone knew there was no sleeping on this watch. Real decisions had to be made that would affect the lives of
every person on the planet. Working on his second pot of coffee, the secretary of state questioned my involvement and where I was at that time. No one I met with had thought of kidnapping me, but that is what the secretary was insinuating. The Department of Homeland Security issued an immediate surveillance order to the FBI for me. I knew they were coming before they did.

At 11:45 p.m., the national security advisor and Mr. Smith began the detailed briefing on aliens and their activities here on Earth. By 12:30 in the morning, everyone in the room felt small—small in comparison to the universe, that is. In less than a day, the senior members of the government and military became aware of the existence of aliens and that plans must be made to accommodate them without destroying our own society. The meeting convened around three; everyone left the room with instructions and assignments. They were to meet with and report directly to the chief of staff, who would in turn update the president. At this point foreign governments had not been involved, but everyone knew it was coming. Sometimes the best damage control is to sit back and watch. You cannot account for every detail. To get as close as possible on the home front we would have to abandon some foreign assets and concentrate on home. The president was working exclusively on the geopolitical aspects of these revelations.

The next morning the president met with Mr. Smith and the national security advisor to discuss the remains of the aliens we had hidden away. It was not so much returning the secrets but admitting to it was what no one could agree on. That aspect of any decisions made would have to remain a state secret. Their presence would be revealed soon enough, but for now, they could begin an alien-friendly campaign—an announcement from NASA that they had evidence that we are not alone in the galaxy, followed by a lot of hope and promise for a better future. NASA was still the only government agency the public had any trust in. Image is everything. Perhaps they could flood the cable channels with documentaries about the positive things extraterrestrial beings could offer.
It is no wonder that NASA and General Dynamics would be given the contract to work on the physics and application of the crystal pyramid and the levitation device. They started their work at the John C. Stennis Space Center in Mississippi but moved the next day to the Ames Research Laboratory in Mountain View, California, because they had all the latest equipment and supercomputers. They first looked at the crystal under a microscope and were surprised to see thousands of hairline cracks. Micro-cracks are more accurate. Then through the spectrometer, they witnessed each color of the spectrum following pathways through those cracks. Each color had its own frequency, all the colors were flowing in harmony, and flashes of colors were lighting up all throughout the crystal. A definite pattern appeared that only a math and physics major would recognize. Lucky for them, they had four on staff, some of the brightest minds in the world. One of them recognized an algorithm laying out the process in which the speed of light can be doubled. They also realized that light passing through the pyramid focused all the light traveling through it, which was directed precisely to an adjacent corner point, where it exited the stone so fast that it left a void right at the point of the corner. It told the scientists that the light exiting the stone was faster than the light going into the stone. In effect, it was able to generate more energy than it took in. It may not seem like much, but the applications to this concept were pivotal to space travel and highly valuable in weaponry. They had at least forty tests scheduled for this device before they could pass it over to the engineers.

It was now time for us to deliver the aliens. My Smith had arranged for the remains of the aliens to be delivered to me to give to the Grays. The knock on my door needed no introduction; they just walked right in at O-dark thirty. Mr. Smith delivered the remains in an aluminum case no bigger than a medium-sized suitcase. Mr. Smith was an intriguing man. I knew who he was, though he had told me nothing other than his name and phone number. The senior active agent, the second in command, only he knew who the top official was. There was much speculation that it was the vice president, handed down from previous vice presidents in order to preserve the president’s deniability. It would
explain how the senate members’ funding operations receive little oversight.

I concentrated on the Grays, and within a few minutes, they arrived. Their craft appeared out of nowhere, quiet as a church mouse, and departed within seconds of the Grays exiting the ship. There were three of them again; they always traveled in threes. The Grays received the bodies of their lost and walked out of the door and to their ship and were gone again. It was amazing how quick and efficient they were. The entire transaction took less than a minute. I am glad they did not have questions about the condition of the remains, but I am sure they had a good idea of the tests we may have done.
The Grays had recommended I find others like myself that could connect with God. I thought it might be easier for them to find me if I were to go public but doing so would be too risky. These encounters had the potential to be the greatest event in human history or the worse.

The amount of faith the Grays were asking for was greater than any treaty we had ever entered. With the survival of humans and Grays at stake, there was no room for complacency. Every avenue, every possibility, had to be considered. The world’s top scientists would be overwhelmed with data and new concepts in physics. Every country’s military would be at their highest levels of readiness. Diplomatic efforts and coordination might prove to be more complex than any other event in history, including the reparations of Europe after World War II.

For the next couple of days, I went about my life, trying to maintain some continuity in a daily routine. However, I would occasionally run across someone down on his or her luck. I would try to ease these people’s mental and emotional anguish with a positive message, and then it dawned on me. The majority of people I came across were mentally or emotionally out of balance, and the Grays may have been
right. I should concentrate on the bigger problems and let the smaller ones handle themselves.

I sat back on my sofa alone in my house, knowing my phone was being tapped, and could imagine recording devices planted all over the house. The lack of privacy was concern enough for me to withdraw even more than I already had. It made me feel like a prisoner. I had not had a personal conversation with friends or family since I contacted the government. I began to feel that I might never have another day without the intrusion of spies. I still had a lot of work to do. There were others out there like me, and I needed to find them. Every day, five or six times a day, I would meditate and confer with God. Assuming my gift allowed me to experience another world, a different dimension, and my creator, others should be able to do it also. We could find each other that way in that space and be able to connect and communicate. I was not wrong. In fact, I could not have been more right. Over the course of three days, I was able to connect with three others who had the same experience. I was the only one in the United States. One was in China, one was in Norway, and one was in Australia. Seems we had the north, south, east, and west covered, so we decided to call ourselves the “Four Corners.”

We did not think in terms of language, we thought in terms of concepts and ideas, so even though we did not speak a common language, we could communicate just fine telepathically. The four of us would have to take on society’s fears and misunderstandings, government’s pressures and power, and the unknown potential for global chaos. It was a delicate endeavor to say the least. We decided that we should meet in mind daily to update strategies and coordinate public relation issues. Every day at 10:00 p.m. CST I would concentrate on meeting with my colleagues. One by one, they would come into focus as they tuned in for our meeting. Every time we met, in the forefront of my mind, I thought it was the coolest thing to be able to communicate with people on the other side of the world with nothing but brainpower.

Meeting with governments in Europe and Russia was more difficult than anticipated. In the beginning, France rejected any involvement with
the Grays, but after realizing everyone else was on board, they changed their minds and thought they should take the lead in negotiations. Russia wanted a private meeting with the Grays. Switzerland wanted to convene a world council in Geneva where diplomats would, in effect, waste a lot of time discussing the issues. There were not a lot of negotiations required; we would either help the Grays or not. The entire world was on edge and wanted to be involved, as if it were a popularity contest. We had a lot of work to do before we could coordinate a worldwide summit, which is what we really needed. The problem was who would organize and lead this summit. The United States had lost much of its prestige in the world, but no other country was respected enough to lead this campaign. America's reputation aside, the lead had to come from us.

Each major country needed to be given information in phases to keep them from going into panic mode. The Grays had the technology to cripple the planet, but that had always been a self-defense mechanism to only be considered as a last resort; they had to live in this world too. What they really wanted was the ability to reproduce at a rate consistent with a life cycle on Earth and prevent us from exterminating them. They wanted to join with us as the keepers of the planet. After all, it was their home too. In order to achieve their reproductive goals, they needed to genetically cross breed human DNA with theirs. The world may see the creation of a super race, a hybrid species with more capabilities than we had ever had. They say that it takes a catastrophe to bring out the best in people. It also brings out the worst, and when it brings out the worst from the worst of people, the inhumanities of the last century will seem like side notes to the atrocities we could experience. The bottom line is we had to convey to the world that they were here and here to stay. We could choose to live in peace together or we could get involved in the last war this world would ever see.

In Norway, my counterpart’s name was Oskar. He took a trip to Germany to meet with the chancellor’s office. The news of aliens had governments around the world very nervous, and the general populace even more so. As he landed in Hamburg, he was taken into custody. Oskar was not expecting the red-carpet treatment, but the rudeness
and aggression of the escorting team had him concerned. It did not take him long to figure out that he would have to do a lot of mind tapping before he could meet with the chancellor. At nearly every level, he found himself planting the ideas and directions into their heads. All four of us were given the clear cards for producing the Grays’ hologram. As it turned out, Germany was the only European country that was ready to sign up and support a treaty from the start. All the other counties had more reservations and concerns than they had interest in future technologies. In Australia, Benita, the only female of the four, had similar problems when she went to Sidney for a joint meeting with representatives from Australia, Argentina, South Africa, Chili, Peru, and India. It had been a week since I met with our intelligence community, and so far, I was the only one of the four to have met with the leader of their prospective area.

Back at home, Washington had been in gridlock. The only business being conducted on Capitol Hill was meeting after meeting to discuss the alien situation. The science community was going crazy trying to figure out how they could become involved. Medical, business, religious, and educational institutions would be incorporated in phase three. As anxious as they were to get their hands-on new technology, they would have to wait. We were still in phase one, which was political to include a treaty and jurisdiction. Phase two was geographical settlements and infrastructure requirements. Phase three was intergovernmental cooperation, coordination, and systematic integration of the Grays to our society. Phase three would take the most time and effort on our part. Even though they were currently working on reverse engineering the crystal pyramid, it fell into the third phase and would be included in the coordinated effort to share technology in the private and military sectors.

The day before the two-week mark, I called Mr. Smith. They would be by early in the morning to pick me up. I told him if I did not receive better accommodations than I did the last time we met, I jokingly told him they could all expect a nosebleed. We met in a rather large building in downtown DC that reminded me of a courthouse or a large insurance company building. The accommodation was much
better. However, I was ready to get to work. Once again, we put the cards together. This time, two Grays appeared in the hologram. One was a little shorter than the other, and they scanned the room from one side to the other. To understand what they were presenting, you only needed to look at them, and their message became telepathically conveyed.

As a measure of good faith, the Grays gave us the lost technology our ancestors used to levitate and move the enormous stones used in constructing the pyramids, the Moai on Easter Island, Stonehenge, and Mayan and Thai temples dating back a few thousand years. Now it was our turn to reciprocate. With the holographic image of a city in the Nevada desert, they laid out a plan to settle in an area where they could exist outside of the caves and underground dwellings. Their eyes were so large because, by nature, they were nocturnal, and the sun was far too bright for them to be exposed. Therefore, underground had been their only acceptable environment. Over the course of a few hundred years, they had slowly made progress with genetically modified optics and lenses that helped them endure the light. For centuries, they could only come out at night or in heavily overcast conditions without having to wear eye protection.

Not only were we busy with the negotiations of nations, but the general populace needed to be properly informed, free from propaganda, and the message had to be delivered in a nonthreatening way. After all, we were a public relations team. With the Internet at our disposal, we knew we could reach an extremely high percentage of the world. The other 20 percent would have to rely on their local communities for news and updates. Our first step was official governmental presentations and briefings. The second step was public awareness. Of course, not everything shown to the world leaders was shown to the public. We had to be careful not to allow the public to get too much information too quickly. It would take a long time for the public to fully grasp the concept of extraterrestrials, and fear could spin the world into chaos. The leaders of the world, on the other hand, needed to know all the good and all the bad right away to give themselves enough time to
prepare for a changing world, and there were many changes coming, and quick.

Corporate and business ventures would also receive consultation. With the flood of technology, we were about to receive, the greed in the world would soon be circling the wagons. However, free enterprise was going to be experiencing a new type of regulation. As part of a comprehensive plan to limit the monopoly capabilities of big money, all alien technology would be split into three separate groups so no one corporation or company had access to all three parts at the same time. This was designed to force the economic powers of the world to work together. The regulators of alien technology would be a council of four, requiring a three-fourths majority to continue whatever negotiations were tabled, and one of the council members would be a representative for the Grays, not necessarily one of the Grays; one of the Four Corners would suffice.

With some help from the Grays, we developed a system to take our thoughts and transfer them to a large screen for a visual presentation. Using our DNA from a drop of blood, a swab from our cheek, or a strand of hair, the device would be able to receive our thoughts and convert them to an extensive library of visual photos and videos that would be displayed on a flat-screen TV for presentation. The Grays developed a mass storage device that doubled as a very powerful battery; made from the same crystal they had already provided the United States. The crystal had been mined from deep under Mount Kilimanjaro about five thousand years ago. This piece had been encoded to only operate when activated by the DNA of an authorized transmitter, one of the Four Corners. The Grays developed a special USB device that would only operate when our DNA from a cheek swab, drop of blood, or hair was inserted in a small slot in the back of it. The device read the sample, verified our identity, and powered up the projector, and our thoughts were then available to view. No wires, tapes, central processing units, compact discs, or any other form of media were required. It plugged into a USB slot on your smart TV or computer and was ready to use. With the aid of a remote control, we could visualize the image we wanted to show and hold down the send
button, and our thoughts were turned into a slide show, video, or text and the message would be delivered; take your finger off the button and it would go blank.

The four of us coordinated our first presentation to nations independently, but simultaneously, precisely at noon Greenwich Mean Time the day after all four of our presentations were ready. Within the first presentation was the Grays’ number one concern, to retrieve the remains of their captured. Without our full cooperation in returning the bodies, not only would we not receive any new technology and support, but they assured us we would experience nothing but anarchy and chaos until the remains were returned. We had known this was coming for some time. The United States had already returned the ones they possessed. It was time for the rest of the world to do likewise. Each of the Four Corners had an area of coverage. I had the west, Oskar had the north, Benita had the south, and Ming Le had the east.

My presentation was held in a small movie theater at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. It was scheduled for forty-five minutes, with no questions and answers afterward. With massive security and the nation on alert, I began with an introduction.

“My name is Lincoln Cross, and I am the designated representative for the Western Hemisphere, selected by the Grays to mediate on their behalf for the unification and integration of life on planet Earth.”

Immediately someone started to say something, but I put my hands out in front of me, palms out and head high, and thought a single thought, “Silence.” The room became dead still and silent. I inserted the crystal DNA modulator, complete with a cheek swab, and presented my first slide—a photograph of an atomic bomb going off in the deserts of White Sands. I gazed out over the small crowd of senior military and government officials as to emphasize the importance of what was coming next. I then set the video of that explosion in reverse to the point where all the energy forced upward was returned to its place of origin, causing the source of the explosion to destroy itself. No country in their right mind could conceivably fire a nuclear weapon at another country if they knew the missile would just come right back to them.
I turned and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, that was just one example of technology the Grays are willing to share with us.”

I turned back to the screen and showed another slide—an aerial view from space of an extremely large hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico. Again, I gazed out over the crowd prior to initiating another video. By touching the photo of the hurricane on the screen, the video began with the descent from space straight toward the center of the eye at a speed inhumanly possible. However, there we were, flying into the eye of the storm and suddenly, a blinding white flash and the storm just stopped dead in its tracks. It started from the inside and quickly expanded outward. Beginning at the center of the eye, the clouds all disappeared. The water temperature cooled to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and the storm was officially over in less than two minutes. The eye grew to ten thousand square miles in two minutes, and the storm was officially gone. Right about then I heard them gasp with amazement.

I turned back to the crowd, which had since crept closer and closer to the screen, and said, “In just a moment I shall show you one more gift. First, I have a request from the Grays in exchange for all the technology they will share with us. They desire four separate pieces of land, twenty miles square each, and each to be recognized as a sovereign nation. The specific location is not that important, other than each must be located on different continents so they can establish and maintain a global presence. These areas will be their home, their base, their cities, so plan accordingly.”

Again, someone tried to ask questions, and again, I held my hands up and a hard silence fell upon us. Now I had their full, undivided attention. This gift of mine had a quirk. As I put my hands up and silence immediately followed, I had a thought of Moses parting the sea. Perhaps I was tapping into something, or maybe it was my strange sense of humor. I knew they had questions, but I had a plan of action to follow. There would be plenty of time for questions later. I did extend a brief apology and explanation.

“Gentlemen, I apologize for being short, but the things I show you are important and real. There will undoubtedly be many questions,
too many to answer here. Therefore, I suggest you write down your questions, so they may be addressed at a later meeting."

I then began to show the last slide. It was a picture of about a dozen children, teens, and adults with incurable diseases. Each had their own story in an audio file. Touch the person on the screen and they would orate a short bio describing their life with their disease. After the introductions, a picture of a device no bigger than an apple began an illustration of blood going through a device and intravenously to and from the patient. Then the screen went back to the picture of the people. Each individual picture began transforming the people from sickly to healthy and even looking younger. It was a very simple demonstration and extremely effective. This device filtered the blood of the patient, removing everything that was not supposed to be in the blood. It repaired any defects and added microbial nanobots that acted as a virus to a virus. They would attach to anything that was not supposed to be there and eliminate it. They would continue to work as long as you lived.

The agency we refer to as the men in black was originally known simply as Omega. I believe these agents to be the most secret of all government agents, more so than the NSA, the CIA, MI-6, or the Mossad. If they need anything from these other agencies, they get it, no questioned asked. My ride back to the hotel was compliments of our man in black. I could imagine that he might be number two, but they just will not talk about what they do. My inability to read his mind really had me curious. I had gotten used to being able to read people’s minds, but here I was with number two and I was stumped. I guess it would not be too far off the trail to think that as guardians of the earlier Grays, they probably received a bit of alien technology that might block another mind from entering theirs. This area of Ohio was a depressing geographical area. The sky was gray, the clouds were gray, it was slightly on the chilly side, and there was very little color anywhere. I was ready to go home, but for now, it was back to the hotel and fly out the next day, provided I was not needed for additional briefings. Number two did tell me he envied me. He had never actually seen a live Gray and admitted that he was obsessed with extraterrestrial
history. We got back to the hotel in time for a cold deli sandwich and a beer.

Meanwhile, the North Corner was giving the same presentation in Stockholm. The Southern Hemisphere gathered in Sydney, and the Eastern Hemisphere met in Hong Kong. In all four meetings, they were shown some examples of the technology the Grays were willing to share with us. In all four presentations, the concept that it was a choice was diminishing. So far, they had been shown some major advancement, and the only negatives so far were our own fear and ignorance. After this first accord, we had hoped that the countries of the world would all see the benefits and importance of this treaty. The four of us collected our thoughts about what and how to inform the public and decided that their own governments needed to do that. These images and videos shown to governments and their agencies could be a great tool. Break the public in a little at a time. Give them only enough at any one time so it could grow into acceptance.

Bright and early in the morning, I received a call from the president of the United States, via my personal cell phone. I wanted to ask him how he got my number in an accusatory tone just to have fun with him. In hindsight, I am glad I did not make a fool of myself. He told me that the decision had been made to grant their request. Arrangements were underway as we spoke. About a half hour later, and another pot of coffee, a long black limousine pulled up outside my hotel room.

I did not have to wait for them to come to the door. I knew they were there to pick me up and take me back to the base, though I had hoped they would take me to the airport. The lone occupant, other than the driver, who was behind some thick glass, was the vice president. I did not even recognize him without makeup. He was a little on the flamboyant side. He had a very strong personality, very confident and cordial. He was the type of person who made you want to trust him. He told me on the way to the base that between Canada, Mexico, and Central America, there were nine other extraterrestrials being flown in to be returned to the Grays in addition to the three we had already returned. When they arrived, I would be asked to receive them and
deliver to the Grays. As for their request of land to settle on, 90 percent of North, South, and Central America elected to accept the accord. The other 10 percent abstained from an official position and would defer any decisions to the majority.

