

I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember

*An Expanded View of the
Alien Abduction Phenomenon*



Katharina Wilson

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This book is dedicated to the memories of

Doreen and Rose Marie



Table of Contents

Foreword	13
<i>An Expanded View Of The Alien Abduction Phenomenon</i>	
Introduction	17
<i>A Duty</i>	
So, You Think I'm Crazy?	19
<i>Psychological and Physical Evaluations</i>	
<i>Don't Trust Just Any Shrink</i>	
<i>PTSD: Posttraumatic Stress Disorder</i>	
Chapter One: 1994 – Super Conscious Beings	25
<i>An Alien Presence</i>	
Chapter Two: 1994 – Life Force	29
<i>Do They Clone?</i>	
Chapter Three: 1994 – The Proud Father	35
<i>A Pregnant Grey</i>	
Chapter Four: 1995 – White Light: Black Cloud	39
<i>Doreen</i>	
<i>The Mind's Eye</i>	
Chapter Five: 1995 – Transition	43
<i>Conversation With A Hybrid</i>	
<i>Good-bye</i>	
Chapter Six: 1995 – MUFON 1995 International Symposium	49
<i>Ufology: A Scientific Paradigm</i>	
Chapter Seven – It's About Time...It's About Space	53
<i>Levitation</i>	
<i>Bi-dimensional</i>	
<i>Removed From Earth</i>	
<i>Time Quake</i>	
<i>Soul Mate</i>	
<i>Rose Marie</i>	

Chapter Eight: 1997 – Military Abductions	101	63
<i>Who Are We Seeing?</i>		
<i>Motive</i>		
<i>Maintaining Secrecy</i>		
<i>Helping Mankind</i>		
Chapter Nine – Someone To Watch Over Me	67	
<i>Mormons or Hybrids?</i>		
<i>Trigger</i>		
<i>OCS Dream</i>		
<i>CIA-FBI Aspirations</i>		
<i>What If?</i>		
Chapter Ten: 1997 – In The Military?	73	
<i>Top Secret Dry Cleaning Service?</i>		
<i>White Sands, New Mexico</i>		
<i>What Am I?</i>		
<i>Phone Strangeness</i>		
<i>Secret Base in Alaska</i>		
Chapter Eleven: 1997 – “Your Life Won’t Mean Anything...”	81	
<i>The Y-8</i>		
<i>The Military Man</i>		
<i>Abducted By The Military</i>		
Chapter Twelve: 1997 – The Holographic Pilot	87	
<i>Inside My Mind</i>		
Chapter Thirteen: 1997 – NS/2059: One Hell Of A Helicopter	89	
<i>Original Internet Search Results</i>		
Chapter Fourteen: 1998 – Laparoscopy	95	
<i>Amnesiac Drugs</i>		
<i>Murder</i>		
Chapter Fifteen: 1998 – The Diplomat	101	
Chapter Sixteen: 1998 – New Elements	105	
<i>She Has No Name</i>		
<i>Oh, What A Beautiful Cat</i>		
Chapter Seventeen: 1999 – The Trio	109	



Table Of Contents

Chapter Eighteen: 1999 – Precious	113
<i>The Real Deal</i>	
<i>Sleep Enforced Memory</i>	
Chapter Nineteen: 1999 – Honey To The Bees	119
<i>Mining My Body</i>	
<i>Reciprocity</i>	
Chapter Twenty: 1999 – Welcome To Hell	127
<i>Man On The Moon</i>	
Chapter Twenty-one: 2000 – The Year That Never Was	131
Chapter Twenty-two: 2000 – The City Of Charlatans	135
<i>City Of Fraud</i>	
<i>Satanic Hunters</i>	
<i>Trailer Trash</i>	
<i>The Ark</i>	
Chapter Twenty-three: 2001 – “What Planet Are You From?”	141
<i>Spontaneous Memory</i>	
Chapter Twenty-four: 2001 – September 11, 2001	145
<i>Vision Of Death</i>	
<i>Betrayal</i>	
Chapter Twenty-five: 2001 – The Accidental Remote Viewer	149
<i>Black-Ops</i>	
<i>Different, But Similar</i>	
<i>Interdimensionalism</i>	
Chapter Twenty-six: 2002 – Isolation	153
<i>Shame</i>	
Chapter Twenty-seven: 2002 – The Blonde	157
<i>The Blonde Revisited</i>	
Chapter Twenty-eight: 2002 – “Before-Effects” & Aftereffects	161
<i>Bell Shaped Craft</i>	
Chapter Twenty-nine: 2002 – Lisa’s Baby	165
<i>Do You Remember Names?</i>	

Chapter Thirty: 2002 – Liquid Memory	167
<i>Room Of Horror</i>	
<i>It Really Blew My Mind</i>	
Chapter Thirty-one: 2003 – I Can't Live Without My Memories	173
<i>Abandoned Hospital</i>	
<i>Never Willingly</i>	
Chapter Thirty-two: 2003 – “Three Coins In The Fountain”	179
<i>Silent “Helicopter”</i>	
<i>A Stern Warning</i>	
Chapter Thirty-three: 2003 – Drugs And Interrogation	185
<i>The Interrogation</i>	
<i>Why Use A Phone Number?</i>	
Chapter Thirty-four: 2004 – Two Babies	191
<i>Did You Let Her In?</i>	
<i>Little Naked Beings</i>	
<i>She Looked Just Like Me</i>	
Chapter Thirty-five: 2005 – “Remove...their memories.”	197
Chapter Thirty-six: 2005 – Fifth-Dimensional Star Book	199
<i>Bypassing Sine Waves</i>	
Chapter Thirty-seven: 2005 – “They Shall Be Revealed”	203
<i>Wow</i>	
Chapter Thirty-eight: 2005 – Meltdown	207
<i>Destiny</i>	
Chapter Thirty-nine: 2006 – Missing Time	211
<i>My Sisters</i>	
<i>The Lights Of Peoria</i>	
<i>Bubble Craft</i>	
Chapter Forty: 2006 – Human, But Not Human	219
<i>The Ultimate Experiment</i>	
<i>Culmination</i>	
Chapter Forty-one: 2006 – Future Earth	227
<i>Three Turning Points</i>	



Table Of Contents

Chapter Forty-two: A World At War	231
<i>Changing Our Destiny</i>	
<i>Interdimensional War</i>	
<i>Joining Forces</i>	
<i>Mottled Skin</i>	
<i>Removed Prior To War</i>	
<i>Crying For Humanity</i>	
Chapter Forty-three – Good News: Bad News	241
<i>Bad News</i>	
<i>Positive Versus Negative</i>	
<i>Terrorism</i>	
<i>Manipulation</i>	
<i>Pudgy With Wrinkled Skin</i>	
<i>As Good As It Gets</i>	
<i>Training</i>	
<i>Hybrid Breeding Program</i>	
<i>Redheaded Greys</i>	
<i>They Shall Be Revealed</i>	
Afterword	257
Appendix I	263
<i>Doreen's Experiences</i>	
Appendix II	269
<i>Birth & Childhood Oddities</i>	
Bibliography.....	275



Foreword

An Expanded View of Alien Abduction

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

The footnotes, published in the “Notes” section at the end of each chapter, contain important information pertaining to my case. I have tried to include certain information from my previous books to help people who have not read them better understand my life-story. Appendix I *Doreen’s Experiences* will make more sense after Chapter Seven and all chapters preceding it have been read. Appendix II *Birth & Childhood Oddities* can be read as a stand-alone and was included for abductees, parents of abductees and abduction researchers.

Describing human interaction with alien species’ that are telepathic, technologically advanced and perhaps even interdimensional is not only highly controversial; it is also subjective and by its very nature, disjointed at times. This book will be no different. It is simply the way the phenomenon operates. If you are familiar with this subject you will quickly realize that this book is an expanded view of the alien abduction phenomenon.

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

Alien abductees do not always remember traveling to where they interact with these Beings, but some will remember being inside a light beam or of being floated out of their homes and into what appears to be an extraterrestrial craft. Sometimes the Beings interact with the abductee in their home while at other times they may take them to what the abductee believes is another planet or dimension.

For the most part, experiencers of alien abduction are still ridiculed and disbelieved. Over the past twenty or so years this has been slowly changing, but the subject is still very controversial. It can also be potentially dangerous to publicly admit that you are interacting with extraterrestrial or interdimensional Beings.

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

#



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

Introduction

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

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

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

A Duty

My life story as it relates to the UFO abduction phenomenon was published in *The Alien Jigsaw* in 1993. That book ended in 1992 and was followed with *The Alien Jigsaw Researcher's Supplement*. In addition to analytical data and drawings, the *Supplement* provided the reader with a general overview of the year 1993. In 1996, I published a monograph on this Web site titled *Project Open Mind: Are Some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?*

This book begins in 1994 and covers my experiences through the year 2006, a total of 12 years. All of the information in this book is from my conscious memories; no hypnosis was used.

As with *The Alien Jigsaw*, I feel compelled once again to make certain information public as soon as possible. Not all of those contacted have conscious recall of their experiences and many who do cannot, for various reasons, go public with their experiences. For me, I cannot just “sit” on the information I have learned from these incredible Beings. Part of the reason we are being contacted *has* to be for information sharing. It just makes sense.

I am still impressed with how important it is for an abductee to keep a journal. I begrudgingly kept writing in my journal even after swearing off aliens in my life and trying to distance myself from people associated with the phenomenon. Too many strange things were going on and I was tired. I realized that I was getting close to burnout and I needed to ground myself. I decided to stop speaking publicly about my experiences in 1997. In 1999 I published a couple of lengthy articles on my Web site and haven't written or spoken publicly about my experiences since.

What surprised me when I reviewed my journals recently was that: (1) I actually experienced so many things I would not have remembered had I not kept a journal and (2) I survived them. Not everyone makes it through this "journey" in one piece. Thankfully, I have my husband, who is my best friend, to thank for my still being here.

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



So, You Think I'm Crazy?

Psychological and Physical Evaluations

During my investigation into determining what was happening to me, I underwent two psychological evaluations.

Three years prior to what I call my “awakening” to the fact I had been abducted by alien Beings, I was rushed to a neurologist because I was having an intense migraine headache, which was so bad, I thought I might be dying.

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

He administered the MMPI (Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory) to me. At my next appointment with him, this doctor told me the test showed that I was a normal young woman who “... really likes men.” I’m not sure exactly what he was trying to say, but since I am a female, I figured it was okay to like men. He also told me something to the effect that, I was not a very nurturing personality type and I would not make a good nurse. That was okay with me since I had no ambitions to become a nurse.

I remember asking this doctor if he believed in UFOs. The question surprised me almost as much as it surprised him. At that time, I had no idea why I would ask him such a question. He then told me that he had never seen a UFO and did not know anyone who ever had. Needless to say, I didn’t bring the subject of UFOs up with him again.

For the next three months I had to chart everything I did each day, everything I ate each day, and where I was during my menstrual cycle. It was very methodical and I was very honest. I wanted the pain and anxiety to stop so I could get on with my life.

After three months, he diagnosed me - believe it or not - with “a serious case of premenstrual syndrome,” which certainly took me by surprise. I was somewhat insulted and felt it was no better than what my neurologist had told me about the way I was feeling, that I should try to “...stop worrying so much.” I felt that the entire three months I saw this psychologist was a complete waste of time.

My next visit to a psychologist was after I had conscious recall of what I found to be very bizarre, very vividly detailed experiences with what I now know to be alien Beings.

This information is all documented in depth in *The Alien Jigsaw*, so I'll make this succinct. In 1987 I filled out a questionnaire in *Omni Magazine* about missing time and the possibility of alien abduction. I mailed my questionnaire to abduction researcher Budd Hopkins and after meeting with him a couple of times, he put me in touch with an investigator with MUFON.¹ Through this investigator, I was then put in touch with another psychologist who was a forensic clinical psychologist.

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

I believe that today I am a much more nurturing and sensitive individual than I was when I saw the first psychologist, and I would not be surprised if the two MMPIs were very different in what they revealed about me. One was administered "pre-awakening" and the other was administered "post-awakening." Unfortunately, I do not have access to either test, but it would certainly be an interesting theory to be able to prove.

I have had certain family members tell me that I really changed during the time I became consciously aware of my alien experiences. In other words, they do not feel that I'm the same old Katharina they once knew. Perhaps it was just all of the clutter that was building up from a lifetime of experiences. Eventually, it had to come to consciousness because there was no room in my brain and consciousness for the information to be hidden or repressed any longer.

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

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



For those of you who do not know what post-traumatic stress disorder is or think you may suffer from it, I have listed the Diagnostic Criteria as they appear in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual for Mental Disorders or DSM-IV*:²

Don't Trust Just Any Shrink

I feel it is important for me to tell anyone who is reading this that posttraumatic stress disorder can be caused by many different things. If you are at this site or are reading this book because you believe you have had experiences with non-human Beings and you are having problems, please contact MUFON, the Mutual UFO Network. There is also a list of abduction support sites listed in this chapter after my notes.

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

PTSD: Posttraumatic Stress Disorder

Diagnostic criteria for 309.81 Posttraumatic Stress Disorder

- A. The person has been exposed to a traumatic event in which both of the following were present:
 - (1) the person experienced witnessed, or was confronted with an event or events that involved actual or threatened death or serious injury, or a threat to the physical integrity of others
 - (2) the person's response involved intense fear, helplessness, or horror. Note: In children, this may be expressed instead by disorganized or agitated behavior.
- B. The traumatic event is persistently re-experienced in one (or more) of the following ways:
 - (1) recurrent and distressing recollections of the event, including images, thoughts, or perceptions. Note: In young children, repetitive play may occur in which themes or aspects of the trauma are expressed.
 - (2) Recurrent distressing dreams of the event. Note: in children, there may be frightening dreams without recognizable content.

- (3) acting or feeling if the traumatic event were recurring (includes a sense of reliving the experience, illusions, hallucinations, and dissociative flashback episodes, including those that occur on awakening or when intoxicated).
Note: In young children, trauma-specific reenactment may occur.
 - (4) Intense psychological distress at exposure to internal or external cues that symbolize or resemble an aspect of the traumatic event
 - (5) Physiological reactivity on exposure to internal or external cues that symbolize or resemble an aspect of the traumatic event.
- C. Persistent avoidance of stimuli associated with the trauma and numbing of general responsiveness (not present before the trauma), as indicated by three or more of the following:
- (1) efforts to avoid thoughts, feelings, or conversations associated with the trauma
 - (2) efforts to avoid activities, places, or people that arouse recollections of the trauma
 - (3) inability to recall an important aspect of the trauma
 - (4) markedly diminished interest or participation in significant activities
 - (5) feeling of detachment or estrangement from others
 - (6) restricted range of affect. (e.g., unable to have loving feelings)
 - (7) Sense of a foreshortened future (e.g., does not expect to have a career, marriage, children, or a normal life span)
- D. Persistent symptoms of increased arousal (not present before the trauma), as indicated by two (or more) of the following:
- (1) difficulty falling or staying asleep
 - (2) irritability or outbursts of anger
 - (3) difficulty concentrating
 - (4) hypervigilance
 - (5) exaggerated startle response
- E. Duration of the disturbance (symptoms in Criteria B, C, and D) is more than one month.
- F. The disturbance causes clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.

Specify if:

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

Chronic: if duration of symptoms is three months or more

Specify if:

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



So, You Think I'm Crazy

NOTES

¹ MUFON: Mutual UFO Network. Official Web site: <http://www.mufon.com> Post Office Box 279, Bellvue, CO 80512-0279. Telephone: 1-888-817-2220.

² American Psychiatric Association. 309.81 Posttraumatic Stress Disorder: *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, Fourth Edition. American Psychiatric Association, Washington, pp. 424-429, 1994.

ABDUCTION SUPPORT SITES

ACCET: Academy of Clinical Close Encounters Therapists
<http://www.drboylan.com/accetpg2.html>

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

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

Debra Lindemann, Certified Hypnotherapist
www.cfree.org

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

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

Organization for Paranormal Encounter Support
www.opus-net.org

Chapter One: 1994

Super Conscious Beings

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

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

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

It was interesting how different each conference and the people who hosted them were. The people at one conference and city would be really positive and upbeat while people at another would be negative and fearful. Overall, I met a lot of down-to-earth people who were genuinely interested in what I had to say. I also met a lot of people who were experiencing the same thing I was and were searching for answers.

It was at a particularly "dark" conference when I realized I was interacting with a new type of Being, what I call a Super Conscious Being. They had shown themselves to me before, but I didn't really understand who or what they were.

So, there I was at this conference feeling very tired and somewhat blue. I had spent a grueling day behind a book table without any food. A lot of people were focused on the negative aspects of the phenomenon, and some other authors and/or researchers weren't particularly friendly to me. There seemed to be a lot of jealousy and suspicion in the air. I went to my room at the end of the day and as I got ready for bed, I thought to myself,

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

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

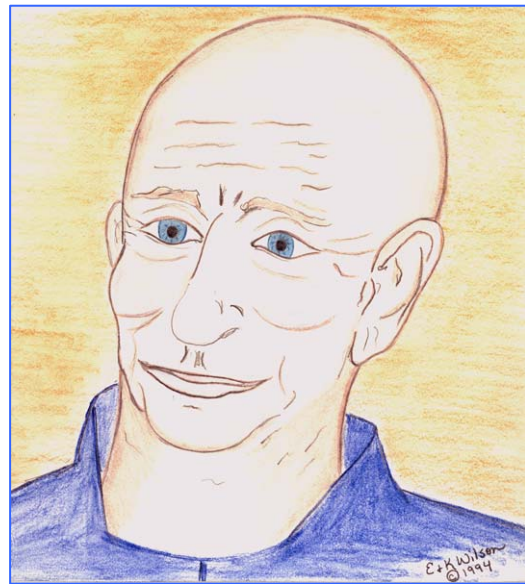
An Alien Presence

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

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

Super Conscious Beings are Beings who can literally manifest their energy into any form they choose, whether it is a humanoid form or an object. When they are an object, which is rare and as far as I can tell is only done as a teaching tool, the object itself radiates a consciousness or a life force if you will. I am uncertain why they would keep an actual object such as my drawing if they are energy Beings, and it may be that they are not completely incorporeal.

They usually interact with me when I'm going through difficult times. After the death of my beloved cat for example, or while I was writing *The Alien Jigsaw* and felt overwhelmed by the duty the Beings assigned me when I became a so-called emissary. They also sometimes contact me when there is a lesson they want me to learn.



They appear as both male and female and in one experience, they were child-like angels who fluttered down from the night sky like leaves slowly swaying and falling with the wind. In that experience, they allowed me to touch a piece of a golden "rope" that they were holding onto when they descended. The rope itself emanated the same type of love and consciousness that I described earlier with the Super Conscious Being who visited me in my hotel room.



As I walked with the child-like angels at three o'clock in the morning through the neighborhood I was living in, other Super Conscious Beings appeared as large animals. I believe they did this because I have a great love and respect for all animals. Their presence is always the same, which is how I know it is them and not, for example, a Grey using a mental or telepathic screen or camouflage as I sometimes call it.

For those of you who are wondering, I believe I was really walking with them. I walked (they floated) to a park together and that is where they ascended back to where they came from. I did not see a craft, just the night sky. Of course, it is possible they utilized a craft and it was cloaked and was made invisible to me.

The next morning I walked my dog along the same route and she became terrified when I passed the area they descended from, as well as at each place where we stopped and I looked at the "animals." Dogs, cats and other animals have been known to react to UFOs and the aliens' presence.¹ My dog had a strong fear and avoidance reaction the next day, so for me, this was a type of validation that this was a physical experience and not something like an out-of-body experience.

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

In another experience, two female Super Conscious Beings gave me a lesson by transforming from a humanoid form into a wooden cross. The cross had consciousness and later I was to learn that the particular cross they chose for this lesson was one that looked like the cross that belonged to Saint Bridget. The lesson they taught me was that all things - ALL Things and Beings and Animals in the Universe have a life force or consciousness and this consciousness comes from the God Force or the Creative Force.



Super Conscious Beings are one of the positive Beings involved in this phenomenon. Contact (and abduction) is occurring whether our government or humanity in general wants to accept it. And, it encompasses many Beings, many people and different agendas depending on which group we are dealing with.

NOTES

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

Additionally, I have cited in *The Alien Jigsaw* several instances when my cats would become very excited and would meow and run around in their enclosure or in our home while I was near them and an alien Being was with me. They also become very excited just after or before an encounter with alien Beings has occurred and have sometimes run all through the house meowing.



Chapter Two: 1994

Life Force

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

I felt the familiar alien presence very strongly and because of the posttraumatic stress disorder I suffer from, I ended up checking all through the house to make sure things were safe. I finally went to bed, but was still feeling the familiar alien presence. I documented in my journal what I believe to be an experience with the Greys and a more human appearing species that I call the Blondes:¹

I found myself standing in front of a large glass window inside a medical or scientific facility. There was a window that began at the height of my chest and went all the way up to the ceiling. The wall beneath the window was solid.

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

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

"It won't be alive much longer."

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

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

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

In all of my experiences, I cannot remember ever having seen a Blonde levitate, but I *have* seen the Greys levitate themselves and float. That is what I believe I saw when I was in my bedroom and the gray figures I saw were floating at a 45-degree angle. It is two particular type of Greys' form of walking, if you will. I have seen what I call a Type One Grey move so quickly he appeared to be in two places at once and I published that experience in *The Alien Jigsaw*.

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

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

Do They Clone?

It appears these Beings are able to acquire vast amounts of knowledge from this transference process. If they can combine two intelligences and two life forces in one body and retain their knowledge from one lifetime to another, they must indeed be quite brilliant.

There is also something else that is important to consider and that is cloning. It is possible that the child was a clone and was created specifically for the Grey's life



force to continue. However, this does not explain the possible duel or shared body by two Beings since it is highly logical that clones have their own unique life force or soul.

I did once ask a group of Blonde alien males if they cloned themselves. To put this into context, one of them was lying on his back on top of some sort of machine. I asked him if that was how they cloned themselves and the group appeared to be amused with me. I mention this because it seemed that on some level, I already knew they were capable of cloning. I then asked them if they remembered all of their past lives, and the older Blonde of the group said,

“Yes. Sure. We remember everything.”

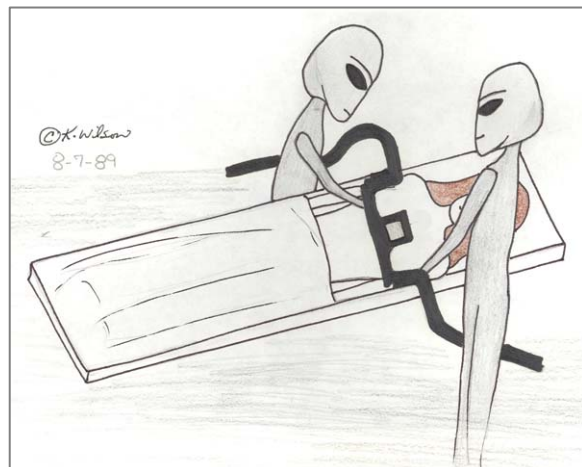
The next logical question to ask is, are the Grey’s dying out and are they becoming a new species through a life force transference? How many abductees have reported seeing a pregnant Grey alien?

NOTES

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

Type One Greys are three to 3-1/2 feet tall and move by floating or levitating themselves and to me, they feel the most “alien” of them all.

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



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

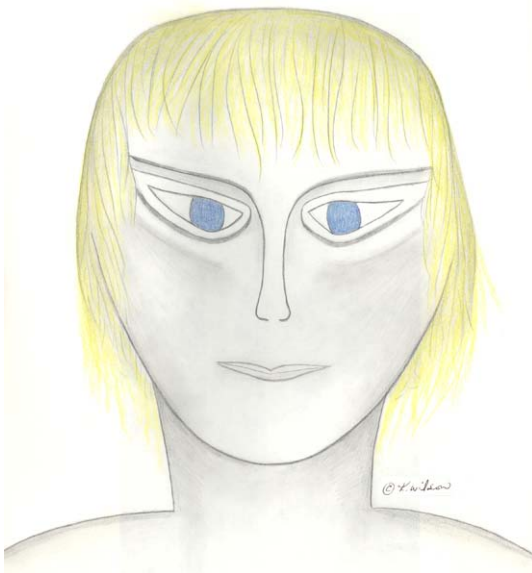


Type Four Greys are about seven feet tall. Over the past 12 years I have noted that some of the females are somewhat shorter and are about 6 feet tall. These Greys have very thin lanky bodies and their skin color is more often a light tan color. Their arms and legs are very long and thin and when they walk they have to bend over slightly and their back and torso sort of slowly “rocks” forward and backward as their legs move. I believe this is due to their extreme height and the structure of their backbones.

I have never observed any external genitalia associated with any of the Greys (including tan Greys, blue Greys or white Greys) even though it appears most of them do not wear clothing.



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





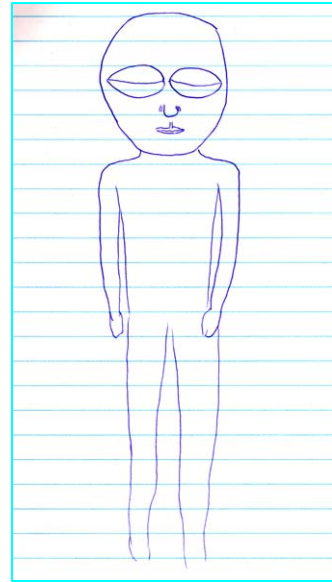
Chapter Three: 1994

The Proud Father

As most readers of this subject probably know, abductions tend to run in families and continue throughout most abductees' lifetimes. Sometimes people will be abducted only once due to their proximity to another abductee. Others sort of "marry into the phenomenon." That's what happened to my husband. He was living a normal life until I came along.

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

One theory supposes that the Greys may be a dying species and need something from us. For example, Budd Hopkins and David Jacobs have theorized that they need human sperm, ova, and our emotions just to name a few.¹



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

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

If the Greys can transfer their life force into a cloned body and share a body with another life force, then why would they be abducting humans for sperm and ova? I'm

not sure there is an answer to that question unless they are approaching the creation of Hybrid Beings from two different angles. The other possibility is that perhaps cloning doesn't work as well as humans think it does. I do know that they are collecting genetic material other than sperm and ova and I will write about that in a later chapter.

A Pregnant Grey

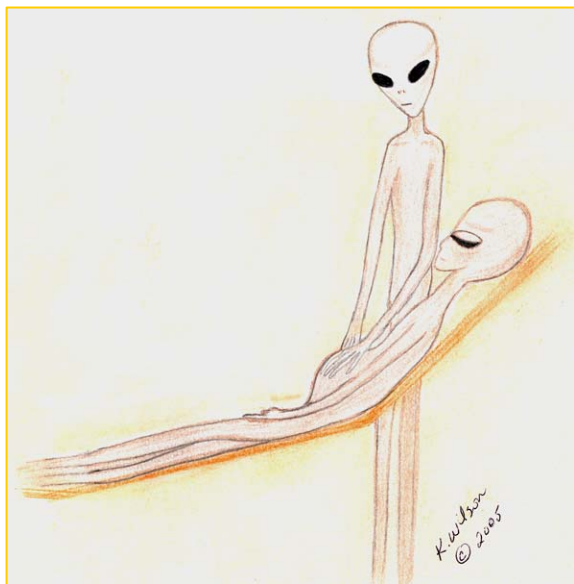
If you have read *The Alien Jigsaw* or the previous chapter's notes, then you know that I have seen several different types of Greys and I categorized them according to their physical appearance and height. By 1993, I had come up with four types and called them Type One, Type Two, etc.

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

I briefly want to jump ahead to the year 2005. On March 4th of that year, I had another conscious memory of what I believe was an abduction. I found myself with two Type Four Greys: a male and a female. We sat down together on a bench-like object and it was then that I realized the female was pregnant. Her stomach was not very large, but she was definitely pregnant.

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

I watched, completely amazed at the baby moving inside of her while the Type Four Grey, the father of this child, gently touched her stomach. I felt



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

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

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

NOTES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Chapter Four: 1995

White Light: Black Cloud

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

It was because of the amount of stress these people caused in my life, that I broke down when introducing Budd Hopkins at a Project Awareness Conference in Pensacola, Florida. A well-known abductee named Linda Cortile left her seat and came up to the podium and gave me a hug and whispered some comforting words in my ear. I felt terribly embarrassed and mentally kicked myself for being so damned weak.

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

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

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

Doreen

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

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

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

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

The Mind's Eye

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

"Are you okay?"

Erik replied,

"No. I'm feeling dizzy and nauseated. What happened? Who died?"

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

"This feeling is so strong. It feels like death. I'm coming home."

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

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

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

I note that I had written the following in my journal:

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

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



Chapter Five: 1995

Transition

We stayed up the rest of the night and called our veterinarian that morning as soon as his office opened. He told us that the only reason he thought our cat died in his sleep was from a genetic condition associated with his particular breed (Maine Coon) called cardiomyopathy. We buried our precious baby in our backyard in what became known as “the baby garden.” We placed ceramic angels on either side to keep him company.

He was such a happy, loving member of our family and he was only nine years old. Our veterinarian, whom we were very fond of, told us that we should be happy that we had him as long as we did and that most people don’t get to have their cats that long. But, we still had cats who were 16 and 18 and even one who was 25 years old. We felt that our little Ziggy died before his time.

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

One day it got too much for her. We were talking on the phone and I had asked her if she thought I should do a particular “cruise conference.” I had trepidations about it when I discovered I was going to have to share a cabin with, not only a total stranger, but also a “mind reader” who was also going to speak. Doreen coldly told me that it was just something I was going to have to figure out for myself.

The coldness in her voice stunned me because I had never heard her talk like that before. Suddenly, it was as if I was a kite flying high in the sky and the string had just broken. I was the kite flying off in the sky... just flying and flying away. At that moment I knew my friendship with Doreen was over. It was devastating to me. I politely told her thanks for her suggestion and that I would think about it. I said goodbye and I hung up the phone. I stood standing in the kitchen staring at the phone with tears in my eyes.

Eight days later I received a letter from Doreen. In part she wrote:

“You and the others that are experiencing the same feelings may very well be correct about a dark future...I just don’t share it. If this is the general consensus of other abductees and it is the direction this phenomenon is taking, you’ll have to count me out. My sincere apologies, but I can’t be a part of it...”

Conversation With A Hybrid

Four days after I received the letter from Doreen, I had an experience with what looked like a Hybrid Being.

If you are somewhat new to this phenomenon, a Hybrid is basically a cross between a human and an alien. The difficulty in being precise about who is and who is not a Hybrid, is that there are several different types of aliens interacting with us. If one type is biologically bred with a human or if their DNA is mixed or combined, the outcome will be quite different than if another type is. Hybrids appear more human and exhibit more emotions than the Greys.

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

My experiences have also shown me that there are Beings that are perhaps Hybrids who look so human you would not be able to differentiate them from humans if you saw them in public, and I share a couple of my experiences involving them in later chapters of this book. When I use the term “Hybrid,” I will always try to give a physical description of their appearance.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Good-bye

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

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

She decided to go in early for her mammogram screening. She said she normally would do it every two years, but decided not to wait. When she did, they found a growth in her breast that turned out to be cancerous. Shortly thereafter she underwent a lumpectomy followed by radiation treatment.

Amazingly, she was really upbeat about it, or at least acted like she was. She told me that when her doctor told her of his diagnosis she laughed and said,

"Oh, this is probably the best thing that could have happened to me!"

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

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

Time passed and I heard from Doreen again. The cancer in her breast had returned and she was to have a mastectomy followed by chemotherapy.

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

After we moved to North Carolina a few years later, I heard from Doreen again. Her doctor's had discovered an inoperable tumor in her stomach. The cancer had spread and she had the hospice people at her home. I cried and told her I was so sorry and that I wished the aliens would heal her and that I had asked them to heal her, I just knew they could. I asked her,

"Why can't they do that for you?"

She told me that she had prayed to God, to the Universe and had asked the aliens to heal her, but it seemed that no one could. She also told me that she felt really bad for the way she had treated me and that she knew how much she had hurt me and she was really sorry. She said,

"I shouldn't have done that to you...."

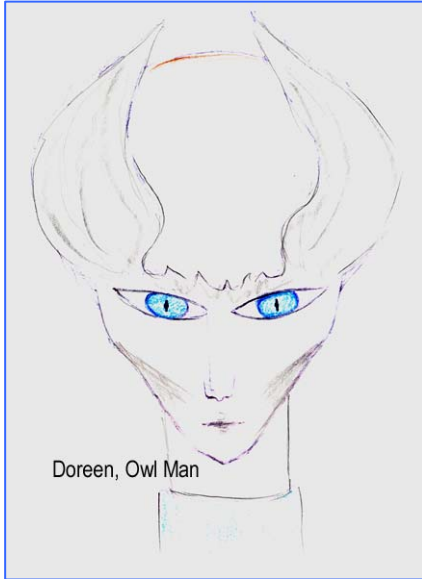
I cried and told her it was okay and not to worry about it and that I would pray for her. I never heard from her again.