The federal government had plotted out a piece of land in Nevada, a place they may already feel accustomed to. Then he handed me a folder containing the longitudes and latitudes of a four hundred–square-foot plot in the Mojave Desert in southern Nevada designated to be designated as an Alien Reservation. Later, it would be incorporated into our nation’s charter, having identical status as Native American reservations with added provisions for national sovereignty. The locals dubbed it area 51.2. With fifteen miles of the hottest desert in North America surrounding it, the city was as far out of the way as it needed to be.

Australia offered a desolate area in the Great Sandy Desert of Western Australia. Knowing there was still gold mining in Western Australia, I imagined mining being right up their alley. The Grays would capitalize on the industry, teach us a few things. Europe offered an area of the Swiss Alps south of Bernese Oberland, and Asia offered four hundred square miles of the Gobi Desert in southern Mongolia. All Four Corners were now ready to present location offers to the Grays. After I received the other nine alien bodies from the Americas, I could contact the Grays and present our proposal. The other three Corners still had to coordinate the return of any remains from their prospective areas. We would consider all four of these locations, hostile environments by human standards, isolated and desolate. This treaty appeared to be moving ahead very smoothly, almost too easy. The land we offered was land we would not inhabit ourselves, and the technology was promised, far exceed the value of the land. Providing there is no secret agenda by the Grays, this would be the greatest deal or treaty mankind had ever made.
CHAPTER 11

Prophets and Psychics

Every religion has a couple of things in common. They all have a higher power, they all have a message, and they all have someone to bridge the gap of communication to the higher power. These people have been known as prophets, seers, psychics, oracles, or disciples. If we examined history, we would see that ancient manuscripts, scrolls, hieroglyphs, and etchings in ancient stone monuments had stories to tell. We could substitute extraterrestrials in place of angels, demons, and gods, and the stories and message would remain the same. In addition, all the stories, pro and con, could be true, to a large degree, for both. In order to fully understand the meaning of the text as it was written, you would have to think like they thought when they wrote it, and that is highly unlikely. However, we can get a better understanding of the history from the social environment we ascertain from the artifacts discovered over time. Over the past two thousand years, stories have been interpreted, translated, and reinterpreted by every ruler who got their hands on them. New generations would paraphrase things a little differently, so as they passed down stories, the meaning changed a little more every time the stories told. Verbally passed-down stories would have been “beefed up” to make for better entertainment. Storytelling has been an art since we roamed the savannah naked. That is why the
stories in modern text may be based on true events, but you must filter out all the fluff and hyperbole.

Look back at the biblical battles in heaven with the angels battling each other in God’s name, or Norse and Greek mythology supporting the gods. If they were all extraterrestrials, then those gods may still exist in part as the aliens of today. We will have to decide between the good ones and bad ones. Therefore, we exercise as much wisdom as we can to pick the right side. As the chosen conduit of communication for the Grays, the four of us had to convince the world to accept and follow the good ones. Eventually we will be forced to support them in a virtual world war against the bad ones—the ones that were banished, the ones we will call Greens. The Greens’ agenda is clear: destroy humanity and inhabit the Earth. After all, it is we who pose the greatest threat to their existence. It is only natural they would try to protect themselves and their right to exist. The Grays’ agenda is a little less clear. They seem very eager to help us and guide us, but where exactly are we being guided? More to consider is that we would be unable to rid the planet of the bad ones without the help from the good ones.

As requested by God, the four of us accepted the role as translators and negotiators for the Grays, so in a sense, we were acting prophets of modern times. We all took this great responsibility very seriously. Though the Grays were not gods, they were an advanced species with capabilities and powers we did not possess or fully understand yet. They were unlike the entity that had given the four of us our gift and that was guiding us to not only help humans and Grays live together, but to prepare us for a more intelligent and complex future.

We realized that for people to hear and heed our advice, we had to choose our words wisely. We met every day at the same time to compare events in our parts of the world. We decided to have four coats made exactly alike, except for size, of course, something distinct and different that could symbolize our involvement. It was long, but not as long as an overcoat, tailored well and very stylish. It was lightweight but strong, kept you warm, and at the same time could keep you cool. We had them all made the same tan color, so we could match. That way,
if any of us were to be shown on camera or in a picture, people would recognize us. Notoriety was the last thing I wanted, but it seemed the only way for people to listen to you was to know who you are. Thinking very carefully about what we said and only speaking to the public when we had something profound to say would be our angle. On occasion, we would pull the hoods of our coats over our heads, close our eyes, and give a brief image that we may be in contact with God or the aliens, mostly for show. We could have contact with God anytime, eyes open or shut, but if people thought they witnessed it, it might help them believe it to be true.

Though we chose not to directly communicate with the populace for now, we knew our image would be iconic. Therefore, we had to be careful around the many cameras that followed us daily. All the major players on the Americas had signed the first treaty with the Grays. The other three Corners would have their own treaties drafted.

With the nations of the world on the edge of their seats, the first plane arrived at the Indian Ocean island of Diego Garcia, with the requested remains of captured aliens from Europe. More flights from all over the world arrived, eleven in all, within a four-hour window. Within minutes of the last plane arriving, an aerial vehicle resembling a turtle shell appeared out of nowhere, completely quiet and quick. It landed next to the plane without a noise. Three Grays appeared from a bright beam of light emitted from the bottom of the craft. They approached the plane’s ramp at the back of the plane, received the remains, and went back to their craft. Servicemen began bringing the other remains from previous flights out the Grays. In less than three minutes, the entire transfer was complete, and the craft was gone. This transfer was done in such a way that nobody knew this was taking place other than the people directly involved. Media outlets had no idea this was happening. Security had never been so tight. Diego Garcia provided the perfect place. In the middle of nowhere, control over the air and waterway, and everyone on the island under surveillance.

The first official press conference was held outside in front of the Washington Monument. No Grays were present, and neither were
any of the Four Corners, just the White House press secretary and a small congressional delegation appointed by the president to explain and answer brief questions about the admission and presence of extraterrestrials. It was a long time coming. They had known for a long time the day would come and they would have to open the files on extraterrestrials, so this briefing was rehearsed. The White House press secretary did not have a particularly loud voice. He talked fast, yet clear, and spoke with authority. He started by acknowledging aliens crashing into Earth and that we had recovered their craft and occupants that did not survive the crash.

He went on to say, “We have known of their existence for nearly seventy years. Until recently, we have not been able to communicate with them. Thanks to the help of translators, we now have every reason to believe they are here to help us. In the days to follow, we will be having many meetings with the aliens’ representatives. In addition, every science department in every university from Baja to Maine will be offered an opportunity to apply for research and development on technology the Grays have already given us. These are great times we live in.”

For the next fifteen minutes, he answered question after question from the press corps, all of them negative, with conspiratorial overtones. The government and the media would have to develop a new relationship. In my experience, I found it better not to take questions on the fly. It is better to take the questions with you and answer them later. It makes the press think about what they are asking.

It would be incorrect to refer to them as visitors being that they had been here for as long as we had. A pentagon official in a thousand-dollar suit addressed the crowd of reporters and said, “After years of hard work, we have been able to form an alliance with a species that has been living beside us for thousands of years. We can learn so much from each other, and the world will soon reap the rewards of technical advances the like of which the world has not seen in three thousand years. The breakthroughs in medicine alone will save millions of lives.”
They took no questions, just suggested that for the next three days, people should tune to their local news channels for more information and the latest developments. I thought it ironically humorous that they would take credit for the accomplishments they had nothing to do with. The press played right along like little propaganda puppets.

Though the Grays appeared to have a lot to offer, we did not seem to be as generous. All they wanted was a place they could live in peace without fear of us trying to eliminate them. If their survival was truly threatened, they had the ability to make this the last war on planet Earth. Everything was riding on this treaty. An anti-alien activist made a sign and posted it on a fence surrounding the perimeter of the new site designated for the Western Hemisphere Alien Reservation. The sign read, “No Trespassing! Violators are subject to abduction and experimentation.” People fear what they do not understand. It did help to keep people away, so the sign stayed and became part of a culture of segregation. That was just as the Grays had hoped.

The construction of the city was underway from the very first day of the offer. From a distance, it seemed as the city was building itself. In a strange kind of way, it was. A few hundred Grays, a few hundred robots, and a city began to rise into the desert sky.

With all the news of extraterrestrials taking over the headlines of every news broadcast, newspaper, rag mag, and talk show, the ignorant and paranoid came out of the woodwork. Keeping them away from getting too close to the city was a great concern. They could harm themselves or the process. I am sure if the Grays felt threatened, they would act, and anyone on the receiving end of that exchange would regret it.

This is where the four of us could be most useful. Though we did not call ourselves prophets, we were, nonetheless, the voice of a higher power. While the governments made multiple short public service announcements using bits and pieces of the videos used in the summit meetings, we needed to be a little closer to the trouble. We walked among the crowds of people that would gather at the outskirts of the four cities. For days we mingled with the crown, mentally projecting a sense of calm and peace. Whenever we spoke, we spoke in terms
relative to the world and society as a whole. We had hoped to help people understand that this project was the beginning of great things to come.

The human race did not really have a lot to offer the Grays; it was our potential that they put all their faith in. There are many people ready, willing, and able to take advantage of other people. This event had hit the jackpot of fake psychics. There are true psychics, but they pale in comparison to the hordes of crooks, thieves, and psychotics posing as psychics. Acclimating the public to the existence of extraterrestrials was not going to be easy, and it was going to take a very long time. Our ignorance and biases kept us from accepting new ideas and propagated the intolerant behavior we showed toward other people and things that are different. For us to have any success in making people calmly aware and accepting of the Grays, we were going to need help, an army of supporters. To get the help, I turned to my wife and her social media expertise.

A couple years ago, I had established and a website and a Facebook account to promote some independent management and consulting business that never lived up to its potential. I scrapped the entire contents of the site and redesigned it to promote the acceptance of the Grays. My hopes were to quell the common fears people had about aliens and post updates about the advances and benefits. It was not important that people fall in love with the Grays; we just could not afford groups of vigilantes causing anarchy. Once the site was developed, up, and running, my wife went to work. Starting with Facebook and MySpace, Marge started posting positive stories, issues, and photos on her page. She sent notifications to everyone she could and asked them for wide support to get the web address out to as many people as possible. In addition, she posted articles on dozens of forums, from ghost hunting, Bigfoot enthusiasts, and psychic and medium outlets, which are what really took off. Even though many so-called psychics are frauds, they all have one very important thing in common: they all want to believe. This is where Marge's social media skills became invaluable. I had no idea how big of an audience these groups had. I never paid a lot of attention to these groups or their
studies, and because I was not a fan of sharing personal information with strangers, I stayed away from social media. With the photos she took of the aliens and me, she created a firestorm of interest and replies for all these groups, and within days, it had spread worldwide. I would give her updates daily, and she would post them on her blog.

Among the true psychics and mediums, there had been a tremendous rise in activity and occurrences of supernatural events. Ever since the Grays came out of hiding, spiritual activity had grown tenfold throughout the world. More and more, people were attempting to meditate, pray, and tune into their inner consciousness. Legitimate psychics had been flooded with information, and not having the discipline to suppress the input had caused them much confusion and stress. Just as my first contact flooded my brain with more information than I could process at one time, these psychics would have to work through it.

Not only had the Four Corners assumed the responsibility to mediate between the Grays and mankind, but there was a level of faith and conviction that came with having contact with God. We had long surpassed the era of shepherd and sheep. To take society into the future, we had to have a vision of what we want to build. However, there were those who were not interested in building; they desired destruction. Our number one concern, Grays included, should be to eliminate the ability for those who wanted to destroy the means to do it. I asked Marge to post warnings on her psychic blog to be more alert to threats from violent groups. As word spread of aliens, the whole world seemed to slow down. Fewer people were traveling. They were staying home to eat, and the shopping malls had half the patronage they used to have. There was one industry booming, though—the nightclubs. People will celebrate anything, even a hurricane.

Because the four of us had a direct connection with God, people had begun to refer to us as prophets. I prefer oracle. Prophet has too much of an organized religious overtone, while oracle represents prophecy in a visionary way. We did not have a position in the grand design of religion. Our abilities and purpose did not offer people an avenue to become righteous. If people wished to find God and become righteous,
we certainly wished them well. However, our purpose was simple and clear; we were mediators between humans and the Grays to facilitate peace. In God’s grand design, humans and Grays needed each other to elevate to a more advanced society. The Grays did not necessarily worship God in a traditional sense as we did; they acknowledged his existence and welcomed his universal knowledge and harmony. The Greens, on the other hand, were more like the angels that felt abandoned by God in the Bible. They felt the Earth should belong to them and resented humans.

Of course, the four of us knew that God existed because we had contact with him regularly. Everyone else on the planet would have to settle for believing, which reminded me of a story from the pulpit. In a sermon, a southern Baptist preacher explains the difference between knowing and believing to his congregation, “Mrs. Jones knows those six children are hers; Mr. Jones believes they are his.” The God I know is eternal, creates life of all forms, and allows for evolutionary correction is everywhere and does not much concern himself with the day-to-day dealing of humans. Most religions try to scare their followers to stay on a straight and narrow path, but I have felt was his desire for us to strive to be better people.

The main Gray I associated with introduced me to two younger Grays, his most promising students of the universe. They were constantly in tune with nature, the universe, and God. As events throughout the world unfolded, they knew about it. They could see and feel what was happening in real time and could even predict the next progression and effects of those events. In preparation for the massive undertaking mankind would have to endure to get to the next level in human evolution, he assigned them to assist and advise me.

They were, by my account, what a true prophet would have been. I called them Soo and Gee. Soo, because he was always analytical, always looking at the cause and effect of things. Every action, every event has a result and a logical cascading effect, as if he could accurately predict the future through logic. Gee, because he had premonitions and revelations to events yet to come. I felt as if I were in the presence
of greatness every time, they communicated with me. Soo and Gee would become the leaders of the Grays in a hundred years or so, when the present leaders passed.
CHAPTER 12

Cohabitation

Being able to coexist is essential for two species if they all both meant to survive. Under the right circumstances, dogs and cats can live together. Unfortunately, we have seen it all too often, people doing terrible things to other people and animals. Not all animals have the temperament required to coexist with others. We put them in cages to separate them from prey. We should remind ourselves that it could be us in the cage.

A common form of communication needed to be established. For now, we would continue to use video, holographic images, telepathy, and gestures. On a regular basis, I would have to be available for mediation between local and state agencies. Within the surrounding area, security would have to be established to protect their city. There was no doubt the human population in surrounding areas would increase their security. A public relations plan would have to be developed. In today’s age of people wanting something for nothing, that should be easy. If they thought they were going to get something, they would wait in line for three hours. If they had to pay for it, they would only stand in line fifteen minutes. The world stage is where the real heat would be. Some areas of the world had not developed as fast as others. Societies
had grown and evolved at different speeds with different requirements of need. The simpler and more basic this solution was, the better.

If we provided space in the deserts of the southwest, where colonies of Grays could exist outside of the caves and away from underwater worlds, where they had hidden for centuries, we would have the opportunity to learn a great deal from each other and truly get an understanding of what breaking down cultural boundaries meant. We might even share a common goal to keep the drug cartels out and provide food and shelter for the homeless.

Rather than taxpayers funding the support for social and cultural programs, education, and community centers, investors would be given opportunity to gain valuable technology, which would lead to profit through their participation in the program. New technology means new products, which creates a new demand, which requires a source of supply. This is “free market,” and it would create more jobs in one year than the past ten years combined. Massive welfare fraud and abuse would recede because people would now have greater opportunities for employment and a higher source of income and could feel like they were a part of something again. Charitable organizations would become relevant again.

The abortion/antiabortion issue got its first legitimate test of convictions when the Grays asked if people were going to have an abortion, could they perform it and keep the embryo and transplant it into themselves. The group supporting abortion should not have a problem with it; to them it was not a living person yet, just tissue. To the pro-life group, the embryo had a chance to survive and experience life. The people who did not want a baby did not have to have it, and the people who thought of abortion as murder could rest knowing that one less child did not have to die. The process would be simple, and the benefits to the child would be great. The alien’s placenta had more nutrients than a growing human fetus needed, with an added benefit of infusion of alien DNA. This child would become a new species, a human with supernatural alien abilities, or an alien who looked human. Their experiments in attempting to create a being using their sperm and a
human egg had not worked out as well as they had hoped. However, being surrogate to a human could. The magic of the placenta did not stop there. Not only would the baby have a guarantee of good health, but the embryonic jelly could also be used in other medical application for curing a litany of diseases.

A meeting between activist groups, for and against abortion, was held to determine whether it would an acceptable alternative. Both sides proved to be hypocrites. The abortion group was not so concerned about the mother’s right to choose as they were their right to prevent life. The pro-life group objected to alien involvement in human development and would prefer the fetus to be destroyed.

Another offer from the Grays was made to house and use convicts to assist in the building of their city. The Grays did not have penitentiaries or jails. They did not have crime as we know it. If conduct within the Grays’ community required social intervention, the elders would assign tasks of servitude to regain societal acceptance. In the same manner, the Grays proposed that candidates presently incarcerated could be sheltered in housing communities on the outskirts of the city and pay their debt to society back by helping to build the City in the Sun, a concept used in ancient times. The workers paid their debt to society by working it off. They received payment, housing, food, and necessities. They could even have their families with them. They could save their earnings and buy their freedom back if they wanted early release. Helping the aliens build their city would give them experience and knowledge they could use when their debt was paid and have a new lease on life. Perhaps they would even choose to settle near the city and continue to work on the city’s construction. This offer needed only one condition, to prevent the convicts from running. If that could be assured, it would be a win-win for all involved.

An enormous financial burden was taken off the taxpayer, the incarcerated had a chance for rehabilitation, and the aliens would get help building their city. The Nevada State Correctional Authority approved a program that would allow qualified inmates to volunteer for reassignment to the Alien Reconstruction Project. The Grays
would reimburse the state for all expenses associated with the inmates’ needs, to include the building of housing and medical and educational structures. Subsistence and wages were also paid to the state using gold, silver, and uranium mined from the very mountains they cut the stones to make the city out of.

Housing units for the workers were built on the outskirts of the city. They rode buses into the city’s job sites six days a week and rested the seventh. The need for security was minimal. A couple of the inmate workers found out the hard way that misconduct was dealt with quickly and decisively. They had gotten into a fight, and within minutes, one of the Grays was on the scene. Without warning, both inmates’ noses started to bleed, and they grabbed their heads to suppress the extreme headache they were subjected to. The Gray just stood in front of them. With nothing but mind control, they halted the altercation and sent a message to all workers that they would not tolerate uncivilized behavior. Security in the desert surrounding the city was very similar. Aerial craft were dispatched upon sensors in the desert being activated. The craft could travel from one end of the four hundred–square-mile area to the other end in less than fifteen seconds, hitting a top speed around forty-eight hundred miles per hour. The craft was unmanned but the intricate, and sensitive instruments could be easily controlled by the Grays remotely. Upon locating the defector or infiltrator, he or she would be incapacitated and returned, disoriented and sore, but not broken.

The workers’ jobs were not difficult. The Grays did the heavy work using lasers, anti-gravitational devices, and hovercraft to move the enormous stones. The lasers used to cut the stone were made using modified crystal prisms, which could cut through the stone as if it were mud. The beam was so fine that it could bore a hole in a gallon jug of water and the water would not leak out. However, it was also extremely dangerous. If someone were to wave his hand in front of it, he would literally watch his fingers just fall to the floor. He would not feel any pain at first, but once the realization of his fingers being cut off set in, I am sure his nerve endings would be telling him something.
One of the biggest issues in our lifetime would be the effects on religion. More civilized societies would see how religions and the aliens shared the historical stage, intertwined from Genesis to Revelation. The not-so-civil societies would not understand and would be unwilling to accept the evidence before them. They would see the aliens’ existence as supernaturally evil. The days of worrying about terrorism would be over. The first time a Gray is captured and beheaded, we would see another catastrophic event of biblical proportions befall the perpetrators. A clear line would be drawn, separating support for and nonsupport of a treaty. It would not be surprising when some groups touted them as gods and worshiped them. After all, we do live in an extremely diverse world. Even though we think of the human race as intelligent, we must admit that the Grays may not see it that way. After all, humanity would follow itself right off the end of a cliff, hence the term sheeple. Religion is a multibillion-dollar industry. Though the Grays know the truth about God and our history, they do not believe we can accept the truth all at once. Each religion would have to continue their practice and slowly change and adapt to the subtle differences. They felt that the truth, all at once, would cause all believers of all faiths to reject the proof the Grays offered and cause widespread anarchy.

Prior to their departure, ancient visitors from other worlds have passed down a history of their associations with humans to newer visitors. The information and knowledge we have lost over the course of time, ironically, has only been lost to us. The Grays have kept meticulous accounts of our history. They know more about how religion formed and developed throughout the world and over time than we do. It amuses them how simplistic we are and that they too might be considered gods to us.

It would take us many years to fully integrate and accept the Grays into our society. It was understood that segregation at the onset was necessary for people to get used to having aliens in our backyard. Once they have established a settlement, they could move forward with interactions on a small and well-protected scale. Ultimately, it would take many generations for humans to adapt to sharing the top spot on this planet.
One of the many advances we received from the Grays was the development of a biosphere shield. They had built their first city sixty miles outside of Las Vegas. It was thirty square miles of buildings, all made from stone they excavated from the nearby Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. The city, shaped in a circle, had one-hundred-foot-high towers at each of the compass points. All the buildings were in between thirty and fifty feet tall. Eighty-foot-tall spires every three hundred yards surrounded the city at the outer wall and served as guard posts. At the top of each spire was a crystal cone pointing at an apex directing above the center of the city. The Earth’s magnetic field passed through the spire and blanketed the entire city, protecting it from the elements and excess radiation from the blistering desert sun. It was thirty degrees cooler inside the city than it was in the surrounding areas. The shield worked the same way as the Earth’s magnetic field. As storms form and potentially cross paths with the city, the shield pushes the storms out around the city. The city looked like a mountain cave city. There were tunnels and corridors from one end to the other. There were barely three hundred inhabitants at first, but the population had grown to five hundred by the time the city was complete. All residents of the city played a part in maintaining its infrastructure. Transportation, agriculture, industry, and commerce seemed to pop up overnight. It was amazing how efficiently their civilization blossomed. What would have taken us one hundred years to build they completed in four months. They planted their own crops, raised their own livestock, and maintained their own markets.

They constructed landing pads on the top of the larger buildings for inner city aerial vehicles and an automated trolley system. The Grays were intrigued by our ingenuity and imagination and incorporated some architectural designs we have used, both in fact and fiction, that they deemed practical in the development of their buildings. The craft they planned to develop for inner city transportation would be the “Next Big Thing.” The crafts were lightweight, versatile, fast, and environmentally clean. The propulsion system used photon capacitors to store and generate clean electrical power. The design would give us the technology needed to allow solar power to replace fossil fuels as our
main energy source. With all the technology they proposed to share, more markets, jobs, and prosperity would be created than at any other time in history. We were truly entering a new age.

The biggest obstacle we faced in dealing with the Grays would be our own contemptuous attitudes and egos. We assumed that we were the top of the food chain for so long that prejudices stifled our evolutionary growth. Even within our own species, we have a hard time accepting each other much less an alien life form. Governing bodies would have to be established, comprehensive laws, and regulations had to be instituted, complete with punitive principles acceptable to both species. As with anything that has never been done before, there would be conflict and adjustments. For us to be able to keep the peace, promote a common welfare, and adapt to the most radical changes in human behavior, we would have to overcome not only cultural differences but also our own preconceived beliefs. Even the trials and tribulations of the dark ages would pale in comparison.

During the construction of the city, there were approximately 120 inmates on site. Of those, half of them had families join them in the camps. The workers were split into two groups: the city group and the camp group. While construction in the city was underway around the clock, the construction in the camps was twelve-hour days. The accommodations in the camps were predominantly prefabricated housing, easy to put together, not much to look at, but adequate for temporary quarters. The city, on the other hand, was being built to last for thousands of years. The stones were cut from the granite quarries in southern Colorado and airlifted back to the city using the spacecraft. Blocks of stone, most weighing in excess of fifty tons, arrived on an hourly basis and were set in place using the very device they had given us the design for. Building by building, the city came together very fast. Lasers, cutting tongue and grooves with the precision of a surgeon, ensured a fit that would guarantee the buildings would still be standing two thousand years from now. Tunnels under the city were used for transportation, storage, and housing for the elite members of the society. It was a city under a city. Above ground, the Grays maintained a daily routine, which consisted mainly of education. It
was not unusual, for adult and adolescent Grays to study for twelve hours a day. Their capacity to learn was unprecedented. I suppose that is a wonderful benefit to having an IQ of two hundred as the average Gray has. Their children were sheltered from exposure to the humans working in the city. Children would not be left unattended for the first twenty years of their lives. Even though we might have considered them adults, they would not fully mature for another twenty years.

One of the highlights for the workers was being allowed to operate the hovercraft used in moving the stone. The hovercraft was the base platform of the levitation device. Usually operated by one of the Grays, they would occasionally allow the workers to operate it. I suspect they knew we were amazed at its power and ability and allowed us a simple pleasure from time to time. To put their natural behavior of logic aside and partake in the enjoyment of someone else is a human behavior, which is an excellent sign that we would be able to live together.

Prior to the Grays establishing a city in the desert, water from New Mexico to California was nearly exhausted. Lake Meade was down to eight feet at its deepest. Without Lake Meade, California becomes a wasteland. The Grays knew the importance of water for us and for them. They drafted a design for a very large mirror, specially designed with a million tiny mirrors. Each one set at a fraction of a degree north, east, south, or west. The photons from the sun were reflected perfectly even throughout a one square mile area from twenty miles away. Because the light is reflected and dispersed perfectly even within the entire area, the radiation heats even the air within the beam to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. We would then be able to have controlled snowmelt in the mountains of Utah and Colorado to increase the water levels of the Colorado River, feeding the lower lakes that so many people rely on.

A trip through their city was like something from a Jules Verne novel. It was dark, but not nighttime dark. It was grayish brown in color and dark. The roads were unpaved, but the ground and the buildings were sprayed with a silicone type substance that coated even the finest particles of dust. You could walk around the city. It was dust free, in the middle of the desert. Between the walls, the electromagnetic dome
and this spray they coated their city with, the city’s air was clearer than that of any town in the United States. They had four main styles of building. One, two, three, and four stories high lined the streets from one end of the city to the other. From the air or at a distance the coating on the buildings made the city shimmer and gleam in the light as the sun rose and fell. One team of reporters were allowed to visit and write an article each month. The Grays referred to their city as the Emerald City, named after the movie. The reports referred to the city as a colony, usually in a condescending way as to imply they were outcasts that had to settle outside of society’s view.

Each building had its own power supply. A tennis ball–sized crystal pyramid on top a lightning rod, focused kilowatts of power from the sun every second. Excess power was delivered to the state of Nevada near Las Vegas, where it supplemented the southwestern power grid.

The Grays’ presence in the desert benefited every life within a thousand square miles. Yet, they asked for nothing. Just when society began to wonder if it were too good to be true, innovations continued to make their lives better. It was somewhat hard to look at it pessimistically, but there were a few groups that refused to see anything other than demons. That is precisely what the Grays wanted from us—protection. The Grays could take care of themselves, but they knew their actions could easily be misunderstood and for humans to be responsible for the Grays’ safety would strengthen the humans’ commitment to peace. With their aircraft they could easily get out of trouble or harm’s way, so they were not worried about an attack, but they had grave concern for the “whackos.” If there were no treaty, the whackos might have been dealt with rather expeditiously, which would have been quite unfortunate for them.

Security from the Greens was a much more dangerous issue. The craters of the moon hid the entrances to deep caves and tunnels housing over a thousand Greens. They have had only one goal ever since they were banished: to get back to Earth. When we landed on the moon in 1969, they realized that a confrontation with humans would be
inevitable. The Grays had as much to worry about. The Greens would undoubtedly hold the Grays responsible for their thousand-year exile.

The buildings were laid out of the city’s grid so that the four-story buildings with lighted roofs could be seen from space in the shape of a four-fingered hand, a symbol meaning welcome to the Grays. The city now had more buildings than occupants. We believed the welcoming hand might have been an attempt by the Grays to open a dialog with the Greens.

The inmate workers had been on station for seven months without a single escape attempt. Some who had earned enough officially paid their remaining debt and bought their freedom. Because of the family life they had been able to lead, housing paid for, working and making money, the majority stayed and made a new life for themselves. There was still plenty of work available and having put so much effort into building the city, they felt at a part of it. It was home, their second chance.

Over many centuries, the Grays developed the part of their brains that interpreted logic. For us it would be the left hemisphere, but for the Grays it was closer to the brain stem. The artistic part of their brains had given way the needs of the logic part due to their survival instincts being on high alert for a thousand years. In their charter, like our adaptation of the Ten Commandments, learning was one of the three commitments they made to themselves. However, we learned there was still a spark of imagination in the Grays. One of our contributions to them was cinema. Two of the favorites were 1956 movie *Moby Dick*, with Gregory Peck, and the original *Wizard of Oz*. They also enjoyed some classical music.

All the buildings two stories tall were dedicated learning centers. Dedicated time for the Grays to study, learn, and teach was a daily routine for all Grays, young and old. The young would learn and the old would teach for hours a day. Every learning center rotated their topics and participants. The Grays would wander from building to building to see what was being taught, and they would stop in, join the study session, and then move on to the next, where they may become
the teacher. It was a way of life for them. We would be wise to adopt a similar philosophy.

The three-story buildings were factories for manufacturing, growing, and raising the Grays’ main food sources: crickets, beetles, spinach, and kale. Hydroponically grown greens and farm-raised insects were all the aliens needed to survive. There were more three-story buildings than any other size, and they were always adjacent to a four-story building. Four-story buildings were reserved for headquarters for various groups and teams of Grays. All the specialized and knowledge-based experiments and technical research was conducted in the four-story buildings. The landing pads on the roofs became busier the more the city grew.

A special treat for the Grays was sardines and oysters. It was like candy to them. The workers often gave canned sardines and oysters to the Grays, and in turn, the Grays would teach them skills for working with stone using special instruments and tools. Though the workers were present all over the city, the four-story buildings had their own security detail to restrict access. The tunnels and chambers below the city were off limits to all humans without a special escort permit. Two-thirds of the city was actually under the city. Tunnels and chamber ran under the city and had a life of their own. There were always attendants in baby chambers. From three months old, the fetus, along with the jelly placenta, was extracted from the mother to finish its growth and formation in its self-contained incubator. The temperature of the room was maintained between 67 and 68 degrees. Two months in incubation and the baby would begin to tear the placenta away as it was born, or hatched, depending on how you look at it. Groups of adolescents would come visit the chambers daily and recite information they had learned that day. Groups of four or five little Grays would stand in front of the incubated babies and hum ever so softly.

Every building had an entrance and at least three exits into tunnels, corridors, or the roof. Some of the tunnels under the city were massive, as wide as a four-lane highway, which came in handy for evacuation. They stored their spacecraft in large underground hangers. Chambers
under the city were storage vaults for all the gold, silver, and other elements they had mined over the past few hundred years. They had thousands of tons of gold locked away in the catacombs under the city, all of which came out of the Rocky Mountains. Other groups of Grays have similar caches of gold from the Andes, diamonds and quartz from South Africa, and emeralds, rubies, and sapphires from India.

They learned a very long time ago that humans had an infatuation for precious metals and gems. Stockpiling as much gold, silver, and gems as they could would someday provide them the bargaining power they needed, not to mention the many uses they had for them. No other human was aware of the riches the Grays had stored under their city. I was the only one. I was also the only one who could negotiate in their behalf, and it was getting harder and harder to get everything done that needed to be done.

I relocated my family to Area 51.2, the Emerald City, so we could be together. The commute became an inconvenience, and while I was away from the city, the Grays were in a continual state of nervous unrest. While I was at the city, I was neglecting my family back home in Mississippi. I needed small teams of mediators to train and interpret for the Grays. Soliciting volunteers from the psychic community was easy; picking the right ones took a little more effort. I had to delve deep into their minds and make a determination of their value to the mission. Trust, above all, was the priority. The Grays put so much trust in me; I had to be able to provide a team, qualified and capable to act on my behalf, that the Grays could trust as well.

Marge and Lisa became my first enlistees. Because they did not have the ability to read minds, I had to show them how to clear their minds and to recognize when the Grays were giving them information to pass on; it was much easier said than done. Until now, communication between the Grays and humans, other the Four Corners, had been done with tablets or laptops. Having to read broken English text from the Grays was working, but it was not very efficient. If others could be taught to communicate telepathically, it would speed up the process and make it easier to share information. So, the training began.
As the Grays projected a thought, Marge and Lisa would have to be able to tell whether the thought was theirs or if it came from the Grays. Marge was teamed with one of the Grays; Lisa was teamed with an adolescent. The Grays all looked alike. Marge and Lisa could not tell one from another. That became their first lesson. Four Grays lined up in from of Marge. One was her training partner, who would mentally project that he was the one, and the others would feed her random routine information to confuse her. They did the same with Lisa. After the second day, they were both able to identify their trainer and were beginning to get the hang of mind interpretations and telepathy. Marge looked at it as work, while Lisa made it into a game and had fun with it. By the third day, I had found three other volunteers worthy of being on the team and had teamed them with their trainers.

As the city neared the end of construction, more and more Grays arrived from South and Central America. A thriving civilization grew in less than a year. The city was now home to almost two thousand Grays. Reports of the city’s progress reached Washington. When the government learned of how many aliens, we had living among us, they realized they had grossly underestimated the security risks at stake. They had been conducting their affairs with the impression that there were only a few aliens on Earth, not thousands. It was a whole new world, and we had less control of it than we thought.

The media had not been black listed per say, but they were only offered updates and information on a monthly basis. It was no surprise that the Grays were aware of the bias and politics in the media and refused them direct access. Very few humans had access to the Grays, and that was essential for their security. The press would have to get their stories from “the man on the street” or from government officials, so every story published about the Grays was less than 20 percent accurate.

There were now over two hundred houses for workers on the outskirts of the city. There was a big enough need for food and supply that Wal-Mart built there. They initially thought it would be temporary, so they did not put a lot into it, but more and more people came. They built a police and fire station, and in no time at all, they had a
complete town. When the city was complete, the inmate workers were released for time served, and most of them decided to stay. They had established themselves in their community, work was still plentiful on the outskirts of the city, but most of all, they were curious. They were there at the beginning of construction and felt a part of something big, probably for the first time in their lives.

In the Great Sandy Desert in Western Australia, a similar city was built. Using the model from the Emerald City, Grays from the Southern Hemisphere flocked to what the natives there called, “The Great Sandy City.” Logistically, the city was more difficult to build. The stone was imported from the mountains in Chili. Air ships from underwater caves in the Caribbean near the Bahamas came out of hiding to assist in the transportation of the one hundred–ton stones. They had fewer volunteers than the North American city, and Benita had much less help than I did with the translations and communication. They did have one advantage I did not have; the construction was unimpeded by spectators, the press, or government intervention.

The Greens were given the mountainous settlement in the Alps. It was easy for them because they simply bore tunnels and caverns in the mountains. No outside assistance, no interference, and nothing fancy. They had no plans of staying there. They built it as a base of operation and a factory to produce weapons and aircraft. The Greens have always had a military mind-set. This was what got them exiled a thousand years ago. Even though there were only about four hundred Greens compared to the four thousand Grays, they should have been considered the most formidable force on the planet. Fortunately for mankind, they are honorable. If the treaty between the Grays and humans were to be broken, we would be the ones most likely break it. The Grays and Greens hold treaties and promises with much higher regard.

There was worldwide trouble brewing in the Middle East. There had always been unrest and conflict there, but the hate and intolerance in the air could not be denied. The Grays and Greens both had a closer connection with God and had seen this, many times before. We want
to believe our God is a loving God and favors us over other species. It is just not so. We cause more trouble with the natural progression and development of life than any other species. Great disasters could be foretold that would save millions of lives, but thinning the herd is sometimes necessary for the strong to evolve. The Greens warned of the impending trouble and took it upon themselves to be the point of the spear.
Sanctuary

The Emerald City became an icon for new and modern world. From the perimeter walls to the center of the city, you could not find any negativity in the inhabitants or visitors. The future looked bright, exciting, and full of promise. The infrastructure of the city was mostly an enigma to the populace. When it was all put together in the city plan, the layout had all the ingredients for a retreat. As much as I saw the city as a vacation villa, I had to remind myself that this was their city, their home, and we were the guests.

The streets were desert dirt but completely treated to keep the city free from sand and dust. We learned later that the same resin they sprayed over the city to keep down the dust was used to coat their spacecraft. The layer of resin they sprayed on the ground was only a light coat, when it’s applied at a quarter of an inch and heated to 600 degrees, it would literally become harder than steel. Coating the spacecraft kept small particles of space debris, orbiting the planet at five times faster than a bullet, from blowing holes through the craft.

The roads where rolled smooth like an Olympic track. In one of the shops in the middle of the city, the production of road vehicles was in full swing. Among a crew of four Grays, two humans were employed to work on the vehicle assembly line. The vehicles were about the
size of a Volkswagen Beetle. They did not have tires, a motor or a transmission. Four carbon fiber balls two feet in diameter were the tires, motor, and transmission. The balls sat in sockets, and both the sockets and the balls had a negative charge to allow them to repel each other. The magnetic field kept the socket hovering over the balls about two inches while the weight of the vehicle kept the frame in place over the balls. Sensors throughout the inside of the sockets supplied positive electrical impulses between the magnetic core of the ball and the sockets’ electrical commands, which caused the frame to force the balls to move in any given direction. All four-wheel sockets provided commands from a powerful computer, enabling the car to move effortlessly 360 degrees at speeds relative to the distance it traveled. Because the electrical intensity and impulse speed would continuously increase the vehicle’s speed on a highway, it would enable vehicles to reach up to five hundred miles per hour. For inner city transportation, the speed was limited the about thirty-five miles an hour. Disruptor strips were buried under the roads in key places that interrupted the electromagnetic field, incrementally preventing the vehicles from traveling faster than safety would dictate.

The vehicles sat four. All four could pilot the car but not at the same time. Wearing a very lightweight headset, looking at a curved black screen displaying a complete 360-degree view, the individual’s thoughts were transmitted to a miniaturized supercomputer. Any passenger could choose to accept driver controls consisting of one joystick. To switch drivers, the driver had to terminate his control before another person could accept control. The vehicles did not have a front or back. They could travel easily in any direction, even sideways.

With no mechanical moving parts, the cars wasted no energy, created no excess heat, and burned no fossil fuels, and the only operating expense was charging the battery and power supply. For vehicles inside the city, they received battery charging compliments of the fountain. The crystal-enhanced batteries were about the size of a softball but carried a charge powerful enough to run the vehicle nonstop for a week. The battery technology was of the first patents shared with us. As with all the technology the Grays would share with us, no patents
or intellectual property rights could be associated or assessed. All technology was freely available to everyone. Only military designs and technology would be withheld from the public.