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

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



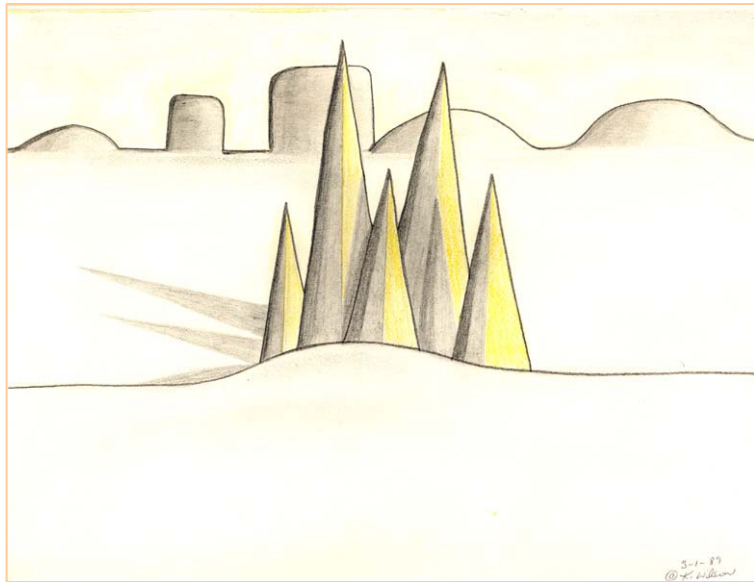
I will always believe that whatever it was, whatever we all experienced, this was when she either contracted the cancer or knew on some level that she already had it. It was as if she was told that something life-changing was about to occur to her.



I am so thankful for having known Doreen and for her sharing her experiences and her artwork with me - with us all. She was a beautiful person.

This is a Being with whom Doreen had several encounter experiences, although she never went into much detail about them. It is difficult to know if the “owl” part of his forehead is real or if this was some sort of mental camouflage. It is possible he is a Hybrid of sorts. His face is very similar to a Being I had contact with, and I write about that experience later on in this book in the chapter titled *The Trio*.

This drawing is from *The Alien Jigsaw*. It is a base of some sort that I saw during an encounter in which I was told I was “...on the dark side of the moon.” The foreground reminded me of the picture of a “crystal city” Doreen said would be published in this book. It is something I never considered before; perhaps what I saw there really was a crystal city.





Chapter Six: 1995

MUFON 1995 International Symposium Ufology: A Scientific Paradigm

I was asked to speak at the 1995 MUFON Symposium in Seattle, Washington this year. It was a wonderful opportunity for me and I believe, at that time, I was only the second abductee to have been invited to speak at a MUFON Symposium with Karla Turner being the first that I am aware of. The then current International Director, Walt Andrus, decided I would be the first speaker. The title of my paper was *The Alien Jigsaw: A Fresh Look at an Old Puzzle*.¹

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

This was also the year that the alien head with the universal “No” sign debuted, which I thought was quite funny, especially since they were found all inside the bathrooms. Overall, the energy was really positive and there was a lot of good information sharing, and of course, the people in MUFON were great, with one exception.

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

I received a lot of positive comments and I believe that I was well received. The one exception being the then editor of the *MUFON UFO Journal*, whom I will simply call, “Mr. Editor.” His problem was that he either didn’t care about the previous researchers’ past descriptions of what an alien mental screen is (what I sometimes call camouflage) or he just wasn’t paying attention when I painstakingly gave descriptions and examples during my presentation. And by previous researchers, I mean people like David Jacobs, Ph.D., (the late) John E. Mack, M.D. and Budd Hopkins, often referred to as “The Pioneer of Abduction Research.”

“Mr. Editor” actually laughed out loud while I was speaking about the subject of the aliens’ use of mental screens and/or screen memories. He seemed to have a mean streak in him that came out from time to time. Like the time he faxed me and told me that he wanted to omit the ISBN number of my book in a review that Forest Crawford had written for the Journal, referring to it as “unimportant and a waste of space.”

I knew he didn’t have an open mind when it came to abductions and he didn’t listen to my lecture. He ridiculed certain aspects of my presentation when he wrote his review of the MUFON Symposium. When Dwight Connelly took over again as the editor of the Journal, a much-needed editorial professionalism returned to the *MUFON UFO Journal*.²

A few years later Walt Andrus decided to retire and I sent him and his wife a retirement card. I knew that Mrs. Andrus was very supportive of her husband and of MUFON. Then suddenly, I received the sad news of his wife’s passing. It was so sad and came as such a shock to me.

John Schuessler took over as the International Director after Walt Andrus retired and the organization benefited greatly from his leadership and the new initiatives he implemented. John Schuessler remains on The Board of Directors of MUFON.

MUFON now has a new International Director, James Carrion, M.A. I highly recommend that you visit their Web site and consider becoming a member and receive the Journal. They are a great grassroots organization dedicated to the scientific study and investigation of the UFO phenomenon, and they are always looking for educated and motivated volunteers. James Carrion defines MUFON’s goal as: “The scientific study of UFOs for the benefit of humanity.”³

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

My next speaking engagement was held in Chicago, Illinois for a conference that a wonderful lady named Mary Kerfoot hosted at the Museum of Science.⁴ She worked tirelessly and succeeded in putting on a highly informative educational program during National UFO Awareness Week.

My flight from Portland to Chicago was - how should I say it - surreal? It wasn’t so much the flight as it was what occurred just before it landed and then after I got off of the plane and walked into the ladies’ room. I had what I can only describe as a most amazing “invisibility” experience that ended up being published in Budd Hopkins’



and Carol Rainey's excellent book, *Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings*.⁵

One day, when my husband and I were in a Barnes & Noble bookstore, I showed him a copy of *Sight Unseen* on the shelf. He asked me,

"So, how does it feel to know that you are published in a book right here in Barnes & Noble?"

I laughed and replied,

"Like an idiot - I'm the only one who was stupid enough to use their real name."

I say that lightheartedly of course. I am extremely satisfied with Budd and Carol's interpretation of what occurred to me and I appreciate Budd's in-depth review of the circumstances of my case and the interviews he carried out involving what happened to me. *Sight Unseen* is a very good book and I highly recommend it.

NOTES

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

² Dwight Connelly served MUFON for many years and was the editor when the journal was called *Skylook*. He has recently retired. He is also the author of *The World's Best UFO Cases*. Bookseller, Inc. Martinsville, IL, 2004. His book is also available through MUFON.

³ Mutual UFO Network: MUFON's new mailing address is: Post Office Box 279, Bellvue, CO 80512-0279. Telephone: 1-888-817-2220.

Official Web site: <http://www.mufon.com>

John Schuessler's Web site is: <http://home.mho.net/schuessler/>

⁴ The conference and UFO education program was sponsored by The Chicago Area Center for Encounter Support (CACES), Operation Right To Know (ORTK), Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) and Chicago MUFON.

⁵ Hopkins, Budd and Rainey, Carol. *Sight Unseen: Science, UFO Invisibility and Transgenic Beings*. New York: Atria Books (Simon & Schuster) pp. 100-110, 2003.

Human Spontaneous Invisibility. Another abduction researcher who has researched and published on human invisibility is Donna Higbee, CHT. Her excellent research is a "must read." *Human Spontaneous Invisibility* can be read at:

<http://members.aol.com/Rapunz1/invisibility.html>



Chapter Seven

It's About Time... It's About Space...

The book Michio Kaku published that I had referenced during my lecture at the 1995 MUFON Symposium was titled, *Hyperspace: A Scientific Odyssey Through Parallel Universes, Time Warps and the 10th Dimension*. In it he wrote,

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

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

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

Levitation

This is a very unusual chapter. There doesn't appear to be a way for me to write about these types of experiences without the whole topic sounding bizarre. I've written this more as an “information chunk” because this chapter and a later chapter of this book contains very controversial information relating to the phenomenon. It's difficult to know how to approach the subject. It is indeed subjective and disjointed, but for me, these experiences were and remain so *REAL*.

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

In 1995, a Super Conscious Being took me to a place that had a very high ceiling. I didn't know where I was or how I got there. I was instructed to use my mind to move myself to a different space. I looked up and I concentrated on the high ceiling. I used my mind to pull the space that was above me, down toward me. This had the effect of lifting my body upward through what seemed to be part of a

structure. It was mentally exhausting, but I was told that it was time for me to learn this.

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

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

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

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

Bi-dimensional

This same year I found myself with a male Super Conscious Being, and again, I do not remember how I got there or where exactly I was. We were standing in front of a door and he wanted me to look through a small opening constructed out of an emerald cut crystal lens. I did and I saw myself! It was another me and I was at a UFO conference and I saw myself walking across a room. I was wearing a long black skirt and a purple shirt. My hair was longer and I noted that it needed to be brushed. I knew it was me, but another me in another dimension. It was amazing!

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



Removed From Earth?

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

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

"...it's hard to keep this up, but I've survived another test."

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

"You have been here for one year."

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

I had to turn my back to them and try to telepathically hear their thoughts. Betty's voice was calm and encouraging and she told me,

"Yes, that's it... you're getting closer."

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

"You're doing it now... Very good."

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

"I've got to get out of here! A year...unbelievable. I've been here for a whole year!"

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

Could I have been removed from Earth for an entire year and then brought back to my time? No one missed me, so that had to have been what occurred unless this was all a deception. I have to ask, why would they go these lengths to deceive me into believing I and some other people exist in more than one dimension? That would seem rather a waste of time and effort on their part.

It was fascinating, but it really didn't make any sense to me at the time. Today, however, I think I understand it better. It would be one of a series of events that would allow me to come to certain conclusions about where this phenomenon is taking us.

Time Quake

On the one-year anniversary of the strange experience when Doreen, Kendra and my husband and I all shared the same dizziness, nausea and anxiety, I had another experience involving time. It was so real, just like my reality today, but it was also surreal and it was crazy. This is probably the most bizarre occurrence of this type and to this day, I do not understand it all. I probably should have left this out of this book, but I just find this so fascinating. It was so *REAL* and so familiar:

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

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



His wife answered the phone and I said,

"Please try to understand what I'm about to ask you. Do you know what year this is?"



She replied, as if I was some nut case,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soul Mate

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

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

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

Rose Marie

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

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

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

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



Chapter Seven: It's About Time...It's About Space

Approximately three years after both Rose Marie and Karla died, in July of 1999, I wrote in my journal:

"I went into 'Hyperspace.' The same place I went the last time I saw Karla when she was with Rose Marie."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Karla looked at me and said,

"Yes. I did. You're right. I'm sorry."

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

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

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

I am unable to provide any mathematical formulas or describe the physics behind these types of "travels," but I know they are real. Most of these places are familiar to me and I seem to have an inner knowledge about them, as if I am a part of them. In some cases it's like being home again after a long trip. It feels comfortable. Sometimes these places feel like a school and sometimes it's a Hyperspace where people go after they leave Earth and time no longer exists.

I have not read any other books on physics since Michio Kaku wrote *Hyperspace*. I probably should have. I have a couple of books that I purchased when I was in my twenties because I felt like I "should," but I never read more than the first chapter. I find that telling in a way: Buying a book about physics because you feel compelled to do so, but do not understand the subject well enough to read it, or get past the first chapter.

I really hope those of us who have gone public and have shared our experiences are making a positive difference. Several of us have Web sites and some of us have continued to publish. Whitely Strieber is still very active publishing and I am thankful that he is. And, I know that all of the books non-abductee researchers have published have helped immensely. Indeed, they paved the way for us to go public and begin telling the world about this phenomenon.⁴

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

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



NOTES

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

² Kaku, pp. 13-15.

Rose Marie

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

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

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

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

Her next paragraph read as follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

⁴ Indeed, where would we be today without The Betty and Barney Hill story and Budd Hopkins, David Jacobs, John Mack, Raymond Fowler and books like *Missing Time*, *Intruders*, *Abducted*, *Secret Life*, *The Threat* and the Andreasson series of books? These men literally paved the way for abductees to go public with their own experiences and to publish their own books. We have all built upon the other's research and are continuing to add to the tremendously important knowledge this phenomenon is teaching us. One can only imagine the knowledge the next generation of abductees will bring us.

You can sign up for Whitely Strieber's free on-line newsletter by sending an e-mail to: <mailto:Whitley@Unknowncountry.com>



Chapter Eight: 1997

Military Abductions 101

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

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

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

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

1. Who Are We Seeing?

The military personnel...

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



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

II. Motive

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

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

III. Maintaining Secrecy

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

IV. Helping Mankind

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



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

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

NOTES

¹ The term "MILABS" was coined by Dr. H. Lammer and stands for "military abductions."

In addition, Dr. Steven Greer has stated that he has firsthand information from former military personnel who are ready to go on the record as having had either firsthand knowledge about, or direct experience with this subject. As this book is being written, I believe they already have gone on record either with verbal recordings or videos.
<http://www.disclosureproject.com>

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

³ For purposes of keeping this somewhat concise, I have opted not to discuss what I believe the spirit-world impact might be on the UFO-ET phenomenon at this point in the book. I do believe it is possible that some portions of the abduction phenomenon may involve a type of "spiritual warfare." If you are interested in this subject you might find what you are searching for at one of these sites or in the book listed below.

Resisting ET Through Christ <http://www.alienresistance.org/christianufo.htm>

Alien Resistance and Author Guy Malone <http://www.guymalone.com>

C E 4 Research Group <http://www.welcome.to/ce4>

Ripp, Bobby. *End Time Deceptions: An Expose on Medjugorie (Marian Apparitions), The New Age Movement, The UFO Phenomenon and Others*. True Light Ministries, P.O. Box 2687, Mandeville, Louisiana, 70470. (One of my childhood experiences is published and analyzed from a Christian point of view in this book in Chapter Ten: "Unidentified Flying Objects," pp 213-217.)

⁴Teaching "experiences" may be a better term since they are not dreams. However, many abductees feel more comfortable calling them dreams. Teaching dreams occur within the context of an abduction. The abductee actively participates in a teaching dream or teaching experience. Visions are normally shown to the abductee although there is some overlap between the two. The main point is that visions and teaching dreams are used to convey a lot of information over a relatively short period of time. Both could represent truth or be of a deceptive nature. Most abductees describe both of these phenomena as being incredibly vivid and many remember many details about them.



Chapter Nine

Someone to Watch over Me

This chapter is about unusual occurrences that happened prior to my awakening to the fact that I was deeply involved in this phenomenon. When I wrote *The Alien Jigsaw*, I had not put “two and two” together concerning certain experiences in my past. However, after 12 years of continuing abductions by aliens as well as certain humans, these seemed significantly relevant and as you continue to read my story, I believe you will understand how they fit in.

During my first marriage to a marine named Mark (USMC - New River Air Station / Camp Lejeune) and when he was deployed, I would often feel compelled to get in the car, drive to the beach, which was about 20 minutes away, and take long walks. I did this during the winter months as well. I didn’t think much about it, but today I do.

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

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

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

Mormons or Hybrids?

Two very strange events occurred when I was married to Mark and he was deployed for seven months. Some time during his deployment, two Mormons came to our house. I opened the door and let them inside. They began talking to me about their religion, which I knew absolutely nothing about.

I sat there with my two cats, who immediately began acting very strangely. They both jumped up on the couch with me and were very, very excited. My oldest cat was so vocal that the two men became uncomfortable. They asked me if he was okay and if I wanted to take him into another room, but I just thought the whole thing was sort of funny. I continued to sit with my cats while the men tried to talk over my cats' meowing.

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

"You mean he saw a SPACECRAFT?"

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

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

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

Trigger

Another telling event occurred during the time I was still living near the military base. One day a man and woman came to my door. I distinctly remember them standing in the doorway, but I don't remember if the door was shut or open. She



had black hair and he had dark brown hair. They were both dressed nicely in dark suits with longish overcoats.

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

“Oh, what a beautiful cat.”

And, that was it. Everything changed. I began to lose all control and felt instantly drugged. I knelt down and started petting my cat and I could feel myself losing all control. I knew that the phrase she uttered, “Oh, what a beautiful cat” was what made me feel this way. It was some kind of phrase that was used as a key or a trigger for something. I fell on the carpet and lost consciousness.

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

OCS Dream

Other strange “precursors” occurred as well. I didn’t really understand how important this was, but since I have had many years to think about it, I think I do now. After I lost my musical abilities ² I decided to join the military, which is really strange. I decided I wanted to be a pilot. I actually took a ground school course for learning how to fly.

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

“This shit is for the birds!”

Of course, birds don’t need math.

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

I gave up on the dream of joining the military and learning how to fly. It was shortly thereafter that I married Mark who was a Marine and was in military flight school.

CIA-FBI Aspirations

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

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

I distinctly remembered my father telling me this years ago, but I had forgotten about it. I felt that neither organization would even consider me because of this "stain" on my past. Interestingly, I didn't "remember" this until I started filling out the applications.

I gave up that career path as well and ended up going back to school. I learned German and studied psychology and met my soul mate, Erik.

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

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

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

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

Nope. I was definitely wrong and this was a touchy subject. I never met my grandfather and no one really knows what became of him after he divorced my grandmother. It's interesting, and it may mean nothing: Although both of my grandmothers were married when they gave birth to them, neither my mother nor my father ever knew their own fathers. One divorced and "disappeared" and the other died suddenly shortly after my father was born.

As an interesting aside, we had a neighbor who lived two houses down from us and he worked for the CIA (career officer). They lived there from the time I was



12 until I graduated from high school and left for college. My sister was their regular baby-sitter. I baby-sat for them on a few occasions, but I knew they preferred my sister to me. She is older and is not an abductee.

In any case, I ran into one of the daughters we used to baby-sit for during the time I was filling out the CIA and FBI applications. I was working a retail job and one of the daughters just so happened to get a job as a security guard in the same department I was working in. For some reason I was very suspicious of her and why she was hired some time after I was. The situation became extremely uncomfortable for me and I ended up quitting the job. At the time I didn't understand why I would feel this way about her, but today I do.

What If?

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

Had I been accepted into any of these organizations and then became aware that I was an abductee, my life would have been ruined. No one would have ever heard about me. I would never have met Erik and I would probably be locked up somewhere in a "Gitmo-land" for abductees by now. The one thing my ex-husband taught me was once you join the military you become "property" of The United States Government. I have a feeling that once you join an organization like the CIA, it's never over.

I strongly believe that someone or some Being has been watching out for me throughout my life. One, or some of these Beings have been guiding me and leading me in a certain direction so that I would be at a certain place in my life at the correct time in order for me to complete my "emissary duty" to them.

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

Even after I moved back to North Carolina again and decided to leave the phenomenon and the aliens behind, it didn't work. I would be reminded, in very specific terms, what these Beings expected of me.

NOTES

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

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

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

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



Chapter Ten: 1997

In The Military?

In January of 1997 I had a strange memory surface in a dream. It was very vivid and I remembered a lot of details. I believe it was a memory because I was wearing a suit and I know about the timeframe I owned that particular suit. It was about 1985 to 1986 and I had moved back to the Gulf Coast.

It began when I was lying in bed and I distinctly heard the sounds of helicopter rotor blades softly beating out of my left ear. I was completely conscious of what I was hearing. It was not a helicopter that was flying outside. This sound was coming from right next to my left ear.

I then found myself inside some military barracks. I saw a young male soldier with blonde hair wearing a gray or blue uniform. I also saw two female soldiers wearing black, somewhat tight fitted uniforms bearing no insignia and I knew that one day, I'd be wearing that type of uniform. There were a couple of other women with me and we were new recruits.

We went to where we were called to assemble and sat down. It was a military briefing. I sat on a bench with some other women and there was a military man speaking to us, I looked down and asked the woman next to me,

"How long?"

She responded in a whisper,

"Eighteen months."

My mind reeled from the information. I had just asked her how long I had been in the military. It was as if I had no conscious memory of it until we assembled and began listening to the briefing. Something that was said during the briefing sort of woke up a part of my brain to be able to remember it. I wrote in my journal what I was thinking during the briefing after she said this to me:

"I can't believe it. I'm never going to get out of here. I'm never going to be able to get out of this situation. I've got so much work to do still and I made a commitment. There is no way out of this."

Top Secret Dry Cleaning Service?

How could I not remember joining the military? Obviously I have *not* joined, at least not in this reality. If I had, this would have to be an ultra secret branch of the military because the uniforms I saw were not the same uniforms that our military personnel wear. Could this be a military life that I am living in another dimension perhaps? The Super Conscious Beings made it clear to me that I exist in at least one other dimension, so perhaps this idea is not that farfetched.

Another thing that leads me to believe this may be another interdimensional experience is that while I was walking to this briefing in this yellow suit, I fell down and scraped both of my knees. It was a clumsy mistake. There was quite a bit of blood on the bottom of the skirt (I omitted this for purposes of being concise) and when I sat down next to the woman I conversed with during the briefing, she looked at it and noticed the blood and I said,

“Yeah, it’s ruined.”

My yellow suit skirt in my reality or dimension I am currently in was never damaged or stained with blood so this could not have happened in “this” reality, unless someone secretly had the skirt dry-cleaned. I suppose getting rid of the blood on the skirt and my knees could have been accomplished with alien technology, but I have no way of knowing that it was.

Another possibility, even as real as this seemed is, what if it was an alien screen memory to cover something else that happened to me? An even more uncomfortable thought has occurred to me as well: What if this was a type of human “virtual reality scenario” that was electronically “beamed” into my consciousness as I slept? After all, I was consciously aware that I was hearing the beating of helicopter rotor blades out of my left ear before falling asleep. Maybe this “dream memory” was really an implanted, human VRS or virtual reality scenario.

White Sands, New Mexico

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

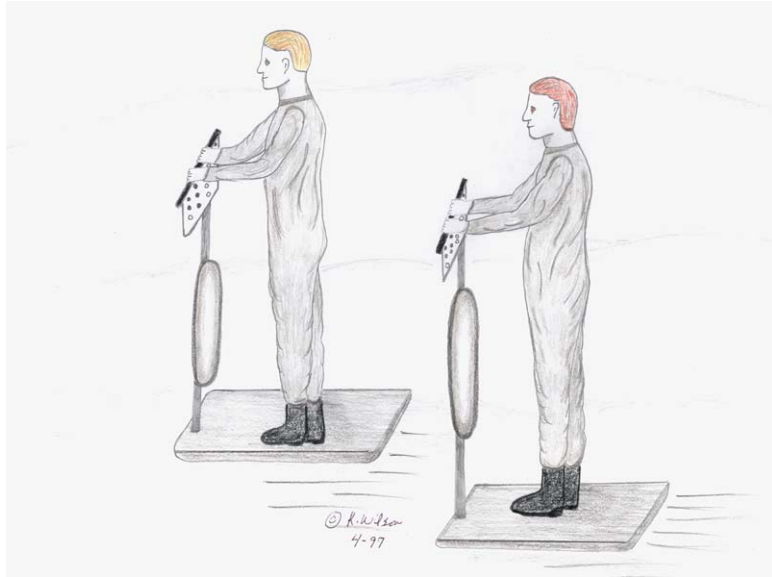
I stood in the desert and I watched two test pilots test an unusual jet-pack that actually looked more like a jet-scooter. They were wearing light to medium gray, loose fitting flight suits and the jet-packs were attached to a pole-like device. It



reminded me of a child's pogo stick, a toy that was popular when I was growing up. The pole had a handle with controls on it at about chest high and the bottom was attached to a small platform that the pilots stood on. The stick-like portion had a slender pressurized container or tank attached to it. The tank was rather thin, about five or six inches in diameter and about two feet tall.

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

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



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

I went inside one of the tents and I walked over to the table where my abduction notes were. I thought I'd calmly take my notes and leave, but my next memory was of being inside the white building with no windows.

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

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

As he was speaking to me I suddenly realized that they thought I was part alien. I was told that the military was very interested in studying me because even though I looked normal on the outside, they believed I was an alien on the inside. I

couldn't believe it. Then I became somewhat afraid because I wasn't sure what they were going to do to me and I felt as though my life was in jeopardy.

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

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

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

As I contemplated this, I was told that another Admiral wanted to meet me and that he wanted me to try one of his favorite foods. A part of me dreaded this meeting because they always drank coffee during these "meetings" and I'm not a big coffee drinker.

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

I was glad to get some food and I didn't realize how hungry I was. As I ate, I realized that the Admiral was very uncomfortable being in close proximity to me. When we met earlier I telepathically tuned into his thoughts and it made him fearful and agitated. My last memory was of sitting at this table, picking and eating the little greens out of my soup and noticing this Admiral's extreme discomfort with having to sit so close to me.

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

What Am I?

What could be happening in these types of military experiences? Am I really an alien and none of my doctors I've seen over the course of my life have been able to detect it? Did a life force transference occur, such as I witnessed between the Grey



and the Blonde child? Was there an alien life force within me and if so, did I willingly allow a transference to occur for learning purposes?

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

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

Phone Strangeness

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

When I walked toward the phone I realized that I felt really drugged, so much so that I could hardly stand up or speak. I answered the phone and a man told me that he was with the Federal Government and for me to give him my telephone number. (Unlisted) I decided to lie to him and give him my home office phone number. I was going to change the last two numbers, but as I got to them, he finished my phone number for me. He already knew what it was. I leaned against the counter to try to steady myself because of the intense drugged feeling I was experiencing and the man then yelled,

"Stay away from your State Government!" and he hung up.

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

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

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

I never could understand how that happened, but it did. My phone was always making strange clicking sounds and I had the phone company check it, the lines, and the switcher station to see if someone had bugged my line. After a couple of years, I realized that (with one exception) every time they sent someone out to check my phone and the lines, it was the same guy. After a while I began to wonder if he actually worked for the phone company because the problem was never resolved.

Secret Base In Alaska

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

The son, who was wearing his officer “dress blues” escorted me through the place. We began to walk by a huge window and thinking we were going to go outside, I started walking toward the large window because there was a door near it. This officer said to me, quite sternly,

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

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

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



Chapter Ten: In The Military

“I’ll be back for YOU in 45 minutes.”

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

“Sick son-of-bitch... I don’t give a damn about you anymore.”

I was angry and tired of these Beings always watching me.

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

I have no other memory of why I was there or if anything was done to me. However, I hardly think they would go to the trouble of taking me there simply for a stroll through the facility and to have an alien watch me use the bathroom.

I saw other military personnel there. I also saw a woman in uniform in a wheel chair and I believe it was she who was wearing an Air Force uniform. Apparently she was injured and I was told that she was permanently disabled. I overheard an argument the father had with his son about her earlier.

The son was extremely angry because his father was having a relationship with this woman. Both of them were involved with her in a sexual way. It seemed pretty strange to me, and I could not help but wonder if they were taking advantage of her. It made me sick inside to think that these men would do this to a disabled woman, much less a fellow officer.

This appeared to be a self-contained, permanent compound or base. If special ultra secret military personnel are stationed there, they probably never leave. If they do, I can only imagine the type of debriefing they must be subjected to. My guess is that it is similar to what MILAB abductees are subjected to.

NOTES

¹ I find it uncanny that Ingo Swann, a renowned psi researcher and remote viewer, wrote about being taken to a remote location near the Arctic to watch an expected arrival of an extraterrestrial craft over a lake in Alaska. His book was not published until 1998, yet I had this experience an entire year earlier in 1997 where I was taken to an actual base. I believe this base I was taken to and Ingo Swann’s experience

years earlier may have something in common with one another: A secret base in Alaska near the Arctic that is home to extraterrestrial Beings and specific military personnel.

Swann, Ingo. *Penetration: The Question of Extraterrestrial and Human Telepathy*. Ingo Swann Books, P. O. Box 2875, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57709-2875, 1998. See also: www.biomindsuperpowers.com and <http://www.biomindsuperpowers.com/Pages/intro.html>



Chapter Eleven: 1997

“Your Life Won’t Mean Anything...”

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

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

“This will make you become an instant addict.”

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

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

I find it very strange that I remembered enough about this experience at some point to tell Erik about it, but that I had consciously forgotten about this until it surfaced in a dream. This was certainly a traumatic event for me. I don’t know what he did to me afterward and I don’t understand why I would be treated this way unless it was part of an interrogation or worse. It’s possible the real intention of this injection was that someone wanted this substance to turn me into some sort of addict. I believe this was attempted in order to discredit my information concerning my abduction experiences, most probably the MILABS or military abductions.

Interestingly, less than a month later, out of the blue, I had a memory spontaneously come to consciousness: I remembered talking with a doctor and sort of smiling at him because I was in a drugged state. I asked him if he used a drug that induced amnesia. At the time I knew the name of it, but I haven’t been able to remember it again.

The Y-8

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

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

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

The Military Man

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

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

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

"Please don't do this to me."

He looked at me somewhat sympathetically and said,

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

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

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



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

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

Abducted By The Military

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

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

"Don't open your eyes Katharina."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I said to him,

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

He replied,

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

There was a pause and then he said,

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

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

I told him,

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

He emphatically replied,

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

It certainly seems that on some level, I am working with someone in the military and we are both involved in abductions, with me on the more precarious end of things. I wonder sometimes if I really made a deal or was forced into some sort of weird "relationship" with a secret group of military personnel who have an ultra top secret clearance?



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

NOTES

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



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

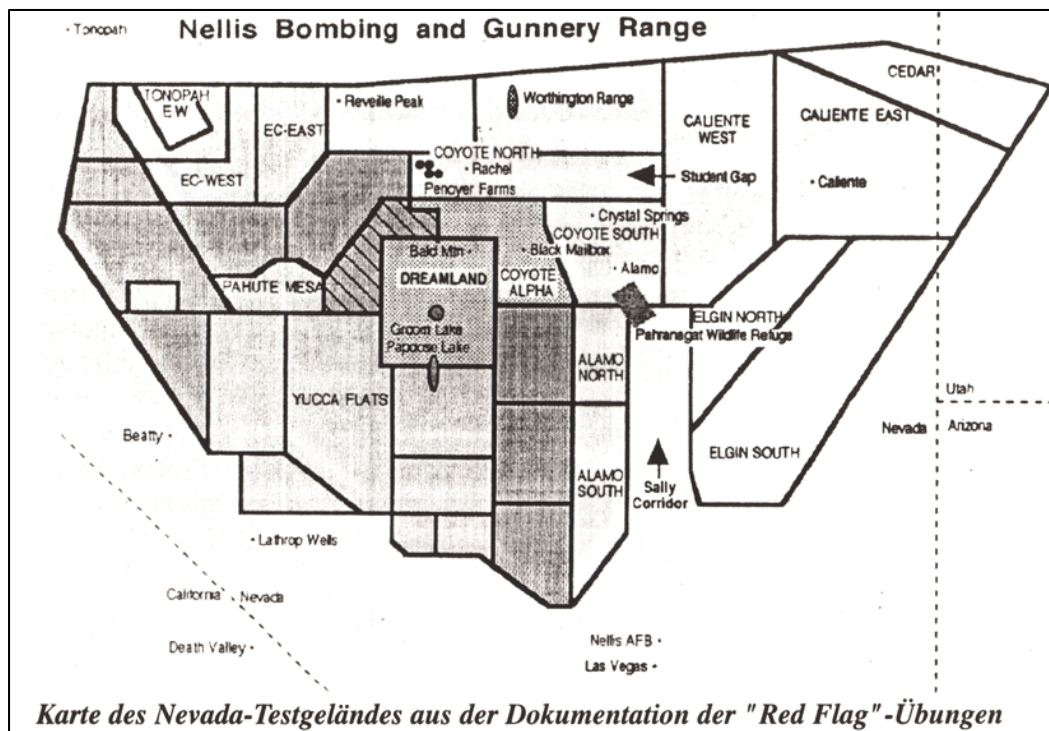
(This has been edited for spelling.)

“A rare glimpse of a Y-8 AWACS (serial # T0518) prototype is shown here. It was first discovered at CFTE in early 2006. Unlike the KJ-200, this variant carries a traditional rotodome above its fuselage, a configuration similar to a wind tunnel model first seen in mid-90s. The aircraft came as a surprise that the Chinese have turned what was believed to be a ‘dead’ design into a reality. However it has been speculated to be for the export market only as it is less advanced than the KJ-200 AWACS which features a PAR radar. The AEW radar may be the product of 38th Institute, but no details are available. The aircraft also features a solid nose and tail as well as two small vertical tail stabilizers. Y-8 AWACS has been promoted to Pakistani AF.”



<http://www.fas.org/man/dod-101/sys/ac/row/an-12.htm>

<http://www.sinodefence.com/airforce/default.asp>



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



Chapter Twelve: 1997

The Holographic Pilot

On November 10, 1997 I wrote in my journal,

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

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

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

It may be possible that because I once had aspirations to join the military and learn to fly that perhaps some group of aliens wants to “make me happy” by allowing my dream to come true and all of these are implanted memories. I don’t know why they would do this and it does seem pretty far-fetched. If this were what is happening, I would think they’d choose a music career rather than a military career. However, today, I no longer have aspirations for either so this really does not make sense.

Inside My Mind

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

This man looked familiar and I think it was the same military pilot who conversed with me about the film that showed me being abducted by the military and him wanting to continue to fly the missions.

He was holding a small device in his hand. It was about ½ inch thick and about three to five inches square. It was cream-colored, almost white. It had some kind of buttons on it, but his hand was covering the surface area so I did not get a good look at that part of the device.

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

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

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

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



Chapter Thirteen: 1997

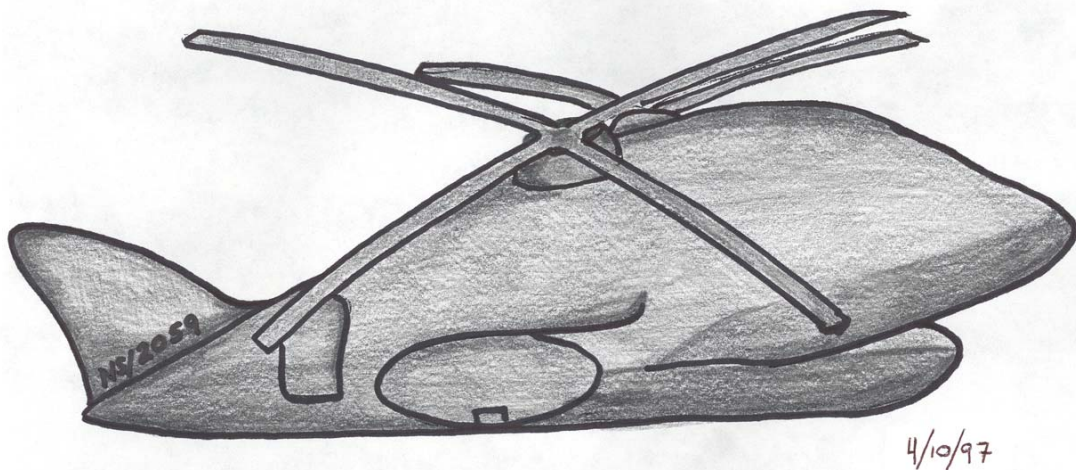
NS/2059: One Hell of a Helicopter

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

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

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

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



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

“So that’s how they do it.”

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

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

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

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

Our original search results follow. Interestingly, when you search on this number today, very little information comes up and thomson.com is now a financial services company.



Chapter Thirteen: 1997, NS/2059: One Hell of a Helicopter

thomson.com

[Ordering Information](#)

[Online Order Form](#)

The following items matched '*NS/2059*'

50 matches returned

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

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



Chapter Thirteen: 1997, NS/2059: One Hell of a Helicopter

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

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

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Chapter Fourteen: 1998

Laparoscopy

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



As I was lying there, something was being done to my right ovary. I heard a female’s voice say to me,

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

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

My doctor and I decided it was time to remove the ovary and I had a laparoscopic procedure performed in January of 1998. The pathology report came back as all clear and the diagnosis was, “an involuted corpus luteal cyst that never resolved itself.” My ovary enlarged, the cyst enlarged and my doctor didn’t know why. But, I knew. It was what these Beings did to me two weeks before Thanksgiving to “make me fertile” and “able to have a baby.”

I’m still kicking myself for not asking to keep the ovary, as strange as that sounds. I didn’t have the nerve to ask to “take it home” and have someone else analyze it further. At that time, I did not think there was anyone I could go to. Now that I think back about it, I should have tried to find someone within the abduction research community to help me. It may have been possible to keep the chain of custody intact by asking the hospital or lab to send it somewhere else for further analysis.

It was not until some time later during another encounter with these Beings, that I would be made aware of how wrong I was about everything concerning this event.

Amnesiac Drugs

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

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

“Oh, the drug must not be working. You should not be able to remember anything I’m saying.”

Again, I repeated everything back to her. I laughed about it, and I realized it had no affect on me because I remember being given drugs like this during my abduction



experiences involving military personnel and other humans. I actually looked at Erik and jokingly said,

“Oh, I must have built up a resistance to the drug.”

I then said to Erik,

“I’ll let you know everything I remember.”

I also told him I loved him. They rolled me into the operating room and I noticed that my anesthesiologist had a worried look on her face.

I was clear headed, but giggly when they got me ready for surgery. Still talking when one of the male nurses came over to me with a long white strap. I asked,

“What’s THAT for!?”

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

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

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

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

This is yet another telltale sign for me that some ultra secret group of humans has abducted certain abductees, including myself. Other abductees have gone public with their MILAB experiences and I have included a brief list of names in my “Notes” section of this chapter for the reader.¹

Murder

This whole ordeal turned out to have sad consequences. Some time after I had my laparoscopy I had another abduction experience. A small group of Beings were examining me and were suddenly overwhelmingly astonished with me. They telepathically told me that what I had done (having my ovary removed) was no different than committing murder and they equated me to being a murderer. I was despondent.

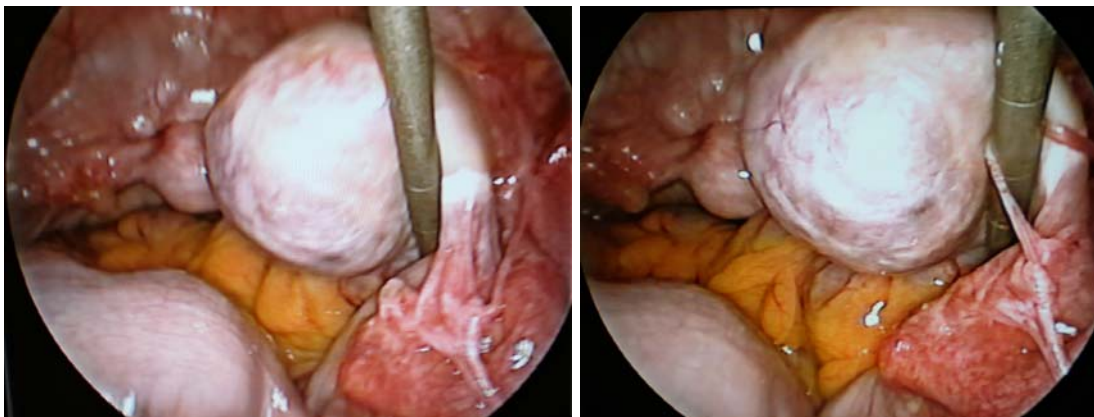
To this day, I don't know how much life or how many life forms I must have killed, but I feel I did. I had no idea that by having the surgery, it would leave me feeling so incomplete. I was afraid that the ovary might be cancerous and I was in severe pain because of the pressure on my sciatic nerve.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

I always wished they would have explained things to me and had assured me that I would be okay. If these Beings had done so, I would never have had the surgery and there is a part of me that will always regret my decision.

I still feel emotional over this. I feel as though I may have lost my own child. Of course, I know it would never have been allowed to live with me, but just knowing some of our children are "out there" and seeing them sometimes during a visitation with the Beings makes it better, in some strange way. It's difficult to explain: You have to experience this for yourself to truly understand what I am saying and what it feels like.

NOTES

I am publishing these images, taken from the video of my laparoscopy, in case a physician can view them and detect if anything further can be learned.



* When my Web site is updated, the entire video of this will be posted. I am extremely interested to see if a gynecologist interested in this phenomenon can shed any additional light on these images. For example, does this look typical or atypical for “an involuted corpus luteal cyst”? Sometimes I fear that something very unusual may have been detected and I was never told about it. Incidentally, my gynecologist who performed this surgery had served in the Navy and he was aware that I had written a book about “UFOs.” Erik inadvertently told him; at least he didn’t say “abductions.”

¹ Lammer, Helmut and Marion. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

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Haley, Leah. *Lost Was The Key*. Tuscaloosa, Alabama: Greenleaf Publications, 1993.

Haley, Leah. *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control and Spirituality*. Murfreesboro, Tennessee: Greenleaf Publications, 2003.

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Melinda Leslie: See <http://www.anw.com/ML/aboutml.htm> and <http://www.anw.com/ML/>

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Chapter Fifteen: 1998

The Diplomat

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

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

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

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

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

I remembered John from high school and felt really happy that he was okay. Instantly, information was given to me and I knew he was now married and had two children.

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

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

I was very honored to see him again - actually extremely happy to see him again and although I could feel the effects of the drug, I telepathically felt the same emotions

from him; that he was happy to see me as well. He was very much respected by all of the humans in the room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is also possible that the telepathy I experienced during this encounter was from another human. They could have been using a similar device that the Holographic Pilot used. What if I had been with humans and they were able to "get inside of my mind" with the alien device the pilot used to holographically project himself into my bedroom and communicate with me?



It seems to me that we can no longer assume that simply because someone is speaking to us “inside of our minds” or what we think is telepathy, that it automatically has to mean we are interacting with alien Beings. They very well could be humans: An elite group of specially trained people from our military and intelligence agencies who are using alien technology to “telepathically” communicate with or interrogate specific alien abductees.

NOTES

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

² I am aware of several abductees, including Betty Andreasson Luca, who have stated that when they were feeling pain during a procedure the aliens were performing, the Beings would simply touch them and the pain would diminish or disappear. This has happened to me and I published instances of this in *The Alien Jigsaw*. One experience in particular occurred in May of 1989 and involved a tan skinned Hybrid doctor and humans. I will always remember this experience because I was in a terrestrial looking building in a waiting room area and while there, I picked up an ink pen that had “Clark Air Force Base” inscribed on it.



Chapter Sixteen: 1998

New Elements

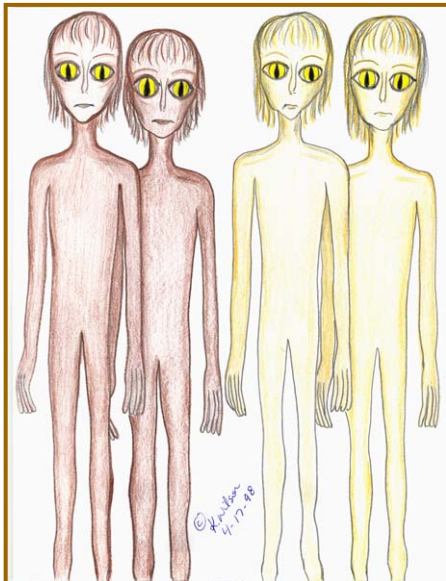
On April 17, 1998 I was lying in bed and I had one of my cats cradled in my right arm. I heard something on our roof. It actually sounded as if someone was walking on our roof! I got out of bed and looked outside all of the windows. I could see out of all of the windows except for our bedroom window.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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

She Has No Name

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

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

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

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

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

I looked through some of her papers and saw my name and some phone numbers written on a smaller piece of paper. From the numbers she had accumulated, I realized this woman had been keeping notes and reports on me since 1984, when I was 24 years old. I was living in an apartment at the time and had just left Mark. I was amazed at how long she had been monitoring me. I was somewhat bothered by



the fact that she had been in touch with me (in some manner) for nearly fifteen years and I realized how secretive this all appeared.

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

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

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

Oh, What a Beautiful Cat

I've had a lot of time to think about this experience and I have to say, if I knew this woman's name I would certainly publish it. Someone has programmed me not to be able to remember her name. Even when I look at her, I am consciously aware that I have known her for a long time, but my mind will not allow me to even "think" about her name. I despise her for taking part in the animal experimentation. I cannot get the screams of the cat that I heard out of my mind. I hate people and Beings who harm or experiment on animals.

The house we were in appeared to be a cover for this lab. That is, if you were to walk inside of this house, everything would look normal. There was a kitchen, a refrigerator, a dining room, etc. However, if you were to go downstairs, which appeared to be underground (no windows) you would quickly find yourself in what appears to be a scientific laboratory. I can't help but wonder if this isn't some kind of

a “safe house?” Could they be carrying out some of their operations in plain sight, right under our noses in neighborhoods across suburbia?

This woman had been following me and basically spying on me for almost fifteen years as of the date of this experience. That much was clear when I looked at her notes on me. All I really remember about her notes were my name, the different cities I’ve lived in and all of the different telephone numbers I’ve had since the early 1980s.

I wonder why I would want to be accepted by her or her team? She was there when I greeted the Type Four Grey. I never thought I’d feel this way, but it is upsetting to think that he might be involved with people like her.

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



Chapter Seventeen: 1999

The Trio

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

I knew that was exactly why they came to me.

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

"Only an instant longer..."

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

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

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

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

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

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



I wanted to get out of bed, to wake Erik and tell him what happened... but all I could do was close my eyes. Then, at 5:15 a.m. our dog let out a sorrowful howl. Erik bolted from the bed faster than I've ever seen him get out of bed before. He was standing near the half-wall looking down at our dog as she was sleeping on her bed. By the time I got there, she was awake, looking around with a sleepy dazed look on her face. Erik said,

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

I looked at him and said,

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

This is one of those encounters after which I understand my frustration with the human condition. What these particular Beings are doing here - what they were using me for - I can only compare to one of our physicists making the discovery that forever changes mankind's destiny for the better; to the scientist who discovers the cure for cancer and for AIDS - for all diseases on our planet. These Beings' work is of such great importance it was an honor simply for me to be in their presence. That I was actually a part of what they are doing is almost beyond my comprehension.

NOTES

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

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

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

- (1) The surroundings were from the movie *Communion*. I know this movie very well and mentally associate it with Whitley Strieber and this information was obviously taken from my mind. (2) Budd has worked for decades researching abductions and we know one another. If he told me to take a picture of an

alien, I would feel rather compelled to accommodate him. (3) Erik's image is used sometimes by the Beings to give me a sense of calm just prior to them letting me see them as they really appear. This is not done as often today as it was prior to writing *The Alien Jigsaw*.



Chapter Eighteen: 1999

Precious

I awakened at 5:00 a.m. on March 1, 1999 very frightened. I felt drugged and could hardly move. I got up to go to the bathroom and my whole body was screaming with pain and I could hardly walk. All of my muscles, my hands, feet, legs - everything felt stiff with pain. I went to the bathroom and got back into bed. I thought about the gruesome dream I had just had and wondered why I would dream about being shown a film over and over again.

The dream was about me watching a film. It was quite gruesome and as I watched it, I realized I'd seen it before. People were being cut in the head with a large cutting knife. Each time it occurred, it was the left side of the brain, specifically the cerebral cortex area - but the left side of the head just above the left temple. A deep cut was made with one swift hard 'slice.' The cut would be made from the top, downward and the depth of the cut was always the same, every time I saw it. The knife would only go into the brain about 1 inch. I saw very little blood, and oddly, before anyone could fall to the floor, which is what I expected, they would go to the next victim.

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

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

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

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

The Real Deal

After I got back into bed shortly after 5:00 a.m., a memory surfaced and I knew that *this* was what had really just occurred to me, not my simply watching a film. It is important for the reader to understand that this experience was as real as my everyday life. As real as I am sitting in front of my computer with my fingers typing on the keyboard. After I remembered everything that happened that night, I had no doubt that the film was an implanted dream or a screen memory and what I remembered next was *real*.

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

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

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

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

This part of the recording began rather benign, stating more things about abductions that I already knew. Then I saw and heard something I didn't seem to get consciously, but as soon as I heard it, I knew that many of the things that "Lisa" had told me that I found I did not want to believe were true.² This information covered aspects of abductions that were frightening to me; things I didn't want to believe: MILABS and negative entities.

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



“Katharina continues to be a problem...she is remembering too much.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I then saw that she was with many small child-aliens who were about two to three feet tall. I don't remember much about them except for their wide-eyed looks on their faces when they saw me. They were very curious and excited to see a human there. It was almost as exciting for them to see me as it is for a human to see one of their craft hovering in the sky.

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

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

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

Sleep Enforced Memory

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

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



One thing I have learned about my experiences and memory is, if I can sleep right after these Beings interact with me I am often able to remember many details about the experience. I never understood how or why this worked for me, but I know it does. And, recently I came across an article on the Internet about new research involving memory. It seems that what helps me to remember my experiences - *sleep* - has scientifically been proven.³ Of course, many times I simply remember my encounters consciously and immediately.

I wonder if the same holographic device that the pilot told me about was used on me by this Type Four Grey female when I thought I was seeing a film? It is my realization of this alien technology that has made me reexamine some of my experiences. Are their minds so sophisticated that they can mentally project a screen image into our minds or are they are using a technological device that enhances their telepathic abilities, which then allows them to achieve this feat?

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

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

The question now is, why would an ultra secret group of humans consisting of military and intelligence personnel be cooperating with the Greys in the Hybrid Breeding Program? Is there a logical reason to pursue such an endeavor? Are we working together to save some part of ourselves to be “replanted” on another planet or perhaps back on Earth after the asteroid of 2036/2037 or some other asteroid hits?⁴ Is it because of global warming and the destruction humans have caused to our planet and our atmosphere? Are things much worse than we are being led to believe?

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

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

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

NOTES

¹ Wilson, Katharina. *The Alien Jigsaw*, Puzzle Publishing, pp. 213-214, 1993.

² Wilson, Katharina. *Project Open Mind: Are some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?* Puzzle Publishing, 1996. Located at www.alienjigsaw.com See "About Lisa." (Also personal conversations and correspondence.)

³ "Sleep Enforces The Temporal Sequence In Memory." *Science Daily*. Chevy Chase, Maryland. The findings in "this study shows that sleep associated consolidation of memories enforces the temporal structure of the memorized episode that otherwise might be blurred to a timeless puzzle of experiences."
<http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2007/04/070417203156.htm>

⁴ Information on this and other asteroids can be found at:
<http://neo.jpl.nasa.gov/risk/a99942.html> for .99942 Apophis

"Apophis is one of more than 600 known potentially hazardous asteroids and one of several that scientists hope to study more closely. In Apophis' case, additional measurements are necessary because the 2029 flyby could be followed by frequent close approaches thereafter, or even a collision."
<http://www.umich.edu/news/?Releases/2005/Aug05/r081605c>

"Based on available data, astronomers give Apophis - a 1,000-foot wide chunk of space debris, a 1-in-15,000 chance of a 2036 strike. Yet if the asteroid hits, they add, damage to infrastructure alone could exceed \$400 billion. When the possibility of the asteroid passing through two other keyholes is taken into account, the combined chance of the asteroid hitting the planet shifts to 1 in 10,000, notes Clark Chapman, a senior scientist with the Southwest Research Institute in Boulder, Colorado"
<http://www.csmonitor.com/2005/0726/p01s04-stss.html>



Chapter Nineteen: 1999

Honey to the Bees

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

“Well - what did you get?”

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

I asked again,

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

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

“What a couple of jerks.”

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

I then found myself with my grandmother, whom I do not believe was really there. These Beings were projecting her image to me. They gave me a message through my grandmother and an old piano that appeared to be from the 1700s. A



simple, but distinct melody was playing on the piano. ¹ I'm sure the piano was also a projection as well, but my perceiving it in a visual sense enabled me to expect to hear a melody. This was something the Beings very much wanted me to remember because along with the melody was a message.

The message they gave me follows:

"...Like honey to the bees they will come. You are the honey... They are the bees... You are like honey to the bees.... They are coming."

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

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

Mining My Body

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

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

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

The building was well lit and modern looking. I was there for some sort of meeting or interview. I met with a woman who had brown wavy hair, wore silver wire rim glasses and appeared to be in her thirties. There didn't seem to be anything alien about her. She communicated with me through spoken words. She was informing me - while looking at a DNA chart of some type - that I was very special to them.

She said,

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

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

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

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

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

"What happened to him?"

The Hybrid sarcastically and laughingly said,

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



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

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

I sat down in my work area and I saw the woman scientist with a friend of mine. I became somewhat worried that these people would like her more than me and I turned to the woman and said,

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

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

Reciprocity

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

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

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

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

The analogy of “honey to the bees” and “...mining my body for gold,” (producing the gene they need that they, in turn, are using for something else) is unmistakable. The last disturbing event was when the scientist brought an old family friend into the lab. Debra speaks fluent German and we are both first-generation German. And, perhaps it's just a coincidence, but we're both in our forties, are happily married and neither Debra nor myself have children.

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

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

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

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

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

I often think about the warning I was given at the beginning of April 1999. That to even be aware of this group could cost me my life. However, I also think about the following Bible passage as well, and perhaps in the end, this is really what the focus should be on:

“Jesus then said to the Jews who had believed in him, ‘If you continue in my word, you are truly my disciples, and you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free.’ ” John 8.31-32; KJV.



NOTES

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



Chapter Twenty: 1999

Welcome to Hell

We reluctantly left Oregon. It was a difficult cross-country drive. We rented a motor home as we did on our move to Portland because we were traveling with our cats and our dog. When we crossed back into Idaho I felt as if we had just arrived in Portland, the time had passed so quickly, but it had really been 10 years. Several years later Erik would tell me that as soon as we turned the corner and got onto the Interstate near where we used to live in Portland, nothing felt right to him.

The trip was terribly difficult. One of our cats almost died from diabetic complications. We were able to call a veterinarian in Salt Lake City, Utah and he came into his clinic and took care of her. Apparently, she was getting too much insulin or didn't need it suddenly. It was so scary. He was our angel. It was a miracle that we were able to find a veterinarian in the phone book, call him frantically on our cell phone and not only reach him, but have him volunteer to come into his clinic on a Sunday to help us. That would be unheard of anywhere else, especially in North Carolina.

Prior to our move, Erik had to drive a load of our belongings and a car out to Charlotte, North Carolina and he was to find a rental house for us. We were planning to build our "dream home," and needed a place to live until it was completed. After some time, he finally found a place that would allow pets. Before he told me anything about the house I had a peculiar "dream."

I was standing in a house unknown to me. It had green carpet and was a split-level home. I was standing just inside the front door in a small landing between the two staircases: one went up and the other went down. I was face to face with several dark entities that were nothing but black humanoid shapes. They were not alien, but rather incorporeal negative entities. I felt their energy when they said to me, "We are already here." It turned out to be our rental house and they *were* already there.

I cannot dwell on this 1-1/2 years of nightmarish hell that occurred in this house, but it was difficult to say the least. The house flooded every time there was a hard rain. Our cats were in the lowest section of the house and our furniture and boxes would be sitting in water each time it rained. It never ended. The landlord was always calling trying to get us to invest in a financial scheme he had going and he was really creepy. At least he gave us a pump to pump the water out of the house with.

I went back to school to study medical transcription and ended up getting a great job after we moved into our “dream home.” Little did we know, our “dream home” would just be an extension of what we experienced in the rental house; only worse.

Man on the Moon

The experiences continued and I had one encounter during which I had a greatly detailed memory of being inside a medical facility. I remembered a procedure that was performed on me during which the Beings went into the old surgical site where I had my laparoscopy two years earlier. The next day there was a protrusion with blood and fluid seeping from it, which fortunately healed without any further problems.

I also had an interesting experience during which I was used by some sort of military intelligence team to intercept a message from a group of scientists who were working either under the ocean or on the moon or perhaps even on another planet. I was not told where they were:

I was seated in a chair and a man in a suit put a set of padded headphones over my ears and I listened as two teams spoke in a sort of coded dialogue. Because I did not know the meaning of all of their code words, I began to mentally “tune in” to them and I saw a man wearing what looked to me to be an astronaut’s suit or a deep-water dive suit without the metal-type headpiece. The headpiece matched the suit and looked more like what an astronaut would wear in space.

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

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

I then turned around because I sensed telepathy. I realized that two of the people there were telepathic and they realized that I had deceived them. Today I suspect they were using the alien “get inside your head” device the holographic pilot told me about. They were so angry with me I thought they were going physically beat me, but what was done was done. As I felt their telepathic probing they gave



Chapter Twenty: 1999, Welcome To Hell

themselves away: I picked up that there was something really important going on there concerning the NSA, extraterrestrials, some form of time travel and, of course, there was a hell of a lot of anger directed toward me.

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



Chapter Twenty-one: 2000

The Year That Never Was

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

Shortly after moving in, one night while taking out the recyclables I was bitten by something. After I came inside and looked at my leg I immediately knew that whatever bit me was very strange. I called it an “X-Files bug.” I got my camera and took photographs of the bite because it transformed so quickly. Today I suspect it was a brown recluse that bit me because after doing some research, I realized we had these things all over that place. I actually moved one out of my cats’ enclosure we built for them so it wouldn’t bite my cats. I didn’t kill it because at the time I didn’t know what type of spider it was.





The spider bite was bad enough, but I ended up getting a secondary skin infection all over my legs as well as a staph infection. It took months for me to completely get over it.

This was the time in my life when I felt the need to “disappear from ufology and the aliens” and one of the ways I thought I could do that was not to write in my journal. I really felt that if I stopped documenting my experiences they would not bother me so often and life would be easier. I even took down my Web site for a while. It was a confusing time and I lost touch with a lot of my friends and colleagues, including Helmut, the researcher who coined the term MILABS.¹

I did not actively participate in North Carolina's MUFON organization the six years I lived there. Although I received regular mailings from the local MUFON chapter, I never attended any meetings or met any MUFON members in the Charlotte area. Their mailings indicated to me that their group was well organized, had good speakers and was very serious about the scientific investigation of UFOs. However, I really needed some time away from the phenomenon so I never attended any meetings.²

Not writing in my journal didn't work and what little I managed to scribble down on paper was lost, which is one of the reasons I titled this chapter *The Year That Never Was*. The Beings' visitations continued and I do remember that the MILAB experiences remained a frequent occurrence. The one experience I can share from the year 2000 involved a Super Conscious Being:

I was standing next to this Being and I realized that I was looking at a brick wall. While I was looking at the wall I experienced an “inner knowing” and realized the wall was symbolic and that it represented the human genome.



Chapter Twenty-one: 2000, The Year That Never Was

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

There was much more to this experience, but I didn't write it down and this is all I've been able to remember, unfortunately.

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

This is the image I had on my Web site during the time I temporarily took my site down. It was my message of hope and peace for the beginning of a new millennium.



NOTES

¹ Dr. Lammer works as a planetary scientist on various space projects. He has published many scientific papers in journals such as the *Journal of Geophysical Research*, *Planetary and Space Science* and *Geophysical Research Letters*.

Some of Dr. Lammer's books include the following:

MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction, which was co-authored with his wife, Marion in 1999.

Verdeckte Operation (Covert Operations), Herbig, Munich, 1997.

UFO Nahbegegnungen (UFO Close Encounters), Herbig, Munich, 1996.

UFO Geheimhaltung (UFO Secrecy), Herbig Munich, 1995.

² I also want to make a special mention of a researcher who has dedicated much of his life to the study of UFOs who also lives in North Carolina. His name is George D. Fawcett. He has published a very interesting four-year study project titled, *Human Reactions To UFOs and UFOnavts Worldwide: 1940-1983 and What we Have Learned From UFO Repetitions: 1947-1984*. It can be ordered by sending \$12.00 to George D. Fawcett at 602 Battleground Road, Lincolnton, North Carolina, 28092.



Chapter Twenty-two: 2000

The City of Charlatans

I begin this chapter with three caveats: I was born and raised in the south. One of my ancestors was the first white male born in a prominent city in Georgia. My family has a rich southern heritage. Although I did not live with her, I grew up with a great aunt whose father fought in the civil war. My grandmother told me I had been invited to become a member of DAR: Daughters of the American Revolution, which I declined. My next book that I will publish on-line will be a book my grandmother wrote that I am lightly editing. It will be an historical, first-hand account of “a southern family history.” Since I am a southerner who has spent 25+ years living there, when I speak about the south, I know a thing or two about it.

My husband and I were both raised (and confirmed in our respective churches) as Christians. However, we no longer attend church. We feel that religion, as a whole, has become too political, controlling of individual thought and discriminatory, with some religions being almost cult-like in their teachings. We do acknowledge that there are many good people who attend church and this caveat is in no way meant as a disparagement against them.

We are spiritual people and we try to live what we believe. We consider our beliefs to be more in line with what we call, “Spiritual Environmentalism.” We are vegetarians because we care about animals and the environment. We care about the Earth and its inhabitants: we are not speciests. We do not believe that “God put animals here for humans to do with what they want,” and that “God put humans here so we can do whatever we want to the Earth.” Choosing to live those beliefs as most humans do creates much pain and suffering for animals and is contributing to the destruction of our planet and our connection to God, the ultimate Creative Force in the Universe.

Given these caveats, this chapter will describe what our daily lives were like while living in Charlotte, North Carolina. It would have a direct effect on my health and my interaction with specific alien Beings.

City Of Fraud

After six months of searching, we finally found a piece of property on which we could build our dream home. It was a sprawling one-level Mediterranean design Erik

and I had been dreaming about and planning since we met one another 15 years prior. It had a 3500 square-foot enclosed courtyard for our cats and dog. It was going to be perfect.

The building process and our relationship with our builder began to deteriorate the closer we got to closing. The closing was postponed by six months and we finally decided to move into the house because of the negative situation with our rental house. The day we were moving out of the rental house, the roof started leaking between the first and second floors. The water had worked its way between the two floors of the house. I remember feeling the water dripping on my head and running down my face as I was standing in the bedroom on the last day. I was at the end of my proverbial rope and the energy was awful.

We moved into our “dream home” before it was finished. To make a long story short, after giving more money to the attorney than we felt he was worth, we settled with the builder. The builder ended up paying us a nominal sum that barely covered the attorney’s fees and we spent the next five years finishing the house while we lived in it. Looking back at all of the contractors we dealt with and what other people went through building their homes there, we now refer to Charlotte as “The City of Fraud.”

One of the things that should have gotten my attention about what we were in for was when Erik relayed to me a dream he had while the house was being built. After the foundation was poured, he said he had a dream of a “negative entity” that was living or existing in the foundation and it was eating dollar bills. The more money Erik gave it, the more it wanted. And, that was just the beginning.

Our lot was on a dirt road that was 1-1/2 miles long. We would be the only people living there for a solid three years, and Erik traveled overseas a lot. It was a very isolated existence save for the abundance of wildlife, which we cherished.

It turned out that everything we were told about the area was a lie. The road never got paved, despite our being told it would be paved the year we purchased the land. Hunting was allowed, despite our being assured that it was not. Charlotte, the second largest financial center in the United States, had plenty of money, but the people didn’t (and still don’t) give a damn about helping anyone or anything, and that included animals. With all of that money, they have the highest number of animals euthanized at their animal shelter than any other city per capita in the country.

The longer Erik and I were there, the more we realized that no one in this place cared about the things that were important to us. And, we were amazed at how the south hadn’t changed since we left 10 years earlier. Racially, there was a lot of tension: whites still hated blacks and blacks hated whites. Racial tensions were worse in North Carolina than they were when we lived on the Gulf Coast over a decade ago and we were really shocked.



Satanic Hunters

The first night in our new home, we sat in bed together listening to the sounds of gun shots and of hunting dogs howling after their prey. All the time during building we never heard one gun shot. After that night, it never ended. We called the police when hunters ran their dogs on our property; we called the police when the hunters killed innocent doe and fawn, took no meat from them and dumped their bodies in the nearby creek, one of the few water supplies for the wildlife in the area. These hunters were absolute “scum” of the earth.

We would find animal body parts on our property, in the road, in the water supply, you name it. Kids in the area killed animals for fun and dumped their bodies in the road. The police didn’t care. Over the five years we lived there, we met and spoke with and argued with every useless sheriff and deputy on the force. The most common introduction we got from these backward bubbas when they would meet us was,

“Where yew peeple frum?”

And, that was simply because we didn’t have a *southern* accent.

I was eventually successful at tracking down one hunter in particular who was responsible for killing and dumping the doe and fawn. Some of the men who were in charge of dead animal pickup knew he was one of the culprits. My only revenge was when I found his deer stand in the woods one day. I knocked it over, tore it apart and wrote his name on some of the pieces.

On the way home I found some shell casings in the road next to where he dumped his latest doe and fawn victims and I wrote his name with a sharpie on each shell casing and left them in the road. He must have gotten the message because he dumped fish carcasses in our yard for the next two years after that. That was the only time I ever did anything that would warrant him harassing us, but two years had gone by with us having to put up with his hideous antics before I did this and by that time, I just didn’t care. I was dealing with alien and human abductors: a few “satanic hunters” weren’t going to scare me.

Trailer Trash

There was a trailer park on the other side of the farmland we lived next to. These people were “breeders of hate - true white trash.” I know that the majority of people who live in a trailer - their home - are not “trash,” but these people certainly were. We saw it for ourselves. We spent every penny we had saving the animals they

would simply discard. They would put their trash in garbage cans (when they weren't burning it) - but they would leave puppies and kittens in the middle of the road, or abandon them to starve to death when they'd move out. We found starving kittens at a nearby Baptist church one day. Of course, the congregation was aware of them, they simply didn't care. I know because *they told me*. We ended up keeping all of those kittens because we couldn't find homes for them.

Then there were the three mother cats and five kittens we found. Erik almost ran over one of the kittens as it lay *sleeping* in the road. When we examined the mother cats, we noticed that they had recently been wearing collars. It was as if a parent took their kids' pet cats, removed their collars and dumped them in the road. They were also starving, and had mites, fleas, and intestinal parasites - the works.

One day I received a telephone call from a man whom I could barely understand when I spoke to him on the phone. He got my number from a flyer pertaining to a cat we had who was lost.¹ My husband and our best friend, who was visiting us at the time, went over to his house, which was about a mile from ours. When they got there, this man said he had a kitten in the engine compartment of his truck that he was going to let his Rottweiler *eat* unless we wanted it. (This is no exaggeration.) Of course, Erik got the kitten out and took it to our veterinarian who helped us find her a home. Six months later we saw his Rottweiler dead on the highway in front of his house. Too bad he didn't keep his dog inside his fenced-in yard. The people there were not only evil, but "mentally challenged."

There were puppies that were left on the side of the road and hunting dogs that were left behind because they didn't catch up with the "pack." There were also dogs and other animals who were literally thrown out of pickup trucks. It was "in the news." A story we heard by more than a few people from the area. We found good homes for the other seven or so, but that's how we ended up with the dog we currently have.

One morning Erik was on his way to work and about 100 feet from our property he saw a dog lying in a ditch. He thought it was dead. He didn't say anything to me because it was always so upsetting to me to see the dead animals. The next day I was working in my office and I looked outside and saw an emaciated dog eating birdseed off of the ground. My heart broke. I took her a plastic bowl with some of our dog's food in it. (Our dog had recently passed away.) I put the bowl down and walked away and watched as she carried the bowl of food some 100 feet away down our driveway to a safe distance so she could eat. She never left.