At the heart of the city was a fountain, encircled by statues of the Grays’ five most prolific historical figures facing out toward the city. The fountain stood twenty feet tall. However, this fountain was not pumping water; it was expelling electromagnetic energy from the Earth. All the power for the city was supplied by this force. Cracks in the Earth’s mantle provide excellent raceways for the Earth’s electromagnetic field to pass. The field is more powerful over areas that have metals or quartz within those cracks. It dawned on me that this would not be a place for someone with a pacemaker, but then again, I do not imagine a Gray ever needing a pacemaker.

The five statues surrounding the fountain had a functional purpose as well as symbolic; they were transformers for the fountain. They absorbed the energy from the fountain and reduced it to manageable levels, which were emitted from the front of the statue. As little cars went by, they would get a quick charge. From a distance, it would be a slow and steady charge. Clocks, street lamps, signs, pump stations—everything was supplied power by the fountain. Its best feature was it could not be shut down. As long as it was in the ground, and the Earth still had an electromagnetic field, it would continue to transfer that energy to the surface.

Much of my responsibility as a Corner was public relations. Seeing the fountain and its rainbow glow as it extracted energy from the Earth was one of the most breathtaking images I had ever seen. The view of the city from atop a nearby mountain ridge, with its aurora glowing above it, was a beautiful sight. I asked Marge and Lisa if they would use their artistic gifts to sketch a few drawings of the city. We used those drawing on postcards, greeting cards, science review magazines, and advertising for various products. They did such a nice job on their drawings and marketing structure that there became a huge demand for supply throughout the country, creating tens of thousands of jobs.
Weeks into our new desert home, Marge noticed she was somewhat of a celebrity among the Grays who lived around us. At first, she assumed it was because of me being one of the Corners. But she realized that when she spoke, they became aware and intrigued. The locals all turned to listen. She described it as she could see their eyes behind their eyes. She felt a connection to one of the Grays. In turn, it made me feel better about all the alone time I created. Lisa loved the kids. She would learn, teach, and play with the Gray children for hours. I think my family was growing in my absence.

The workers who settled outside the walls of the city had created a little city of their own. It thrived with shops and stores, and soon they would have a city hall.

After spending time away, I found coming home more and more enjoyable. The city felt serene. I could walk anywhere within the city, day or night, and feel completely safe. The lights on the buildings reminded me of pictures of London in the 1800s. Music became a favorite theme for the shopping district. Street musicians were recruited to play on patios outside of shops that would pay them in gold dust. In the evening, they had to leave unless they had a permanent license or contracted engagement. The Grays did not mind visitors. At least half of the city was planned and set up for visitors. However, when the sun goes down, they wanted the visitor to visit elsewhere. This created a need for hotels outside the city’s walls, which created a need for restaurants, which created a need for more housing for more people.

There were always craft flying in the air above the city going from building to building, so quietly that if you did not look up you would not have noticed them. Specially selected Grays piloted all these crafts. Getting a license to fly was the most controlled and prestigious privilege the Grays celebrated. All the Grays, from child to patriarch, revered the pilots. It was safe to say that the pilots were held to a higher standard and social status.

Every time I came here it just felt so right, so peaceful; I felt at home. We benefited greatly from the Grays but really did not have much to offer them in return. There were a couple contributions that
enriched their lives: motion pictures and music. Though the Grays were extremely intelligent, artistic creativity and entertainment were processed in the one part of the brain the Grays had neglected over the years. Regardless of age, the Grays enjoyed movies and would sit and watch with amazement. As the city was being built, three movie theaters were included.

Throughout the city, there were no large concentrations of financial transactions. The Grays did not have a need for money other than the gold to barter with us with. Small exchanges, here and there, with visitors gave them a sample of a free market, but they had no interest in our economical proliferation.

Every visitor to the city had to come through the main entrance at the south end of the city. No one could enter unregistered. Security was not difficult for the city due to its location and setup, but the Grays took it extremely seriously. We had our first crime. An individual was caught climbing the side of one of the manufacturing buildings. When caught, the Grays were able to look into his eyes and knew he was attempting to break in; he managed to climb the western wall and was not registered. There was no court, judge, jury, or written laws. The man was taken away in one of the patrol aircraft twenty miles north of the city and left in the mountains. If the Grays caught him in the city again, they might drop him off on a little island somewhere. I thought it was awesome. The man could not hide his intentions, and truth met justice.

The suburbs of the city grew fast—too fast. In just a few months, the population went from four thousand to one hundred twenty thousand people, from across the county. Another of the four cities experienced similar phenomena with growth—the one in the Gobi Desert. Australia’s settlement had vacationing visitors the fence surrounding it, but that was it. The locals paid no attention, not even discussions in the pub. No one dared to get too close to the citadel in the Alps. As the suburbs grew, businesses sprouted. Construction was nonstop. However, the city planners did not plan very well. There was no police
department, fire department, waste treatment, or water supply. They knew they were in peril and did not say anything to anyone.

I would make periodic visits outside the city walls. During my last visit, I stood close enough to one of the borough’s business organizers to learn of all these discrepancies. With a population of one hundred twenty thousand, something had to be done. I conferred with the Grays, and they had solutions. They would build a wastewater treatment plant and lay the main piping; they would also go a little farther north and divert more snowmelt into the Colorado River. The Grays would also provide security from the outside. The local government would have to provide for all the services they wished to provide. The Grays did have a recommendation, and when they recommended something, we had learned to listen. They recommended that no tax be assessed to citizens for what they earned, only for what they spent. Many businesses sprouted merely out of supply and demand, but those businesses came with a bankroll. They had financial support out in the country bringing their money to the city.

Upon establishing a government and tax structure, they finally decided on a name—a name that stuck in the early settlement. Area 51.2 was the annexed city’s official name. Within the first four days of a 10 percent tax on all purchases, Area 51.2 had enough funds to hire twelve firefighters and twelve police officers and secured a loan from banks that moved into the city to build two fire stations and two police stations. Every service the rest of the county had, Area 51.2 would get it too. Hospitals, pharmacies, day care and senior centers, theaters, shopping, hotels—you name it. Area 51.2 was an official city within the land of the Grays, free from US governmental control.

Some less-savory characters would show up from time to time, but as odd as it may sound, the locals could tell if someone had a predisposition to trouble. They would tell a deputy, who would contact the Grays by turning on a beacon at the top of the courthouse, and an agent for the Grays would contact police chief. Surveillance was the Grays’ prerogative, and they used the camera flies to observe the characters in question. They were only interested in crimes that involved the
Emerald City, the Grays, or safety of large numbers of humans. Petty crime was not their concern.

Area 51.2 grew very fast. With a population of over one hundred thousand, the Grays and the Council of Four decided they needed to slow the growth. They suspended any expansion construction and delivered plans, schematics, and prototypes of handfuls of devices to major manufacturing companies. True to the plan, at least two separate companies had to form a joint venture in the production. Within a month, over two hundred thousand jobs were created across the country. New businesses sprouted in every state as everyone tried to capitalize on the new industries. The appeal of the “gold rush” at Area 51.2 slowly waned, and people who might have traveled to the desert retreat no longer needed to. Prosperity spread and with it hope. The same results were showing up in China and Europe.

The suburbs stood alone as a city but had to operate within the guidelines set by the Emerald City. The land belonged to the Grays, an independent nation. However, the inhabitants of Area 51.2 were still citizens of the United States. The treaty failed to address property rights for humans occupying the land outside the city but still part of the settlement. The technology given by the Grays was more than enough compensation for whatever taxes the government wanted to impose on the locals. The Grays had already established that the city could assess its own sales tax to fund the city’s services, and their authority was the only legitimate authority.

Two hospitals were built out in the city, one on each side of the main road going into the south gate of the Emerald City. Once a week the hospitals would get a visit from the Grays. Small groups of volunteer medical students from the Gray community consulted with our doctors to diagnose and treat illnesses. In many cases, patients were treated with the Grays’ mind over matter influence. Simply having the Grays look at a patient seemed to give the patient an inner strength and confidence needed to cast out their discomforts from whatever ailments they had. It did not work for all, but for many, they walked out of the hospital within minutes of entering feeling 100 percent
better. For the more severe cases, the Grays had already beaten most, if not all, complex diseases. No one in Area 51.2 talked about this outside of close family and friends. They did not want the word to get out and have the city flooded with visitors. Their thoughts were that the rest of the world would catch up with the medical breakthroughs as the system expanded beyond the city’s walls.
Humans celebrate everything—birthdays, anniversaries, achievements, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, and Halloween. We spend a lot of time celebrating events and paying homage to that which we find historically significant. This behavior amuses the Grays. They do not celebrate such things. They have many historical events of their own that they reflect upon but not to the point of disrupting their life’s routine. However, the Grays do celebrate one event. It is considered the most significant event in their history—the day they departed their solar system to embark on a journey to relocate throughout the universe. Hundreds of thousands of years ago, as their sun began to expand, their planet began to die. Many Grays left their home and settled on nearby planets and moons, and others traveled the cosmos to mine and forage supplies to support settlements throughout the galaxy.

Grays from all over the world and beyond come together every three hundred years to anoint two Gray citizens as future leaders. About every three hundred years, our solar systems align with an eclipse of their home planet and their parent star. From Earth, their planet would be aligned in the middle of their sun; from their planet, Earth would be aligned in the middle of our sun. Of course, at 150 light
years away, it cannot be seen, but the Grays could feel a force in the universe connecting the two systems for about ten minutes every three hundred years.

This was extremely difficult to explain to Mr. Smith or the joint chiefs. A large gathering of aliens is nothing to ignore. Self-defense is a basic instinct. One thing that helped the argument was the fact that the spacecraft would not be staying, indicating a very passive behavior, not one of a tactical advantage. Needless to say, all eyes were on the Emerald City this night. Every satellite the NSA had available to spy down on the city was actively focused on the city.

As God encapsulates Earth, a distant God encapsulates the Grays’ home solar system. Their God and ours came from the same source. During the alignment, the two Gods become one, connected across time and space. This event has been taking place for billions of years, and humans are completely unaware and unable to experience any of its effect. This event is unique to the Grays, and as such, the celebration is exclusive. Humans were not allowed in the city during the ceremony, except for the Four Corners. For the first time in their history, the Grays allowed the Four Corners to join in the celebration. Being that we had been personally selected by God to interact with the Grays, we were held with equal respect as citizens of their society. Even though Marge, Lisa, and I were the only humans living inside the city walls, Marge and Lisa were not permitted to stay in the city during the ceremony either.

In the early morning, on the day all Grays had been waiting for, visitors came from all over the world, and the moon, swarmed into the city. Large craft flew over the city all morning dropping thousands of Grays. This was their pilgrimage. Craft after craft flew over, hovered, dropped off groups of Grays, and departed. Dropping from straight above, ship after ship arrived. Shuttles motoring all over the city were transporting visitor Grays. Large containers of beetles and crickets were staged throughout the city as appetizers for the visitors. Music playing from speakers staged at every other corner gave the city a festive mood. It reminded me of Mardi Gras without the parade.
Out in the suburbs, the people gathered in the streets to watch the spaceships fly over, coming and going, as if it were grand central station. By eight o’clock, all human visitors had left the city, Marge and Lisa included. Outside the city, the citizens knew something was happening, and they were nervous. Marge helped quite a bit, calming the masses at the wall. The city was hosting a homecoming party for their race, a one-day event only. That was all she had to say to calm the public. The word spread quickly and inspired block parties throughout Area 51.2.

Grays typically live about four hundred years. With this event only coming around every three hundred years, most Grays would only see this once in their lifetime. Older Grays, fortunate enough to see two in a lifetime, would lead the young.

At about 10:45 p.m., a large, circular granite slab was brought through the streets, hovering about one foot above the ground. A tripod-levitating device held the stone in place as they rolled it to the center of the city and placed it over the fountain. The slab was positioned 3.3 degrees east-northeast to match the angle of their solar system. The ceremonial platform was now in place, and the center of the Emerald City was becoming standing room only. Escorting to the center were two Grays, chosen by panel, to receive “the gift from the future.” Together they would experience what only two could experience every three hundred years.

With the two, standing side by side in the middle of the slab, in the middle of the city, surrounded by thousands of spectators, the one I knew as the leader circled the fountain. He bent over and appeared to key in a code on the toes of one of the great statues that surrounded the fountain. The electromagnetic field that enveloped the city dimmed and faded away. The statues, nine feet tall weighing about six tons each, began to turn around and face the center of the circle. At 11:37, everything became perfectly silent as God began to gather around the two Grays on the slab. Thousands of translucent bubbles, God as I knew him, circled the pair and stretched far out into the night sky. The two stood with their heads tilted upward, holding hands,
encased within their aura, as it steadily grew brighter. Then a subtle and mysterious beam of many colors shined down upon them. Every Gray’s arms slowly rose toward the sky. It was without a doubt the most spiritual event I had ever witnessed.

During this alignment, the God from their solar system brings an exchange of information to its sibling God here on Earth. The two selected Grays become a conduit for the exchange and in doing so inherit the Earth. Future leaders are granted special knowledge and abilities that no other would have for the next three hundred years.

The encounter lasted only ten seconds, but even I could tell that what the Grays felt collectively, during the event, had to be extremely powerful. Every motion of their bodies was in sync. After the light faded, the two chosen Grays carried themselves completely different from before. They stepped off the slab exuding confidence, wisdom, and understanding.

The electromagnetic field covering the city had prevented interference from spy satellites, but it was shut down for just the few minutes during the event to allow the best access between the Gods. Cyber techs around the world would get their first glimpse at the center of the city. As God began to surround the two Grays, all the satellite feeds stopped. When the power to the fountain went off, the energy was transferred to the Earth’s magnetic field. The increased surge of energy was enough to block all electronically transmitted signals to or from Earth. The two honorees stepping off the slab powered the fountain back up, and the satellites received nothing.

Out in Area 51.2, cameras and video recorders had live feeds to the Internet of all the spacecraft flying in and out of the city. From the uninformed world, it was clear in their minds that we were being invaded. Even the most primitive cultures here on Earth were aware of what aliens were. It did not take long for every country in the world to take notice. Phone services everywhere were overloaded and overheated. Phone communication was lost.
Camera feeds from reporters were the only source of communication for the next three hours. In that short amount of time, the networks had total control of the information. They could spin this any way they wanted. Like it or not, there is not one reporting agency in the world that does not have some form of bias in them. The stories coming from these reporters were so ridiculous I could not help to think the public could not possibly believe it; I was wrong. In the Middle East, they were convinced that it was a sign from Allah that the final battle had begun. You cannot fault them for their beliefs. That is what they had been taught. What needs to happen is education. A new commitment throughout the world was needed to learn and educate others. New facts in the history of the world have risen, and answers were given to us. All we had to do was listen.

While in the Western part of the world there was celebration, the Eastern part of the world was heating up with economic instability, fear, anger, and hatred. The first statements the two issued was of a storm from the east. “Events of historical importance are near,” they said. The entire ceremony only lasted ten minutes, but the hours of anticipation helped make the experience seem much longer. We received a new pair of angels on Earth that day. I cannot think of a better word for them.

The following morning crept up on me like the fog in San Francisco. With it came a message from the Grays. Their leader appeared to me and wanted a message delivered to the people of the world. The message read, “To the people of the world, we have met with the Gods. All your gods were present, and they all agree, you, as a species on Earth, are worthy of advancing in the knowledge of man and space. However, this can only be achieved when love beats hate, and violence is no longer a normal behavior. Do not fear others; fear yourselves, for you alone control your destiny. Choose wisely.”

This message was intended for the groups gathering abroad in preparation for their assault on the world. Turbulent times were upon us. The crusade to preserve life would soon meet the crusade to destroy it. I did not know what to think of the cryptic ending to that message, but I see what he was trying to accomplish with it. My only impression
was of all the people of the world being forced to look at their souls as they faced the final question.

The Grays waited three hundred years for this day. A lifetime of hope and faith was assured for another three hundred years. Two new leaders had been selected, becoming angels, born from Gods, to take us into the future. The last Tricentennial celebration was in the Andes during a time when witches were being burned, revolutions were happening on every continent, and the renaissance opened a new door of creativity and exploration. This one promised peace, but not without great sacrifice.

Each time the Tricentennial comes around, new structures are left behind as monuments. For this Tricentennial, the Fountain and Statues serve that distinction. Easter Island, Stonehenge, and the pyramids of Egypt were other event sites. To the Grays, it is a pilgrimage, and they have been celebrating it for eons. The transfer of power and leadership among the Grays directly involves the Gods, the God of Earth and the god of their home planet. That concept seems so much more significant than us electing a new president every four years. I think that is what we have been missing—the legitimacy of anointment. We have desired to sit on the throne, dismissing God’s blessing. The time comes each Tricentennial, when questions are answered, and truth is revealed.

The new leaders left the ceremonial site together and vanished in the streets on their way to a weeklong retreat, where they would absorb, translate, and interpret the information and messages the two Gods shared with them. They would work together to develop plans, using their new knowledge. It is one thing to know what may happen and another to have the right answer when it does.
CHAPTER 15

Battle for Earth

Over the past five thousand years, we have witnessed three different species of beings, more intelligent than man, come and go here on Earth, not including God. Two were here long before man—the ancient aliens and the ancient Gods. Neither originated on Earth, and both have left. Just ancestors of the Grays remained.

The ancients had a mission here on Earth, mining and collecting samples for research. Further colonization in other areas of the galaxy may need a little help from minerals found here on Earth. The ancestors of the Grays began our transformation from Homo sapiens to what we are today. Our altered DNA advanced our genetic evolutionary process by tens of thousands of years. They colonized in Egypt, South, Central, and North America, and throughout Europe to Eastern Asia. By three hundred years before Christ, they left, leaving only the Grays. We maintained their monuments, statues, and structures in honor of them, believing they would someday return. Many religions have died out waiting for their return. We no longer felt a connection to the ancient gods. With only limited knowledge and written communication skills, we lost a vast amount of knowledge and history.

The Gods, on the other hand, were just that, Gods. They understood they were more advanced than we were and used their powers to control
and use us. Every civilization has stories of these Gods. In Greece, Rome, Iceland, India, and the Far East, the Gods were represented and revered within the cultural atmosphere and location of their time. In our limited ability to comprehend, we gathered to worship in ignorance. They were superior beings with powers we could not understand. We tried to relate to them in terms of things we understood and conveniently ignored the things we did not. Unfortunately for them, they could not keep up with the rate at which we were reproducing. They no longer felt safe in our presence. We were a violent species, and it forced them into hiding.

Their only other alternative would have been to eliminate us. Those were very difficult times. Our existence was uncertain and could have ended there, but their desire to rule gave way to their necessity to exist. It was then that the Grays’ ancestors divided into two groups, the aggressive and the passive. The aggressive, having much fewer numbers, were ultimately cast out and sought refuge on the moon. The ones that remained went on to foster the Grays we know today.

With the remaining in hiding, we were left alone in a world we could not control. The dark ages reminded us just how lost and weak we were as a society. No guidance, no connections to a higher power, left alone to our own destructive nature, we nearly perished from the Earth.