The strange thing about this was that about a month later after she had gained some weight, we determined that she had already been spayed. What heartless moron would spay a dog and then throw her out of a pickup truck? We were to find out years later after x-rays and ultrasounds that she had been horribly abused. Her spinal column is now fused from the shoulders down. The process before it occurs involves



spurs forming on the spinal column and our veterinarian told us that during the time before the spurs and the vertebrae are completely fused, it causes the animal excruciating pain. He also told us that her case was the worst spinal fusing he had ever seen in his 15 years of practice. Our baby never complained. She just had a limp and walked with difficulty. She is now on several special medications, one of which, thankfully, is for pain.

The stress of having to eat many of our meals, including every Thanksgiving and Christmas meal while hearing hunters shoot and kill animals was unpleasant, to say the least. Never knowing what kind of “death” we would find on our property or when we were walking our dog was something we could have lived without. Wondering when you’re going to be “accidentally” shot in a “hunting accident,” wasn’t much fun either. The place was very isolated and to this day, Erik and I are surprised nothing worse happened to us.

The Ark

During the five years we were there, we took in, medicated, healed, and spayed and neutered and found homes for over 45 animals. (This doesn’t include the wild animals we helped.) We could not help two of the dogs. One was hit and killed by a vehicle and the other was taken by animal control and euthanized. It killed me to have to watch them trap her. She was so aggressive that she actually would try to attack me whenever I went out to feed my dog. I had to carry a big stick and throw things at her to keep her away from me. Fortunately, we were able to trap her puppy with a humane trap and we found him a really good home.

It became a weekly event to see death and suffering of animals while we lived there. As much money and emotional pain as it caused both of us, it was easier to spend all of our money and use all of our energy to help these animals than it was to sit by and not help them. We simply could not sit by and watch them breed and slowly die and suffer from starvation and disease. It would have been inhuman of us.

Just prior to our leaving what we now call “the hell hole,” we went nearly a year without seeing any abandoned cats. After all of the work we had done to end the suffering, we felt that we had stopped the problem that was coming from the trailer park and the surrounding area.

Then about one month before we left, two 6-month old calico kittens decided to jump on board the “Ark” with us (a large motor home) for their new home. It was great that they found us just in time. They are now wonderful, loving members of our family. One of them loves to retrieve small balls we bounce for her. The other cat loves to stand on her back legs in front of our television set tapping at objects and things moving

across the screen (when she's not studying the people on the news and wondering why they call this BS "news"). They are very intelligent and loving cats.

This story of what these people in the Charlotte area did to animals and didn't do for them could go on indefinitely. It is a part of my story. It is a part of what happened to Erik and I and it would have a direct influence on my experiences with some of the alien Beings who were interacting with me. Some of them would actually take notice of my pain and we would interact with one another solely because of what these negative human beings were doing. At times I felt so despondent about the way they treated animals and their environment, I didn't know if I could continue to endure it, year after year.

NOTES

¹ For all you animal lovers out there, we finally found our missing cat six months to the week she climbed over our nine-foot stucco and brick wall. She now wears a tiara from time to time. She loves things that sparkle.



Chapter Twenty-three: 2001

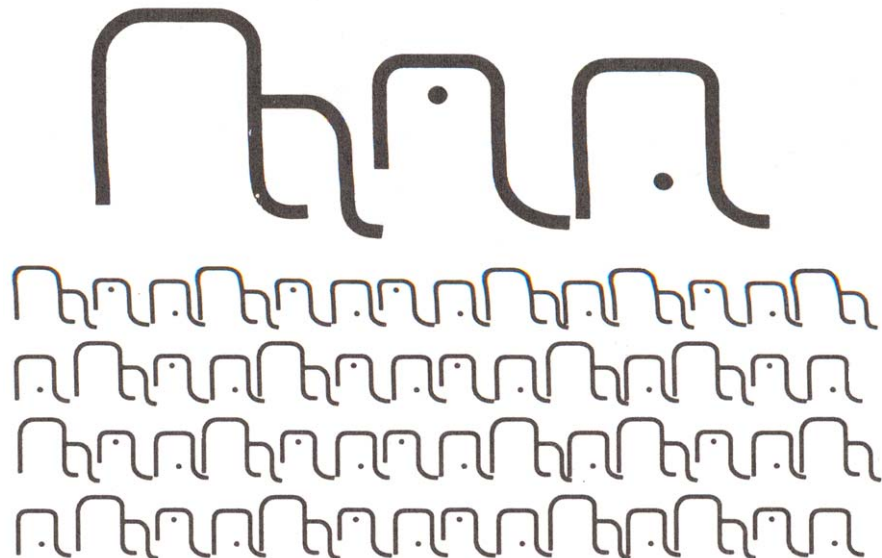
“What Planet Are You From?”

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

“There has been a change in the atmosphere.”

Something about my surroundings suddenly seemed altered and things were somehow different. I seemed to have an okay day, but it was strange that I would think there was something wrong with the atmosphere in my home.

Sometime early that evening I found myself in my office with a Blonde alien male whom I had very intense feelings for. I felt a great amount of love and devotion toward him. We were studying and learning an alien language together. It consisted of short bursts of sound and energy. When it was written down it looked similar to what I published in my *Researcher's Supplement* that had the writing with the dots in it.



I remember thinking,

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

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

The Blonde and I then “moved” to a different place together and I didn’t feel I was anywhere near my house any longer. It was almost as if we moved through a doorway that wasn’t there.

I realized I was in a totally different place, but there was something familiar about it. I inhaled some smoke or gas and quickly realized that this substance made it possible for me to breathe water or fluid because I remembered having done it before. I got into a huge square pool of water and found myself underwater and breathing. However, it didn’t feel wet like our water. I could walk through it easily and I could swim under it or through it. I began breathing and it seemed easy, but it wasn’t as if I was breathing water. It was different somehow. That is all I remember from the encounter.

After this experience my back hurt so badly I could hardly stand up. It was very strange because I don’t have back problems and I didn’t do anything the previous day except work on the computer. It wasn’t until the end of the second day after this encounter that my back started feeling better.

Spontaneous Memory

Two nights later I remembered there being three people or Beings in my house. I was upset that they were there and I kept telling them to leave. There was one female and two males. They wanted me to believe they were my friends, but I felt they were aliens trying to deceive me.

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

The next day or the next night (I’m unsure of exactly when this happened) I had a spontaneous memory of walking on the dirt road we lived on. There was a strange male Hybrid Being who looked to be in his fifties driving a car very slowly down the road. I studied him and he looked human, but there seemed to be something sinister about him. He smiled a sinister smile and asked me,

“What planet are you from?”

I responded in a very cynical tone and with disgust in my voice,

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



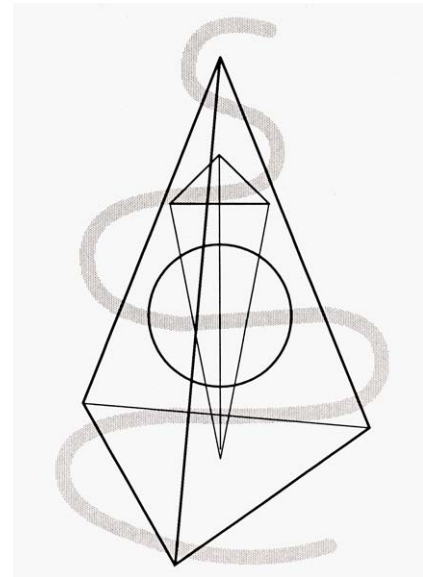
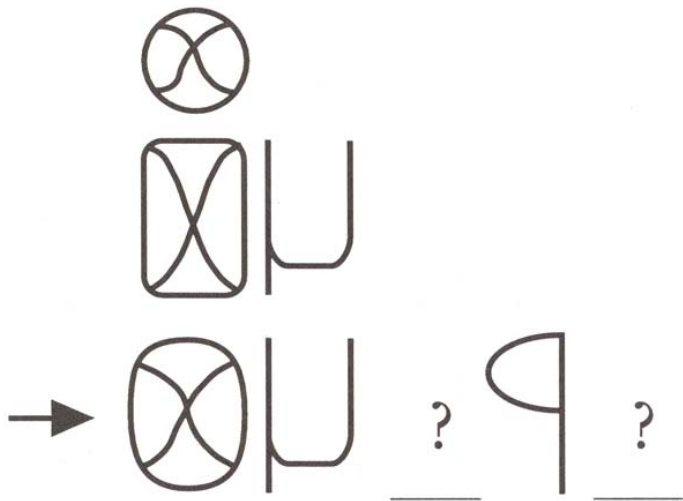
I suddenly thought about my cats and my dog and how I could never leave them. He smiled his sinister smile again and slowly drove on down the road. I got the feeling that he knew something that I didn't and he found it amusing.

Things were not going very well for us in our new home. The animal situation and the hunters and the constant barrage of gunfire were wearing on me. I never knew if I was going to be hit by a stray bullet when I would walk my dog. It seemed we were living on the darkest road in Charlotte. *Anything* could have happened there.

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

NOTES

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





Chapter Twenty-four: 2001

September 11, 2001

On September 11, 2001 I experienced a waking vision:

I was standing just outside a large building and President Clinton was motioning for me to walk through a revolving door. It looked like this place he wanted me to enter was sort of like a grocery store. Everyone was buying bouquets of black roses. He smiled a gentle, but sad smile and motioned for me to head in his direction to buy some of these roses. I felt like I should buy some as well so I went through the door and walked toward the black bouquets of roses that were situated on a flower stand.

Vision Of Death

The vision occurred as I was waking up that morning and I immediately knew it was a vision of death and that President Clinton felt partially responsible and was very sad. The black roses represented death.

I poured myself a cup of coffee and walked out on my front porch a little after 8:30 a.m. It was a beautiful morning, almost surreally so, and I admired the blue sky as I sipped my coffee. I thought about the vision and what it might mean and I wondered, “*Who is going to die?*” After I finished my coffee, suddenly the left side of my head felt like it was going to explode. Usually, 99% of the time I experience migraines on the right side, but this pain was instantaneous and on the left side. I knew something was terribly wrong.

I went back inside feeling really sick and felt as if I should turn on the television right away. It was a few minutes later that I saw the pictures of where the plane had hit the World Trade Center. Even as Peter Jennings was speaking about what could have happened and what type of plane it was, I knew immediately that it was a jetliner and not a small plane and I also knew it was a terrorist attack. It was an instant “knowing.” I watched live television as the second plane hit. The rest of the day, like everyone else in America, I was glued to my television set and crying.

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

Betrayal

Two days later, on September 13th I wrote in my journal about how I felt. I was angry at the Beings for not doing something to prevent this terrible tragedy. I felt betrayed by them for not letting me see this ahead of time so that I or maybe someone else could have prevented it.

Unbelievably, that same day while I was writing how I felt, I wrote the following in my journal:

"This last week I got a message from one of the ET groups - they told me the World Trade Center tragedy was to them - to sum it up 'Zoo Hamster Cages.'"

These were the words I heard from their minds as they stood next to me near our kitchen bar. I distinctly remember them being inside my house with me. And, it is strange that they spoke about it in the past tense, as if it had already occurred. At that time and in our reality, 9-11 had not happened yet.

"Zoo Hamster Cages" was their description of the people who were inside the two towers. They referred to them as hamsters in a cage or in a zoo. I couldn't believe I hadn't written the experience in my journal, but after 9-11 occurred I remembered it very clearly. It was like a flash before my eyes.

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



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

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



These Beings also showed me a piece of paper divided into four sections with lines. Each section had something written on it in code. I kept looking at the code and realized that some part of my mind was capable of deciphering it.

One of the symbols was a circle with a ring around it. When I saw it I thought it represented Saturn. Then I thought of Neptune, because it has rings. Then I went back to Saturn because of what I read a long time ago about tetrahedral geometry and the possibility of inter-dimensional or higher-dimensional Beings existing on Saturn or somehow in its plane of existence. These Beings realized I had figured out their code and they used telepathy to mentally block me from consciously remembering it.

I have no doubt that these are negative Beings. Could they actually be from a planet in our solar system, but in another dimension of space that we are unaware exists? The atmosphere of Saturn seems surreal, especially in light of the strange hexagon shaped cloud or energy formation that I recently read about. As bizarre as this sounds, I really do wonder if this “hexagon” could represent an interdimensional aspect associated with the planet Saturn? ¹

It is frightening to think that these Beings might be so much more advanced than we are that they perceive us as hamsters. If this is the case, and because they apparently knew something was going to occur in advance of 9-11, this is indeed alarming. In addition, the fact that they spoke of 9-11 in the past tense leads me to believe that this group of Beings can either time travel or their consciousness is extremely “fluid.”

I really don't know what else to say about this except it is unfathomable to me that 9-11 had to occur as the “trigger” for this memory to come to consciousness. It is also probable, now that I think back on this, that it was for my own good that I didn't remember what they told me prior to the September 11th tragedy. ²

It is so sad to know that at least one group of Beings knew this was going to happen and did nothing. It makes me wonder if they did nothing to prevent it because they *wanted* us to go to war? And, what's even more sickening to me is, they wanted me to know about their “knowing,” as if they were rubbing it in my face.

NOTES

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

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

² What if I had gone to the authorities and told them that something terrible was going to happen to the World Trade Center soon? They would have ignored me until 9-11 occurred. Then I would have been jailed as a terrorist and “The Decider” would still be trying to figure out where my “weapons of mass destruction” are located.



Chapter Twenty-five: 2001

The Accidental Remote Viewer

It was during this year that I began wondering if I also existed in another dimension and my life experiences were “spilling” over into this dimension or if I was accidentally remote viewing some of these things.

On October 17th I wrote in my journal:

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

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

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

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

“They think I have a drinking problem, but it goes beyond that.”

He wasn’t depressed or really concerned, other than the fact that he was admitting to me that he was an addict. I tried to offer him some sort of verbal consolation, but I don’t think it helped. I felt terrible for him.

I then had to go to his father. This was my “mission,” the reason I was there in the first place. I had to tell him what was really going on with his son. I prefaced it by telling the father - who was in his Colonel’s Marine Corps’ uniform - that he should

not come down too hard on his son and that right now his son needed his understanding.

I told the father about his son and that he was a heroin addict. The father was full of remorse and began to cry profusely. I felt uncomfortable because on some level I knew this man and I didn't feel as if we were good friends, but still, I held him and comforted him while he cried for his son.

At the end of this journal entry I wrote,

"It is strange that I seem attached to these people and care for them, but in my waking reality, I don't know them, or at least, I don't remember knowing them."

Black-Ops

The accidental remote viewing continued two days later and I wrote what I remembered of it in my journal. The date in my journal was October 18-19, 2001.

"I had a vision of the Black-Ops guys coming in for the kill."

These soldiers were wearing black or very dark clothing. I knew who they were immediately when I saw them. They came into a place under darkness with total stealth. The people in this place were wearing light colored clothing and were totally surprised. They were helpless against them. The Black-Ops guys came in on a wire and were coming across a structure and into the structure... one after another.

I stood there as a type of observer and said to myself,

"Oh, it's the Black-Ops guys."

The next day I heard on CNN that one of the Special Forces groups went into a Taliban base in Afghanistan and killed about 25 of the Taliban's soldiers. Rumsfield said the information had been leaked by someone at the Pentagon while the special forces unit was still there.

From my journal:

"It was only after they had gotten out that Rumsfield admitted they had really been there. I had this remote viewing the night before the leak reached the press. When I heard the news mention it, the viewing from the night before suddenly flashed in my mind. It was another confirmation."



Different, But Similar

These last two experiences were different, but similar. During the first one, I was there as a mediator and it felt like a physical event. I touched the son's arm and I held the Colonel when he broke down over his son's situation. It was very real to me.

During the second event, it seemed as if I was there as an observer. I didn't touch anyone or any thing and I knew in advance that this mission had been planned and was now in operation.

I continued to have these "accidental remote viewing" occurrences and I would come to understand them a little better. During this next one I seemed to know what I was doing and how this remote viewing might have occurred, at least for this particular experience:

I was in a desert area. A few scientists I was working for came out of a small building and one of them had a hand-held device. He looked at it while he read out the readings to the other men. He said some soldiers were coming toward our position, but we didn't know from which direction they were coming or whether they were friendly or hostile.

Suddenly, I projected my consciousness upward very high in the air so I could help the scientists I was with. That was my job - what I was there for.

I then saw three groups of soldiers heading in our direction. Two of the groups were ours, and the group to my far left was hostile. The hostiles were wearing dark green uniforms and all had dark hair. All three groups were heading in our direction and were running with rifles or machine guns in their hands. I was hoping that our troops would reach us before the hostiles did and I felt somewhat uneasy about what was happening.

That was where my memory of the event ended, unfortunately.

Interdimensionalism

I believe this was some sort of training exercise or I was actually seeing something that was occurring at the time. A part of me felt it was connected to what was occurring in Iraq or Afghanistan.

These types of experiences still occur to me to the present day. I also still have the experiences that seem interdimensional as well. Because of the Super Conscious

Beings' lessons in "interdimensionalism," if you will, I felt it was important to include them in this book. They are not mentioned or published in relation to abductions, but they do occur to some of us and this may be an aspect to this phenomenon we all need to become more aware of.

It is possible that all humans have the capacity to remote view and to also become familiar with lives in other dimensions or actually see into other dimensions. If you realize that time is just a measurement we use on Earth for our human existence and that our life force or consciousness can exist outside of our physical bodies, it's a lot easier to understand what some abductees are experiencing, or at least what this abductee is experiencing. Our understanding and accepting our interdimensionality may in fact be part of the message involved in *"waking our sleeping world to the aliens' presence."*



Chapter Twenty-six: 2002

Isolation

My husband continued to travel a lot overseas on business and I was home alone most of the time. This year he traveled a total of 350,000 air miles and was away a total of four months.

This was one of the reasons I enjoyed my job and working from home so much. When we moved into our unfinished dream home, we had the place “wired for sound” and everything else. We had the best alarm system we could afford with glass breaks in every room and with all of the windows and doors secured with contacts. We also had four video cameras that ran most of the time. As I wrote earlier, we would live on this desolate dirt road for three years before anyone else built there.

The wildlife made it all worthwhile when things got tough. There were so many different types of life forms: beautiful birds, rabbits, raccoons, opossums, turtles of all types, frogs of all types and insect life that just boggled my mind - so much life and beauty. And, then there were the hunters. They finally stopped running their dogs on and near our property when we tried to have two of them arrested and we almost shot one of their dogs when it charged at us. The sheriff however, knew them and let them go. It was truly a “good old bubba’s club” of the worst kind.

One day as I was transcribing my dictation for the day I heard someone in our driveway honking and honking their horn. I ran to the door and looked out of the viewer and saw that it was a truck from the gas company. I opened the door and walked out onto the porch and the man said,

“Hi lady! I’m here to check your gas meter!”

I looked at him (like the idiot he was) and said,

“We don’t have GAS. We’re all electric.”

That’s when we put up a gate. People would drive up our 130-foot driveway for the stupidest reasons. One night some 20-something year old came by at 1:40 in the morning and woke us up because he ran out of gas. We called his mother and told her that he wanted her to pick him up and where he was. She responded,

“Will - eym in the medle of makin fuuuuudge!”

We found out later where he lived and during the time it took his mother to finally arrive; he could have *walked* home.

Later we heard stories about how the area was haunted and we were asked more than once by strangers if we had ever heard about the body that was supposedly buried on the property next to ours. (Hello?) And, on one Halloween night four 20-something-year-olds rang our doorbell asking about the ghosts in the area. They asked us if we ever heard their screams. I said with a completely straight face,

“No. No ghosts, but we have seen aliens.”

We gave all of our Halloween decorations away and kept our lights off each Halloween night from that time forward.

Yes, we had an alarm system and we had cameras and we had a gate. But, we also had aliens. As I stated earlier, *anything* could have happened there and no one would have ever seen it. Even if they had seen it, they *wouldn't* have. It was just the mentality of the people in that place.

Shame

There have been times in the past when I would be with Super Conscious Beings and they would show me pictures of alien Beings that I drew for them when I was a child. They have a lot of information on me that they are saving. It's similar to making a scrapbook of all of the things your child has done in their life and that is what I feel they are doing with me in their own way. I think they have all of this information stored mentally or somewhere in part of the God-force energy and they can manifest it in solid form for my viewing when they wish to. I do not understand nor can I explain why incorporeal Beings would keep solid artifacts or objects such as my drawings.

I would find myself in the presence of Super Conscious Beings again in 2002. There was another Being involved in this encounter as well, but all I remember is that she was a younger female. She took a copy of my book and some letters from readers of my book to about three or four Super Conscious Beings who were standing nearby. I telepathically sensed from them loving and caring feelings. They were like loving parents who viewed me as their child.

They opened the letters from the readers and I knew they were very special. However, I did not want anyone to know about them and I did not want to read them. I was going through a very difficult time. I didn't want anyone to know about me or the books I had written. I was so ashamed that I had written them and I was ashamed of being an abductee. I wanted to disappear from the phenomenon.



Chapter Twenty-six: Isolation

I began to cry when the Super Conscious Beings started to show me the letters. They understood my feelings and did not want to upset me further so they resealed them. After they did so, I could not even tell the letters had ever been opened. They were “perfect.”

They then showed me a photograph. It was crystal clear. The resolution was magnificent. It was a close-up of my ex-husband Mark. He was flying his helicopter (CH-46) and he was wearing his flight suit and helmet. The picture was taken just a few feet from the pilot’s side of the cockpit window. The look on his face was one of total shock and fear and disbelief. In the upper left-hand portion of the photograph was a reflection, either off of the face shield of his helmet or the window of his helicopter. It was a reflection of a disc-shaped craft. A dark gray *alien* craft. That was what he was looking at.

Suddenly, it all made sense to me. I understood why one day our marriage seemed okay and the next he hated me and not only wanted a divorce, but wanted to kill me.¹ The image was so clear because *they* took it or created it. The Super Conscious Beings wanted me to know what had really happened to my first marriage and that it was not meant to be because I was really destined to be with Erik.

NOTES

¹ Lengthy account published in *The Alien Jigsaw*.



Chapter Twenty-seven: 2002

The Blonde

This year I experienced a spontaneous memory that I believe is my earliest conscious memory of a Being I call The Blonde with whom I had so many experiences and wrote about in *The Alien Jigsaw*. I remembered that I was in the tenth grade when this occurred and was 16 years old. This is somewhat disjointed and I did not remember the entire encounter. Either the Beings blocked my memory of this or I repressed this for 26 years.

I had my bathing suit top on and a pair of white shorts and I was with three females. Two of them looked human, but the third looked a little strange and I do not believe she was human. It's possible she was a Hybrid. She was the one I conversed with most often. She had white hair with unusual looking bangs. There was also a man with blonde-white hair. He was wearing a white, tight-fitting jacket-like thing. I noticed that he was very in-shape and strong. (This was the Blonde.)

I approached the three females, but when they saw that I was with the Blonde they shunned me. I then lay down on a bed and the three females were near me in their beds. The man with the blonde-white hair began to get in bed with me and I got mad at him for trying this. He seemed shocked by my behavior and said,

“Oh, you don’t want me to do that....”

He then left and this seemed to please the other females who were with me. I didn't want them to think I wasn't a “good girl.” I was still a virgin and I didn't want to have sex with this blonde male.

The Blonde then handed me what looked like a little white container of pills. I took one of the pills and then became very upset and threw the little container on the ground. This angered the Blonde and he made me get into a large, light blue car with an open top.

I felt sick inside and I didn't want to be with him. I felt I had been fighting with him and had been trying to get away from him for a long time, but I couldn't. It was more of a mental struggle than a physical struggle.

I was in the “car” and I was feeling angry and afraid of this Blonde. It seemed that it was his responsibility to protect me from anyone who might want to have sex with me. It was a very frightening thing for me.

The next memory I had was of being inside a small trailer or something. The three females were again with me and were to my right. There was a dark haired man to my left and slightly behind me. He seemed rather gruff. He put a plate of spoiled food in front of me and began eating some of it. The way he looked at me made me feel that he was “interested” in me. It was at this moment when the Blonde said to him,

“If you have to, use one of the other three females - she is mine.”

The dark haired man immediately left and I became very frightened because I knew that he meant the dark haired man could have sex with one of the other three females, but not with me. Somehow I belonged to the Blonde and he had to protect me from other males.

At this realization I jumped up and ran to the door of this “trailer.” The Blonde seemed taken off guard and I tried to open the door. I realized then that the trailer was really some sort of transport device. There were two sections. The section I was in at first seemed to have a little brown in it, but the next section was all white. It was only about 15 feet long. There were little latch-like things on the door and I had to quickly open two of them to get out.

I got out and had to jump down to the ground and it was then that I realized I was barefoot. There was not much light, but I could see that the ground was like a firm rubber substance with large sections that were moving very slowly. This was how the transport device moved. I was amazed at what I was standing on. The floor was a reddish brown color and the large sections that moved were separated by a piece of gold metal that was about ½-inch wide. The sections of the floor slowly slid in a spiral or circular fashion and this caused the transport devices to move.

The Blonde caught up with me and he quickly moved me out of the way of one of the transports so it would not hit me. He was really surprised that I could get that far away from him.

My next memory of the Blonde was looking at this chest. He was extremely muscular and his skin was very tan and shiny. His stomach muscles were similar to a human's, but not exactly. He had extra muscles on his abdomen going vertically that humans don't have. I looked at his stomach, then his chest and then his face. He had vivid blue eyes. I said to him,

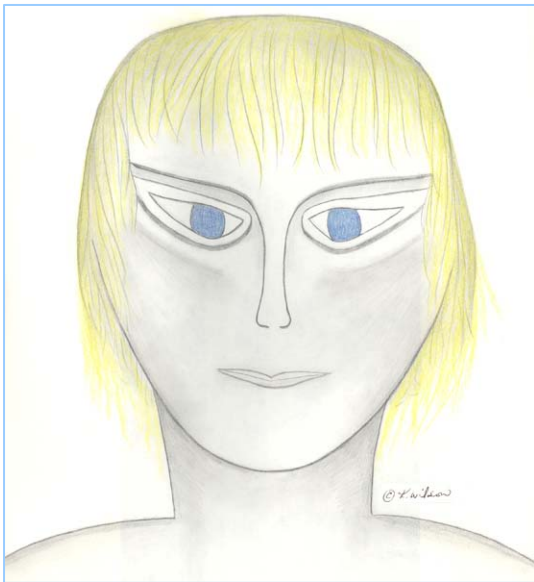
“You sure are muscular,” and he smiled at me.

The last memory I had of him was of looking at his navel and noticing that it looked different as well.



I am positive this was a memory of the Blonde whom I wrote about in *The Alien Jigsaw*. Today there is a part of me that misses him, but at that time when I was 16 years old, I was very afraid of him. I also suspect that something more occurred with him since it appears that he did not have any clothes on during the last part of my memory.

I think it might be helpful to describe him in detail because I think he represents a group of Beings who are very involved with humans. I want to use my description that I gave in *The Alien Jigsaw* because it has been such a long time since I've seen him and I think this will be the most accurate description I can give. Sometime after my marriage to Erik he stopped interacting with me. I always felt he was made to “cease and desist” his relationship with me from some Being who was higher up.



The Blonde Revisited

From *The Alien Jigsaw*, © 1993

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

When he is in physical form, I believe his hair is as real as his body, that is, it is not a wig. I have never sensed anything but positive feelings from this Being when he appears as a Blonde.

I also have extremely positive feelings for him. Indeed, the first time I drew a picture of him, I inadvertently drew a yellow halo or aura around his head because I felt such positive feelings from him as well as for him.

During my experiences with The Blonde, he seems interested in my welfare and has sometimes apologized ahead of time for some of the things he was about to do. He is also very interested in my spiritual advancement and my ability to feel empathy for other animals, including humans. The Blonde has also worked alongside The Doctor (a Hybrid) and he appears to be subordinate to him. Sometimes I believed he was working with The Doctor and the Greys so he could be in a position to interact with me for teaching purposes. He has aided The Doctor in taking blood and/or bone marrow samples from my leg. He has also performed gynecological procedures on me and I believe our interactions together have been observed by the Greys.

If I did not time-travel with him, then I would say he has taken me into other dimensions. We may, however, find out one day that time travel and moving through or into other dimensions are the same things.

I have seen him transform from a cat into a large beam of white energy and then back into himself (as a Blonde) and from a spotted-skinned Being into a dog, and then back into himself (again as a Blonde). I believe all of these transformations were done [for me] for teaching purposes.



Chapter Twenty-eight: 2002

“Before-Effects” & Aftereffects

On January 23, my husband left for Paris, France and was to telephone me when he arrived at 1:00 a.m. my time. I went to bed at 11:00 p.m. The whole day leading up to this was very strange. I felt the Beings’ presence throughout the day and became irritable. I threw away a chime that another abductee had given me and then I threw away a Kopapella chime I had bought for myself. I realized I was very angry, but I didn’t know why, other than the presence I was feeling. I also do not understand why I felt that I needed to get rid of the chimes.

I began bringing my cats in from their enclosed courtyard because I was scared for them. The last one I tried to get in didn’t want to come in and the kitty door shut inadvertently. For some odd reason it set off our alarm system. This had never occurred before and would never happen again. I became even more frightened. The alarm company called and I told them what happened and they said it was a glass break that triggered the alarm, but this didn’t make sense to me.

I went through the house and checked each room and each closet because I was experiencing so much fear. I had not felt that way in a very long time. I felt “them” and I knew the feeling. I got into bed and put the phone in the bed with me so I could quickly answer when Erik called. This was at 11:00 p.m.

At 2:00 a.m. I awakened to Erik’s frantic voice on one of our answering machines. My first thought was, “*I’m back.*” I picked up the phone, but there wasn’t anyone there. I ran into the office on the other side of the house because I could hear his voice on the answering machine in my office. I missed him again.

Then he called back and I saw that he had left five messages on one machine and two on the other machine. When we talked to one another he said he was just getting ready to call a sheriff to come out to the house. I felt very groggy and told him I was okay.

What I remember from that night was seeing a young Hybrid girl with blonde hair who was naked and had no hair “anywhere” except on her head. I knew this because she was in a peculiar position. She was lying on her back with her legs folded upward so that her genitals were showing. She did not look human there, but her face looked human. She had pretty wavy blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. I walked by her and asked,

“Are you sure you want to stay in that position?”

I then smelled something that smelled like ... “sex” I guess. I thought the whole thing was very strange and I walked away. I didn’t understand why she was exposing herself like that, but she seemed to be cognizant of what she was doing.

That was all I could remember from the experience. It was clear to me that I was gone for three hours and I’m sure much more transpired than I remembered. I am also absolutely certain that I was gone because I would have heard the sound of the telephones ringing. I have exceptionally good hearing and it is inconceivable that I would not hear the phone ringing from seven different telephone calls from Erik.¹

Bell Shaped Craft

Approximately two weeks later Erik was back from Europe and we were looking forward to the weekend together. Some time during the night I got out of bed and went to the dining room window. When I looked out of the window I saw an alien craft “parked” near our house. As I was looking at it I said to myself,

“Wow, that’s a great place to hide a car.”

I then realized that it wasn’t a car at all. The object was very sleek, silver, and was shaped like an elongated bell. I continued to look at it and saw that there were



plumes of air shooting out of it and pieces of grass and leaves were shooting downward and then up into the air. The force at which the air was being propelled down and then upward was amazing. It reminded me of the force the air moves out of a jet engine, but this craft was totally silent.

The next morning Erik and I both felt sick. I could hardly walk when I got out of bed and my right arm was killing me. I had to lie down for a few more hours. We



were supposed to go out together, but couldn't because we both felt so bad. He had no memory of anything happening, but I clearly remembered getting up, going to the window and watching this silver craft.

Sunday, two days later, we were both still feeling very fatigued. I had blurry vision and felt as if I had a fever. We made ourselves go out and do something together to help us deal with the stress we were going through.

Three days after I saw this craft, Erik and I were both certain that we were taken somewhere. We both had the impression that we were gone for at least a day in our time, but here on Earth it was probably just a few hours. We believe the reason we felt the way we did was because we both had missed taking our medicines due to being gone for so long. He was on high blood pressure medicine and I missed my maintenance drug for fibromyalgia and migraines. This may not be what occurred, but whatever happened to us, it made us both feel very sick.

I know a lot of people are asking,

"Why didn't she report this UFO? She's a member of MUFON for crying out loud."

This type of thing seemed to happen so often to me, I just didn't think it mattered anymore. I could not find any real trace that a craft had been on our property and our video camera was not pointed in that direction. No one was around to see it except me. I didn't even wake Erik up for some strange reason. I just didn't want the hassle. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to know where I lived, including MUFON, or to get the local redneck sheriffs involved in something so "kooky" as a UFO sighting. We were having enough problems living there as it was. I just wanted to be left alone.

NOTES

¹ At that time we had the old standard answering machines. If the phone had been knocked off the hook while it was in the bed with me, Erik would have heard a busy signal. The phone in the bed must have rung many times, but even as it lay next to me, if I was indeed really there, I did not hear it. This would be highly improbable. I have to sleep with earplugs in both ears because my hearing is so sensitive, however, whenever Erik is out of town, I never sleep with earplugs in because I don't feel safe.

If he left five messages on one answering machine (that particular phone would ring four times) and two messages on the other answering machine (that phone was set to pick up after two rings) that means the phones rang a total of 24 times. There is no doubt in my mind: I was *not* in my home during those three hours.



Chapter Twenty-nine: 2002

Lisa's Baby

I continued to experience encounters that had an interdimensional feel to them. Most involved military personnel that didn't seem to totally fit our military. A couple did, but the others seemed interdimensional and as if once again, there was this "second life" spilling over into this life again.

One military experience that did seem like a MILAB involved another abductee I know and have written about. Her name is "Lisa." Some of her experiences have been published previously.¹

I found myself with Lisa and it was nighttime. We were standing just outside the fence around a military base. We could see three or four alien craft up in the night sky. They were dark and did not have any lights. They were disc-shaped, dark gray craft and we watched as they landed on the airfield of this military base. We then ran toward them and snuck onto the base. We were spotted, but we kept running.

The next thing I remembered was seeing a military officer. He was either a Lieutenant Colonel or a Colonel. He was really familiar to both of us - we both knew him. Lisa and I were separated and I think she was taken onboard one of the disc-shaped craft.

Some time passed and the next thing I remembered was holding a tiny (2-inch tall) Grey alien baby. Even though it was extremely small, it was alive and fully functioning. It had gray skin and large dark eyes and it was standing in my hand on its own. It seemed perfectly healthy and I knew it was Lisa's. I felt love for this little Being and I decided that I would protect it and take care of it.

I saw that Lisa was back and that the Colonel just told her this was her baby. She started to cry. I walked over to her to comfort her. I still had the baby in my hands. We both decided that we would take the baby with us so Lisa could keep her child. The last memory I had was of the two of us running away from the Colonel and we were approaching the fence that surrounded the military base.

During this experience I knew that Lisa and I had both interacted with this Colonel many times before. He is involved with the Greys and I seem to feel some sort of affinity for him. Lisa was upset because the little Grey was from her. I

remember holding one of mine when it was so small like this and I felt unconditional absolute love for it. I also felt the same thing for Lisa's baby.

Obviously, someone or something intercepted both of us as we approached the fence surrounding the military base because we did not get off of the base with her baby.

Do You Remember Names?

While I was writing this book, I wrote to Lisa about this experience and she reminded me that I had contacted her about this in 2002. Lisa told me she was familiar with this experience and began looking back over her journal entries. She has given me permission to publish what she believes may be the name of this Colonel we were interacting with who she recalled seeing back in 1999. Lisa wrote,

"I might have a name for you. It is Lieutenant Colonel Stevenson. This was on 2-24-99. I know I still must see him...he probably has another rank by now or is retired. I also have shit loads of doctors' names and [other] people."

In a separate correspondence Lisa wrote the following:

"I found something on the Colonel, on 12-21-02, I had written these initials with what little I could recall: J.W.K. and on 12-26-02 another woman [was] with me - her name was 'JAQUELINE' [or JACQUELINE]. It might be of interest to put those down on your Web site with our names to see if you get any feedback on this one. I have more on him somewhere, it's just in tons of journal notebooks."

"I woke this morning (5-16-07) to a small black eye on the left and underneath, and my right chin has a dark nickel sized bruise, sore. I heard last night someone say to me, 'YOU ARE OPENING A CAN OF WORMS.' It was male sounding."

NOTES

¹ Lammer, Helmut and Marion. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

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

Wilson, Katharina. *Project Open Mind: Are some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?* Puzzle Publishing, 1996. (See "About Lisa:" www.alienjigsaw.com)



Chapter Thirty: 2002

Liquid Memory

The last important event that I want to share from the year 2002 also has decidedly human overtones. Once again, Erik was out of town on business. As far as I know, all of my memories are conscious memories. I did not seek out anyone to hypnotize me and never planned to do so. For some reason, however, I was coerced into doing it this one time.

I was sleeping in my bed and then suddenly I sat up. I looked at the clock and it was 3:00 a.m. A man was there with me and he was pressuring me into undergoing hypnosis. He told me he was going to use a drug and he called it “Liquid Memory.” I didn’t want to undergo hypnosis, but at the same time I wanted to remember what happened to me. I’m not sure that I really had a choice in the matter. He had me, he had the drug, and there was something he wanted from my mind.

The next thing I knew I was lying down in the back seat of an SUV and a white man was administering the “Liquid Memory” drug to me through a syringe. The effects were immediate and I felt the flushing of my skin as the drug entered my bloodstream. The moment I felt this, I found myself in another place. This is the memory this man was looking for:

I was in a large room that was dimly lit. It was full of babies and young children. They were all sleeping. I looked up at the ceiling and it was a very pale yellow-olive green color and it seemed to be made out of something soft, like velvet wallpaper. There were animals on the ceiling for the children to look at while they were in their beds. The beds were all about two feet by two feet and were the same color as the ceiling.

I looked around the room and all along the walls were stuffed animals and toys. It was all very colorful. At the back of the room there was a rectangular area of small sleeping cubes that appeared to be incubators. The entire room was filled with babies and young children sleeping soundly. I thought to myself,

“I could feel good in this room. This isn’t bad at all.”

Room Of Horror

I walked into another large room, but this room was cold and sterile looking and was packed with adult humans. Everyone was lying on a stretcher and was grouped in sets of three or four. Everyone was covered in a “medical blue” drape or sheet and I heard a lot of moaning.

I walked by a man on a stretcher and saw that someone *somehow* had temporarily transplanted a heart into his leg. It was awful. It was covered with something, but I could see it beating. I asked him,

“Is that your heart?”

The man was out of it and couldn't hear me. Someone then told me it was his heart and it had been temporarily transplanted into his leg for use later. I could not believe the level of technology I was witnessing, but at the same time I wondered who would do this - who could do this to someone? It was awful.

My next memory was of me lying on a stretcher and being naked. There was a man who looked to be in his fifties lying next to me whom I knew. I felt awful. We made eye contact with one another and I saw his blue eyes and dark hair that was all disheveled.

A woman doctor or scientist was prepping to place long steel rods into my hip area. I began to panic when I saw them because they were very long and not nearly as thin as a needle. I looked down at my hip where she was about to insert them and I asked her,

“Aren't you going to give me something for the pain?”

She replied,

“This doesn't warrant protection from the pain - it isn't bad enough.”

She then showed me a small circular scar on my skin and she said,

“They will go through this area, just as we did before... We reuse the same sites.”

As she began forcing the long thin darkish colored “rod” into my hip, I moaned from the pain and I passed out.

When I awakened I had at least two of the rods in each of my hips. They went deep into the bone and the pain was agonizing and I could hardly move. ¹ I was lying on my back and I could see a little bit of the blue drape material partially covering me.



There was now a different man lying on his back next to me and he was also under a blue sheet or drape. I seemed to know him and I thought his name was Jim. I watched in horror as these doctors or scientists killed him and then brought him back to life. They then told him that he was going to die. They performed some horrible brain experiment on him. I don't know how I knew, perhaps someone told me, but their goal was to induce Parkinson's disease in this man.

Somehow, he got himself up off of the stretcher he was lying on and he was delirious. He got really angry and started cussing and yelling at the doctors who were doing this to him. They got him back onto the stretcher next to me. He then reached out and began trying to touch me. I wasn't sure if he was delirious and his arms were flailing around or if he was doing this intentionally. He began touching my groin and then my breasts. I couldn't move and I began yelling for him to stop. I felt the pain from the rods in my hips and I could hardly move. It was awful. I could do nothing but lay there as he continued to touch me in his delirious state.

I remember thinking,

"These are humans doing this to us - these aren't aliens."

The woman returned to my side and began working on the man who was on the stretcher next to me.

I then began to come out from under the effects of the "Liquid Memory" drug. I heard the man who convinced me to take the drug say to the other man, very somberly,

"There are no aliens here."

He sounded somewhat stunned, as if it was a revelation to him, but he remained calm.

The next memory I had was of sitting up in my bed and looking at the time - it was 5:20 a.m. One of my cats who slept with me was going nuts running through the house. She was crying and was very excited. My heart was pounding and I was scared to death.

I got out of bed and shut the door and I locked my cat out of my bedroom. All I wanted to do was sleep and I felt she would be safer not being near me.

It Really Blew My Mind

If there were any doubt about my having been abducted by humans, I had none after this night. What I find strange is that they were looking at one particular experience as if they already knew about it, but somehow I consciously did not. It was very strange. I could not believe how well this drug worked. I had never remembered undergoing anything like it before in my life. It just blew me away.

I don't know who these men were, but the one who told me about the "Liquid Memory" drug seemed familiar to me. I "felt" that he was either military or from an intelligence agency. The man did not have a southern accent. I don't recall that he had any sort of distinguishing accent. The man with him did not speak or at least I have no memory of him speaking.

These doctors and scientists in that place who did this to us didn't give a damn about us. We were nothing but experimental animals to them. The woman doctor who put the rods into my hips just walked away after she inserted them and went to work on someone else. This place was terrible and these doctors and scientists didn't care about the suffering they were causing us. It was almost reminiscent of the experiments the Nazis carried out on the Jews and other victims. It was horrific.

Did these men really put me into a SUV and take me somewhere else to perhaps film this or record this "Liquid Memory" hypnosis session? I doubt it. Why go to all of that trouble? I was home alone and they had the privacy of my home in which to conceal themselves. I suspect my remembering being in a SUV was a hypnotic suggestion given to me at the beginning of the "hypnosis" in order to throw me off as to when this actually occurred. I am certain all of this occurred as I sat up in my bed.

These men came into my house, drugged me, took the information they wanted from my mind and left. I'm just wondering how they got into my home? Did they use some sort of device to deactivate my alarm? Would they need to? Perhaps they had someone helping them from the alarm company? It all sounds rather conspiratorial to me, but those are questions that any normal person would ask.

As I have stated before, *anything* could have happened on that road and no one would have noticed. It was an isolated and mostly unlit 1-1/2 miles of dirt road surrounded by hundreds of acres of trees and farmland.

I do not recall that anything showed up on our video camera recordings, but I did not always have the time to sit through and watch them all. It's strange, but sometimes when something would happen, I just didn't view the tapes. Many times I



did and there were two occasions when I was abducted and a small light was detectable on the tape, but that was all I could ever see.

NOTES

¹ I had a procedure during which rods were placed through the joints in my knees and ankles that I published in *The Alien Jigsaw* and I believed it occurred on September 22, 1992. In that experience I believed I was with two Beings, but I did not give a description of them. I called them “Beings” and “aliens.” During that procedure I felt what they were doing was good for me in that the rods were healing or repairing my joints.



Chapter Thirty-one: 2003

I Can't Live Without My Memories

This year Erik found himself working for a new boss who was such a bastard we started calling him “The Hoofed One.” His main target was Erik. He was extremely jealous of him and his goal was to drive Erik to the point of quitting. It was a bad time. Erik didn’t quit. He fought back, but it really added to the stress we were dealing with on a daily basis.

The stray and wild cats kept showing up at our door as if there were a sign posted on every corner of our property saying, “Dump your pet here.” For a while we thought catching them and spaying and neutering them would be a losing battle. The dead doe and fawn were still being dumped; their lives totally wasted by the hunters in the area. In *Star Trek, TNG* there is saying the Romulans have for the Klingons and it is that they “...are a waste of skin.” That’s exactly how we felt about these hunters.

We continued to put food out for the animals and took care of any that came our way, especially during the winter months. I saw two maimed deer while living there who somehow survived being shot with their injuries having healed on their own. One had skin hanging off of its neck that looked like it was full of buckshot. Another had been shot in the back leg, which was now lame. It was terrible. I got to the point where I didn’t even want to look out of my window any longer while I worked in my home office transcribing medical dictation. The place was killing me.

The only good thing that happened was that another couple began building a house a few lots up from ours, so at least there was going to be someone else living on our road.

Abandoned Hospital

I had another spontaneous memory surface in January of this year and it was scary as hell. To this day, I don’t know how I could have forgotten that this happened to me, but somehow I buried the memory for almost 20 years. I was in my twenties when this occurred and I was living near Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

I was with four or five other young women and we were all abductees and we were inside an old abandoned hospital or an abandoned mental institution. Everything about this place was terrestrial. We were familiar with one another and we were

aware that we were special or different. Perhaps on some level I was aware that I was involved in something very strange. However, it would be another eight years or so before I would realize I was an alien abductee.

We walked through the abandoned building together and I saw the familiar yellowish-tan, concrete block walls. The floor was old linoleum-type, beige flooring. It looked like it was about 30 years old or more. The facility was clearly abandoned a long time ago, but parts of it were still being used as a makeshift medical facility - if you can call what they did there "medicine."

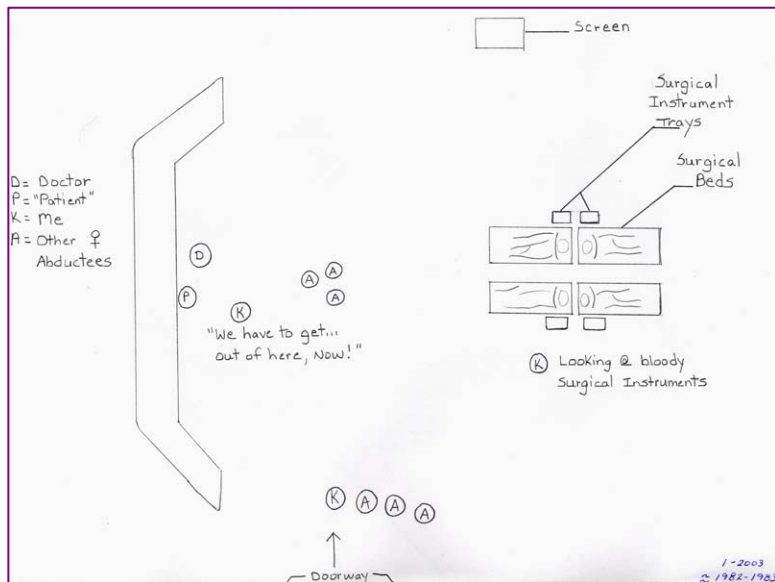
We walked into a classroom-sized room and there were two men in there and a lot of medical equipment. To my right were four beds - two by two with two of the heads of the beds almost touching the heads of the other two beds. These were surgery beds. All four looked like they had been used recently because the sheets on the beds were messed up. I shuddered inside when I saw several blood coated medical instruments on the trays next to the beds.

I walked up to the two men. One was sitting calmly in a chair and the other was a doctor. He was wearing a white doctor's coat and was standing and was working on something. He turned to look at me when I walked up, but continued to stir and hold something or doing whatever he was doing. He was not

concerned that we were there. The people in that hospital knew that the four of us were there and were walking around the facility.

The man who was sitting had black hair and black, thick rimmed glasses on. I was fairly certain he had been drugged. He was very calm while the doctor was preparing to do something to his brain.

This man's hair was cut in a very short buzz cut and was all the same length. The doctor had drawn some black lines on the man's forehead. It was a type of grid pattern. The lines were not dark, but they were drawn dark enough for me to see that there was a grid pattern drawn on the man's forehead and scalp.



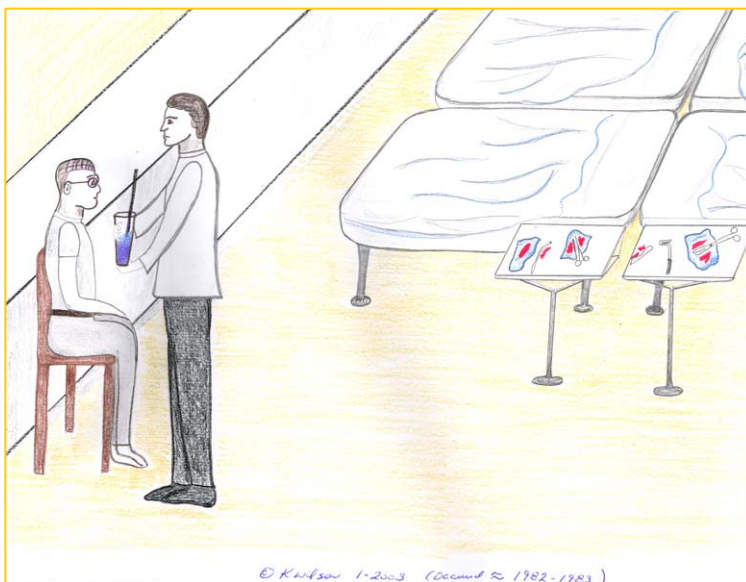
The man then calmly turned to me and said,

"I am here for brain mapping."

Then he calmly turned away and looked back at the doctor. I looked around the room again and turned to the other abductees and said,

"We have to get the hell out of here - now!"

The abductee next to me said,



"This was the last time anyone ever saw her alive."

I turned around to look behind me and saw a screen up on the wall with a black and white photograph (close-up) of the young woman she was talking about. I recognized her; she was also an abductee. In the photograph her eyes showed pain and suffering. The picture did not show all of her face, but I will never forget her eyes.

We left the room and walked out into the hallway, which was somewhat wide. I saw a man I recognized and began to panic a little. He was walking toward me and he said,

"Okay Katharina, it's time for you...."

He had a soft smile on his face and I knew him. I knew him well. He was in the military and he was a Major and I said his name. I'm not 100% certain but it is either "Graham" or "Glenn." I said his name,

"Major _____"

He put his arms out toward me as though he was happy to see me again. He was not in uniform and his shirt was partially unbuttoned. He was really attractive. He had blondish-brown hair and was in his late 30s to early 40s.

I began to plead with him to please tell me what they were going to do to me. I begged him to let me remember something of my having been there in the abandoned facility and what they did to me there.

I felt that I would do anything for him to let me remember... It scared me that they took my memories and did not let me remember what happened to me when I was there. I told him I couldn't live like that - I couldn't live without my memories. As I told him this, I unbuttoned his shirt further and began kissing his chest. He had a medium to thin build and his chest and stomach were muscular and his skin was tan. He had some gray hair on his chest, but it was mostly brown.

He knew he was not supposed to do this with me, but he embraced me and we began kissing one another. He pulled me to him and at the same time pulled me down to the floor. I knew that if I had sex with him he would let me remember.

My last memory was of waking up. I was lying on a stretcher in the same facility and experiencing pelvic cramping and I felt that I was bleeding.¹

Never Willingly

This was a terrible memory for me to deal with. I still cannot believe I buried this somewhere in my subconscious mind for so many years. Perhaps I had help from the people in this medical facility. Maybe they gave me amnesiac drugs, I don't know.

I'm not certain, but this Major looked similar to the Colonel in the chapter titled "Lisa's Baby." As I mentioned earlier, I have talked to Lisa about this aspect of her experiences and she told me that she believes there is one of these military men who always has sex with her. I have wondered who he is and if this could be this same man.

What could have been done to me there? Practically anything I guess. The pelvic pain and the bleeding lead me to suspect that it may have been the taking of a fetus and I believe this experience is connected to the Hybrid Breeding Program. Certain military personnel keep showing up in our experiences over and over again and they are familiar to us. We *know* them.

Is there an ultra secret group of military or intelligence personnel involved so deeply in this "breeding program" or is it really just aliens? I cannot help but believe it is all three and that they are working together. Again, it appears that other abductees and myself are intimately involved in some sort of weird "relationship" with this group of people.

Did we willingly agree to this or are we being forced to participate in this breeding program? Allowing alien Beings or humans to take blood, DNA or actual genes from



me is one thing. I would never allow anyone to take a fetus or a baby from me if I could prevent it.

NOTES

¹ For those of you who have not read *The Alien Jigsaw*, I have never had an abortion or a miscarriage. However, many procedures have been done to me by these Beings (and possibly humans) during these unusual encounter experiences that lead me to believe this was a recurring type of experience for me until I was forced to undergo a hysterectomy. I believe the reason I was forced to undergo such an invasive procedure is because of what they had done to my body over the course of my life. My mother and I had the exact type of physical problems as described by Hopkins and Rainey in *Sight Unseen* pp. 334-339, as well as many, many other female abductees.



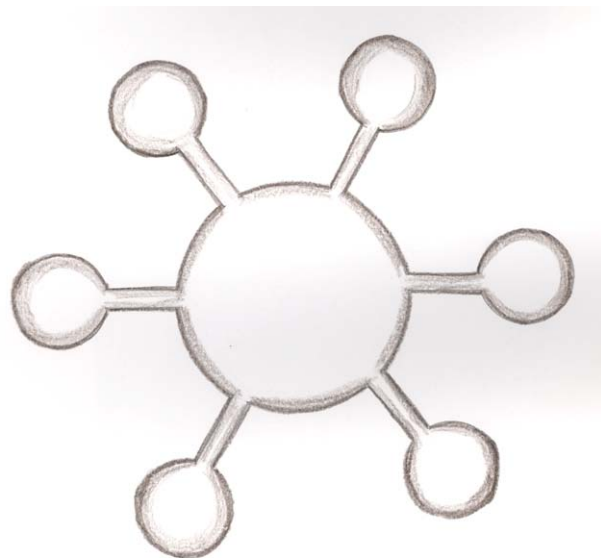
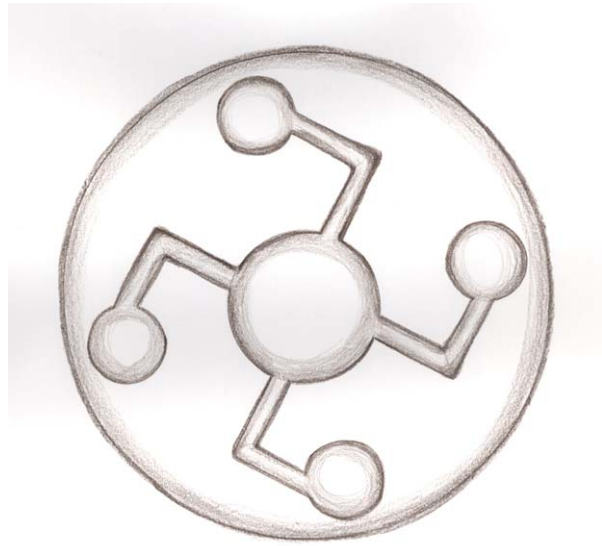
Chapter Thirty-two: 2003

“Three Coins In The Fountain”

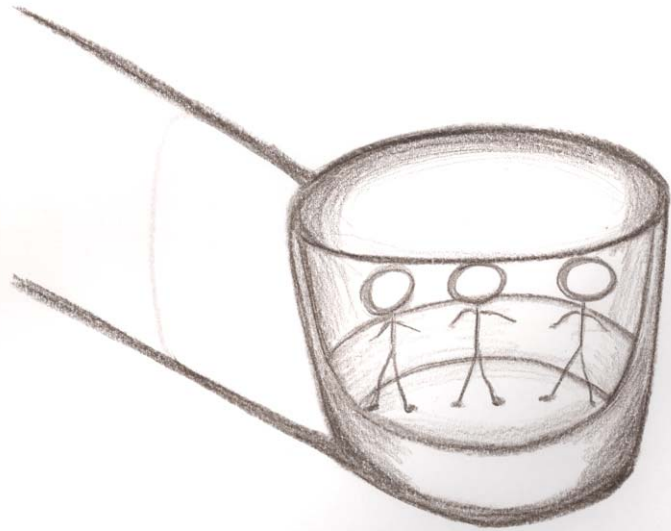
This year I had two experiences involving two different types of aliens whom I witnessed taking soil samples. One group looked almost like snakes that stood and floated upright. They were tan-skinned and were very thin. I saw them take soil samples from our side yard near where my office was located.

Late one night I was out on the road two lots up standing next to a large white box-shaped craft. Several white aliens came out of it in single file and floated to the lot where the septic fields were located. There was an unusual contraption or perhaps another craft situated in the middle of the lot. It was large and had arm-like extensions coming out of it. I watched as these aliens floated out to the field and began taking soil samples near this object. It seemed they knew I was there, but my presence didn't bother them. That is all I remember of the incident.

The object I saw on this lot is quite similar to a craft that Erik saw several years earlier in 1994. The craft he saw had six “arms” instead of four and he saw other people on board.



He was inside one of the cup-shaped rooms at the end of one of the extensions or "arms." There were two other people inside with him and he said the little rooms were capable of holding three people, standing comfortably.



I saw another alien craft land in our yard again this year. I was outside at night standing behind our courtyard wall off to the left near the woods. I watched as a black, very sleek, totally silent "helicopter" landed in the usual place they had been coming to since we built our house.

The silent "helicopter" landed gently, nose down at about a 45-degree angle. It was thin like a cobra gun-ship, but it was black and very sleek looking. The back portion remained in a silent hover position about two feet off of the ground.

I then watched as a long, green, rectangular-shaped craft (similar to a cigar shaped craft but without the rounded edges as I have seen before) silently and slowly floated from the position of the black "helicopter." It silently moved by me at about two feet above the ground to an area just behind our courtyard wall. It did not want to be seen, and there behind the wall, no one could see anything. It landed, but like the black "helicopter" it did not touch the ground. It stayed in a hovering position about 1 to 1-1/2 feet above the ground.

I then saw a male Being. He had three eyes; two eyes where ours are located and a third "seeing eye" in the middle of his forehead. His eyes were about the same size as ours, but they were black and liquid-like. He had the same mottled skin that I have seen before. I asked him to let me see what he really looked like. I held both of his arms with my hands just above his hands while he transformed and after he transformed, his third eye was no longer visible. He then told me something telepathically, directly to my brain, but I have not been able to remember what it was. I was protective of him and cared for him, but I also really needed something from him. That is all I remembered from that encounter.

Neither the helicopter nor the green craft had any lines or rivets or anything on them. They were perfectly smooth. It seemed like they were smoother than glass, but they were not glass and I cannot describe the metal other than to say it had a soft



sheen to it and it looked "perfect." I also wonder now if his third "seeing eye" in the middle of his forehead might not have been what he really looked like; that he really did have three eyes. He may have changed his appearance so I would feel more comfortable looking at him.

A Stern Warning

Four months later Erik was out of town again and I was visited by three Beings who were very human looking. There were two males and one female.

One of the males had a bone protruding out of each side of his neck. He wore a gold colored scarf around his neck to hide the bone protrusions from me. The bone protrusions came out forward, that is, perpendicular to his shoulders. They protruded out about three to four inches toward me as I faced him.

He did not want me to see just how "alien" he really was and he did not want me to be afraid of him. He had black hair and black eyes that were really small, but they were all black, like liquid. He also had very long thick black eyelashes. I knew he was trying to hide his true appearance from me and I knew he was an alien, and he knew that I knew.

On one level I was uneasy and sort of afraid of him, but I knew that was merely because he was an alien and I was conscious of it. I managed to keep myself calm, and I hoped I managed to hide my feelings about him appearing so alien to me so as not to offend him. We conversed telepathically, but I can't remember what we said to one another.

The other male was more human looking except he had longer than usual arms and mottled skin. I found him more attractive. He had brown hair and brown eyes. His arms were about six inches longer than a human's arms are.

I remember we were sitting on the side of a bed I had in my office at the time, and I touched his arm and he made a sound that made me think I was tickling him. After I touched him I did not see the mottled skin any longer, but rather skin that was a similar color as our skin. I touched his arm again gently with my hand, rubbing it softly, and he again made a funny noise. I sensed that what I was doing (touching his arm) was not as pleasing to him as it was to me. I always like to touch them - to feel their skin - to learn everything I can about them.

We stood up and began telepathically communicating with one another. He was at least six feet tall or maybe a little taller. Somehow, I went with him outside my office window where our dog's run was. There were cedar chips on the ground and doggy "poo" where I had yet to scoop her area for the day. The Being said,

“Bloct.”

It was a word that in his language meant “excrement.” I thought the word was really interesting. The emphasis was on the “ct.”

I felt embarrassed and got a shovel and scooped it up. I believe we went back into the house by going through the closed window of the office again, but I cannot consciously remember it. We were standing in the office again and this Being asked me to have sex with him. I told him,

“No. I won’t because I’m married.”

For some reason I looked down and realized I could see part of his genitals and I noticed that he was erect. He was definitely an alien.¹ The last thing I remember was this Being looking at me with a sorrowful look on his face and feeling that he was apologizing for something he had done to me. It was as if something occurred between us, but I could not remember it.

My next memory was of standing in the den with all three Beings. The female, whose face I do not remember said,

“Look, we are here to help her and it’s time to do that. Katharina is one of the most isolated, lonely and despondent ones here. We have to help her....”

She then looked directly at me and said,

“You are going to die if you do not change your lifestyle.”

The last thing I remember was hearing the song, *Three Coins In The Fountain* playing over and over and over in my mind.

I was familiar with the melody, but I had never seen the movie and I did not know the lyrics to the song so the next day I looked the song up in one of my Fake Books and found the lyrics.²

*“Three coins in the fountain,
Each one seeking happiness,
Thrown by three hopeful lovers,
Which one will the fountain bless?”*

*“Three hearts in the fountain,
Each heart longing for its home,
There they lie in the fountain,
Somewhere in the heart of Rome.”*

*“Three coins in the fountain,
Through the ripples how they shine,
Just one wish will be granted,
One heart will wear a valentine.”*

*“Which one will the fountain bless?
Which one will the fountain bless?”*

*“Make it mine! Make it mine!
Make it mine!”*



While trying to analyze this encounter, I wondered if the fact that only one wish would be granted meant that only one of these Beings would be correct? I knew there was symbolism, but I was not sure what it meant. The first unusual looking alien seemed to represent logic and intelligence. The second good-looking male seemed to represent love and sex. The female seemed very down to earth and it was as if she was on an important mission. She just wanted to do her job and then leave. I also do not remember what the first Being and I communicated to one another.

The melody she placed in my mind would be a constant reminder that I had to change my lifestyle or die. In the end, there may not have been any symbolism at all. She may have placed the song in my mind to remind me to take better care of myself. Indeed, ever since that encounter, every time I hear that song I think about her message to me.

A few weeks after this experience I came down with Epstein-Barr virus (mononucleosis). What they used to call the "kissing disease." Needless to say, when my diagnosis was confirmed, my doctor (who was also Erik's doctor) had a few questions for me.

"Just what have you been up to Katharina?" How do you think you contracted this?"

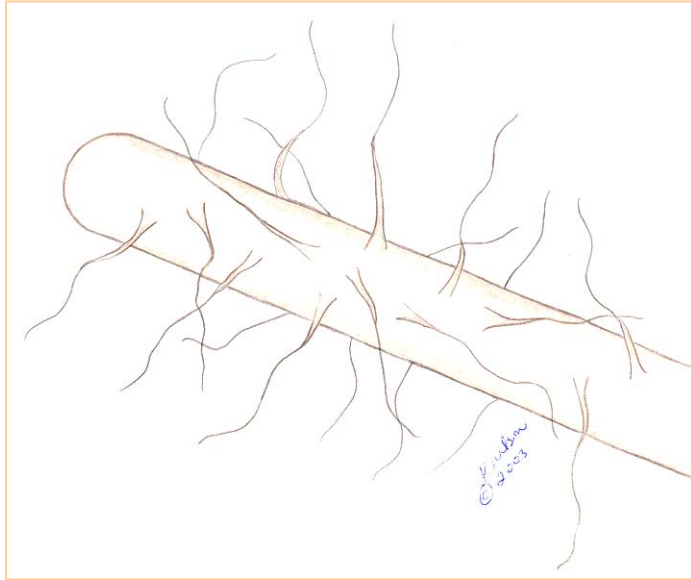
I told him that I went to my mother's 70th birthday party and there was a lot of hugging and kissing going on. I could tell by the look on my doctor's face that he didn't believe me.

I did not "intimately" kiss anyone at the party; that's for certain. And, no one there had been sick prior to the party and I constantly checked back with my mother over the next two months and none of her friends at this party ever became ill with this virus.

I believe something this male Being did to me is what caused me to contract this virus. When he looked at me as though he was sorry, he knew he had infected me. Of course, I don't remember what else occurred and I suspect more happened than I can consciously remember.

NOTES

¹ I believe this Being's penis was too different to have been a Hybrid, but I cannot be certain because I do not have anyone else to compare this with. It was about four to five inches in length and his skin was very white. The "tentacles" were moving slowly, similar to the way certain types of sea anemones move with the underwater currents. (An animated gif will appear on the alienjigsaw.com Web site when the site is updated.)



² *The Greatest Legal Fake Book Of All Time*, Warner Bros. Publications, Inc. 1985. *Three Coins In The Fountain*, © 1954 by Robbins Music Corporation © Renewed and Assigned to Cahn Music Company and Producers Music Publishing Company, Inc. Words by Sammy Cahn. Music by Jule Styne.



Chapter Thirty-three: 2003

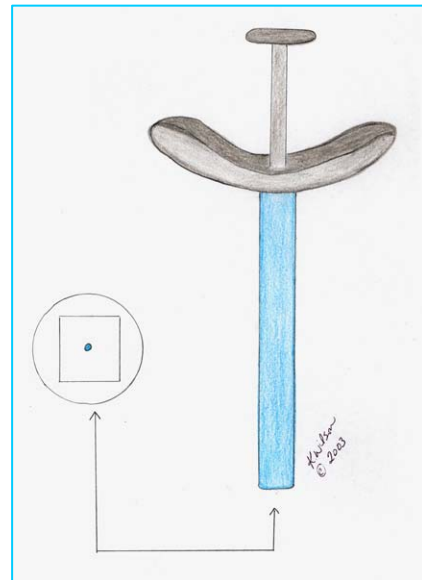
Drugs And Interrogation

In August of this year I would have another experience during which I would be injected with a drug. I was getting tired of all the activity. It seemed like they just wouldn't leave me alone.