Though we have a constant presence from God, there is no discernable bond between God and humans, any more so than of God and a tree. All living things, including Grays, have the same status. God creates the circumstances for life to exist and thrive, and some forms of life would benefit or hurt other forms. Earth is a biosphere, and he is the gardener. After a thousand years of abductions, research, experiments, and genetic modifications, the Grays finally have a population large enough to sustain an adequate reproductive rate. Their reproductive process is like ours in that there is still physical contact required, but the mother does not carry baby for full term. A little over halfway into a five-month gestation period, she expels the fetus, cocooned in a gelatin egg. They must keep it in a safe, warm environment for the final two months. The gelatin is extremely high in protein, a similar
protein as my DNA splice, and it doubles as nourishment for the body and intellectual development.

Their mental and physical growth rate is almost three times faster than ours is. They look human from a distance, but you can see the differences up close. For example, their eyes are about a half-centimeter larger in diameter than our eyes. Another is their size. A tall one might reach five feet tall, but for the most part, they average about four and a half feet. At the new rate of reproduction, they could overtake our human population in less than seven generations. We have less time than that to get it right. By the time they become as populated as us, they would already have taken over virtually every position of authority within our society. We would once again be slave to the Gods.

In a bunker deep in a mountain in Colorado, a group of aliens was held captive by our government for forty years. They were prisoners, but we referred to them as guests. Our government provided for them while they hoped to extract valuable future technology and knowledge. Because the aliens had the ability to read our minds and implant telekinetic thought into us, the government’s physical contact was modified to air on the side of extreme caution. An entire wing of the forty thousand-square-foot complex underground had been fortified. Thirty inches of concrete were encased with a heavy lead and copper mesh to block electrical and radiological interference.

Cameras, speakers, microphones, computers, and video screens had to be used for the first two years of captivity until we were able to understand and develop a mutual form of communication. The Grays had the capacity to learn anything and learn it fast. They understood our language verbally and written. Though they did not have the physical capability to speak it, they used the DNA-coded USB device to link with a laptop or tablet. Their thoughts could then be interpreted in text form on the tablet or computer. We learned much from them over the years, and though we held them captive, they did not show the aggression we had feared.

The Grays are not the only species that have an interest in reducing the human influence on Earth. Their advanced intelligence made them
the most formidable of all the different types of aliens. When animals start reacting to some of the genetic mutations our visitors have exposed them to, the world may end up one giant battlefield. We had a misguided “War of the Worlds” mentality when it comes to aliens. For years, our government caused us to fear them, that abductions were common regarding alien contact and we should be afraid of them.

The world quickly became divided. Those who were aware of the technology we were receiving and who benefited from that technology and understand our relationship with the Grays saw great potential for mankind. Those not fortunate enough to be involved with the growth being generated from our alien treaty saw the world differently. They lived in fear, ignorant of the benefits the Grays provided. To them, we were being invaded.

The beginning of society’s collapse was marked with financial and economic instability. Around the Emerald City and the city in the Gobi Desert, the economy was booming. The rest of the world was fighting to get involved. As groups from around the world gathered to discuss ways to capitalize on the surge in technology, the groups with the most money ended up with the power. That power set off a chain reaction in the financial world that forced us to abandon currency. The world would no longer trade or do business with counties that could not pay. Gold returned as the world currency, the sovereignty of nations depended on their ability to pay their debts, and overnight, some countries folded and became insolvent. Total chaos ensued. Nations were forced to sell off parts of their county to pay their debts or risk being conquered as it was done a thousand years ago. The geography they had for centuries went to the highest bidder, annexed, if you will. When the rest of the world found out that we sold our entire gold reserve, America’s fate and freedom would be tested.

At some point, our future would redefine itself. Like a tree, there were many branches, and each ended up in a different place. If society crumbled because of a financial meltdown, chaos would ensue, which would hasten the aliens’ plans to make their presence known. If Iran managed to acquire a nuclear weapon, they would use it. There was
just too much hate in the hearts of millions in the Middle East for peace to exist. Eventually the hate within those groups would have to be destroyed before they destroyed all that was good around them.

The rest of the world, even North Korea, saw nuclear weapons as a deterrent. However, for Iran, it would be an offensive tool, and they would use it. Imagine a group of people who honestly do not care if they die providing, they can kill others. The only way to change that philosophy is to prove their religious concepts wrong. Belief is a funny thing. If someone shows you a blue ball but you believe it to be green, there is no way to convince you that it is not green. That is something you must convince yourself of. When they detonate that bomb and initiate their holy war, that too would bring the aliens out of hiding. If we could somehow keep from tearing our civilization to shreds, the coming together of all intelligent species would be gradual and seemingly unnoticeable. In either case, we would soon be faced with accepting and adjusting to their presence.

The world seemed to be falling apart. Aliens had established settlements, financial crises plagued all nations, violence was the normal way of life for millions of people, and it only seemed to be getting worse. The terms on which this union was formed would determine our role in the relationship. If we self-destructed, the aliens would have no choice but to take over. If we exercised enough self-control to allow a peaceful acclimation, the union between us would strengthen mankind’s resolve to prosper. Much ado was given the Grays, and for good reason. They were highly intelligent and potentially dangerous.

There are also some very bad people on this planet with the ability to do severe damage to all of humanity. The efforts to promote their agendas and eliminate their opponents have not been wasted on the innocent. The fear they have installed in the innocent has been a successful tool for the tyrannical leader’s ability to operate free from local rebellion. Repressing the populace makes them all victims and has effectively made the world afraid of their leaders. If the true number of people on this planet willing to destroy everything were to be made public, it would scare the living hell out of us. Therefore, governments keep their
secrets and operate clandestinely. We do have a few leaders in the world who are unquestionable sociopaths. One has nuclear weapons, and the others want nuclear weapons. We tell ourselves, “Never again” when referring to the most horrendous crimes against humanity, yet we see the same patterns systematically appear as those we have condemned. We have had a few good leaders who were able to coax us in the right direction, for the right reasons, at some of the toughest times in our history. However, the bad ones have indiscriminately slaughtered scores of people with hearts filled with hate or total disregard for life.

The problems in the Middle East and the unstable political conditions of Russia and North Korea are not going to go away by themselves. The people in power would do anything to keep the power. Drastic steps are inevitable, and the longer it persists the more damage, will have been done. As civilized nations, we do not publicly condone interfering with the balance of power within another country. However, behind the scenes, there had to be a lot of planning and coordination to remove the threats of the world.

How much help or involvement would we ask of the Grays is the real question we would be asking ourselves? Even after the acknowledgment of extraterrestrial evidence, and how it influenced our history, there were still groups of people in complete denial. All the major religions, except for one, were forced by logic and common sense to accept some comparisons and compromises with respect to extraterrestrial involvement with humans throughout history. The one holdout was Islam, where proof of extraterrestrial involvement seemed to split the religion into four groups, none of whom would be drawn closer to peace.

There are those who thought peace in the Middle East was possible through respect and diplomacy, but we found out the hard way that their idea of respect was “do it or die,” and their idea of diplomacy was an art form of lying. Sometimes it seems that nothing philosophical has changed in the Middle East for a thousand years. Now what we have is an all-out territorial battle royal, from Turkey, all the way down to the eastern shores of Africa, from the Mediterranean all the way to the
Pacific, involving a billion people. Some try to flee, some try to fight, others just try to survive. Without outside intervention, the fighting would last for hundreds of years. The population would have dwindled to a mere one-tenth of what it was prior. Diseases from rotting corpses strewn across the deserts and in the mountains would take the lives of another 100 million people. Unless the world gets involved, a radical evil empire would be all that was left, and in our complacency, we would have allowed the innocent slaughter of millions of people.

From a lunar observatory, the Greens saw the Grays’ city and the welcome sign they had displayed. They contacted the Grays and agreed to meet, for the first time in two hundred years. Four craft departed the city at first light the following day, and a team of elder Grays left for a meeting with the Greens on the moon. It was historic in their perspective, and the timing made it all that more important. The Greens had developed a laser weapon that could cause severe damage to the planet all the way from the moon. Using the same mirror technology to focus light directly and evenly to a focal point allowed them to focus that light through a series of prisms to create a laser that could cut right through a celestial body. We may never know how close we came to total annihilation.

The Grays proposed that they would share all the gifts of the Earth and allow the Greens to return to Earth with only one catch. They had to respect the treaty with the humans. The Grays only had three basic values: continuous learning, respect the laws of physics and the universe, and respect for all things living. The Greens existed for a thousand years with one set of morals, but they understood and accepted the invitation. To join the relatives after all this time was cause for much celebration within the alien community. However, the truth of the Greens had to remain a secret. For all practical purposes, humans did not need to know of the history between the Grays and Greens.

The Grays had many secret weapons, one of which was an infestation of mites from their home planet. The little critters hitched a ride thousands of years ago when the Grays first arrived. The Grays have
been cryogenically storing them for biological warfare if needed. These little arthropods were half the size of a common dust mite. However, this is an alien mite and its feces produced a toxin one hundred times deadlier than Rison. Within a week, they could produce enough to wipe out all animal life in the Middle East. One hundred percent lethal, it could also spread far beyond and into Europe. These mites would not kill the Grays, but it would give them a blistering rash and make them very sick. However, they were not so nice to life on Earth. By all accounts, this option seemed too extreme and too risky, with too much loss of life. It would not have bothered the Greens. However, the Grays were inclined to perpetuate life rather than destroy it.

Considering the Grays and Greens were the same race with different philosophies, we seemed a lot alike. Having them united on saving the planet was a blessing. Had they been in opposition while the rest of the world was going down the drain, it would have all but doomed us. The problems of the world had nothing to do with the aliens; it had everything to do with human imperfections. Every thousand years or so, the world sheds itself from large number of humans and animals. Some people may believe that when we take too much from the Earth the Earth retaliates. The fact is, this Earth is living and is greater than we are. If it chooses to burp or get out of balance, we must acknowledge it and adapt. Only a fool would believe we could stop molten rock from moving inside the Earth. We are literally floating on a slab in a molten sea. The surface of the Earth changes, and we must change with it.

For thousands of years we have been on the verge of wiping ourselves from this planet, and now it has come to the forefront of history. Future events would change our culture, our way of life, and our way of thinking. At some point, we must commit to making the world of our children better than the world we inherited from our parents.

The Grays proposed the Greens would take the lead in security matters, specifically in the battle-torn area. By relinquishing decisions of war to the Greens, they could separate themselves from the harsh realities and tragedies that were sure to follow. With the promise and freedom to mine for metals and minerals, the battlefield in the Middle East
became a trove of slave labor for the Greens. Captured Jihadi were forced into slave labor, deep in the mountain tunnels. The Greens ran the mines with absolute authority. Many of the captured fighters never saw daylight again.

The entire world had witnessed to the atrocities of terrorism and ignored the plight of the terrorists’ imprisonment. The Greens deployed aerial drones to fly over areas and locate groups or individuals involved in acts of violence. When any were located and identified, alien teams of scouts would capture and transport the prisoners to the mines. No trial, no debate, just the actions of the accused, recorded for justification, and off to the camps they would go.

It relieved the Joint Chiefs to learn of another option. Translating for the Grays, I explained that the Grays could design miniature robotic assassins having six legs, the front two being razor sharp. They would stand just two inches tall and could chase down a car on the freeway. With sensors built in to detect infrared, which were used to locate blood vessels, it would only take one second it to get from the foot to the jugular vein. Within one more second, the sharp front claws would slice right through the victim’s neck. Controlled remotely, powered by self-sustaining solar batteries, they would never stop until they were recalled. The designs were drafted and delivered to the chiefs within a day. The micro-hydraulics, which controlled all the moving parts, also went to Split Patent Manufacturing Protocol, known by the government as SPMP. All SPMP projects required a minimum of two separate contractors to work together to manufacture something incorporating alien technology.

The Joint Chiefs just stood there in wonder. They all thought it was brilliant and could not understand how they did not come up with the idea themselves. They unanimously agreed to establish a new command that would lead a division of robotic warfare. The command would have carte blanche to mobilize small, medium, and large teams anywhere in the world to root out the bad guys. Added software gave the robots the ability to determine who the bad guys were. Anyone with a weapon became a target.
Meanwhile the economic crash left a giant hole in the Billionaire Club. The surviving members of the super elite opened their financial support for all investors getting contracts from the government. Initially you would have thought that the boom in government spending was going to bankrupt the country. However, because of the extreme influx in sales, franchise, and capital gains taxes, the government received more money than they spent, for the first time ever. As soon as the contract to build the robots was announced, everyone on the list was scrambling to get in a bid. They would assess all the legitimate bids, average them out, and offer that rate per unit to all takers, sharing the wealth and creating thousands of jobs.

There were many areas around the world in chaos and turmoil. The religious war in the Middle East had seen hundreds of thousands of casualties. The Mullahs in Iran had been funding terrorist groups all over the Middle East and Europe through the sale of drugs from Afghanistan and weapons from China and Russia. Governments have no soul, and if there was ever to be peace, the people would have to rise in revolt. As for the Grays and the Greens, if we destroy ourselves, they would benefit and inherit the world. The Greens were okay with that; however, the Grays had a more congenial outlook on all life in general.

The first batch of little killer robots, LKR, rolled off the assembly line three days after setting up the first factory. These robots were the size of a baseball. Their legs tucked under their body for deployment, made of titanium and stainless steel; these six-legged monsters were a work of warfare art. The first batch of LKR was dispatched to a little Kurdish village where fighters were crossing the border from Syria to kill all non-Muslims. From there they planned to continue north into Europe.

A team of ten controllers had five LKR each to remotely control. This would be the proving ground. They started in the Kurdish mountains and worked their way south into Syria. They would continue their descent south into Iran, systematically eliminating any threat encounters. With the controllers operating a few miles behind any action, our troops were quite safe. This assault had an added benefit;
it got Tehran nervous enough to request assistance from all the groups of rebels and terrorists they had been helping for the past thirty years. As the LKRIs moved south, wiping out anyone with a weapon, word of the invasion echoed around the world. We did not have to hunt down the bad guys; they came to us. It appears the groundwork had been laid for the battle of Armageddon. Strangest part was that we were all back home safe while one-third of the world was meeting its end. They did not have a clue what they were rushing into. We airdropped one thousand barrels of the LKRIs one mile north of Tehran and picked up the fifty-man team on the ground. From there on out, they would be operating their team of bots from an aircraft carrier in the Persian Gulf, along with about five hundred other controllers.

From village to village, the LKRIs went in, slicing anyone carrying a weapon. They slashed through doors, went room to room, and eliminated any threat. The media called it a massacre. “The Slaughter of Humanity,” “Genocide,” “Murdering Muslims” were the headlines. The fighters came from all over the Middle East, Europe, Russia, and Asia to participate in what they believed to be their End of Days. They rushed into it and were slaughtered, and the media was still unable to understand how they could be responsible for their own actions. They would probably blame the shark if someone was attacked while swimming in the shark tank.

As reinforcement troops traveled toward the battle by car, truck, caravan, or foot, more LKRIs were air dropped in front of them. The LKRIs’ front claws were programmed to swipe like a cat, but at four times the speed, they would open someone up, slicing through all their major arteries and veins in a fraction of a second. They chased down the vehicles and boarded and eliminated anyone with a weapon, which was everyone. We did not have to blow up their gun batteries, vehicles, or buildings.

The technicians controlling the robots could view the battlefield from the cameras in the LKRIs but did not need it for the individual little battles. The cameras also provided excellent verification and documentation of the carnage. False propaganda reports were easily discredited. The LKRIs
could identify threats by themselves; the controller only needed to direct where the LKRs would go next. After four days, the news of one hundred thousand fighters killed with zero casualties on the invading forces caused Tehran to get the message. Deciding there was no way to stop the massacre and feeling, as if they had no chance to succeed, they tried to issue a truce. However, history told us a truce with them was nothing other than a ploy to buy time. The State Department issued a statement to be broadcast throughout the region every day and night that the robots would remain and combat any threat until absolutely no opposition existed, period. The Mullahs were outraged, calling for death to everyone. On the fifth day, they were warned that software developers had perfected a program to identify radical and hateful emotions, and the robots would redeploy to hunt down the remaining dissidents, which was propaganda on our part. We still had a long way to go developing emotion-sensing software with enough certainty for warfare. Iran’s next move was predictable. The ayatollah ordered all fighters to disperse throughout Europe. What he failed to realize was than we had jammed all frequencies within a hundred miles of Tehran. No one received the ayatollah’s message.

Day 6 saw max capacity for the locals to bury their dead. In many regions there were more dead than living. It was a terribly grim sight, one that could have been avoided. Their hate led then right off the cliff. Relief efforts from around the world descended on the country to help with the cleanup, sanitation, and the rebuilding of communities free from violence, and they were short on men. By the end of the sixth day, the mullahs had no one left willing to listen to them. The people knew the hate that the mullahs spread was what caused this Armageddon.

With a large portion of their population wiped out, the people banded together, something they had not done in six hundred years, and ran the clerics out of their cities. The remaining jihadi were forced into hiding. After ten million dead, they figured it out. If they carry a weapon; they die, if they do not, they live. They buried all their weapons in caves and in the desert. They planned to come back and retrieve them when the opportunity came. Meanwhile, they would plan attacks and pretend to have conformed.
Humans want to believe that love is the most powerful of emotions. Unfortunately, they are wrong. Though love is powerful enough for someone to sacrifice himself for someone else, hate is powerful enough to force people to sacrifice everyone. In a society of freethinking people, you cannot legislate thought. However, it has become quite clear that hate destroys everything it encounters. It was the Greens who reminded us of a few religious concepts we adopted, including a couple misconceptions. “Go forth and multiply” was a gross misunderstanding. It was intended for man to thrive, go forth, and multiply. It was meant for us to establish civilization. We have taken it to the extreme.

The human population is best served at the three to four billion-person levels. We have about twice as many people on the planet than was intended by our creator. An eye for an eye has often been taken literally. Mercy is a Godlike attribute; however, not every action of man is worthy of mercy. If you have no regard for life, you deserve no regard for your life. All the rules and laws of religion were established by man as their interpretation of how God wanted them to act. However, in drafting the guidelines, they were unable to define how behavior and life are balanced. Not everything is either black or white. Sometimes common sense must take over and allow a little gray to prevail.

The world was at war, but the true battle was the survival of humanity. We had seen the best of man rise to the occasion when natural disasters destroyed cities and towns. We should ask ourselves, why does it take a disaster to unite us? We have a disaster happening every day. It is an ideological disease, causing one group to believe they are righteous and everyone else should be eliminated. There is no possibility of agreement. A treaty would be meaningless, and it is not a matter that could be negotiated. No amount of diplomacy can change a black heart. There is only one inevitable outcome: they kill us, or we kill them.
Chapter 16

The Secret War

The Council of Four, originally established to determine the equitable level of technology to be shared among business entities and corporations, had been solicited to advise the government on matters related to civil actions throughout world. With battles raging all over the world fighting radical ideology, it became apparent that the world needed to come together and establish a set of principles all inhabitants of Earth should abide by, basic laws of humanity.

The Four Corners’ first order of business, in their official capacity as ambassadors, was to request a special session at the United Nations to address worldwide terrorism. It had been a long time since the UN had any real credibility or respect. Years of corruption and political capitulation had diminished their influence and nearly caused more harm than good.

This session would give the UN one last chance to become relevant in world affairs. This would also be the last session held in New York. The UN was to relocate permanently in Brussels by the end of the year. During this session, the United Nations was officially put on notice. Either they would conduct themselves as citizens of the world, as they were intended, or all democratic nations would pull out of the UN and form a new organization that would.

The Council of Four selected a representative to present the speech that would open the door for a one-world government. It would not be a government to rule over countries. It would be a council of elected officials with one goal, one purpose: to preserve humanity on Earth.