I remembered a young looking female injecting liquid into my jaws with an unusual syringe. The substance made my face go a little numb and it made me feel as if I were going to black out. Although she looked human, her movements were like the energy type wizard Being I described in the chapter titled *The Trio*. Her movements were quick and "flowing" like the wizard Being and were unlike a human's. She injected me on both sides of my jaw with a light blue liquid.

I thought it would hurt, but there was no needle and I felt no pain. The syringe was clear and the opening or injection area was round on the inside and square outside of that, and then round again on the outer portion of the syringe. The fluid was forced into my face (side jaw area behind molars) with pressure. It was either air-powered or it was a matter penetrating "syringe."

I then received another injection with the same syringe through the front portion of my jaw, just below the outer portion of my lips. This time the blue substance made my mouth partially numb. I told her that I still had some feeling, but she ignored me and walked away.



A man approached me who I took to be a doctor. He looked human and his movements were not like the female Being's. My surroundings were terrestrial. It looked like I was in a laboratory and there were several human scientists working there. This male doctor checked my face and was waiting for me to pass out from the injection, but I didn't. I kept talking to him and running my mouth non-stop to let him know that it wasn't going to work. They weren't going to subdue me again. He then said to me,

"You must have had this drug within the last week."

I smiled and replied,

"Yes, I seem to have built up a resistance to it."

I was fighting him all the way, although I couldn't muster up any rage. I seemed too calm.

Another man approached us and reprimanded this doctor. The doctor I was with seemed subordinate to this other man and I heard this man tell the doctor,

"You shouldn't have made that slide in Tennessee."

I wasn't sure if he was referring to some sort of biological slide for viewing under a microscope or a side trip he made to Tennessee. It made me think about Leah Haley and how a few weeks earlier she told me about waking up with her jaw hurting her. Then the next night the same thing happened to her other jaw. I became angry and yelled, probably because of the amount of the drug they had given me:

"You did this same procedure on Leah, I bet... Here you are, doing more fucking experiments on us while our government sits back and proclaims there are no aliens, UFOs - whatever! Maybe it IS our government doing this shit to us!"

I kept rambling on to the doctor-scientists while they stood around waiting for me to pass out and I kept fighting the effects of the drug. They finally decided that I had been given too much of this blue drug and that I had built up a resistance to it.

My next memory was of being outside the facility at night. The doctor walked up to me and got right in my face. I saw that someone had hit him on the left side of his face. It was reddish purple and his eye was almost swollen shut and there was a lot of blood under the skin. I assumed it was his superior who beat the shit out of him for what he did in Tennessee and because I was conscious, I was able to connect it with Leah. I sort of smiled when I looked at him because I felt like he deserved what he got. He looked pretty bad.

I woke up the next morning with my jaw hurting and with a bad headache. Erik woke up and said he felt like his skin was on fire and that he was itching really badly. I felt sick and was experiencing nausea and dizziness and my eyes were swollen as if I had been crying, but I didn't remember having cried.

The Interrogation

In November, three months after this last experience, I again awakened having known that the previous night I had been drugged and interrogated.



I felt the urge to start smoking cigarettes all of the sudden. I said to myself,

“I guess I’ll just start smoking.”

It was very strange because I don’t smoke. I tried it once back in 1984, but after three puffs I almost passed out, and that was that.

I then remembered something from my interrogation that night. I remembered being told or hearing someone say that when a group of abductees started smoking, it signified we were remembering something and it was a trigger for “them” to come after us. I believe “them” refers to the people who drugged and interrogated me: “They” were three intelligence personnel and one alien Being. I don’t remember much else about the interrogation, but I did remember the people involved.

There was a white human female with reddish-brown, semi-short hair. Her demeanor was kind and patient, but firm. I believe she was wearing a dark blue suit.

There was a white human male with dark black, medium length hair. He was wearing a longish black coat with a suit underneath. Something about him was special. When I looked at him I told myself, over and over again,

“I know him... familiar... He is NOT a doctor. I know him.”

There was also a black human male who was tall and thin. He had a short goatee. He very much reminded me of an unusual man I met briefly when speaking at a conference in Phoenix, Arizona several years prior. I remember him well because I was standing outside getting ready to leave the hotel and out of the blue this man asked me if I understood how my neurotransmitters worked and then he disappeared into a crowd of people. This drawing is of the man who spoke to me in Phoenix and it bears a remarkable resemblance to the black man who interrogated me.



During the interrogation the black man was wearing a long dark brown coat and he was also wearing a dark brown matching suit. He was really close to my face and he was asking me a lot of questions. His demeanor was very serious. He wasn’t really mean, but he was persistent.

The fourth interrogator was an alien. I saw her as an old female floating in what looked like a reclining position. She was the “ultimate interrogator.” She was not mean or evil, but very powerful, persuasive and telepathic.

I don't remember much about it, but the three humans interrogated me first. After they were done they gave me to the female Being. She started a small recording device that looked like a small cassette recorder (of all things). She said,

“State your name and your telephone number.”

I stated my name..... *“Katharina Wilson.....* and said my phone number very slowly... *“xxx.xxxx....”*

I felt really drugged and I knew that they had done this to me before. This female Being said,

“Tell me about...” then I felt telepathy... *“the Light Game you published in your book.”*

I immediately started to tell her about it, but I realized my memories were being altered by her telepathic contact with me. What I remembered and published in my book was not what I was telling her. It was like her mind was reaching into my mind and she was making me remember the experience differently. I don't know why she did this.

She then made me see myself with other people standing along a highway at night and we were looking up at a lot of craft in the sky. All of the craft with lights..... This didn't seem right. This was a different experience and I think I called it a “Light Show.” I realized this female Being was probing my mind about past experiences I've had and she was searching for a particular memory in my mind.

I suspect everything that occurred after this point was a screen memory that was telepathically forced into my mind by this female Being. This “ultimate interrogator.” This was done to block any memory of my actual interrogation by the three intelligence agents. She forced my mind to focus on something else entirely.

This Being showed me that they abducted the driver of the truck who transported my books to me after they were published. I then remembered that the printer went out of business after my *Researcher's Supplement* was published and I somehow felt it was my fault. I wondered if someone didn't make this happen.

Next, this female Being forced me to see this:

I was in a large glass room that was part of a laboratory. There were some other abductees with me and there were four medium-sized Jack Russell Terriers.



They had all been shaved and were part of an experiment during which three of them died. I felt really sad for them. Their skin looked like someone had experimented on it - on them.

I looked through a glass wall or door and I saw a small figure. He was chasing the fourth the little dog. This Being - It was an alien. It was a small figure, about four feet tall with tan skin. He went after the little dog. The dog then headed toward our door and I said to the other three abductees with me,

“Quick, open the door!”

They did and the little dog came in the room with us. The little male alien let him in and shut the door very quickly. My immediate feeling after he shut the door was that the poor puppy was safe for the time being and that we had just been exposed to something. I looked around and realized for the first time that the other abductees did not have any clothes on and that they were part of the same experiment that the dogs were.

Why Use A Phone Number?

I included this experience because again, it shows that humans and at least one other alien, the “ultimate interrogator,” are working together. I believe I was drugged and interrogated by these three humans: the white man and woman and the black man. Afterward, they used the female alien to fill my mind or cloak my memory with what I referred to in *The Alien Jigsaw* as “camouflage” and “theatrics” or screen memories that really don’t make much sense, but are good at eliciting emotional responses and cluttering our memories.

Why do they ask me for my phone number? This has happened before. Do they use our phone numbers to catalogue us? I usually lie when I tell them my phone number, but this time I didn’t. A phone number and a name seem to be a strange way to categorize abductees, and what would an alien Being be doing using a cassette recorder during an interrogation? Did I see a cassette recorder or did she make me see something that wasn’t there? I really do not know.

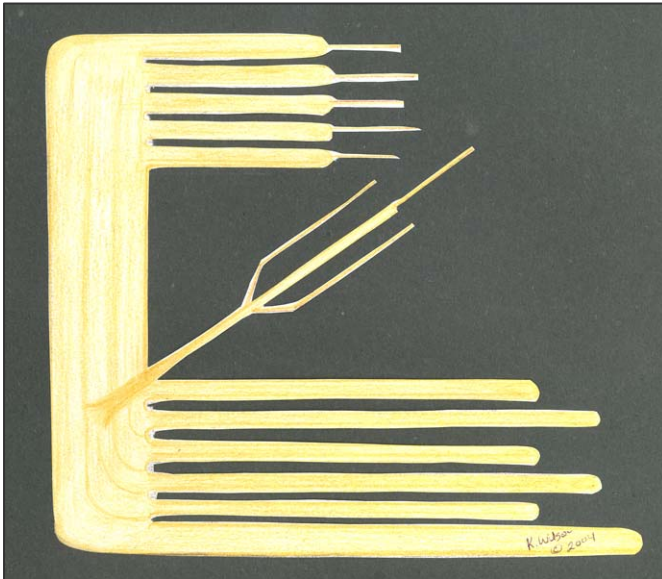
I believe the real intent here was for an intelligence team to interrogate me and then block my memory of the interrogation. And again, it is important to remember that they may have used the device the holographic pilot told me about to infuse this information into my mind. As he said, it allows the operator to “*get inside of a person’s mind.*” It is possible that the female alien “ultimate interrogator” was not really an alien, but was a human using this device on me. However, her floating while lying on her back is suspicious and makes me believe that she really was an alien Being. I would see her or a similar Being again as recently as 2007.

Chapter Thirty-four: 2004

Two Babies

My journal for the year 2004 is not as lengthy as the previous two years and the amount of contact I had with the Beings diminished somewhat. I documented that I saw an unusual L-shaped craft that I watched fly around late one night over the property adjacent to ours. I was standing just outside of my dog's run on the east side of our property and I thought to myself,

"I've seen that craft around here before."



The craft had a lot of tan protrusions on it. They were all lined up together in two ways to make the shape of an L. They seemed to be very large, long rods, and I could not figure out how the craft could fly, but it did. It didn't seem to be flying fast, but it definitely could fly.

It landed on the property adjacent to ours in an open area in a field of grass. I was sure they landed there because they knew they would be safe and

that no one would see them except me. I walked through a little section of woods on our property and then onto the property adjacent to ours. Several people came out of the craft and I realized they represented several different nationalities and appeared to be from different countries. They all had a drugged look on their faces, like they were mentally turned off.

The one female Being I saw clearly was short and pudgy with wrinkled skin and seemed to be malformed. She had vivid blue eyes. I did not see a pupil like ours, but rather a white pupil that was shaped like a horizontal slit. She had dark hair that was longish and looked un-kept. She was telepathic and when I was looking at her, I felt I had to keep my thoughts from her because she was so difficult to look at. There was a young man who appeared to be in his late twenties standing next to her and he may have in fact been a Hybrid. He was almost physically sick simply from being in



her presence. He could hardly look at this Being and he looked as if he was on the verge of both crying and vomiting.

This female Being told me that everyone I saw there had to have their blood or DNA tested because they were looking for something very specific that they needed from us.

This Being then showed me a baby who looked grossly deformed. When I first saw it, it looked like it might be a smaller “twin” of the female Being and attached to her stomach, but part of it was concealed underneath her clothing so I couldn’t be

certain. Its face was red as if it had been burned and I found it amazing that it was still alive. This baby appeared to be in dire circumstances and was suffering. It was so very, very sad.

I believe this species is in trouble biologically and they are desperately in need of something from us to save them. I know it is genetic material, but I was not told specifically what it was. I am sure that I let them test me as well because I have often allowed different Beings to do things to me in order to help their species. It’s the same way I feel about helping animals in need. I will try to help whenever I can.

Even the day after their craft landed, I could still feel a presence as if they were still there or were nearby. I now wonder if the craft had some sort of cloaking mechanism and perhaps really *was* still there? Because of the presence I was feeling, I did not go back into the field the next day, but several days later I did, and I looked for any sign that it had been there and I could not find anything.

I would have another encounter involving these Beings three years after this encounter that would change the way I feel about them forever, and I will cover that in a later chapter.

Did You Let Her In?

This year I came down with bilateral shingles. I also looked like I had the chicken pox. I had another staph infection and was in a lot of discomfort. I had been to see two doctors and a dermatologist and had three types of creams I was using. I believe I got the shingles because of all of the stress we were under living in that



place. Before going to sleep one night during all of this, I asked the aliens to help me because I hurt all over and was in a lot of pain.



Sometime during the night I distinctly remember that Erik and I both woke up and sat up in bed. There was a tall, slender female Being with whitish-blond hair standing next to me on my side of the bed. I looked at Erik and asked him,

“Did you turn off the alarm and let her in?”

I then looked over at the alarm panel and saw that it was still on. I looked back at Erik and for some inexplicable reason; he went back to sleep. This female then spoke to me. I remember telling myself while she was speaking to me that I *had* to remember what she said. It was very, very important.

Erik got up at 3:30 a.m. to get me some ice and he saw several of our cats all out in the courtyard staring in the same direction. They were looking toward the back left-hand corner of the courtyard toward the catnip garden. He didn't see anything, but all of our cats were looking in that same direction with their ears perked up as if something was there and they were looking at it. Erik then walked all around the house to make sure everything was okay because he said he had a strange feeling and felt an unusual presence in the house.

I remembered that this blonde-haired Being told me she was a doctor, but unfortunately, I haven't been able to recall anything else she said to me. It was very frustrating because I had a sense that it was extremely important. I believe she came to see me because I asked them to help me. I eventually got over the shingles and the staph infection, thankfully.

Little Naked Beings

In late October of this year I felt compelled to look out of the window in our dining room again. I was always drawn to it somehow. It was really late at night and I saw what looked like a medium-sized blue jet land in the field on the west side of our property, which was leased out for farming soybeans. I expected it to crash since there wasn't a runway and the trailer park would have been in the way since a jet needs a long space in which to land. It didn't crash and then I suddenly realized that it wasn't a jet, but some sort of alien craft.

I continued to look out of the window and I saw several small (3-foot tall) naked little people. Their skin was about the same color as ours and I sensed that they were males, but I didn't see any genitalia and they didn't have hair anywhere. I then let them in through the window I was looking out of, but I didn't open it for them because that would have set off our alarm.

The next thing I knew, I was outside and walking toward their craft with them. It was roundish and shaped similar to one of the craft that Ed Walters has photographed.

I saw that over to the left of the craft were several orb-shaped objects floating very close to one another just above ground level. The little Beings with me knew that I was consciously aware of what I was looking at and that I was with them.

My next memory was of being with several other people and we were inside of the aliens' craft and were traveling somewhere. It was still dark outside. The last thing I remember was someone telling me they wanted some soymilk to drink and I had the impression that everyone I was with was a vegetarian.

Just Like Me

My last experience in 2004 occurred on December 22nd. I was shown my little girl. She looked to be about 8 months old and was healthy and had a good weight. She had almost no hair though; just white "peach fuzz." I held her and looked at her closely. She was beautiful and she was human. Her eyes looked just like mine and the shape of her face was like mine was when I was that age. She was wearing a little white shirt and some panties or something like a diaper, but they were not plastic.

I became upset when I saw that she had four small scars in the top of her head. I didn't know if the Beings had to perform surgery on her or if they implanted something in her brain. There wasn't any bruising on her head so I assumed this had been done a while ago. I had no doubt that she was mine and I felt a great amount of love for her.



My next memory was of waking up in a place that looked like a hospital, but it was alien. I didn't recognize any of the equipment. I saw large metal gray square things that I couldn't identify. I realized immediately that I had experienced missing time and could not remember anything and it bothered me a lot.

I asked someone who was near me,

"What has happened? Where have I been? Where is my baby?"

Someone said,

"We are sorry you lost the baby."

I immediately knew that was a lie because my memory was coming back and I remembered just having been with her.

I looked into the room next to me and I saw one of the large metal, gray square devices shoot out a very long beam of white light and I wondered if it was some sort of medical device. There was a female alien standing in front of it and the energy shot into her chest area and then she walked away like everything was okay. I then wondered if she had just come back on board the craft via the light?

After I saw this I began to remember a light beam and that was how they took my baby away from me. This "light" stole her away from me and they put me "out" and tried to make me forget my baby so I would not want my baby back. I was overwhelmed with sadness and was on the verge of crying.

The next morning I awakened with a very sore lump on my thigh and a bruise was beginning to form. It was not there when I went to bed. I also wrote in my journal that my left nostril was hurting deep inside up near the bridge of my nose. I looked inside and it was swollen, but I couldn't see anything.

I was really saddened that I could not have my child with me. I wanted to bring her back with me so badly. It was difficult to see her and hold her and then not be allowed to have her in my life.



Chapter Thirty-five: 2005

“Remove...their memories”

This was the last year we lived in Charlotte. We realized things were never going to change there; the people were never going to care about animals or the environment. We now had four families living on our road besides us and nothing had changed. None of them cared. To make matters worse, the people who moved in next door to us called themselves Christians, but we felt they were really part of a cult. They didn't celebrate any of the Christian holidays and they did not live as Christians.

The father would cut his grass for hours on end. He would cut it two or three times in one day and would ride around on his riding lawn mower for five to six hours every week. It was like he was off in another world. They claimed to never hear the gunshots and could care less about any of the animals that came around hoping for a “last meal.” They were actually rather cruel toward the animals and they used a lot of poisons around their property, which killed many of the smaller forms of life such as frogs. They were so unaware, an alien craft could have landed right in front of them and they would have been oblivious to it.

One day, out of the blue, the family who lived farthest from us moved. They had built their house three years after we built ours and already, they were leaving. I found out when speaking to one of the family members the reason they moved. They were tired of the dumping of dead animals, including dogs. One of their cats was killed and their dog was shot in the head, and miraculously survived, but still had the bullet in his head. It was sad. I had no idea they had been going through some similar things we were experiencing.

The MILAB experiences continued to occur from time to time and in January of 2005 I remembered some particularly disturbing details:

I awakened one morning in early January with both of my nostrils feeling very sore as if something had been stuck inside both of them. My memories the following day were disjointed, but what I did remember was clear. I was in a room with several naked men who I knew were in the military. There were also other women in the room with me and some were partially naked and some were completely naked.

I saw them line up in two lines for some sort of inoculation. I don't know why, but I was checked for lung problems and was found to be “all clear.” I also felt that something sexual was about to occur with all of us and it really frightened me.

One of the men walked up to me and was rather excited and laughingly said (referring to the women in the room)

“We’re about to have a really good time with all of you!”

My next memory was of being inside a square craft with a 20-foot high ceiling. Two or three men were in it with me and they were wearing space suits, but I don’t remember having one on. I could have had one on, but I’m not positive. While I was inside of the craft, I knew the lack of gravity would make me float up to the top of the ceiling, twenty or so feet above where I was standing. I believe it was some type of test.

After this floating test I distinctly remember a man, who I thought to be military or associated with one of our intelligence agencies, sternly say,

“Because of your affiliation with Budd Hopkins, YOU...”

Unfortunately, that is all I remembered, but I felt it was not a positive statement because his voice was very stern and serious. It was as if they were going to treat me differently because of my affiliation with Budd. I then heard him say in a commanding voice,

“Remove four-hour chunks of time from their memories.”

I immediately panicked and told myself,

“I cannot let them take my memories...I have to program myself to remember everything...”

I awakened feeling extremely drugged the next morning.



Chapter Thirty-six: 2005

Fifth-Dimensional Star Book

The night of March 12, 2005 was an incredible night. I went to bed really early. I had a strange feeling that I had to “disappear” or stay out of the way, so I went to bed at 6:00 p.m. And, I need to preface this experience by saying that I had *not* taken a blue pill before going to sleep and neither Erik nor myself was taking any medication that was blue.

During the night I was awakened because someone was softly rubbing my right leg. When I looked up I saw a male Blonde Being. While gently rubbing my leg, he softly said,

“Your skin is so soft.”

I replied groggily,

“Oh... I took a blue pill to help me sleep.”

He said to me in a calm, caring and soothing voice,

“That’s good... that’s very, very good.”

I suddenly found myself in a different place with this Blonde Being. I was standing and was completely conscious of what I was seeing. I noticed that he was nearly 7 feet tall. He was wearing what looked like a body suit. The pants portion was silver-gray and a little shimmery and the top had very thin horizontal multi-colored lines across it. It looked like it was all one piece even though the top and the pants were made from two different types of material.

Bypassing Sine Waves

The Blonde was to my left and was standing about 5 yards away from me. He was somewhat frustrated with me and angry. He said to me telepathically,

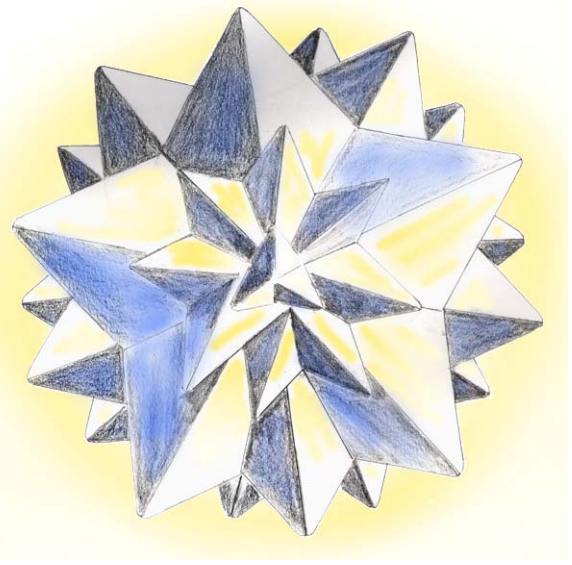
*"I am the more intelligent one and the stronger one. Why were you chosen for this job? I am stronger! I can reach inside of your mind and I can bypass sine waves. I can hurt you if I want to!"*¹

I immediately felt him inside my mind and then I felt the feeling of paralysis coming over me. As I stood there, I fought both him and the paralysis... I told myself in my mind,

"Fight it... fight it... fight it...fight it..."

I mentally fought him until I broke free of his mental hold over me. I knew how to do it because I have had to do this before.²

He then took me to an area of the room that had a counter of some type and hidden inside of it was a strange book. It was shaped oddly - like a star-shaped thing. It was about eight inches round and had protrusions on it that were pointed and I got the idea that it was shaped like a star, only it had more points and they came out in all directions. There was not one flat portion to this book. It was almost like glass, but you could not see through it. I looked at it and realized it was the *Fifth Dimensional Star Book* and I knew that it contained all of the knowledge of everything in the Universe - *everything* that we were learning!



I held it with my left hand and it barely had any weight to it. I touched one of the points with my right hand and this opened the "book." I saw that it had different small triangular areas in it that contained "chunks" of knowledge that I can only describe as a type of energy. I immediately knew that to look ahead was cheating. I then saw the face of my teacher in my mind and I did not want to disappoint her. I knew that to look ahead in this book of knowledge would be considered wrong.

The knowledge in this "dimensional star book" has the potential to be very dangerous. It is so beyond anything that humans know at this point in time that for us to look ahead would introduce knowledge that could destroy everything we are currently working on. It could destroy our mission. To have all of the knowledge at once could even destroy our species and our planet.



I put the book back in the hidden place and I again thought about the female teacher who is working with me. I did not want to disappoint her and I did not look ahead in the *Fifth Dimensional Star Book*.

This Blonde Being had looked at the entire book. He had the knowledge of everything in the dimensional star book. He had cheated. We were supposed to learn the information contained in the book a little at a time, not all at once. It is supposed to happen gradually over time so the information is not misused.

At 2:00 a.m. I walked into the bathroom with this complete conscious memory in my mind. I thought to myself,

“He *is* stronger than I am *and* more intelligent. Why was I chosen? Maybe he is right. Maybe I’m doing something wrong. What if I am no longer needed? I don’t want them to think that I can’t handle it - handle the job they have given me.”

The next morning I asked Erik if he rubbed my leg last night. I knew it wasn’t he, but the Blonde, but still I felt compelled to ask him. I thought maybe it might trigger something in him and he would remember having seen this Blonde Being. Erik looked at me strangely and said,

“No, *that wasn’t me...*”

I asked him,

“Are you sure?”

He replied,

“Yes, *believe me, if I had rubbed your leg last night after getting into bed, I’d remember it.*”

NOTES

¹ Sine wave. *Physics*. A waveform with deviation that can be expressed as the sine or cosine of a linear function of time or space or both. *American Heritage Dictionary*.

² I find it extremely telling that I could be standing and conscious while this Being used telepathy to make me experience paralysis. I fought him off by using my mind just as he was. This is one of those cases that makes the argument for the paralysis that abductees sometimes experience being “sleep paralysis” absolutely ludicrous.



Chapter Thirty-seven: 2005

“They Shall Be Revealed”

I didn't remember how we traveled to this place, but I had an interesting encounter with a female Hybrid whom I had seen before. I was outside at night with Erik and a few other abductees in an abandoned shopping center. We were with about four or five other people and we were watching part of a *Star Wars* movie, which was actually a mental projection from the mind of an alien Being. These Beings were studying our feelings about the movie because they were interested in people who liked this movie and understood the concept of “The Force” and the struggle between “Good and Evil.”

After the mental projection was over we left and went to another area that was familiar to me. I seemed to know where I was. I saw a petite female Hybrid with white-blond hair open a glass door and I knew her. I recognized her from before. I followed closely behind her and I called back to Erik,

“Hey, come here quick! You have to see her - She's so beautiful!”

I looked at her face and saw her huge golden eyes. They were a similar color as the little white haired boy I saw a long time ago in the glass container-like bed, but her eyes were larger.

This young Hybrid had shoulder-length blonde hair and she was holding a blue eye lens in her hand. I looked at her beautiful huge golden eyes and I asked her, referring to the blue lens she was holding,

“Are those your implants?”



She responded, “Yes,” but she seemed a little uncomfortable with the fact that I knew she wore special lenses. The special blue lenses make her appear more human and have pupils like ours. I asked her,

"How do you keep them in? How do they stay in?"

The young Hybrid replied,

"They are surgically attached with a [word unknown to me] strand behind our eyes."

I realized she was in this place to meet with a doctor who was going to reattach her implants so she could blend in with humans better. It was great being able to see her again.

Erik caught up with me and I said again,

"Isn't she so beautiful?"

I was so taken with her and I was completely consciously aware of the fact that we were with alien Beings.

I asked her, her name and telepathically I heard what sounded like "Talipae" or "Talape."¹

The young Hybrid then turned around and walked away with her doctor to have the procedure done and it was time for us to go back to where we saw the mental projection in the parking lot of the abandoned shopping center.

That was all I was able to remember. I do not often remember traveling on board their craft, but a part of me knows that is how we got from our home to the abandoned shopping center and then back home again.

Wow

One of the most enduring messages I was ever told concerning the Hybrids occurred this year as well.

One night I looked outside our glass doors into our courtyard at some new red "Firepower Nandina" bushes I had just planted next to our yellow yarrow. There was a light or energy emanating from the bushes and I was telepathically given a message:

"Foster the alien children for they shall be revealed. More lights will be visible through Earth's spectrum of particles."

It was so clear and so powerful. I experienced an immediate inner knowing that *they* are coming back to us and they will be made known to the world. We will start seeing



more "lights," which will be their craft. Our children, our *Hybrid children* are coming back to us. It was unmistakable.

I have had many experiences involving aliens and Hybrids and one recurring feeling I bring back from my interacting with them is that we will see them again. And, as each decade passes they are becoming more human. I know the Hybrid Breeding Program has been successful and there may in fact be Hybrids already living among us.

NOTES

¹ The Hybrid's name was not pronounced like the name of the fish, "Tilapia." The emphasis was on the "pae" or "pe" and was pronounced like a long a, as in "pay."



Chapter Thirty-eight: 2005

Meltdown

I actually sought out the Type Four Greys this year while in a very despondent state of mind. Nothing was getting easier for Erik and me - we hated living in that place.

One night I found myself in a giant, metal spiral-shaped object. It was huge and I walked to it. It must have been out in the field behind the tree line. It was gray and metallic, and I knew that normally I would have been traveling in a craft while inside of it, but this time I couldn't wait. I continued to walk downward...down this giant metal spiral shaped object.

I felt as though I was not really supposed to be there, but I had to. I *had* to be there. I wasn't being taken; I was going there on my own because I needed to.

I saw that there was some dirt and small white rocks about 1 to 2 inches large inside this huge object. I bent down and looked at them. They looked very porous. I thought that it was a little dirty, but it didn't really matter. I knew that rocks sometimes got inside and that I would normally travel inside a craft and would not see them.

I finally reached my destination: I saw two female Type Four Greys with light tan skin standing in front of me. One was about 10 yards from me and the other was about 5 yards from me. I had tears in my eyes. I looked at the two Greys and I said,

"May I touch one of you, please?"

The Grey who was farthest away shook her head and I heard a telepathic *"No."*

The Grey closer to me telepathically said, *"Yes."*

I walked up to her and I hugged her and she held me. I cried and said to her,

"I love my husband. I love my babies [cats and dog] and I love you all so very much..."

We were in telepathic contact with one another.... I continued crying and I was overwhelmed with sadness and I felt hatred toward humans who hurt animals and who would hurt the Greys. I knew she could feel what I was feeling.

While she held me I telepathically said to her,

"I just don't know how much longer I can go on like this... I hate the humans here because they don't care about anything except themselves. They don't care about animals or the environment. They will buy anything. They will eat anything. They will kill anything and anyone if it suits them. I was never meant to be here and suffer like this."

I continued to cry and she continued to hold me while telepathically reading my thoughts again,

*"I know I am more connected to you than I am to the human race. Nothing you have done to me, save from putting me on this planet, has hurt me as much as human beings have..."*¹

The Grey Being then placed a song in my mind to give me a comforting message.

"Oh, oh child, things are gonna get easier..."

"Oh, oh child, things will be brighter..."

*"One day child, we'll walk in the light of a beautiful sun..."*²

That was where it ended. That was all of the song, because that was all I needed. She placed the song in my mind as a way to give me hope. I would sing it again and again to help me get through difficult days during the remaining year.

Destiny

I would see the Blondes again during another experience when two Blonde males were in my house with me. We were standing in my office, which was on the east side of our home. All of our neighbors lived to the west of us. The property from our property line east for a hundred or so acres had no one living on it. It was heavily wooded except for a medium sized clearing of grass where the L-shaped craft landed in 2004.

As I stood in my office with two Blonde Beings, they telepathically forced a mental "scenario" into my mind. It was sudden and quite intense:

I was outside at night in the tree line on our property near the dirt road. At moments I was in my car and other moments I was running through the trees and bushes and I



had branches and leaves all over me and on my windshield. I had to get out of the car to remove the branches and tree limbs because I couldn't see. I was desperate and I was trying desperately to leave that place. I wanted to get as far away from that place as I could. I was frantic and I couldn't see where I was heading.

Suddenly it was over and the Blonde Beings sternly, telepathically said to me,

“Do not leave this place so quickly that you do not see where you are going and lose track of your destiny. There are certain things you must do and you must not forget them... You cannot take the negativity that you are experiencing with you when you leave...you MUST leave it behind.”

It was a very powerful message and I understood exactly what they were telling me. Erik and I moved out of our “dream home” and left North Carolina six months after this experience.

It would take both of us over a year to mentally and emotionally heal from the six years we lived in Charlotte or “hell” as we sometimes refer to it. Our experiences with the people there changed us. It is almost as if we had been psychically and spiritually drained of almost everything that made us who we were. I am 100% convinced that were I forced to live there another year, I would not be alive today.

I feel so lucky to be here today. Both of our lives and our lifestyles have greatly improved. We're not 100% back to normal, but we're getting there. I have to give credit to Erik for working so hard and getting a new job, and of course, I credit some of the Beings for helping me through our last year there. I am now indeed, *“walking in the light of a beautiful sun.”*

NOTES

¹ Some readers may take offense of my feelings and what I said to the Grey Being when I was so distraught. (I didn't title this chapter *Meltdown* because I liked the word.) I was told several years ago by a short dark haired Being, similar to the Being on page 120, that I was not connected to humanity and that my life would be very different than most humans' lives. I have struggled with this for many years, but today I accept it. I realize that my life will never be a “normal” life as most people live it. It is one of many things I have had to accept regarding this phenomenon. It does not make me special or a freak or anti-human - just different.

In addition, I do not consciously recall these or other Beings actually “placing” me on this planet. I was born naturally to my mother and father, but my mother did have a

highly unusual pregnancy with me. First I was in her womb, then I wasn't, and then I was there again. See Appendix II *Birth and Childhood Oddities* for a more thorough explanation.

² *O-O-H CHILD* was a hit single of 1970 and sung by The Five Stairsteps. They were known as The First Family of Soul and were an American Chicago soul group made up five of Betty and Clarence Burke Sr.'s six children. I was not given the lyrics in the correct order, but these are some of the lyrics to the song.



Chapter Thirty-nine: 2006

Missing Time

Texas was the last place we thought we would end up and we had no idea of what to expect. We moved to a nice city and after being here for over a year, we love it. It's like being back in civilization again and there is so much culture and history here.

It did not take long for the aliens to find me again. It never does. A tracking device or implant may be how they do it, but I have no idea where mine is located. I was once told (during a MILAB experience) that it was in my heart or my chest and if I had it removed I would be killed. Of course, after being told this I decided not to try to locate it and have it removed.

My "alleged" implant has never shown up on an x-ray. And as a reminder: I have had two psychological evaluations, one CAT scan of my brain, two MRIs of my brain, one x-ray of my spinal column, a CAT scan of my sinuses, a cardiac ultrasound and three neurological evaluations by three different neurologists all practicing in different parts of the country. Nothing has ever been shown to be abnormal, physically or mentally, with the exception of an unusual spacing between two of my upper vertebrae.

Three months after we moved into our new home I had an episode of missing time. I had been cooking all day and I felt good. I was looking forward to seeing Erik and spending a nice evening with him and enjoying the meal I had prepared.

After I heard him come home I put the food in the oven and set it for 35 minutes. About one hour later I became frustrated because Erik was still in the bedroom or office - I didn't really know where. I called for him, but he didn't answer. I looked everywhere for him and couldn't find him. I went out into the garage and opened the garage door and his car wasn't in the driveway. I couldn't believe it. I went back inside the house and was about to telephone him when he walked through the door. I frantically asked,

"Where have you been?"

He looked at me as if I was nuts and said,

"I just got home."

I was so upset that I yelled at him and told him that he had been here over an hour ago and I had been looking for him all over the house. We got into an argument and I went to bed early feeling very upset.

I realized I had experienced missing time and that I put the food in the oven for “somebody” who was there with me, but it wasn’t him. I was really upset that I did that because I never cook without being aware of the time. I have always been afraid for the safety of our cats and home ever since I lost my best friend Sandra, in a house fire.¹ I have never been able to get over the way she died and I believe it will probably affect me for the rest of my life. It just made me so sick inside to know that I might have been gone or “someone” was in my house interacting with me while the stove was left unattended. (Thank God for automatic timers and off-switches.)

Erik and I talked things out later that night. I did have a memory of what happened, but it seemed so surreal. I remember telling Erik that I didn’t leave the kitchen and that I went through the wall into the bedroom. If I went through the wall in our kitchen to our bedroom, I would have entered the bedroom from our closet. And, I did remember that when I was in the closet I felt an alien presence and I heard a melody inside my head playing over and over again. The song was *Friends With The Moon*.²

My Sisters

The night after the missing time I had a dream about being with four pregnant women who all looked to be completely human and in their eighth or ninth month of pregnancy. With her permission, I felt the stomach of one young woman and could feel her baby moving inside of her. I was then told that my sister had just had a baby and I was told his name was “Jackson.” I did not see my real sister, but another girl. I was then introduced to another one of my sisters, but I did not recognize her either.

After I met them I was told that I had a baby as well, but I could not see my baby. I knew they must have taken some biological material from me to create this baby and that I never carried it because I had a hysterectomy several years ago. Then I thought that perhaps one of these other “sisters” of mine who was really pregnant was carrying my child or a child that contained of some of my DNA.

I awakened from the dream feeling mentally terrible and I wrote in my journal that the whole day was awful because of the way this dream memory made me feel.

I believe it’s possible that these women and myself are in fact related. They appeared to recognize me. The Hybrid Breeding Program is so widespread it is possible that we have siblings we do not know about who are also abductees and live in other parts of the world.



The Lights Of Peoria

In August of this year I had another episode of missing time, and this time I would consciously remember what happened to me. I got out of bed at 1:20 a.m. and took two Aspirin. I went to the bathroom and as I sat on the toilet I saw a bright flash of white light through the window next to the tub. I became worried that the gas meter was going to explode for some reason. That was the only thing outside of that window.

That particular window is opaque so I got up and looked out of our closet window and up in the northern sky was a bright light. It looked like Venus, but it was moving.

“Probably a plane with landing lights...” I thought to myself.

I got back into bed and felt a strong presence in the doorway of the bathroom. I looked again and saw a “blackness” and felt a terribly strong presence. I sat up and yelled in terror, but there was no sound to my voice.

I then found myself inside a craft and I looked up and I could see Earth out of a window overhead. It was beautiful. I then heard someone say to me,

“The lights of Peoria are coming up.”

Australia was coming into view and it was beautiful and crystal clear. We were so close to the Earth - everything was so beautiful.

Suddenly I saw that a military jet just passed us. I could only just see its shadow because it was a darkish color. It passed us and no one with me seemed to think it was of any consequence. The jet passed below the craft we were in without incident.

I was consciously aware that I was on a craft that was orbiting the Earth. We were much closer than anything I’ve seen on television as shown from the view of the space shuttle.

My next memory was of being out on a very dark road. I was walking with a young male who had dark hair. I walked over some soil with wires on top of it. We kept walking until we came upon an orange building. Outside of this were two Beings. One was a male and one was a female. They looked identical and had blonde hair and very thick eyebrows. Their hair was of medium length and looked like straw. The female said something to me and although I cannot remember what she said, I knew that she was trying to deceive me.

The young man took me to another building and a strange looking male asked him,

"How long have we had your [word unknown to me] with us?"

I'm not sure what my young guide said, but at that point I knew that he was going to take me back home.

Suddenly, I was sitting up in my bed like I was when I tried to scream. I saw another bright flash of white light to my left and looked at the clock. It read 3:23 a.m., about two hours after I felt the presence and saw the blackness at the entrance to the bathroom. I wrote in my journal the next day:

"I feel like shit today. The pain is unbelievable - I have a migraine. All day, I've been uneasy - I still feel the presence in the bedroom... it's like there is a presence in the house still. I haven't felt this way in a long, long time."

Clearly, I did not have much memory of what occurred during the nearly two hours of missing time, but I was consciously aware of it and aware that I saw at least four Beings. The young male who was my guide was probably a Hybrid (although he looked identical to one of our neighbor's teenage sons). I also clearly remembered being in a bubble-shaped craft and seeing Australia through a window on the top of the craft.

The flash of light was probably an energy source of some type and I believe that is how they took me or removed me from my house and to their craft. It was instantaneous.

Bubble Craft

Thirty days after the previous missing time, it happened again. Before I went out to walk my dog one morning I became somewhat scared. I turned off the ceiling fans and checked the stove because I was afraid something was going to happen to me. I thought,

"Just in case I don't get back, I can't have the fans on all day with the cats inside."

I put my cell phone in my pocket and left just a few at 9:00 a.m. I then came home and watered the garden. It was very sunny outside. After I watered the flowers I went inside and changed my clothes.

I walked into the kitchen and it was 11:08 a.m. I thought to myself:

"I'm lucky I didn't get caught watering after 10 a.m. I never do that..."



I never do that because it is a thousand-dollar fine if you are caught. We were under extreme draught conditions at the time.

I ate a cold bowl of cauliflower soup. I was still hot from being outside and the cold soup was refreshing. Afterward, I walked back into the kitchen and started to feel really bad... it was like an “injection” or something. Instantly, I felt like I’d been injected with a drug and I began to wonder if someone put something in my soup while I was out walking my dog.

I became depressed for some reason and it got worse over the next few hours. I realized I had gone from feeling just fine and energetic to having trouble doing simple things and it was then that I suspected something had happened to me.

It doesn’t take me two hours to walk my dog and water a few flowers. My dog has a fused spinal cord and bad arthritis in her back and legs and she can’t walk long distances, especially in the heat. There had been times when she could barely walk home and I would have to sit down with her and let her rest just so she could take a few more steps.

That night I had memories surface in a dream of what I think happened to me during the (at least) one hour of missing time.

I was in a room on a craft with other abductees and a Blonde alien male walked in. He was at least six feet tall and was very muscular. He had straw-like hair that was a golden color and was very thick and this Blonde had brown eyes instead of blue. His facial structure and musculature were very massive and strong looking. I noticed that the other abductees did not appear to be completely aware of what was going on. I walked right up to the Blonde and I looked him in the eyes. I very forcefully said,

“You are not human.”

I looked around at the other abductees and said to them,

“He is not a human!”

I couldn’t understand why the other abductees thought he was human. They seemed rather oblivious to what was going on. The Blonde calmly turned around and said,

“Well, it’s time for me to leave now,” and he walked out of the room.

I then sat down with a man who looked like Ed Walters and we began talking about past abductions we have both had. There was a woman who was bought along

with him. She was white and had longish wavy dark hair and she appeared to be on the verge of becoming hysterical. She kept repeating,

"She's not really here... they are altering time... She's not really here..."

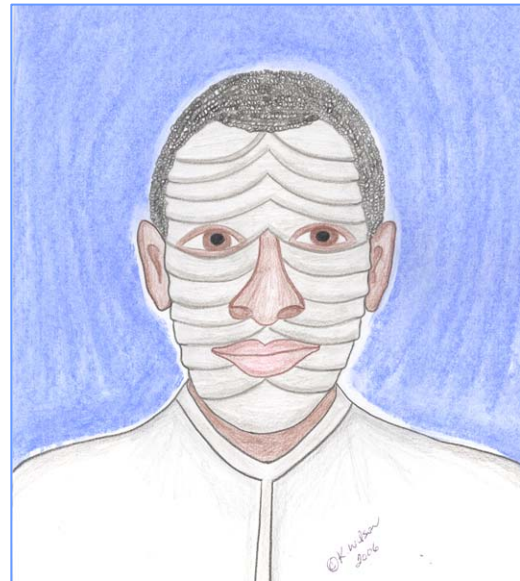
I think she was talking about me, but Ed just ignored her and Ed and I continued to talk.

Over to our left was another male abductee I know and he was talking to the abductees I tried to reach earlier when I told them the Blonde Being was not human. This other man was explaining his theories about the aliens and someone asked him about visions. I interjected:

"Yeah, it's like accidentally remote viewing things."

This man got pissed off at me for me saying that and I suddenly felt that "remote viewing" was not the correct term to use around that place.

I then turned around and saw a man who looked like Burak Obama across the room from me. I walked up to him to shake hands and speak with him and when I looked up at him I realized it was not he. This male was tall and thin and he had dark skin, but he also had thick gray ridges of skin that crossed his face horizontally from his forehead down to his chin. His skin resembled the skin of an elephant or a rhinoceros but otherwise he looked fairly human. His eyes and nose and mouth seemed normal.



Something happened over to my right and I saw that there was some sort of medical emergency and I realized this Being I thought was Burak Obama was a doctor. I ran behind him and followed him into a large room. I gasped when I saw a baby the size of my hand on life support. It was in a large square metal box-like bed and there was a woman lying beside the child. I became very emotional.

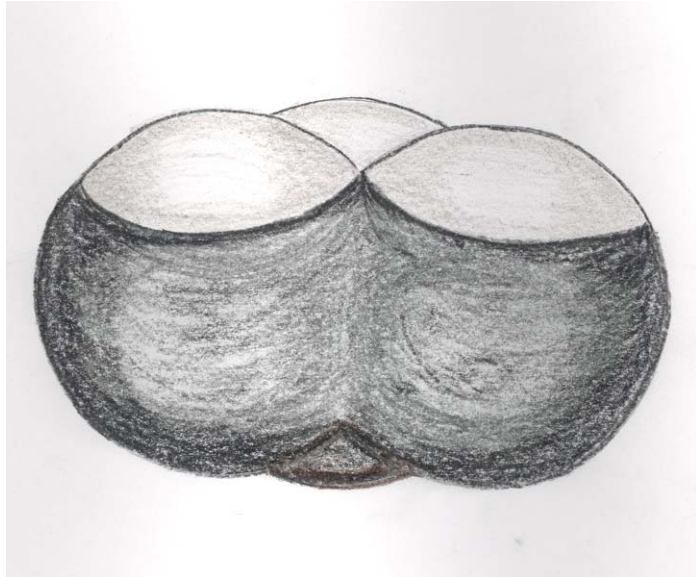
The doctor began looking over another distressed woman who was also lying in a large box-like container. I looked around and realized the entire room was filled with sick or dying people and it looked like a hospital of some kind. I could not believe what I was seeing.



I went over to the metal box containing the tiny baby on life support and the woman. She had dark hair and olive skin. I believe she was the mother of the child. She looked up at me and into my eyes. I looked at the tiny baby as it struggled to breathe. It had a breathing mechanism attached to its mouth. It had dark skin and was the size of my hand. It was difficult to look at the tiny baby suffer so and I thought,

“My God - how can it be alive? Why does it have to suffer?”

My next memory was being inside a bubble-type craft. It had three bubble-like compartments and was about the size of two large cars. There were three of us (abductees) in the craft, and the pilot was a female alien with very tan skin. I seemed to know her from a previous encounter and I felt safe knowing that she was our pilot.



I looked upward and could see out to the outside of the craft and saw that it was either raining very, very hard or we were underwater. There was actually so much water I could not see out of the windows of the craft. There were a lot of bubbles and the “swooshing” of water over the windows moved downward. We were being returned to the places they had taken each of us from. That was my last memory of what I believe happened to me during the (at least) one hour of missing time that day.

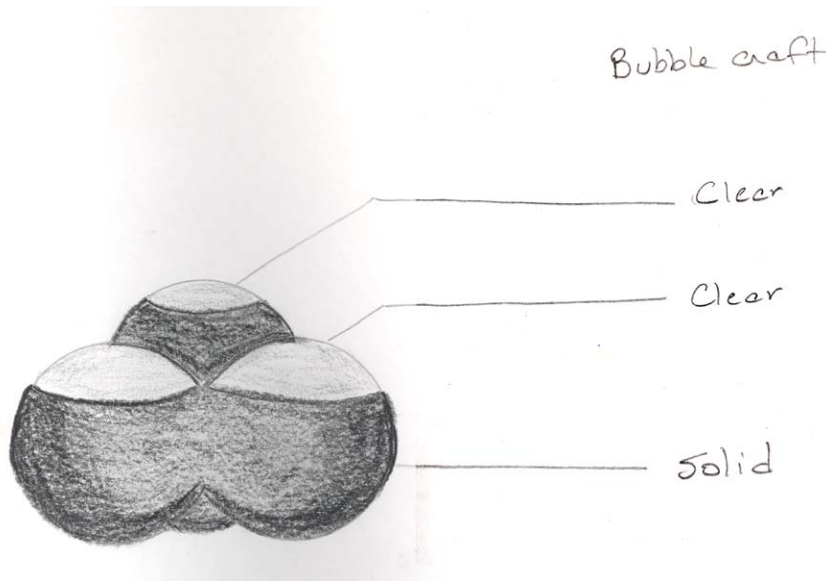
I wonder where my dog was during this time if they had taken me while I was walking her? I don't know where, along my walking route they could have picked me up or if they got me after I returned from walking her. They must have taken me after I brought my dog home. She is so old I doubt she could find her way home; she would just start roaming around.

The people or Beings on the craft with the Blonde looked mostly human and had olive or dark skin. The baby appeared to be more like a tiny Grey, but had some human characteristics and was probably an early stage Hybrid.

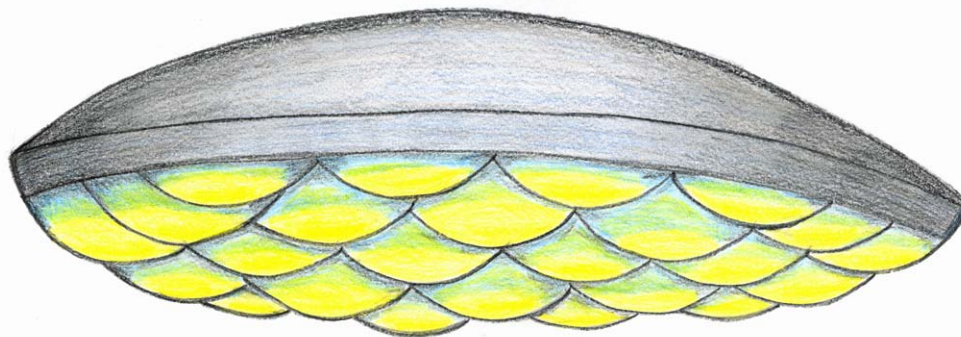
NOTES

¹ Published in *The Alien Jigsaw*, Chapter Two, *The Sighting*.

Friends With The Moon by Jim Chapell. CD: *Nightsongs and Lullabies*. Label: *Real Music*. I was not familiar with the song until this occurred to me. It is a soft, slow, simple and pretty, but haunting melody. Since this missing time occurred, each time I hear the song I think about the presence I felt in our bedroom closet.



This is a picture of the bubble craft showing the windows or see-through areas of the craft. The window in the front where the pilot sat came down farther so that you could see somewhat below the front half of the craft, but only in the cockpit.



R. Wilson
2-89

This "bubble bottomed" craft is from an experience that occurred in 1989. The "bubbles" had what appeared to be energy or a power source swirling through them. The energy looked somewhat translucent.



Chapter Forty: 2006

Human, But Not Human

In June of this year I had an encounter with a Being who was, “human, but not human.” He was so human looking; you could not tell him apart from us if he were walking down a street. I wrote in my journal,

“I saw him again...the man with the dark hair. I’ve been seeing him a lot lately.”

I saw this man so clearly and I was 100% consciously aware of him and that I was awake and not dreaming. I looked at him and I said to myself,

“This is not a dream - this is REAL.”

He looked back at me and telepathically “downloaded” what felt like a large amount of information into my mind.

In an instant I knew that he and his species have been tracking me my whole life. There is something in my body they want - something they desperately need to have. They need to be able to control it and decipher it. It is “in” my body. It is a part of who I am and they have been trying to find it for my entire life.

I didn’t fully understand everything I got from him. However, I had a “knowing” that this was not going end for me until they found what they were looking for. When the download was over, I felt that what he and his species want from me is in my DNA and in my memory, perhaps even in my consciousness.

The other two experiences involving him were very dark. They involved a lot of deception almost to the point of being cruel. He tried to make me think I had killed someone and that I was some sort of an assassin. He showed me a room with blood splattered all over the walls and he told me I had killed a man. There was so much deception during this encounter that I did not believe it was is worth including in this book.

The other time I saw him Erik was out of town on business. This time this dark haired man was with a Blonde male who had such intense blue eyes he was almost impossible to look at. His eyes were almost like energy instead of organs for sight.

It was at night and I had gotten out of bed. I was standing in front of the windows that look out into our enclosed courtyard where our cats live. I pulled the blinds to the side and there he was - almost *fused* with the window I was looking through. When I saw his face my heart almost stopped beating: I so feared for my cats' safety that I begged him when I said,

"Oh God. Please tell me you love cats."

The next thing I knew the two Beings were both in my bedroom with me.

When I realized they were in my house I tried to set off the alarm, but this Blonde Being was so mentally powerful, I could not do it. I walked out of the bedroom toward our garage and I was going to set off the alarm at that panel instead. As I looked at the alarm panel, the Blonde Being looked at me and telepathically said,

"You know you can't do it."

His consciousness - his *essence* - was literally inside of my mind and I knew he had control over the alarm panel. Somehow he was so powerful he could control our alarm system with his *mind*.

I took my car keys off of the key holder and turned around. I had my hand on the door and suddenly I was in the garage with him. I tried to fight him in the garage, but his mental power was too strong for me.

My next memory was of being outside next to a construction site. (There was a lot of construction occurring in our neighborhood at the time.) The "human, but not human" man with the dark hair was walking toward me and he was very angry with me. He telepathically gave me feelings of him being much more mentally powerful than I was and he wanted to make certain I knew it.

When he reached me he looked at me forcefully and telepathically said,

"You didn't see anything - you can't see anything. You just forget what you think you see because you don't see anything - it's not really there!"

He also told me that he could kill me anytime he wanted to. The last thing I heard from his mind was when he asked me,

"Which way do you want to die?"

These Hybrids possess the most extreme telepathic abilities of any Hybrid I have ever encountered. I do not remember what it was that I was not supposed to have seen, so he succeeded in blocking from my conscious memory whatever it was. Their degree of mental power is frightening to contemplate. I don't know if they used



a device that enhanced their telepathic abilities, but if they were using such a device, I did not see it.

Probably the most frightening aspect about these Beings is, if the Blonde simply put on a pair of sunglasses, they could both pass as humans. No one would ever know they were alien Beings.

Are they a new breed of Hybrid? It is a frightening thought. Consider the following encounter I had several months later at the end of 2006 involving another man who was “human, but not human.”

The Ultimate Experiment

I was outside a building that I knew was a government facility and part of the building went underground. I saw a man get off of a subway train and I felt compelled to follow him and find out about him. I felt very drawn to him. As we walked I asked him,

“You work for the government, don’t you?”

I continued to follow him and he realized I wasn’t going to leave him alone. He then calmly replied with a sigh,

“Yes. I work for the government.”

We kept walking and we passed a parking garage that went below ground. We then entered a large building and went into a large room where I saw a lot of people who were being experimented on.

There was a test that I had to endure there. It was a mental test that involved a white mesh cup-like device that covered my nose and mouth and a white cloth that covered my eyes and head. I was with a group of men and we were being berated and mentally tortured while lying in a reclining position with our feet and legs sort of up against something. I knew what I had to do to protect myself from the mind torture. I went into a self-induced trance-like state that allowed me to block my mind off to them. I believed that these were human beings. I never saw any ETs during this part of the experience.

It was very stressful and while I was enduring it I heard a few of the men who were undergoing this with me crying and whimpering. After it was over I felt as if I succeeded or passed the mind torture test. That is what it was: mental torture.

After the test was over I entered a huge room and saw several people who had implants implanted in their brains. As I looked at them I could tell they were also undergoing some sort of mind torture. I saw this as I walked through the place and I was absolutely amazed at what I was witnessing.

In another area of this large room I saw several people voluntarily learning mental telepathy and control and these people were working in teams. I really could not believe how many people were in that facility, and it was as if they were learning the aliens' way of telepathic communication.

As I continued to walk through the large room I realized that it was a school, although some of the people there were clearly victims. I walked over to an area where they (the victims) were. I saw two implants attached to a device that I think were designed to keep the victim immobilized. One implant was round and about the size of a quarter and the other was small and about the size of an English pea. Both were made out of something that looked metallic.

These two devices had been implanted into a man's brain on top of his head and the immobilization device encircled his head. This man was white and had brown hair and I could clearly see the two devices and they were implanted almost flush with his skin. I felt so badly for him and what he was going through that I bent over and I kissed the quarter-sized round implant and when I did, I heard the man whimper. He was terrified. I said a prayer for him so he would not suffer and I felt a great amount of pity for the man.

I then touched the pea sized implant and knew that this man could feel my touch. I did not understand how the implants worked and how he could feel my touch, but I knew he could. I wanted so much to comfort him. It was difficult to see the amount of fear he was experiencing. It was cruel and I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I felt terrible for him because he had no idea of how controlled and manipulated he was. He could be made to *do* anything and to *feel* anything.

I told myself that I had to remember what I was seeing - that I had to remember as much as I possibly could. This was so important. I looked around the room again and tried to soak it all in and I kept telling myself to remember what I was seeing. It was truly unbelievable.

I then felt the need to find the man I entered this facility with. The man I *had* to be with: The "human, but not human."

I finally found him. He was standing in a wide, dark hallway in another part of the building and it seemed as though he was waiting for me. I walked up to him and noticed that he was smoking a cigarette that had a plastic holder on the end you inhale from. I walked up to him and I took the cigarette from him and inhaled it. It was very



mild. He didn't speak to me and was sort of just staring at me with a serious look on his face. I then blew the smoke directly in his face, but he didn't flinch.

I was only about one or two feet away from him. I again inhaled the cigarette and blew the smoke in his face and again he simply stood there looking at me. I did it a third time while staring directly into his eyes. I wasn't going to let him intimidate me. Still, the man continued to just stand there staring back at me.

I then kissed him on the lips - a very long kiss - and when I was finished I took one step back, looked him right in the eyes and said,

"You are an alien."

At that instant I realized it was a test. He was an alien and I was supposed to be able to determine this without knowing I was being tested. It is something I am supposed to be able to do at any moment. It is part of my training. I passed the test.

Even though this man looked and walked and acted and felt completely human, (I kissed his lips and touched his shoulders) - he was not human, like us. This was the first time I consciously remembered being tested like this without being told ahead of time that I was to be involved in a test to determine who is an alien and who is not.

My next memory was of standing outside in a lightly wooded area with this man. We were standing next to a pair of train tracks and I was looking at the tracks. I looked back at this Being again and still could not believe how human he looked. I said to him,

"I don't really agree with what's going on in Iraq."

He, for the first time, exhibited some emotion, but remained very business-like and calm. He said to me,

"You don't have the slightest idea what is going on over there. If you could see it first hand, if you could actually be there, then you would know."

I looked at the train tracks a little ways off from where we were standing. I then saw an image that this Being mentally projected. I'm not sure if it was an actual projection or if I was "seeing" telepathically, but this is what I saw:

I watched as two dark-haired men, whom I took to be terrorists, planted a bomb on the tracks below and in front of me. The men had two metallic, smooth, oval-shaped devices and they were planting them on the tracks. I knew these devices were thermonuclear, even though they were not large.

I looked back at the Being and realized he had just shown me what was going to happen or what he believed was going to happen at some point in our future. I also realized he had a very powerful mind and I thought about what I had done to him. I could not believe he allowed me to blow smoke in his face and kiss him the way I did.

That was all I have been able to remember about this “human who is not human” and this facility or school. The information I was given and what I saw in that facility are indeed chilling.

I was sure it was not Iraq he was showing me in the telepathic mental projection, but a city or a state with a large rail system. I wondered if a train full of people would explode or if a train would somehow “catch and carry” these devices into a city and then be detonated. I sensed that we were not far away from a large city and that this train might be a subway train that travels both above ground and below ground in the subways.

The mental “torture test” I had to endure was very intense and degrading. The only way I can describe it is to call it a “mental rape.” The only way to get through it is to shut a part of your mind off to them, whoever *they* are. Several of the men undergoing this with me were whimpering and crying and I do not believe they fared as well as I did.

This kind of “test” or torture could have been accomplished with telepathy or with an implanted device. I would have my latest MRI of my brain performed about four months after this experience and nothing unusual was found. I’m not sure if their implants would show up on an MRI or not. Would a physician even tell me if they found one? I don’t know anymore. I’m beginning to think that doctors have to know in advance what it is they are looking for in order to see anything out of the ordinary.

Culmination

I believe what I have witnessed is the culmination of the Hybrid Breeding Program and these two males are very powerful Hybrid Beings.

These two “human, but not human” men were different. The first Being I wrote about had black hair and this latest Being had light brown hair. Their faces were different, with the second male’s face having a lighter complexion and more delicate features. He seemed masculine to me in every way and it’s hard for me not to view him as a man: a real human male.



The dark haired Being seemed to be more of an MIB type with an intelligence directive, whereas this latest man seemed more military to me. I could be totally off on this, but these are my impressions after having interacted with both of them.

They could literally walk among most humans without being detected. However, I do believe they would be vulnerable to detection if they were using their telepathic abilities and were in close proximity to an aware abductee. They would have to block their thoughts from someone who has experienced their telepathy.

In the end, clearly this Being I was with looked so human that everyone performing these experiments in that facility could have been just like him. “Human, but not human,” or powerful Hybrid Beings. He also acknowledged that he worked for the government. Should I doubt him?

I saw him get off of a subway train. The building was terrestrial. It had a parking garage that went partially underground. It had glass windows; at least the part of the building that wasn’t underground. It had glass doors. The floors and chairs inside the facility all looked normal to me. Everything I saw looked completely terrestrial. Humans have possessed implant technology for many years.¹ Do I doubt that he works for some part of our government? No, I do not. I believe I was interacting with members of the ultra secret team again.

I seem to have been trained to distinguish aliens from humans when their identities are not physically apparent. I also seem to have been trained to block a part of my mind off from telepathic control and/or implanted technology. I wonder what their end game is? Why are they performing these types of experiments and training people to be telepathic unless they plan to use them for something in the future? I can’t help but wonder what their plans are for me, and other abductees like me.

NOTES

(There are many more books and papers that document human implant technology and “mind control” besides the sources listed below, but these are the ones I have read.)

¹ Bowart, Walter H. *Operation Mind Control: Our Secret Government’s War Against Its Own People*. New York, New York: Dell Publishing Company, 1978.

Cannon, Martin. *The Controllers: A New Hypothesis of Alien Abduction*. Self-published in manuscript form. Published on the Internet at the following sites:

<http://www.thestonecutters.net/xod/information/cannon.html>

<http://ufo.whipnet.org/xdocs/controllers/index.html>

Constantine, Alex. *Psychic Dictatorship In The U.S.A.* Portland, Oregon: Feral House, 1995.

Cybergods is a representation of the significantly more extensive Computer-Brain Report. The following is a statement printed at the end of the *Cybergods* pamphlet:

“The case studies and the x-ray evidence in this paper are just a small part of the material [showing] that the police in remand centres and psychiatrists in mental hospitals put internees under sedation to facilitate the implantation of radio-transmitting materials in their head and brains. There is also a more comprehensive study, which shows that surgeons implant these objects in patients during operations. We who have participated in the investigations are not only releasing all the material to public disposal, but are also offering to give lectures and take part in radio and television programs, or anything else which is suggested.”

Lindqvist, Lennart, Evamarie Taylor and Robert Naeslund participated in the investigation for the material contained in *Cybergods*. Grupen, Box 136, 114 79, Stockholm, Sweden.

Lammer, Helmut and Marion. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

Marks, John D. *The Search For The Manchurian Candidate*. New York, New York: Times Books, 1979. Trade Paper Edition: W.W. Norton & Company, 1991.

Schefflin, Alan W. and Edward M. Opton, Jr., *The Mind Manipulators*. New York, New York: Paddington Press LTD, 1978.

Schrag, Peter. *Mind Control*. New York, New York: Pantheon Books, 1978.



Chapter Forty-one: 2006

Future Earth

Before I revisit the topic of what their ultimate plans may be, I'd like to change the topic a bit. I had an unusual memory this year and as strange as this sounds; it was a memory of the future. As I was standing in front of a yellow film-like substance, I began to remember something and then I started to pass out. I collapsed onto the yellow film-like substance and found myself in another place.

It was almost like another dimension. It was another life. It was me, but it was not my time. I saw people sorting through and saving old artifacts. It was as if they were on an archeological expedition and were working on a site from a long time ago. I looked at the objects and noticed they weren't that old as far as I could tell, but to these people and in that time, they were *very* old.

I looked at some of the items and realized that they were from my time. I was asked about some of them, but I'm not sure if I was of much help. I did remember one vase that was covered in tiny little beads that were glued onto the surface. They were different colors and made different patterns on the vase. It looked as if the vase had been made in India and in my time (as I am writing this). They seemed to think this vase was very valuable as an artifact from history, but it didn't look like anything special to me.

I then began to move some of the objects with my mind and realized that I was telekinetic. The people there did not seem to think it was unusual for me to be able to do this, but I was amazed at my abilities.

This experience was like traveling to the future or somehow remembering the future. I don't know how this was done or how it happened, but it clearly seemed to be very far into the future. Will humans advance so far one day as to be telekinetic? I found this experience riveting and was very frustrated that I could not remember more about it. However, in September of this year, I would have something similar happen again.

Three Turning Points

I was standing inside a large building holding a coin about the size of a quarter. I looked at the date and it read 2012. Then I looked at it again and the date

read 2020. When I saw the date I became very emotional and I began physically shaking. When I looked at the coin for a third time, the date on the coin was 2040.

There were people and alien Beings around me and there was telepathy. They felt my thoughts and emotions when I had the moment of shock and my heart started pounding after seeing the dates on the coin. I joined a small group of people and Beings who were sitting around a table and I saw that they were amused with me for feeling so shocked at the time period I was now in.

It was then that I realized the coin was an artifact from the past and was something someone there, in that time, had saved. It didn't have any monetary value to it any longer. The coin was saved because a major event - a turning point - occurred that year (2040) and this coin was a souvenir. I believe I was telepathically told that all three dates are significant. Three events will occur that will be turning points for our planet and our species. The first date will be 2012. The second turning point will occur in the year 2020 and the third turning point will occur in the year 2040.

There were a lot of people living in this building I was in. It was some sort of new communal living setup. It was very different from the way we live now. It was acceptable to have sex with and love anyone you wanted to in this time. Marriage was not a big thing anymore and the type of morality that had been imposed on us by our various world religions and governments had ceased to exist.

I spoke with a young man whom I found attractive. He told me that he is gay and has two children and how much he loves his children and how much they mean to him. He used to have a wife and I saw her in my mind telepathically. His wife was young with black, short wavy hair. Pretty and sweet looking, but she and this young man were no longer together. There was another attractive young man there and he was also gay.

There was also an alien there who looked very similar to a Grey, but his head and eyes were much smaller and more like a human's. His skin and body were the same color (gray) and shape as the Greys I have seen in the past. This Grey looked very old and his skin was wrinkled, and I just seemed to "know" that he was, indeed, very old.

I touched him near where our stomach would be and he telepathically said,

"Never touch there!"

He became very angry and I realized that I had offended him greatly. He began to urinate. I didn't see any exterior genitalia, just like with all of the other types of Greys I've seen, but there was a small hole in-between his legs and a liquid came out in a slow stream. It was not like when a human urinates. He had to rely on gravity alone.



I turned away from him and looked around the room I was in and realized there were other aliens there. I looked at one who appeared almost human, like a Blonde, but his hair was brown. I realized that I knew these Beings and that I had seen them before. These were the Blonde Beings who were always more interested in the physical forms of pleasure and were more emotional, almost playful sometimes. They joke sometimes and use sarcasm and they appear to be very much like us.

Everything on Earth had changed. In 2040 there will be at least three different alien species cohabiting Earth with humans: Greys, Blondes and one other that I am unaware of - perhaps Hybrids?

I remembered a terrible war and how it destroyed so many people and so much life on Earth and that was when everything changed. Someone may have telepathically given this information to me or I somehow remembered the past, which would be my future, although I don't understand how it really worked.