Jamis Stenson, a renowned historian and Nobel Prize winner, was the council’s selected speaker. He had no secret agenda; his speech was approved by all four members and had full support of the Grays.
Though his speech was very short in comparison to the bloviations of a politician, it was delivered with the resolve of parents explaining to their children how things were going to be.

He began: “By tomorrow morning the entire world will wake to a new world, a world committed to peace, or a world on the verge of total collapse. Each country represented here today has a responsibility to humanity for the preservation of life on Earth. We, as an intelligent species, can no longer allow the atrocities of the world to dictate the level of participation we have in world affairs. With acknowledgment of extraterrestrials, mankind can no longer continue to conduct itself as if we were the ultimate decision to matters involving the Earth, humanity, or civilization in general.

“There is much hate in the world, far too many people with the desire to harm others. The abuses of life on a world scale can no longer be tolerated. The leaders of the world have let their citizens down and failed to protect the most basic concepts of humanity. Therefore, it has become necessary for an intervention of historic significance. Some of the delegates in this very room are guilty of corrupting their positions. To those, it is recommended they reevaluate their charter.

“A commitment to world peace became an absolute requirement. Many have been given many gifts. All regional and territorial challenges, such as hunger, disease, and poverty, can be eliminated. The Grays have already done more for us in the past few months than we have done for ourselves in the past few centuries. As nations of the world, the responsibility lies with us. We can change the world for the better, or we can destroy it. Eradicating hate and intolerance must be our number-one goal. From there, we as a people can work together to make this world better.

“Our extraterrestrial friends have the means to accomplish this monumental task. However, we must officially ask them for help. They are not invading us, and neither do they desire a leadership role in the affairs of man. They are like us. They simply want to belong. In addition to the citizens of the world benefiting from peace, governments, businesses, and societies will inherit a prosperity we have only dreamed
of. In closing, take a message to your leaders—that wherever the lack of human respect exists, retribution will follow. May we live up to this challenge.”

Upon concluding his speech, he introduced another member of the council who asked the voting members of the UN to consider voting on a motion to formally request help from the Grays in eliminating the terrorist actions throughout the world. Twenty-three countries had investments in oil, arms, drugs, and the conflicts in the region—so much so, that they could not bring themselves to terminate their involvement. After three days of deliberation, those countries sent a diplomatic courier to United Nations Security Council stating their objection to the proposal of alien intervention and threatened withdrawal from the UN if they approved a motion allowing Grays to interfere in the region.

The United Nation had lost its credibility in the world and began to scramble for support. Meanwhile, a new coalition was being formed in the west, dedicated to eradicating terrorism. A list of countries signing on with the Western Alliance was growing every day. The Council of Four would retain positions as voting members, similar to the UN Security Council. Members from all represented countries would have a voice through open dialogue sessions prior to any decisions. Being that the sole purpose of the New Alliance was to evaluate and determine courses of action for crimes against humanity, the process was quite simple. Other areas the UN might have been involved with, such as aid to disease- or famine-stricken areas, could be voted upon within the general assembly without the Council of Four’s involvement. The world was at war with terrorism and an ideology of hate. Humanity was being tested, and our very existence was on the line.

With the council’s official status changing from commerce to political and military advisors, they requested the commerce aspects be transferred to another body. For the Western Hemisphere, commerce, technology, research, and development would fall under the secretary of interior with the same guidelines and rules. Each of the Corners would establish their own governing body for sharing the technology
but would have to abide by the same rules originally established by the West. The Council of Four, on the other hand, had much greater authority. Decisions the council made were issued to the Joint Chiefs, a member of the Greens nicknamed the General, and a representative of each of the other three Corners.

When military or intelligence operations were recommended, the General was given command of the operation. They used the term *recommended*, but what they really meant was ordered. They only made recommendations when it became apparent there was no diplomatic means to the end. The Joint Chiefs and the other representatives would advise and support the operations as necessary, but it was clear that the General was the one everyone turned to for guidance. Masterminds in warfare, the Greens had been training and perfecting warfare technology through innovation for a thousand years while in exile. It also became apparent that individual countries would no longer be able to declare war without the Council of Four’s endorsement. An attack, sanctioned by any county, without approval of the council would be cause for that country to be evaluated by the council for retribution.

All intelligence agencies had been directed to provide the Council of Four with whatever intel they asked for. The Grays and Greens could get the information themselves simply by reading their minds, but for the treaty between the Grays and humans to solidify its legitimacy; they had chosen to give us an opportunity to work together. The government knowing, they could tell if we were not truthful helped quite a bit as well.

The council met for their first official review of the major players in the war on terror one week after assuming command. On the agenda was identifying the key personnel actively involved in genocide. Murdering people for believing, or not believing, in a religion was officially considered a war crime and a priority to the campaign against terrorism. The sale of weapons to those groups they knew to be actively involved and the planners, trainers, and commanders of those groups were moved up on the list. This also meant coalition forces could no
longer provide weapons to any group involved in the conflict because reasonable doubt existed in their intentions.

The council recommended that the personnel identified, having committed crimes against humanity, must be dispatched with extreme prejudice. It was by all accounts a hit list. With this recommendation came a reminder that everything the council advised carried the highest security clearance possible. All explanations, interpretations, clarifications, and announcements would come from the council themselves.

With the list in hand, the General provided the Joint Chiefs a holographic design of a robotic fly. It was as small as a fly, it looked like a fly, and it flew. Nanotechnology was proving to be one of the greatest innovations of the century. The fly was loaded with sensors, audio, video, infrared, and motion.

The fly’s real secret was its payload. While the Grays had merely frozen and stored the alien mites, the Greens had developed them. Altering the mites’ DNA, they were able to isolate their ability to survive without a host. An unaltered mite would live on the surface of another animal, and its feces could become airborne and spread like the plague. The altered mites required a constant warm temperature, unable to survive outside of a host body. If the mite were to be implanted or ingested, it would thrive inside of the host until the toxins in mite’s feces killed the host, usually within twelve hours. When the host’s body temperature dropped to 74 degrees, the mite would die. The feces, however, would always remain toxic. The body would have to be cremated to eliminate the threat.

The main leader for the Grays approached me and introduced two other Grays. One was younger, a little shorter, but extremely charismatic. I recognized them. They were the two who received the honor of the light from the future. They had been assigned to advise and assist me in any manner necessary in order to unite the world. I called them Soo and Gee—something simple because I knew I would be referring to them quite a bit.
The plan that the General developed had be questioning the ethical implications. I struggled with the concept of assassination. However, Soo explained that in the big picture of life, our living presence on Earth was merely a spark compared to the fire of eternal existence within the universe. The spark might ignite a fire if the conditions were right, or it might simply be a flash that produced nothing. What we do in life matters. Either we would create the conditions for our souls to exist beyond the spark or we would perish. Because a balance in the universe is inevitable, hate disrupts the balance and cannot exist without something to hate. For the individuals on this list, their fate had been decided. They would become nothing but a spark.

I am sure there are many ways to analyze the value of an individual in comparison to the whole and to justify removing a cancer before it destroys the whole body. What I took away from it is that even cancer is alive, and not everything that lives is good for life.

With the philosophical conundrum of right to life behind me, I could now move forward without conscientious objection. The first list was an easy list, easy for Gee and Soo, anyway. It was comprised the names and locations of twenty-two senior Al Qaeda, Isis, Taliban, Hamas, and Hezbollah leaders, the worst of the worst, as referred to by the Joint Chiefs. The list was easier because they truly believed they were fighting the good fight and had God on their side. However, not knowing the true nature of God, they found themselves praying to the very God that the Grays were in constant contact with. To make a childhood analogy, it was like playing hide and seek while yelling Marco Polo. They led us right to them.

The second list was move difficult and required our intelligence communities to coordinate more closely than ever before. The second list had the names of twelve high-level political, governmental, and military leaders on it. Not surprisingly all but one, were atheists. Even with knowledge of alien life on Earth, they still believed humans were the top of the food chain. These twelve had no ideological reason to perpetuate senseless death and destruction. Their motives were greed with a total disregard for life. Evil would be a good description.
Both lists were evaluated by the Council of Four, the intelligence agencies, and then given to the General with their approval. Because assassination of world leaders had been officially denounced by every modern civilized county, this mission as held the highest security clearance the United States had ever issued. Every member with direct knowledge of the mission was subject to a deep mind probe from the General himself for loyalty and trustworthiness. The official explanation for participation would be an information-gathering, mission and the results of the mission would be an “act of God.”

The flies were airdropped in the regions where the targets were from a single alien craft. It flew over the locations of each target, dropping five flies per drop. From ground locations near each target, analysts from the NSA or CIA would monitor and record all the audio and video transmission from the flies to identify and maintain surveillance of the targets until all thirty-five have been located and locked on. The flies gathered information, undetected by the targets, and once there was evidence of conspiracy to support or commit an act of terrorism, the target would be flagged for final approval.

All targets were located within two days. Within four days, all targets had committed themselves to conversations involving terrorist activities. Having the definitive proof necessary, the General gave to order to activate the flies. At that point, the analyst’s monitors locked up, no longer recording or receiving information from the flies. The flies, being controlled exclusively by the Greens, flew to the target and stung them in the back of the neck, injecting them with less than a drop of the super-toxin from the alien mite. The target barely felt anything, and the fly was back away from the target in seconds. The monitors and sensors of the flies came back online, and the analysts were officially and literally unaware of the actual attack. Shortly after all targets were infected the analysts were ordered to recall the flies to remote locations where they would self-destruct, eliminating their existence and involvement.

By sundown that day, all thirty-five targets’ body temperatures rose to 109 degrees, and they died an agonizing death. By morning, news
of the death of the twelve political targets hit every news agency. The other twenty-three took a little longer because of their isolated and covert existence. A news conference was scheduled for that next evening to make a public service announcement regarding the deaths. Gee and Soo drafted a statement to be translated in every language and broadcast worldwide. Prior to the news conference, the heads of state for each country were contacted with a brief message that the news conference was scheduled for that evening that would explain the deaths.

They scheduled the new conference for 6:00 p.m. Many thought the president of the United States should give the address, but the Grays insisted that I give the address. The world in general saw the president in a negative light and thought I would be able to deliver a more convincing message. A podium was set up on the stage at Carnegie Hall in New York, where I was to read the statement Soo and Gee drafted. They said they would be there, but as I was about to speak, I looked all around and did not see them anywhere. Interpreters lined the front row, along with reporters from every new agency imaginable. On stage to the left were the president, the secretary of state, and ten others approved by the secret service. The vice president, heads of the intelligence communities, and Joint Chiefs watched from the situation room at the White House. On the right side of the stage were my family and the other three Corners, Oskar, Benita, and Ming Le.

Promptly at six, the light went red on the camera in front of me and I started to speak. Reading from the script Gee had given me, I said, “To all the people of Earth, greetings. As many of you already know, aliens are real. However, we are not alien; we have been here since the start of civilization. You have written about us in manuscript and scripture. Through myth and legend our existence has been obscured. However, we assure you, we mean you no harm.”

At that point, the script prompted me to take a pause. As I did, to my right, between the president and the podium, the leader of the Grays appeared out of thin air as if he had walked through an invisible door from another dimension and approached the podium next to me. Even
I was amazed. Happy to see him I turn, extended my hand. He touched it and stood next to me. The crowd was stunned. Throughout the hall all you could hear was an echoing, “Whoa!” Then to my left, Soo and Gee appeared in the same fashion and stood next to me on the other side. Giving the crowd a minute to collect themselves, I introduced them as our most esteemed friends, and continued with the address.

“We are like you, creatures of God. Many of you have doubts about the existence of God. Allow us to elaborate. She is the creator of all things living. The world is her domain, and we are privileged to live in it. We understand this will be difficult for you to comprehend. However, all your religions are flawed through misconception and fabricated interpretation. Through time, you will learn that most of your religions are fundamentally sound, but you must be able to recognize where man has corrupted the simplest of concepts. There are but two demands from God: hold nothing in higher regard than her, and she alone has the right to destroy the innocent. Yesterday saw the end of thirty-five people’s lives. Thirty-five people, whose hate and contempt for life had caused God to remove them from the fold. This event should serve as a warning for those who wish to do others harm. For thousands of years, we have been here, giving direction and hope to mankind, and for thousands of years, mankind has taken it upon themselves to circumvent our advice. Great floods, disease, and famine have forced humanity to start a new. If man continues with the hate and disregard for life, God warns that she will once again start over and remove us all from the fold.”

Another pause in the script was inserted here for me to introduce the Four Corners. “To my left are the other three interpreters in communication with the Grays and God. We have been chosen to mediate between our Gray friends and the people of Earth. We wear these jackets as a form of solidarity and recognition to our assignment. We had already witnessed great advances in medicine and science, all due to the good will and faith of our friends. They have one more statement in closing: ‘Mourn not for these fallen thirty-five. They have received God’s blessing. Mourn not for the thousands to follow that do not heed her warning. God’s will be done.’”
Upon those closing remarks, all three Grays waked together toward the front of the stage and disappeared the same way they appeared. Again, the crowd went, “Whoa! That was the most amazing thing I have seen,” and had not a clue how they did it. All three of them were recipients of the light from the future, and that appeared to be one of the many benefits of power they gained from their experience. As I watched, I could not stop wondering where they had gone. Did they walk through time? Had they gone back and forth between dimensions? Was it an optical illusion? Sometimes when you cannot understand something, your mind wants to fill in the blanks and you get a false memory. I was very careful not to let that happen. I decided the next time I saw Soo or Gee, I would ask them directly about the disappearing act.

I was exhausted. The speech was intense, and the reporters made me nervous. I was in a hurry to get out of there. Escorted by a couple of secret service agents, Marge, Lisa, Oskar, Benita, and Ming left with me out the back of the hall, away from the cameras and the reporters screaming for more answers.

The biggest impact from the speech was recognized in Russia the following morning. Major figures in the Politburo started cashing in on any favors and outstanding debts. Determined to free themselves from incriminating ties with the unrest in the Middle East, they learned from the Nazi playbook on exiting a war and going into hiding. It would not work. They would always be on the General’s radar. Any future involvement would be dealt with swiftly and quietly. The local population in villages across the Middle East received mostly verbal reports from others who were fortunate enough to watch the broadcast.

Relief had started to spread among many of the women throughout the region. Their entire existence had been that of servitude to men, property to be used and abused, a life dedicated to men. At the risk of their own life or limbs, they were forbidden to exercise any freedom. Now freedom commanded them to fight back. The women all had families and understood that their children’s future was at stake and the future waits for no man or woman. The hate that filled their hearts for hundreds of years was being proven wrong, and the God they
worshiped was a twisted interpretation from some very evil people. Their religion had been hijacked by radical zealots, and this was their chance to free themselves. There had been many false hopes in the past. Missionaries had come and gone but had always abandoned them in the end. This time was different because the end was in sight. Either the hate would stop, the fighting would stop, or there would not be anyone left to continue the fight.

With so many men perishing, so many children seeing what their parents’ hatred had accomplished, everybody began to question what the right thing to do was. Slowly, and with the help of the world, the people of the region would learn to live together. After losing half of the nation’s men to war, they were forced to start seeing things differently.

On the outskirts of Mosul in northern Iraq, Islamic leaders who fled from Syria, Turkey, Armenia, Iran, and Iraq gathered for a meeting. With the thousands of fly spies, the General had placed throughout the region, we knew everything they were doing. After a very brief meeting with the commander of the Middle East forces, the General finally had his chance to arm for battle. The Greens had trained their entire lives for combat. Giving an order to one of his lieutenants to assemble three teams, the General planned to walk right in and take them captive.

A team consisted of six solders, each equipped with sensors, transmitters, electromagnetic pulse devices, ultra-low-frequency transponders, a laser wand, and a half dozen photon hand grenades. They boarded a large spacecraft and departed within minutes of the order. It took less than ten minutes, and they were on the ground outside the compound in Mosul where eighteen of the most hateful men in the world were meeting.

Arriving at the front door together, all three teams touched parts of their vests, turning on the electromagnetic and sonar devices. The stronger the metaphysical energy received from the wearer of the vest, the stronger pulse the device would emit. Combining the ultra-low-frequency waves with the EMP was guaranteed to make any animal, man, or beast stop dead in their tracks, drop down to its knees, and
violently vomit. In formation, the alien soldiers rushed through the hallways of the compound straight toward the room the leaders were in. Anyone they came across dropped like flies as they went by. They busted into the meeting room, each providing the sonic pulse. It had happened so fast the leaders had no idea what was happening. Within seconds of entering the compound, they were standing over eighteen of the worst people on the planet curled up on the floor violently dry heaving. Eighteen of them, one for each soldier. They adjusted the devices’ controls, grabbed the captives by the back of the clothes, and walked out of the compound as fast as they came in.

Now they had the leaders. Many were arguing that they should not have been taken alive. Some recommended that the LKRs be used to eliminate the threat on the battlefield. I would have thought the General to be in that group, but surprisingly, he understood the hatred and violence in the Middle East would persist until the people changed what they prayed for. The General was going to put those eighteen high-ranking Islamic leaders in the mines and virtually work them to death. I think the LKRs would have been more humane.

Within a month, eight hundred thousand square miles stretching from Syria to Egypt to Iran had been decimated. Aid from around the world was shipped in from all directions. The world had thought the radical fanatics had been eliminated, but newer and younger people would rise to assume that position. The Grays volunteered to evacuate all the innocent and then cleanse the entire area. Not knowing what that may entail, the government was as nervous as Kennedy during the Bay of Pigs. The offer from the Grays was that they would go on television with one of the Four Corners and address an entire culture under attack. The people would be desperate for answers and help. The message would also be uploaded to every social media outlet.

This is where the top diplomats and brass had their faith tested. The Grays could have said anything, and the world would be in more chaos than it already was. Just the sight of an alien would be enough in some areas. The Grays would have to convince them that he really was an angel sent from God. The answer they were looking for was a
description of the cleansing, at which the Grays replied, “That is God’s will.”

Being involved as much as I had, gave me a lot of experience gathering media. We were set to go on the air within an hour. Everyone thought more time was needed to plan how this operation would play out. The Grays had to remind the staff that they knew things we did not understand and to have faith in them. Introduce the Gray as an “angel from God” and he comes with a warning and message of hope. The Gray squeaked a little mumble, which I translated to say, “God has sent me to tell you he does not want them to die. All good people who want to live, in one day from this hour, step out into the still of darkness, with your arms up in a V, man, woman, or child, and angels will carry you to safety. For all who remain, the end is near.”

That was the extent of the message. Short, sweet, and terrifying to the leaders of the county. They did not know what to expect. The lives at risk, the numbers that have already been lost, and having no control drove them crazy. They could bear it no longer. Bombarded with questions, I calmly put my hands up in front of me and said, “Gentlemen, our friend has volunteered to save a few million people while the world gets a front-row seat to an act of God. The Grays are just messengers themselves.” It got quiet in that room.

It was now twenty-four hours from the broadcast, and we did not know what to expect. Starting around the perimeter, the wind picked up and began to circle the entire region. As the wind picked up, it picked up dust, and within an hour the circle had grown inward at about a mile a minute, gusting up to eighty miles an hour. Inside of enclosed storm, under the cover of a new moon, spacecraft from around the world descended on the area to pick up anybody outside with their arms in the air. Using infrared monitors, it was easy for the Grays to locate them. Flying at impossible speeds, they flew over and with a beam of light picked up to ten people at a time and fly them off outside of the storm. Collection areas were set up mostly in Jordan right outside the storm.
The Grays told them the truth. They were in fact experiencing the forces of the planet, coalescing right on top of the dead zone. In addition to the storm, with God’s help, the aliens were able to pass back and forth between the twenty-fourth hour picking up people. To them, it was a flying and transportation mission, but everyone witnessing the rescue saw nothing but a quick flash of light every time a spacecraft came around. Before morning, every person who wanted out, every person who wanted to live who came out into the darkness and put their faith in the angel from God was extracted safety. Nearly 912,000 men, women, and children from just one area were now displaced in camps, watching their homeland being covered with a dirt and dust hurricane. The storm would rage on for twenty-eight days, leveling buildings, stripping the trees, and covering everything in so much dust. There was not enough air left for anyone to survive. Yet is still would rage till the next new moon.

When the new moon came again, the dust settled down. It began to rain, and it rained for the next twenty-eight days. This was the cleansing of which they spoke. The entire region was leveled and then flooded. All low-lying areas became lakes, and the geography had been sanded down to rolling hills. There was no trace of survivors; anyone who decided to stay had perished. It would take years for the region to repopulate and for vegetation to return. The land was promised back to anyone who wanted to live there. This land would be considered the new Promised Land. The land would no longer be a part of any of the former countries but its own identity.

At the end of the twenty-eight days, nearly one-half the 135 million people who lived in that region perished. Some survived through the storm; others fled or were rescued. This new land was now ready to begin anew. In thirty years, this region should be green and full of life.
CHAPTER 17

The Expedition

I felt as if I had the world on my shoulders twenty hours a day, with humanity in
the balance. I suppose that qualified for stress and anxiety. It certainly
required 100 percent of my time. Every evening, even if it were only
for two minutes, I made it a point to go outside, investigate the dark
and mysterious sky, and wonder, what would it be like to fly off the
Earth and go to the moon? I see it shining in the night and it amazes
me; it is so far away yet looks close enough to touch.

Yesterday, I had two visitors, Soo and Gee. Their little shuttle flew right
in my backyard, ever so quietly. The neighbors did not notice. They
said they would take me to the moon. Immediately I knew they had
been monitoring me. They were with me. I noticed or felt nothing to
indicate that they were in my head, but it was obvious. For the first
time, even with all the special gifts and powers bestowed on me, I felt
that I was not alone. It gave me strength and hope. I suddenly felt
more safe and secure. I got excited.

“Yes, please take me to see the moon,” I said in a humble and grateful
voice.

That is when I realized and by all accounts, justifiably, Soo and Gee
were doing as the angels in biblical text would have done. The purpose
for their time on Earth was not very different from Soo and Gee’s time
on Earth now. They had the same purpose, to serve God. Maybe not
so much serve God—more like to use God.

A somewhat larger ship flew over. A bright light dropped off a Gray to
take Soo and Gee’s smaller craft back, and the beam of light took Soo,
Gee, and me up to the larger ship. No sooner had I realized I was in a
spaceship than we were off to the moon. It was fascinating, and I have
never been so excited in my life. As we left the Earth’s atmosphere, the
moon got clearer and clearer. In seconds, we were out in space traveling
straight to the moon.

Soo and Gee sat in front of me side by side, with a large, widescreen,
curved pane of glass in front of them, black as black could be. However,
if I tilted my head to face the glass straight on, I could see
all the instrumental controls flashing with different colors and designs.
Soo and Gee reached out and touched the controls with their long,
articulate fingers, and the lighting, air controls, and sound suppression
all dimmed to a peaceful level.

It was so odd to be traveling so fast, yet the amount of inertia I felt was
like being in a car doing thirty miles an hour. Looking into monitors
in front and on each side of me, I saw the moon getting bigger and
clearer by the second. Dead reckoning would estimate we had to have
been traveling at around 120,000 miles an hour, about twice as fast as
the Earth travels through space around the sun. In two hours of Earth
time, we would be there.

There were forces going on here I did not understand. With what
appeared to be a gesture of humor on Gee’s face and a playful wave of
his hand, he swiped his finger on the screen from right to left, and we
took a hard-left turn. My mind was telling me at the speed we were
going the G forces should have been in the thirties, impossible for
humans to sustain. Yet here I was. The inertia could barely be felt; as
the screen in front of us moved, we stayed on a straight course.

Now I understood why they shared so much fantastic knowledge
but kept their prized intellectual property to themselves. Having an
image of a carrot on a stick, I knew then the Grays were capable of humor, which would indicate the possibilities of other emotions. I was beginning to understand the Grays’ legitimate role in Earth’s history. They were by any other name, angels.

Gee noticed me struggling with my math and turned to tell me we would be there in one-third cycle. I had no idea what that meant. I assumed it was a new form of math. The ship had the capability to make water. The tank of hydrogen, a larger tank of oxygen, and a processing tank could make up to a gallon of water an hour for twenty-five hours. Their diet was anything but appealing. I did not bring my own food and was hoping not to have to rely on their food supply to survive. Soo assured me we would be back to Earth in two cycles. Now, doing the math, I knew that meant within twelve hours.

As we approached the moon, I thought breaking down out here on this rock, a quarter of a million miles from home, would suck. I was completely reliant on Soo and Gee. I believe they were my guardian angels. I can see it now. The similarities between the past and present, the mythological and theological philosophies suddenly made sense.

We flew over a large crater near the upper third of the moon. The sun’s light was approaching from the right. My brain was telling me the right was north, and then I reminded myself the north, east, south, and west were relative only to Earth. Out there, I was just 240 something thousand miles to the right of Earth as I faced the sun. I have no bearings out here. Slow and steady we descended into the crater. It had to be a half-mile deep. After the first fifty feet, the walls of the crater opened to a huge space. At the bottom was a large turnstile with tunnels spreading out in all directions. We cruised through one into what looked to be a hangar. From here, we hovered through two separate chambers to a docking station. They had created an artificial atmosphere of safe exposure from the sun, breathable air, but a gravitation challenge.

Upon docking we were met by who I assumed to be the mayor, leader, or guardian—someone of importance I was sure. I had to keep reminding myself these aliens were connected and I was included. The
leader welcomed me with his hand extended toward the direction we would walk. This was a massive facility, enviable to anyone in the field of astrophysics and astronomy. Right then, it hit me like a ton of bricks. The Greens had a far superior battle advantage and very possibly were able to wipe out life on Earth from there. Just how close that reality could have been for us was the frightening part. I imagined that was why God and I made contact. I shall refer to it as a Moses moment. Either way, it sure seems like history repeats itself.

On the other side of the dock, there were more tunnels leading out, obviously connecting to other craters. We had been dreaming of space stations and settlements for years, and for a thousand years, one had been right there. In the interest of science, I asked Soo if some of our scientists could spend some time up here to learn and assist with their research. They said yes with no hesitation. I was shocked at the quick response. I made a note to solicit volunteers and pass this opportunity over to NASA. The entire moon base was set up and ran like a cross between a military outpost and a research laboratory.

I made a mental note to myself that if I were to come here again to bring a jacket and a lunch. They kept the temperature here precisely at 67 to 68 degrees. Though comfortably cool to most people, it was cold to me. We crossed the dock to another tunnel that took us into a lab where they were calibrating laser tools. I suppose they could be weapons depending on what was being targeted. There were handheld devices that looked like a small handheld vacuum for your car. Adjusting the focus of the beam enabled the device to be used for different applications in mining.

The miners and tunnel builders did not use explosives, picks, or hammers. They used this laser gun to blast away stone with extreme accuracy. The laser received an additional boost by having an electromagnetic pulse combined with the light beam. When a force meets another force, a shockwave is produced, like a pebble hitting water. The device created a highly concentrated electromagnetic pulse, as the laser is triggered; the EMP combines with the laser beam and creates a pulsating force at the speed of light that can be adjusted to
obliterate a single grain of sand all the way up to mountain on Earth. A highlight of my trip was when they let me test fire it at a large boulder. A knob on the top adjusted the intensity. Another beside it controlled the emission time. To cut a hole in the rock, you could adjust the emission time to bore to a given depth. I could see greater applications for this as a weapon, and knowing who developed it, I would feel safe to say that was probably its original intent.

The adjacent tunnel led to what I would refer to as the element lab. It was a much larger area filled with tanks of all sizes to store gases they extracted from the mining debris. Deep within the fissures, descending miles under the surface, were pockets of ice, frozen water on the moon. Mystery solved. They told me Mars had a hundred times more ice than the moon, and they would occasionally travel to another settlement on Mars for additional supply. They used the ice to make water and to separate the hydrogen and oxygen for other uses. In another area of this lab, they fused hydrogen and oxygen to make water. They were separating water for the elements and at the same time were combining the elements to make water. Nitrogen is the most abundant element in our atmosphere on Earth but is sparse on the moon. Without the decay of organic matter, the collection of nitrogen is a little more difficult.

Time seemed to pass quickly. We had already been there for six hours. So much to see, so much to try to take in. I felt I was living in a science fiction movie. As we prepared to leave, I noticed the younger Greens were bunched more together than the adults were. They all stopped and watched as we started our walk back to the ship. I turned and waved slowly at them. Simultaneously, they all turned to look at each other, as if to solicit an acknowledgment or looking for an indication of what their response should be. It amused me.

I felt better back on the ship, knowing I was going home. But at the same time, I was leaving something extraordinary behind. The trip home seemed so much faster than the trip there. I suppose it was because the excitement of going there made time feel slower. This was very important information for the world to know. Who had a need to
know would be up to the Council of Four. As the one representing the Grays, my recommendations would be the field of science.

Explaining the facility to the Joint Chiefs was also amusing. The looks on their faces and the nervousness of their voices put humans and aliens in a different perspective—one of child and adult, with us being the children. General Foster, US Air Force, asked a great question. “If they had a weapon that could cause damage here on Earth all the way from the moon, why haven’t they ever used it? How could we defend against it?”

When I thought about that question, I could feel Gee give me the answer. “A shield can be developed that disrupts the space in front of a laser beam that refracts the beam and breaks up the applied force and potential hazard.”

The general asked me how I knew that. I smiled and looked at him. “Who am I? With whom do I speak? They say the designs for a shield will be delivered within a cycle.” That was about six hours. For the military, it was an epiphany. I was always skeptical. Why would the Grays tell us how to defend ourselves from them unless they were honest about their intentions here on Earth? It was a changer for the Joint Chiefs.

Trust is the hardest behavioral attribute to achieve. It takes a lot of patience and evidence. The Grays were at an intellectual advantage. For General Bennett, he could not confirm or deny his faith. He asked himself, “How do you play chess with someone much smarter than you?” The only logical answer would be that you do not. At this point, trust would be the only way he could proceed, always mindful of possible next moves.

I was there, on the moon. I can never look up at the moon and see the same moon. The future became the present, and I was at the head of the spear, witnessing and contributing to history. When I described the moon base, I had everyone’s full, undivided attention. I must admit, having the experience of talking softly and everyone one around listening carefully to your every word is precious. I passed along the
invitation for select volunteers from the scientific communities to participate in research abroad. These days felt like an amazing time to be alive.

By the time I got home, it was almost midnight. Marge and Lisa had worried about me. I had been spending twenty hours a day heavily involved with the government and the Grays, traveling all over the world and now off the world. They had not had a chance to witness all the little changes in me. Marge and Lisa were aware of my increased sensory abilities and muscle and hair growth, but they never put it all together for a look at the big picture.

Something I learned on this trip was that the Grays did not comprehend deceit. They understood strategic maneuvering but lying confused them. They were straightforward and to the point. I also came to appreciate the simple things in life. Seeing entire populations that have never seen a flower or heard a bird sing made me miss home in a closer way than I have ever felt. The warmth and beauty that surrounds us here on Earth means so much more after experiencing a way of life on a desolate mass of stone and dust orbiting a planet.

While I was in the lunar lab, I was given three samples of discovery to take back to human civilization. The first was a miniature vial filled with gold dust as a symbol of heritage. The second was a crystal cube one-inch square, and the third was a vial filled with what looked like clear jelly. That clear jelly would end up being the single most important discovery in medicine in two hundred years. The cube would unlock many mysteries in nano-electrical technology, data storage, and artificial intelligence. I still wear the vial of gold dust around my neck for luck and prosperity.

In the lab at Stanford University, a team of biologists, microbiologists, etymologists, and anthropologists gathered to examine the jelly substance I brought back from the moon. It was the aliens’ inner self. Their internal cavity was filled with this jelly. It had an extremely high protein count and ten times as many stem cells as humans. If a Gray were to be cut, his leather skin would grow back together almost immediately. The substance promoted growth in any cell that was
damaged. After six weeks of sixteen scientists studying the substance fifteen hours a day, our doctors and scientists discovered how to synthesize it and had a sample ready for testing on humans. Barring the regulatory bureaucracy, the Grays came to verify and authorize the results themselves.

With approval of our scientists’ work, Soo nodded and turned to me, and I could see his approval of our ability to learn and advance.
CHAPTER 18

Transcendence

For no apparent reason, I suddenly received a flood of memories flash in my head as if it were the proverbial life flashing before my eyes scenario. I pictured myself playing little league baseball; I relived my best dive while on the swim team and recalled my first kiss from a girl I adored when I was in first grade. I knew then what the twilight years were and what they meant to an aging fool who let life fly by as if it were going to last forever. I had a realization that it was all over, and the only thing left were memories.

Because time is relative, and my brain was processing information at a much faster rate than normal, I suppose much could happen in a short amount of time. As sick as I had been lately, I did not feel I had much time left. Maybe I was just trying to make sense of everything in my life and get to a point where I could accept it. We all have things we want to do or accomplish before we go, and it was starting to look like I was not going to finish the race. There are things we need to tell people, atonements to make, and regrets to forgive. I did not want to leave this world misunderstood, but in the end, we even misunderstand ourselves. I guess that is all being part of human. We also enjoy a certain amount of respect and dignity. As our time nears its end, we tend to reflect on the good things we have done and try to ignore the bad. We want to
think the world is a better place for us having been a part of it. Our ego has a hunger of its own and will fill in the gaps of our memories, usually to our benefit. However, without quantitative evidence, we all eventually come to realize all too quickly how insignificant we are as individuals. On the other hand, if my experiences that last few months were real, I would have made a positive impact on humanity and could depart this world knowing I made a difference.

I reflect back to the day I had my first contact, staring at the cherry from my cigarette, wondering if I had passed out, fell over, and hit my head. If I had hit my head or had a stroke, all the thoughts and visions of alien origin might simply be my imagination. If that were all it was, the sum of my existence would be bleak and sad. However, if anything had truly happened as I have seen, my existence would become historic and amazing. How far apart were these two options? Like night and day, black and white. Yet, inside of me, it did not really seem to matter. Since that first day, I could not stop thinking about how time seemed to stop. Stranger still, that was the only time I recall experiencing time standing still. I wondered if everything I had seen, heard, and done since that day happened. It sure felt like it had, and there seemed to be just too much going on to fit into a dream. It would be more understandable if I had been in a coma for a week. How could I tell what was real any more if everything seemed like a dream?

I woke up with no reference to time, lying in a hospital bed, wondering where I was and what was happening. I had a respirator hose crammed down my throat, which, by the way, must be one of the most uncomfortable things I have ever experienced short of being stung by a bee in the nostril. A little pump mounted on a stand near my head was making an annoying plunger sound—swish, knock, swish, knock—about every two seconds just driving me crazy. I wanted to yank the hose out but realized it was doing my breathing for me. I had wires stuck all over my body and a damn catheter crammed up my urethra. I thought for a moment that I would have rather been dead. I knew what I was doing every time I lit a cigarette and knew that one day, I would end up here, but until you screw something up and experience the negative effects, you cannot fully appreciate the good fortune of
making the right decision. Then I thought for a moment that this might be a dream. I was really hoping it was a dream.

I did not know if I was seeing the future or if it was really happening now. It appears just hours earlier, I felt better than I ever have. All my problems vanished. Now I was waiting for the grim reaper, alone in a strange place, with all this crap attached to me. Changes in the monitors I was plugged into alerted the nursing staff that I was awake. Together with the resident on staff, they came into my room to examine my vitals. The doctor pulled out the respirator. What a huge relief that was.

I asked how I got there. Apparently, I had passed out on the porch. My daughter had come outside to tell me goodnight and found me lying on the ground. She ran inside, crying to my wife that I was lying out on the porch and she thought I was dead. My wife came outside with her phone in her hand and dialed 911, and there I was. I began to think that the bright light I saw and the sharp pain in my eyes was the point where I toppled over and hit my head on the concrete. That would make everything I experienced after that a dream or a trip through another dimension. I so much wanted to vocalize the *Twilight Zone* ditty, but my throat hurt too badly from the respirator. This just could not be. There was too much going on, and for about a month. I thought to myself, *There's no way. It must be real.* Then it suddenly dawned on me; I did not feel God’s presence anymore. Then the old familiar aches and pains revealed themselves. I went a whole month feeling great, and now I was back to where I was. These may have been the most disappointing days of my life.

Now that I was awake and coherent, they decided to move me to another room with an oxygen tent. My O₂ levels were extremely low and started to affect other organs and bodily functions. They told me bluntly, but with compassion, that I was very sick and that my chances of dying before the end of the day were extremely high. Lack of oxygen can trigger the entire body to stop regenerating cell growth. If my body were in such decline, each of my organs would start to shut down. They had called my wife to let her know I was awake. They advised her
to come down to the hospital to see me and receive a briefing on my condition. It could not have been more than ten minutes from then when I started drifting in and out of consciousness.

I saw myself rise from my body and sink back in, then rise again. All appearances indicated that I was leaving my body, floating above myself. Looking down at my body lying perfectly still on the bed put everything in perspective. It was an out-of-body experience, and I was a witness to the end of my life. In this state, I could feel God all around me again. Now I was starting to wonder if I were dreaming again. That was the last confused thought I had. From that point forward, I felt only peace and tranquility; I saw and heard nothing but beauty. I could imagine myself soaring through a rainbow. The faint colors were moving all about, fading in and out, and with each color came a separate tone. It sounded like a symphony. He was telling me it was time to come home, to become a part of him, to leave the physical world behind.

I supposed this was my journey into the light. It was not as I expected, but I knew what it was just the same. Like smoke being drawn into a vent, I ascended from my body and merged with God. This time it was different. I always felt that I could turn around and back out of God. This time, I did not have to think. I knew there was nothing behind me and the only direction to go was forward. There are many stories of end-of-life experiences that people do not give much attention to it anymore, like the boy who cried wolf. Many recorded experiences can be explained through science. Some can only be described as spiritual.

I was connected to a vast network of knowledge. I saw my body lay still as medical personnel came running into the room, frantic to bring me back. People respond to fear. The fear of death makes us believe death is a bad thing. As I looked back to myself, I finally got it. My body was certainly dead. However, with me still being able to identify as myself, shapeless though I may be, I was having present time thoughts implying that I still existed. Was I now my own spirit, my soul, my essence? Unlike the concept of what a living person’s idea of a spirit or soul would be, I no longer had a need to cling to the memories of
who I was, what I did, or anything else associated with my life. I felt liberated and that my time on Earth was over. Like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon, does he dwell on his days as a caterpillar? I can tell you the answer is no, but the only way you can know for sure is make the transition yourself. And we all will. When you are no longer attached to things, places, people, ideologies, hopes, or dreams you had when you were alive, a complete and total sense of freedom, without a care in the world, will become the blanket that comforts you in the next dimension. You will no longer be you; you will become part of God.

Looking back at our transgressions loses all its relevance. Those are things for the physical world. For beyond, we will not think like humans; we will perceive things in a mathematical and logical sense. Emotions fade to an understanding and become the Chi in the balance of our next existence. We will no longer be a little itty-bitty organism feeding off the skin of the Earth. Our bodies will become part of the Earth once more. I have talked to so many people who believe our consciousness or soul transcends to heaven, hell, or purgatory or is reincarnated, keeping intact all the memories we have accumulated in our lives. These are all nice thoughts and, in some way, partially true. Our consciousness does transcend and become one with God. However, we are no longer human, and human thought and emotion are not relevant in the great beyond. Our complex lives are left with the memories of the living. We assimilate into a greater existence, energy in its basic and eternal form. Everything in and about our lives is a contribution toward cosmic consciousness.

This link between worlds exists for a reason. However, it is only for those with the ability to connect with this being, a being of pure energy. This was my God. I could feel his presence, and from this point forward, I do not feel as though I am still me. Everything about me will forever be a part of this great being, so I guess it is safe to say, “I’ll see you here.” As my mind began to expand to a new environment, one of Mother Earth, I could feel what the trees were feeling—not that they feel, but rather they can sense the rhythm of the Earth and surrounding trees. Even the grass has its own unique frequency. In the air were whispers
from tree to tree as the wind picked up, and at that point, I had never felt closer to my creator.

Having what many would call an out-of-body experience, I could feel myself ascend, and all I could see was different colors in the light, like waves of different-colored ribbons floating in the air. I followed a band of orange light, and I felt warm. It was a comforting feeling, very peaceful. I passed right though the walls and out into the open air, where I encountered the aura of some nearby trees. A very subtle energy was being emitted from the trees. That is when I felt the trees talk to each other—not a complex conversation as we might have, just a projected sense of wellbeing. The humming of the lights was heaven to my ears, beautiful in pitch and tone. I thought this had to be heaven. But there were no people. Here, we were all one.

Then, all the sudden I received a jolt pulling me backward, as if it were gravity. It felt as though I were falling. Being sucked back into my body was more like it. I did not want to go. I wanted to stay and visit the garden. I stretched out my hand to find something to hold on to, but I was grasping at air. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. "Damn!" That was all I could think. I had a burning feeling inside my whole body, and then I opened my eyes. I had only one thought. I was in paradise; these foolish people brought me out of Eden and back to the colonies down on the surface. I was in the presence of God, and all was right in the universe. Now I was back among the living, except, now I had burn marks on my chest from the defibrillator paddles.

I am not 100 percent sure of what happened. The best I can tell is, I must have had a stoke, fell over, passed out, woke up in the hospital, later died, and came back to life, and now I am feeling changes happening inside of me again. I thought it was all a dream. I am beginning to feel either of them could be the dream or both. Had I been in two dimensions at the same time, or past and present at the same time? The electrical jolt from the defibrillator seemed to have sent my altered DNA into replication mode. I can see the image in my mind of the slice in my DNA growing. All my senses are sharpening; I no longer crave nicotine or caffeine. This feeling is like the first time I could tell
my senses were getting better. But this time is so much faster and more powerful. Suddenly I did not feel so disappointed about coming back to life.

I have learned that life is just one instrument on the grand orchestra; other forces keep it all in harmony. I suppose death will have me when it has me. I had to have been brought back because my work was not done yet. At this point, I really do not believe it matters anymore. Every day with a thought in my head is a day I am living, patiently waiting for eternal peace. I am living on borrowed time, that much is clear. What I am supposed to do with it will just have to come to me.

Part of me really felt drained. I was in bad health, then good health, then died and came back again. I am tired, but in my head, things are happening. It is like when you drink a shot of whiskey. A few seconds after it goes down, a slight spike in blood pressure raises your mercury and you are off to the races. I closed my eyes, knowing I needed the rest but just recovering from death. My mind would not let me sleep. I could tell right away that this was not going to be a restful night.

Rubbing my sore neck before going to bed that evening, I had a thought that life for animals began with the development of the brain stem around the seventh day from conception. Without the brain stem, the only thing you would have is a blob of single cells stuck together. My DNA makes me unique, as it does for everyone, and our study of the mind has many fancy words for behavioral differences we share. Feeling a different dimension all around me seems normal now, but I believe others here on Earth can feel it too. Psychopaths and sociopaths are evidence that damage to their brains is a result of genetic defects. They are not living in the same dimension as we are, or for that matter multiple dimensions.

We have been doing stem cell research for quite a while now; soon a breakthrough in understanding will open another door to the universe. Every now and then I wonder if I am going to wake up in a strange place, as if the past week or month had been a dream. Death may simply be another dimension.
I have said before that the brain is the most complex of things we have yet to master. What separates us from less-complex forms of life is memory. Our ability to store and recall memories gives us the power to plan and execute those plans to achieve something. We are at the steering wheel of our own lives, ultimately responsible to no one other than ourselves. Plants may have a known behavior, such as, swaying toward the sunlight, or curling up when the sun goes down, but they cannot plan their next day.

After being released from the hospital, it seemed like I had been cooped up in the house for weeks. I meditate quite often and would occasionally take a trip in my mind. I could close my eyes and blacken everything out, and the lights of a different universe would come on. I could feel myself being drawn from place to place through a wormhole, a star gate, a portal, or anything else it may be called. I can focus on a place, and within my mind, I can visualize everything that is going on there in real time. However, I can only observe. My physical body may be in a chair in the living room, but I can be witness to events within the Emerald City. In my mind, I can see proof of time travel, but because one can only be in one dimension at a time, it cannot be proven, only experienced. It is like looking at a quantum quark; as soon as you look at it, it disappears.

I had all but resigned to stay hidden away, overloaded with information. For the first time I can reasonably compare my life as a human and what I have become, having been changed. I have learned more in one month than I have during the first fifty-seven years. It appears humans have a very long way to go. Even with my abilities, I have a long way to go.

Thinking of Gee and Soo was all it took for them to visit me. They walked into my room out of thin air. It had been confusing me for quite a while now, and I had to ask, “How in the world do you do that—appear and disappear? Where do you go?”

They told me that they had been granted powers and understandings from the two Gods that they alone possessed, one of which was the ability to create an alternate dimension and pass back and forth through
them at will. They had created a castle in their other dimension where they had total and complete safety and security. No one else was there and neither could anyone ever go there without Soo and Gee taking them there. It is their Valhalla, their Mount Olympus, their heaven.

They allowed me a demonstration. Taking my hand, they stepped into the past. We found ourselves standing in the snow, across the Potomac River, where we were able to observe George Washington and his men loading boats with supplies. We could see them, but they could not see us, and neither could we physically interact with them. However, they could still place a thought in someone’s head in that dimension. Gee held my hand again, and we were back in the house. They explained that they had been beside me in another dimension many times without my knowledge.

If it was customary for the Grays to select two every three hundred years to ascend into the leadership position, I wondered what happened to the other leader. I had only seen one leader, but their custom was to have two. Gee said that he had passed to his Olympus around the time we were experimenting with nuclear bombs. It was a very rough time for the leader. He knew his time was coming soon. New leaders had not ascended yet, and he had lost a partner of 250 years. Left to lead his people alone, he had begun to doubt his ability to keep the world from destroying itself. We were playing with fire, things we did not understand, and being able to make it to the Tricentennial and pass on the scepter was more than a blessing to him. It solidified his purpose. He had successfully led his people for three hundred years, brought them to the pinnacle of peace, and he could finally afford the opportunity to relax.

Soo and Gee had officially assumed the leadership of the Grays; the older leader had retired and was preparing himself for his final journey. They came to me as mentors and as gods. They were a species of knowledge and intelligence, absent of noticeable emotion yet aware of the presence of a god. The ceremony proved the Grays are a spiritual race. They believe in a higher power, acknowledge it every day, and celebrate it every three hundred years.
Though they alone had the power to pass back and forth from one dimension to another, they came to visit me today to teach me to prepare myself for my final journey. As odd as it may be, their leader and I were linked together. We had fulfilled our commitments to God and were ready to receive the future in another dimension.

I have seen the light before. Unlike then, inside me I could feel the changes. Little by little, my body was telling me good night. One part at a time simply faded off to sleep. In total comfort and peace, I began to fade. Memories began to fill the empty spaces in my head. As more and more of my conscious body became unconscious, the deeper the dreams and memories I had. I guess it is true that we relive our lives at the end. The judgment, some would say. But I did not feel judgment; I felt satisfaction—the satisfaction of experiencing a fantastic journey and heading toward an even more fascinating journey.

Cultures have been staring at the stars at night for millennia. Even though we know there is more out there in the universe, it is just too far away, too complex, and too many to fully comprehend. We deal in terms of numbers we are familiar with, and when numbers in the billions and trillions come into play, we can no longer put it into perspective. It is one thing to say we are but a grain of sand on a beach, but to put that beach on a planet, the planet in a solar system, the solar system in a galaxy, and the galaxy in a universe puts it far beyond our comprehension.

It is just a short amount of time before those concepts are understood as I got closer to my singularity. Soo and Gee stood beside me and took hold of my hands, Soo on the right and Gee on the left. They led me through an invisible door to another dimension, a dimension where I was lying on the front porch after staring at the cherry of my cigarette. Time spans the universe, and angels can access these dimensional wormholes. Taking me back to the beginning of the end allowed me to accept the end as a new beginning. If things were real or imaginary, would I be any wiser either way, and did it really matter?

Upon looking down at my body on the pavement, I suddenly understood. My body had failed me, and life as I knew it was ending.
Years of physical abuse caused me to have a stroke, and for just a few minutes of unconscious time, I experienced a lifetime of amazing and fascinating events. A gift in passing, I suppose, but the inevitable was upon me. As I was drawn back into my body, I could hear my heart faintly beating slower and slower until it finally stopped beating altogether. I knew what was happening, but it did not seem to bother me. Even without a beating heart, I could see Soo and Gee standing in front of me.

Gee bent over and told me, “It’s time to go.”

With the oxygen levels decreasing, I had gone completely numb. My thoughts gave way to the darkness and a peaceful calm. Like a lullaby, it cradled me as I focused on a single dot of light in a vast dark space. With the thoughts and voices of Soo and Gee guiding me, I drifted off.
Lincoln left us a better man. He also left a story. His thoughts had been in tune with the universe, if only briefly, and wisdom grew within him. His memoirs have been recorded, and in honor of his passing, here are a few of his final thoughts to share.

We went from huts to high rises, from walking to riding to flying. We have traveled across the world and out into space. Can anyone honestly say we have not evolved? These were significant accomplishments. However, we did not do it alone. Our Gods have been there with us, guiding us, encouraging us, and sometimes enslaving us. You can only imagine how much more evolved we will become in the future. We must continue to challenge ourselves and never give up pursuit for answers. When you give up, you lose your hopes and dreams. It is our dreams that drive us forward and the engine for creativity and inspiration.

Mankind has made tremendous advances in the course of our existence, especially in the last one hundred years, mostly in the fields of science. The arts, on the other hand, require history to determine their value. It will be something for our great-great-great-offspring to judge. To think that humans have only been around for a second on the universe’s watch is amazing. One hundred thousand years of existence compared
to the billions of years ahead of us should make all of us wonder at the possibilities that our dreams may come true.

People wanting or needing a little hope in their lives find much solace in the concept of a higher power and that he, she, or it has our best interest at heart. If there were a bridge between science and religion, where both are true, and both support each other's hypothesis, would we be able to accept it? I am not a fan of organized religion because of the politics in which it is administered. However, being organized is necessary for groups to be able to monitor and adjust to the changing times. Religions are evolving just as social mores are evolving. Some groups are taking longer than others, but in the end, we will all be replaced by new generations with new priorities. Within a few hundred years, the human intellectual capacity will have grown beyond the petty differences that keep us on the battlefield and make us look at each other differently. We may still have war, but they will be as it was in antiquity, for land and resources rather than ideology and hate.

Our physical life may be short, but an infinite amount of knowledge is available. Our descendants will learn the answers to all the questions we have today, and their descendants will learn even more. We can look back at the technology that bolted us into a new era and look forward to the future at new technologies taking us to the next.

Soon a day will come when we become able to communicate telepathically. This will be the first sign. The second sign will be the ability to alter electromagnetic energy around us, allowing us to manipulate electronics and thought. These changes will be a direct result from the DNA alteration and mutations of our ancestors to us, or the physical changes in us applied by contact from other beings. In either case, a new strand of DNA has given many very real and very advanced genetic signatures. The ability of our cells to create a new form of protein so rich in molecular fuel for neurological evolution may help us understand the future unfolding before our eyes.

As God circles the globe, he also circles the sun. Perpetual existence is in the Goldilocks Zone. He thrives on the radiation of the sun, absorbing, using, and transforming the energy from light and heat
to working units of ultra-low, amplified frequencies, capable of transferring knowledge and information to all creation. He is literally keeping the planet alive. In about a billion years, the sun’s expansion will stretch out far enough to recreate the environmental conditions necessary to sustain life on Mars again. The creation of an atmosphere on Mars will give us another 500 million years of existence in this solar system. Perhaps the ability to adapt to one of Saturn’s moons will increase it even further.

Getting to these places has been a fascinating area of physics, a new intergalactic propulsion system. As God arrived here from across the universe, hitching a ride on the photons from a distant star, our future will see a space station with a photon propulsion system. Groups of five hundred will travel to parts unknown to colonize distant solar systems. From there on out, a new era will replace the recent intellectual era, an era of interstellar travel and adventure. These new pioneers will see things only imagined in a sci-fi thriller.

This is not because Earth may not be here in the future; it will be around a long time after we are gone. However, because it is in our nature to explore, expand, and learn, we take to the heavens. We put our strengths and weaknesses to the test. It is something we are very familiar with. We love a challenge, and “the Final Frontier” is the obvious choice. Imagine large cities thriving on foreign planets or moons with a completely self-sufficient colony, to include agriculture, commerce, industry, and banking. Banking and commerce will be based on credit. Their individual value will be based on their contribution. We will not have a need for currency. However, the nature by which the credits are earned will be the issue of the day. We are still about a hundred years away from interstellar travel and space colonization, but the technological advances necessary for such an adventure will also aid mankind here at home. Colonies on the ocean floor will be a proving ground for future exploration. If we can sustain life and a viable civilization in an underwater city, we will be well on our way to establishing colonies elsewhere in the solar system, galaxies, and eventually the universe.
Gravity is a hurdle, but the rotation of the habitation zone within the spacecraft will help preserve muscle mass and maintain continuity in our motions. The concept that gravity is like a magnet drawing something toward it is not completely accurate without adding dark matter into the equation. When an object has mass, the displaced space is constantly trying to refill the space that had been taken over. The denser the mass the more space has been displaced, thus the greater gravity. By providing centrifugal force, the ship can simulate the gravity of Earth or other bodies in space.

There is no decay in the wide-open empty space; objects floating outside of a solar system are frozen in time. Garbage and trash will have to be incinerated before being jettisoned to keep any of our contaminants from someday finding their way to another world. All refuse includes the populace as their lives end. Life aboard a rocky planet could take hundreds if not thousands of generations. The ship would have to be self-sufficient in every respect to include the ability to fabricate anything that they could possibly need. The lab section would have to be large. Everything from here to there would have to be studied and analyzed. Strict nourishment rationing and water conservation will be a very familiar daily routine.

Along with colonies on the moon and Mars, where we will have some very prosperous mining operations, we will set up outposts on the edge of our solar system for travelers to visit—an oasis space station, a space vacation spot. Each of these, including the spacecraft, will have one thing in common: the ability to fully sustain themselves indefinitely. That will be our main priority and the challenge to develop a system to accomplish that will be an assignment for our finest educational systems. The top young minds in the world will have an opportunity to leave a legacy for all travelers. We have all seen science fiction movies or read books; from the minds of man, the future is forged. As we dare to dream, we inevitably create the circumstances needed to pursue those dreams.

The photon propulsion system will enable us to travel at roughly half the speed of light, and that would make space travel possible. The
privately owned, heavily regulated mining operations will provide financing for further exploration and colonization. A miniaturized version of this system will be retrofit to hovercraft here at home. Elected by peer review, a council will preside over all space-related programs. In a constitutional twist, the presiding world body, appointed to this council, will consist of one representative from each of the following counties: The United States, Russia, China, India, England, Germany, and Australia. The European Union turned out to be a massive mistake for most and an enabling tool of deprivation for some. The constitutional twist comes when other counties adopt the same system for their own governments.

Appointments to the House, to the Senate, to Parliaments, even the presidency shall be appointments. The main criteria to be eligible to preside on a council will be the ability to read others’ minds. Hence, the peer review will filter the integrity of the council members. There will be seven council members on any set council and appointments will last seven years and no longer. Former council members then become a team of advisors to the council. Even the court system is replaced with a council. There will be no need for lengthy legal battles. Being that the council will have access to truth straight from the accused and the accuser, tribunals will be swift.

We have come to love our freedoms and detest the thought of being told how to live our lives. However, the future of mankind will one day depend on conforming to a set of standards worthy of the great advances in technology and ability to adapt to social mores. Because these mores will involve other intelligent species, we will have to evolve culturally in unfamiliar ways. Responsibility does not wane because of our likes and dislikes. If anything, it puts our resolve to belong to the test.
EPILOGUE

Through Lincoln’s adventures, be they only in his head, he learned the meaning of life, “Our sole purpose for existing is to create a more perfect way to exist, thus to evolve.” Unfortunately, we are not quite ready for the intellectual era. Humans are simply incapable of understanding the vastness of space or what a million degrees Fahrenheit could compare to. They are numbers so large and concepts so far away that we can never get to them. However, every generation adapting and perfecting the art of existence may lead us closer. The more we understand, the closer to the answer we become.

The fact that Lincoln’s experiences were an illusion or took place in another dimension makes no difference. The technological advances and medical breakthroughs may not have happened, but one day they will. They will because to dare is to dream. We are a self-perpetual science experiment; the only question is how far we can go.

Our perceptions of the world around us create the reality in which we live. Just as time is relative, everyone experiences their own reality. What is true for me may not be true for you. For example, I consider myself a pleasant person, but others may not. It is their prerogative to see me in any light they wish. We choose to believe what we believe; we like what we like and dislike what we do not. Our lives play out in our minds, with no two people thinking exactly alike. We all live in our own dimensions. We dream to create a new reality that answers the questions of our subconscious.

We pretend so we may experience an alternate view of any given situation. It is always better to feel that you are right rather than being on the losing end of an argument. People will distort the truth if a lie
makes more sense. We have been exploring other dimensions, other realities, our entire lives. It starts at infancy. When a baby sees, hears, or feels something, that information is added to his or her world of perceptions. As they grow, they play and create little worlds for their toys. All the little rules they have learned so far play a part in their game. Ultimately, they learn to manipulate the game. Therefore, from early on, we train ourselves to go beyond the limits of established understanding and create an environment conducive to our desires. That is how we have been able to invent so much in such a short amount of time; we dream.

If this story were just a dream, I would argue that the human mind is a wonderful thing to have. It is like living two separate and different lives. Most people only have one, and they are usually disappointed with it. We can be anything we want to be inside our own heads. There are many hospitals filled with patients living lives we cannot reach in their minds. We all live in our own little worlds, the difference being that most of us can share our world with others or come back to the one that counts when we must. Sadly, some cannot. The difference between existing and living is the level of enjoyment we get out of it. Sometimes it is necessary to create new perspectives and push the boundaries of life’s logic. Everything evolves, even dreams.

In the end, Lincoln realized that you take nothing with you when you go. The only measure of success in life is the experiences you entertained. True or not, real or imaginary, he experienced more in the last few moments of his life than during the fifty-seven years preceding his enlightenment. For Lincoln, fifty-eight is the new forty-two, and the answer to everything will always be a moment into the future.