I walked back over to the gay man with the two children and we began to talk to one another. He told me that a famous actor died of AIDS and he showed me a picture of him. I didn't know the actor, but he had blonde hair and was really attractive. This young man then said,

"A lot of people died from AIDS, but when they came, they [the aliens] gave us a cure. They cured me of AIDS."

I was happy to learn of this because I was not sure whether we had been invaded or not. I began to think that if they shared their cure of AIDS with us then the aliens I saw living on Earth in the future (2040) must not have invaded Earth. However, there was the terrible war and I knew that many, many humans died. I felt a terrible sadness because of this and I wished I knew exactly what was going to happen.

I contemplated everything I had learned again because it was so amazing: The Earth of the future will be very different. Many humans will die and those who remain will coexist with three alien species. Our government-based and religious-based cultures will cease to exist. There will be a form of government, but things will be much freer and there will be much less domination and discrimination of all types. Our sexual relationships will change dramatically and monogamy and marriage will only be practiced when two people want to dedicate their lives to one another. It will not be something people will be required to do or feel like they must do in order to obtain health care, property rights, insurance and such. And, gays will be able to freely have children without being discriminated against.



Chapter Forty-two

A World At War

This is my second “information chunk” chapter and you’ll be happy to know that you’ve almost reached the end. During the course of many years of contact with the various Beings discussed in this book, I have been given information about the future and the subject of War seems to be a major concern of some of the alien Beings. This is one of the main reasons I felt compelled to write another book.

Over the past 12 years I have been shown visions of war by different Beings. Most often I am with a Super Conscious Being, sometimes it is a Grey, and sometimes I do not know who is giving me the information. I just “see” it. It is difficult to explain this, but sometimes it is as if I am in someone else’s body and I am seeing through their eyes. When that occurs and I write the vision down, I write differently than I normally would write or speak.

My first vision about war since *The Alien Jigsaw* was published occurred in February of 1995. I felt as if I was a different person, neither male nor female. I was wearing a long white robe with a red cloth belt that was loosely tied around my waist. I was standing on a tall structure that I interpreted to be an old-fashioned oil well platform.

I felt the presence of two Beings to my right and slightly behind and above me. The Beings were either floating or were incorporeal. I was standing on the oil platform alone. Off in the distance I saw a flash of light that looked like a nuclear explosion. It briefly lit up the horizon in a brilliant white light and then disappeared. I knew the country I was looking at was Russia. I don’t know how I knew this - it was just an inner knowing.

I slowly turned around and viewed the horizon behind me. It was The United States. Again, I observed a flash of white light from a nuclear blast. I slowly and calmly looked directly overhead and saw two red fighter jets flying over me. The metal of the planes had a brushed finished on them. Again, an inner knowing of the fact that they were Chinese fighter jets and they were responsible for the two nuclear explosions. China will attack both Russia and The United States and it will be a war over oil.

The vision was so powerful that it took me several days to process the information. I remembered it all immediately and clearly, but in a psychological and emotional sense, it was so difficult to see and experience. It was so vivid and powerful it was like my own reality - as if I had already lived it.

As I wrote earlier, when this type of vision occurs I don't write like I normally do. For example, in my journal the vision ended with:

"I look back to Russia...and I know it is what is to be. China...Russia...The United States. I am wise and knowing in these things."

Changing Our Destiny

In March of 1997 a Super Conscious Being appeared in my bedroom one night and I was consciously aware that he was there with me. I was awake and was wearing my nightshirt that I had gone to bed in. We were standing next to one another.

He showed me a vision of the United States launching a missile into space. It was a worldwide event and it was in the future. The Super Conscious Being projected the vision onto the window in our bedroom that we were standing in front of and the entire time he was with me, Erik remained sleeping in bed.



The missile will have an orange-red glow against a dark sky. As I watched it rise into the sky and into space, I knew that the entire world was also watching. Our government will have to take this action as a last ditch effort to save humanity.

The missile will hit something and there will be a huge explosion that we will see from Earth. The explosion will appear as a large square mass of orange-red fire glowing in space. Then there will be three to four of these squares of fire moving like a gas or a liquid in space.

There will be other masses of energy or fire in space and a lot of activity, like air traffic. Some of it will be ours and some of it will not.



I asked the Super Conscious Being if we caused the explosion, if the missile caused all of that, but he did not give me an answer. Telepathically, I was told I had to wait for the future to arrive - that I could not be told. I wondered about the implications of what we are going to do and if God will be angry with us.

Interdimensional War?

In July of 1997 I had another contact with Super Conscious Beings. I was shown past deaths and suffering of family members and some of my pets. I was told that in the reliving of these deaths, I was being prepared for more death and more loss, and I was told that I had to accept this because this would be a part of my life. I then looked up into the sky and saw this vision:

A slit or hole will appear in the night sky and it will be surrounded by a fuzzy haze. Out of the slit will come two waves of hundreds of alien craft to attack us. The type of slit-like hole in space surrounded by the fuzzy haze will signify that these craft are from another dimension.

The craft will be of different sizes and shapes. One type will have a fuselage with sleek, swept-back wings. They will look somewhat conventional, but they will not be from our dimension.

They will attack Israel first, followed by Northern Europe and then The United States, but it will happen so quickly that it will not be possible to save Israel or Northern Europe. There will be pockets of survivors, but the countries will be devastated. Our military will engage them over The United States and we will destroy more of them than we thought possible. However, more people will die than will survive.

Two Super Conscious Beings were with me after this vision, a male and a female. The female told me,

“Remember, our communication translation devices are no longer functioning...”

And, it was over. I did not receive any information about any other countries or continents.

Joining Forces

In May of 2002 I had another vision. I am uncertain as to where or from whom this information came.

I was standing next to a river with a strong current and small waves. There was a city on one side and an industrial complex on the side I was standing on with a dock and some sort of base. I saw four bombers fly over me and I realized they were ours and we were at war. They were followed by two other craft that flew over me. They were sleek, silver-gray in color and were totally silent. I knew we were massing for war.

More of the sleek, silent silver-gray craft flew over me and again, I had that “knowing” that they were alien craft, but they were ours or they were on our side. There were four differently shaped craft in this war. The strangest one was rectangular shaped and composed of modular tube-like sections. Some were oval shaped with a small tail. All, except our bombers were totally silent.

I saw a building that was being used as a shelter of sorts. It was full of refugees and food was brought there for them. Everyone had small trays and was lining up for free food.

Mottled Skin

It would be another two years before I would have another vision. This occurred in April of 2004:

We will go to war with a humanoid alien race. It will be a worldwide war. Everyone will be shipped out to fight in various parts of the world. I will be sent to England and Erik will be sent to fight, but I will not know where. The only way to know if loved ones are alive will be to read the death lists.

I was shown that the aliens would have mottled skin with rough textured complexions. They will be very aggressive toward humans. The war will seem hopeless, but we will have no other choice but to fight to defend our planet. Humans will be marginalized and will be nothing more than numbers...just bodies and fodder in the fight against these aliens.

Removed Prior To War

Approximately another two years passed and the second week of July 2006, I experienced another vision.

I will be inside a craft of some type with other abductees during a war. After the craft lands, we will see total destruction.... In every direction, the Earth will be destroyed. Pockets of civilization will survive, but they will be the people who are



removed prior to the war. Everyone who stays behind will die. We will have to start over as a civilization.

After this vision I wondered how I would feed my cats.... I didn't think I could kill another animal to survive and I wrote in my journal,

"I'd rather die than have to live like that."

Crying For Humanity

This will be the last vision pertaining to war and one of the most detailed journal entries about war that I share in this book. Experiencing this was very personal and profound.

This experience occurred on July 28, 2006 and when it was over I understood how important the message was. It is as if I was being told over and over again about an upcoming war. This time the message got through to me. This was the turning point.

I was in what I thought was a secret base or underground place. It was dark and enclosed, but it was extremely large. I was told that I was going to be taught how to pilot a small craft that looked to me like a miniature one-man helicopter-type craft. It was just large enough for one human to sit in. I knew I had to do this - somehow it was important. I watched as a demonstration was given for me to see the craft fly. I thought,

"I'm inside this place... it's enclosed... yet they are able to fly craft in here."

After my training in the small helicopter-type craft, I saw some of my possessions. My Barbie doll collection had been wrecked. Someone had taken them out of their boxes and removed all of their clothing as well as their heads. They were lying on the ground and were scattered about. I saw that a lot of my alien related things were there as well: my books, drawings, notes, and my journals.

I received a telepathic message about the dolls. I was told that we have to make ourselves *"...unlike we were before."* We have to hide who we really are and we have to become like the enemy so we will not be killed. The headless dolls that have no clothes on are a message of torture, death and destruction.

A human male approached me whom I have known for many, many years. He had a soft but commanding voice. He told me,

"It is very, very dangerous for you to have these items...You must never have anything to do with them again...It is a matter of life and death..."

I then saw a small window to the outside and realized there were several other abductees with me. It looked like we were at a large seaport. To the right we saw six or seven oil tanker ships that were docked. They were light colored on top and black on the bottom half. Straight ahead and across the water was the opposite shore.

Suddenly, there were several massive explosions and the entire area was completely destroyed. The other abductees around me gasped in surprise and we were stunned from what we were just shown. The war had begun.

I believe all of the abductees with me received a similar telepathic message telling us that we had to get rid of everything that would identify us as human (or possibly American or an abductee). I was told,

"They are coming and if they find out who or what you really are, you will be slaughtered. Your clothes and your identity...everything that makes you who you are has to change."

We all exited the underground area with the small window through which we saw the vision of war. As we all stood as a group outside we saw a male and a female Grey alien. Their facial features were similar to the Greys', but they were different as well. The pair are leaders and are equivalent to the president of The United States. The female seemed to be his wife, although that is not the correct term because they were co-leaders and equal. But, they were also spiritually bound to one another as humans would be in a marriage.

We all looked at the two aliens and the whole mood became very solemn. While they were "downloading" all of this information into our minds through telepathy and visual images, the male became so saddened that he broke down. He put his head down and we could all feel his anguish and he had to discontinue the telepathic communication with us. Immediately thereafter the female took over for him. I don't remember seeing their mouths move - but I did hear them. We *all* heard them.

After they were finished with the communication the aliens started to walk away, first in front of the group and then off to our right. As they walked by us, I felt something from them and *for* them. I got a really good look at them. The female was closest to me with her partner on her left. The entire time I watched them the female never took her eyes off of me. She turned her head to her right and looked at me the whole time she was walking. Her grief was overwhelming. I felt it telepathically.





It was the look of despondency on her face and in her eyes that I cannot get out of my mind. The look in her eyes was as if she were a tortured soul crying out to save humanity. Crying for us, abductees, to save humanity.

She is the reason I decided to write this book. If only this one vision or experience is true, then it was worth the effort and the risk to make more of my information public. I suppose it is wishful thinking, but I keep hoping that some positive and enlightened leader somewhere will take what we are saying seriously and will begin to prepare our militaries and humanity for this possible future upheaval.

I have never before seen Beings like these, at least nothing I remember consciously. They looked similar to the Greys, but their skin was so white. The aliens both had red hair, with the male's being shorter, cut in a pageboy style and somewhat wavy. The female's hair was longer, almost touching her shoulders and was very thin and wispy so that I could see parts of her white scalp. Their eyes were liquid black with a noticeable pupil or black iris, and were amazingly intense and filled with sorrow. They were not wearing suits or uniforms or anything to denote their position as leaders. They wore simple clothes. They both had on shirts and pants. The female's shirt was white and the male's shirt had a soft, thin plaid design in it. Their skin was as white as paper. They seemed thin and frail and were tallish. The male was about 6 feet tall and the female was about 5' 8". Their gait was like that of the Type Four Greys, specifically, The Diplomat.

I often think about this experience. At first I thought these Beings might be referring to the current war we are in with Al-Qaeda and other terrorist organizations. There was the vision of the oil tankers being destroyed and the theme of a "war over oil" again. However, I do wonder about the other visions showing other aliens attacking Earth. What could this indicate? Will it be a war over oil between humans? Will it be an attack by another alien species? Will it be both? Perhaps there will be more than one war or transitional event. Perhaps three events (or wars) occur as I was told in the chapter titled *Future Earth*. Perhaps the dates 2012, 2020 and 2040 will indeed be turning points for our planet and humanity's future.

I also believe it is important to consider the following idea: As time passes and humanity makes decisions and acts upon those decisions, we change the course of the future a little bit with each act. It may be that the older the vision is, the less likely it is to occur. It is possible that each action we take creates a slightly different timeline or the more we move along Earth's timeline, the more changes occur. The Beings may only be able to see (or perhaps I can only see) so far into the future based on events in my current time.

Several of these visions could be related and there is no way for me to know how far in the future some of them pertain to. For example, when the Super Conscious Beings showed me the missile launch, it seemed that particular time was somewhat far into the future, but still during my lifetime.

Could this have something to do with asteroid Apophis that will come quite close to Earth in the year 2029, and then again in 2036? The asteroid is reported to be 1000 feet wide, and as of right now it looks like it will come within approximately 600,000 miles of Earth, which seems very close to me. If there is some sort of change in its course or if the math is not accurate, then it may in fact hit the Earth. Perhaps the missile launch prevents Earth from being destroyed.

Another reason I tend to believe there really is something to these visions (or at least the vision with the redheaded Greys) is because my husband Erik had what he described as similar "dreams" during the month of July 2006. He sometimes puts the emphasis on the word to signify, *"Yeah, well, I had a 'dream' but it didn't feel like a dream."* The similarity between this last experience and his "dreams" are striking to me.¹

He described them as being very intense in that a group of aliens invaded Earth and killed almost everyone. The only people who survived were the people who changed their appearance and became "something else" and spent the rest of their lives in hiding. The only way to survive was to live "in hiding." In his other "dream," we were literally transformed into a different species, which I find extremely telling in light of the Hybrid Breeding Program and the ability of the Greys and Blondes to transfer their life forces between their two species.

If they are warning us about another alien species, I wonder, how can we hide? How can humans change so radically that we are no longer who and what we are? I was with a group of other abductees during this "group vision." I know that someone else out there has to remember something about this besides me. I really hope that they do and they will come forward with what they remember. If what these aliens and the Super Conscious Beings are showing me is true, our survival may depend on it.



NOTES

¹ My husband relayed his dream memories to me prior to my telling him about this latest encounter with the redheaded Greys.



Chapter Forty-three

Good News: Bad News

“Of course the people don’t want war. But after all, it’s the leaders of the country who determine the policy, and it’s always a simple matter to drag the people along whether it’s a democracy, a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism, and exposing the country to greater danger.” - Herman Goering at the Nuremberg trials (1946)

Echoes of the Bush Administration, 9-11 and the war in Iraq. With the help of our government and corporate-controlled media, we were brought to the bidding of our leaders. We became “sheep.” It didn’t matter to the flock that the war in Iraq was really about keeping the Bush family and their buddies in the oil business rich and seeking revenge against Saddam for trying to assassinate his father, a former President. I’m all for killing terrorists, no matter where they are. This war should have been fought first in Afghanistan and without months of warnings and political posturing, which allowed our true enemies to escape. And, Saudi Arabia should have been dealt with by now. That’s where the 9-11 terrorists trained and where most of them came from, but our new “god,” our beloved oil, got in the way.

Bad News

I have seen and have learned much during my experiences with these incredible Beings. Unfortunately, this is the place my experiences have brought me. This is neither where I expected nor where I had hoped it would all lead.

I believe it is possible that this war is one of several distractions by a specific group of alien Beings. I cannot disregard how the Beings wearing the stiff robes with hoods referred to the people inside the World Trade Center as being equivalent to hamsters in a zoo or in cages. And, they told me this the week before 9-11 occurred. They knew ahead of time that this tragedy - this precursor to a war - was going to happen, yet they did nothing to prevent it.

These Beings did nothing because they knew an easily manipulated human leader of the most powerful country in the world and bent on revenge would easily start

another war. Why would these Beings care, you ask? I believe it's all part of a type of manipulation that benefits them. Two of the strongest democratic based countries in the world have been fundamentally changed by 9-11 and this war in Iraq. Because of 9-11 the citizens of our country have "The Patriot Act." The British courts have rejected a British version of this however, in certain parts of London you can be arrested simply for passing out political flyers.¹

Our military has been drastically weakened; our soldiers are being killed piecemeal in this war with thousands of maimed soldiers left in its wake. As of the date this chapter is being edited we are now planning to train Air Force personnel in a special school in Austin, Texas. They, who signed up for Air Force duty, are now being trained as Army soldiers. This has become necessary because an insidious "Russian Roulette" is wiping out our Army and Marine Corps, otherwise known as roadside bombs, or "IEDs" as our military leaders call them. And, the number of Iraqi civilian deaths has exceeded 61,728.²

Positive Versus Negative

Call them what you will: Quarks, leptons...protons, electrons, neutrons. Weak interaction and strong interaction. Electromagnetism and gravitation. Positive forces and negative forces. The Creative force and the destructive force. God and Satan. There is a constant pulling and pushing and interaction of these forces throughout our Universe: a constant swinging of the proverbial pendulum. Sometimes in order for the Creative Force to create, there has to be destruction.

I believe these forces influence one another on many different levels everywhere in our Universe, and importantly, humans' thoughts and actions as well as the aliens' have an influence on how these forces play against one another and how they affect each one of us. Whether you are consciously aware of them or not, they are real and they are always in play and are always changing.³ Humans seem to have an innate hatred of change, but change is coming nevertheless. We will not be able to stop it.

Terrorism

Terrorism has been around for a long time. The United States was officially pulled into what the Bush administration renamed as a "war on terror" in 1983 when the Marine barracks in Beirut Lebanon were bombed. Ironically, the United States created both Saddam Hussein and current day Iraq. What's really frightening is the coming bloodbath between Iraq's different sects and opinions surfacing that the only way to keep the sectarian violence from getting even more out of control is to find another Saddam-type leader.



Our actions in this war in Iraq are giving the “negativity” that the terrorists feed off of the precious life-blood that *it* and *they* need to grow and strengthen. It is a symbiotic relationship in that “its” strength is growing and the terrorists’ cause is greater than ever. The whole situation in the Middle East has become a pathetic paradox of our own government’s creation.

It is important to reconsider the message I was given in the vision of April 1999 when I was told that some part of this phenomenon I am involved in is being orchestrated by a secret group of “Nazis” who are supposedly a small group of descendants of those who waged the horrible “ethnic cleansing” during World War II. I was also told there are negative entities actively working with them and I believe *they* are the true leaders of this nefarious group of human beings, which includes terroristic humans. The most dangerous human beings are those who have nothing to lose and nothing to live for and we have a lot of those on our planet.

I saw negative entities in the rental house before I even knew what it looked like. They told me, “*We are already here*” before I saw the house and while I was still living three thousand miles away. There was a crypt and the negative entity that my husband saw (in his “dream”) on our property and in our new home we had built. I actually saw this crypt out in our front yard near the dirt road while looking out of the window late one night. The next day I walked to the area in our yard where I saw it and I felt a negative presence associated with it. And no, I do not believe it was really a UFO or alien craft.

I’ve seen these things. I’ve felt them. I know they exist. It is similar to a belief in “UFOs.” Some people have to see one for themselves before they can allow their minds to even contemplate the existence of life elsewhere. I had to actually see and interact with these entities before I could truly believe they exist and I understand if some readers are having a difficult time with this aspect of the discussion. It’s the old adage, “seeing is believing.”

Manipulation

While author William Bramley was researching the history of human warfare for a book he was going to write, he discovered something he was not looking for. He discovered that an extraterrestrial presence has been on Earth for a long time and they have conspired to dominate humans through violence and chaos and continue to do so to this day. *The God’s of Eden* is a highly documented book and contains 27 pages of notes and bibliography. Interestingly, Bramley is not the only author-researcher to come to this or a similar conclusion.⁴

Again, I refer back to the Beings who were wearing the stiff robes with hoods with the triangle symbol near their necks. They showed me what I somehow knew

was an alien code and after seeing it, I wondered if they were interdimensional Beings who existed in the same “space” as Saturn does, but perhaps in another dimension. They then took my memory of the code out of my mind because there was an instant where I understood it all. And remember, these Beings referred to 9-11 in the past tense a week *before* it occurred.

The last time I saw Beings wearing capes with hoods who had “blackness” for faces was when I lived in Portland in 1995, and I have a drawing of them in my “art gallery” on this site. I remained conscious while they were in my home and I mentally fought them for what seemed like hours. These Beings tried to instill racial prejudice in me and tried to make me believe that certain species are worthier than others. I don’t care how much manipulation you believe is being used during these encounters, these Beings or entities cloaked as Beings are definitely not the good guys. Simply put; it’s not all Greys using screen memories to deceive us by any means.

It is possible that this particular group of Beings is manipulating humans and is perhaps telepathically “soaking up” the horrible experiences - things humans do to one another - for some sick purpose. Perhaps they “feed” off of our negative emotions and negative energy.

Our preoccupation with the war in Iraq is keeping us from helping in many other regions of the world, such as Darfur and other areas in Africa where the carnage, starvation and suffering are terrible. Why aren’t these Beings interested in that, you ask? I am absolutely certain they are and that they are feeding off of it all. They are not simply interested in the United States. Their actions as well as ours are turning our world into a proverbial melting pot: I believe this war in the Middle East is the tip of the iceberg of an impending larger scale war that China and Iran will eventually involve themselves in.

I suspect the modus operandi of these particular Beings as well as the negative entities I have seen is something like this: *“Keep the humans spread out and distracted. Keep them weak and warring amongst themselves and keep their progress slow so we can continue to manipulate them and feed off of them and their experiences.”*

This will keep humans killing one another, breeding, consuming and depleting Earth’s resources, and importantly; not growing in a positive sense, in a spiritual sense, in an intellectual sense or in a scientific sense. It is only after our specific hierarchy of needs is attained that humans can move on to these other, more positive levels of existence and exploration. For example, what if the billions of dollars we have spent on this war in Iraq could have been used to find a cure for cancer by now? All we ever hear from scientists searching for a cure for cancer is, *“If we had such and such amount of money [far less than billions of dollars] we could find a cure within five years.”*



The longer we are kept as slaves to the “negativity” and those who use it to control us, the less likely we are to survive as a species long term. Unfortunately, these Beings and entities I’ve been discussing thus far are not the only “bad guys” out there.

Pudgy With Wrinkled Skin

Although this book was supposed to end in 2006, I would be remiss if I did not include a footnote on the pudgy, dark, wrinkled skinned Beings. I wrote about a brief experience involving them and an L-shaped craft in Chapter Thirty-four titled *Two Babies* and a drawing of one of them is located on page 192.

My husband and I had a very difficult encounter in June of 2007. It left us both feeling very violated, angry and tired. My husband has little memory of what occurred, but I remembered many unfortunate details. I want to summarize what I saw during this encounter here in this final chapter because I believe that interaction with these Beings is either rare, underreported or is not easily remembered by abductees.

While I was onboard their craft I saw many other abductees and all I can say is, we were treated like cattle and experimental animals by these Beings. There was much deception used on us to keep us mentally occupied while we “waited for our turn,” but their true intentions were to test various substances on us.

They forced me to drink a yellow drink that was alcohol or chemical based that caused me to experience stomach cramping and to urinate an unnatural yellow liquid that actually *fluoresced*. I was also told that their experiment on me would last three days, and for three days I experienced certain aftereffects. I was told that my husband would be “cored into” and the cavity they created would be filled with an alcoholic based liquid simply because they didn’t know what the substance was.

I saw young Hybrids with blue-eyes and blonde hair. They were merely children, but they looked as though they had lived a life of torment, abuse and torture. They had a sadness about them that was indescribable. Two of them looked to be three to four years old. I also saw an adult human looking Hybrid male with dark hair writher in pain and pass out from what these Beings did to him.

The last person I remember seeing on board their craft was a young woman who was very sick and in much pain from what they made her ingest (or perhaps injected her with). She was experiencing profuse diarrhea with blood in it and was forced to use a white tray that was lying on the floor instead of a toilet. There was blood and feces on the floor in the room she was in, as if other people had been put through the same ordeal.

These particular Beings exude a sickening conceit and smugness and they normally have a smirk on their faces. They believe that we are “beneath” them as a species, yet they are so desperate and hideous they will do anything to us: everything from testing substances on us out of mere curiosity to perhaps trying to help their species survive. Although I have not remembered many encounters with them, what I have seen and remember about them tells me they do not care one iota about our welfare. The only thing that matters to them, is themselves.

One thing you must keep in mind is that there are several different types of alien Beings interacting with us. It's not just the Greys, Hybrids and Blondes. Our Universe is teeming with life and some of them are coming here to take what they will from us. And the whole time they are doing this to us, all we humans can do is bicker with each other over our mundane religious beliefs and worship our “god of oil.”

As Good As It Gets

On a more positive note, it has become apparent to me that at least three alien species are trying to help humans prepare for a major transition in our future: The Super Conscious Beings, the Greys and the Blondes. The visions I have had over the last twelve years indicate that either currently or at some time in the not so distant future, at least some of the craft in our military will be alien: extraterrestrial. The “downloaded” information to the group of abductees and myself by the redheaded Greys was fairly explicit and they appeared to truly want to help us. The female Grey's telepathic crying out for us - abductees - to save humanity will forever haunt me.

From what I have been able to ascertain from my experiences, I believe the Greys have been here for a very long time and the Super Conscious Beings have been here much longer and were probably interpreted in biblical times as angels. I also believe the Greys care about the Earth and are being directly affected by what we are doing to it.

The Blondes have never really treated me negatively and the original Blonde, whom I believe was the first Blonde Being in my life, has in the past oftentimes tried to help me. It was as if he was my protector, but at the same time he would assist some of the Greys with their procedures. One time he snuck me out of a hospital-like place before another group of Beings or humans could perform their procedure on me.

It is probably not apparent in my drawings, but some of the Blondes look fairly human and they also act quite human. They show emotion and are sometimes even playful at times. And, incidentally, it was the Greys and the Blondes whom I



saw living on Earth in the future. If what I saw is true, we will coexist with the Blondes, the Greys and one other species that I believe may be the Hybrids. Since they are part human and part alien they would be considered a separate species.

Again, during one of my encounters in 2007, a year after this book was supposed to end, I saw another Blonde who looked very human. He was very “in shape,” stood close to seven feet tall and had hair on his chest, which is the first time I have noticed chest hair on a Blonde male Being. He was somewhat perturbed with me because he was aware of this book and he did not like the fact that I kept referring to the Blondes as alien Beings. He told me,

“Just because I am not totally human, it doesn’t mean that I am an alien.”

He seemed to take my referring to him as a “Blonde Being” somewhat offensive or derogatory and he may, in fact, really be a Hybrid.

And finally, it was two Blonde males who came to me six months before we left Charlotte, who told me, in part,

“Do not leave this place so quickly that you do not see where you are going and lose track of your destiny. There are certain things you must do and you must not forget them...”

I have seen the Greys, the Blondes and Hybrids all working alongside one another. Two of these species have told me similar things about my destiny, plus I have seen them together in the future. I am therefore making the assumption that they care about us to some extent and we will coexist on this planet together at some point in the future.

What will this major transition be that is coming? Will we join forces with the Greys, Hybrids and the Blondes and fight another more aggressive species of alien Beings? Will the Super Conscious Beings aid us in our fight against the negative incorporeal entities? If humanity is indeed on the eve of a worldwide war, it is possible that this will be both an earthly war and a spiritual war against an interdimensional group of alien Beings, negative entities and the humans they control.

When I was with the young blonde female Hybrid with the blue eye coverings, the Beings during that encounter mentally projected one of the *Star Wars* movies to my husband and me. They were interested in finding out which people understood the concept of “The Force” and the battle between “Good and Evil.” Again, from everything they have shown me, I cannot help but believe this war - or at least a major transition in life as we know it - is really coming.

I am also aware of how many other abductees have said similar things. We have been led to believe everything from our planet is dying (no kidding) to the aliens are

coming here to destroy humanity (aren't we doing a good job already?) and everything in between.

If it is not a war, is it global warming? Are things much worse than we realize? I find it somewhat frustrating that about 20 years ago abductees and what others were calling "new agers," were all saying similar things. Things like: there will be earth changes, the environment is being destroyed, the weather is going to change all over the world, there will be more abductions and sightings, people will begin to contract more diseases from all of the chemicals we're using.... Even 50 years ago Edgar Cayce, "The Sleeping Prophet" told us this was coming.

You've heard it all before. It's strange that today no one seems to remember this. We were just ridiculed then or the aliens were "obviously lying to us." Now, when former Vice President Al Gore comes out and says almost the same thing (excepting the aliens) everyone suddenly takes notice. Guess what? There's nothing new here. We have known this was coming for two decades.

Training

It is not outlandish to theorize that the military abductions as well as the "secret military life" I seem to be experiencing through this phenomenon are a form of training for this upcoming war. I hardly believe I am the only person experiencing this, although as far as I am aware it has not been published in relation to alien abductions before. And, from what I have seen and learned, alien abductions involve much more than just aliens abducting humans for experimentation and testing.

Some of the MILABS or military abductions could actually be a type of training for civilians via some sort of virtual reality scenario using alien technology.⁵ Certainly we will need many more people to fight a worldwide war than just our current military. We are barely holding our own in Iraq. This unusual training might make sense.

The alien technology being used might in part consist of the device the holographic pilot used to "get inside my mind" and communicate with me. He was in my room with me. I was consciously aware of what was occurring and I could see and hear him. He told me the military had been using the device for four years so that means specific humans have had access to this alien technology since 1993. He also said the aliens had been using it for much longer. How would he know that unless some humans - albeit probably not a large number - have been working alongside these aliens for a number of decades already?

Some might say we found devices such as this on crashed alien craft and back engineered the technology. That's a possibility, but it's obvious we're not very good



at it because it would have a great benefit for use in the current war in Iraq. So would a fleet of alien craft. If we had the ability to back engineer their technology we would be using it in this war. We're not and our military is suffering greatly.

If we do have access to alien technology and are not allowing our soldiers to use it, then we really need to question the motives of those "in the know" in our government as well as the aliens. If this is occurring, it is indeed very tragic and despotic to allow so many of our soldiers to die or be maimed for life in a war for oil and revenge.

The secret facility where I underwent what I described as "mind torture" is also probably part of this training for the future. Telepathy and "mind control" would certainly come in handy during a war. Several people had their brains implanted with devices that could make them do or feel *anything*. Why go to all the trouble to create technology to control people and teach other people how to be telepathic? What could be so important to go to these lengths? A worldwide war with an alien species? It is a chilling thought.

I have witnessed specific military, scientific and intelligence personnel working alongside the Greys and Hybrids. It's possible they have been briefed by these aliens and are using us to create an army of some type. They (or the "human, but not human" Hybrids) have drugged and interrogated me several times in attempts to find out what I know. I believe they are trying to gather information about a *specific* group of aliens: aliens who are also abducting me. And, I have no doubt that some of the "human, but not human" Hybrids are intelligence gatherers and are members of the ultra secret team.

Hybrid Breeding Program

What's the Hybrid Breeding Program all about? It's about creating a race of Beings who are part human and part extraterrestrial or perhaps even part interdimensional who have tremendous mental capabilities and are telepathic. The real question is "why" were the Hybrids created?

Some people have wondered if the Hybrids were created for experimentation purposes. Although I doubt they were created solely for this purpose, I believe some of them, like abductees, have had experiments conducted on them. My overall impression however is that the Hybrids were not created to be experimental subjects for the Greys.

Where the Hybrids created as an invasion force - to invade by stealth, the population of our planet? I believe this is a possibility, but what if they are doing this to save us - or *some* of us - because we cannot save ourselves? It is not logical to believe they

were created to physically attack us from within when they already have the technology to annihilate us through superior technology.

The Greys possess the technology to create life from a combination of their DNA and our DNA. Some people may fear they also know exactly which diseases could wipe out the human race when they are finished with us. Killing us through disease (plague) would leave them a relatively clean planet as compared with the use of nuclear or similar type weapons. However, I've never known of a plague that ever completely wiped out every person on the planet. There have always been survivors. And, importantly, from what I have seen during my interactions with them, it does not make sense for the Greys to be here merely to kill us off. I'm not certain what to make of the dark skinned pudgy Beings except that they appear to be so desperate to survive, intentionally killing us would be the last thing they would do.

If the Greys, the Blondes and the Super Conscious Beings know for certain there is an impending catastrophe that will wipe out most humans on Earth, I suspect they might try to save some part of what we are. I say this again because I have seen first-hand that these three groups of Beings do care about us - or at least some of us. And, if given the opportunity, I am certain the ultra secret team of military personnel, scientists and intelligence personnel would help them.

Think back to when the military pilot told me he was going to pursue the mission against his orders even though it was terribly difficult to abduct fellow human beings. He (as well as I) obviously believed this was something worth risking our lives for. I asked him to "...keep me in the game" so I could learn more and figure out what was going on.

Why would two people on opposite ends of the abduction gamut want to continue with a mission such as this? It is terribly frustrating to me that I cannot say with 100% certainty that I remember what the answer to that question really is. Why would I endure all of this? It has to be because of something incredibly important: more important than just my own life. Remember, he did tell me,

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

He also told me he was angry because in 1987,

"...the mission was in full swing, but now the 'group' had fragmented and split. No one could decide on the proper course of action."

Did the number of people being abducted decrease after this? I don't know. This is also very frustrating to me because I still have no idea what happened with the group or can't seem to remember it. I believe this group consisted of humans and what he was talking about were strictly MILAB abductions, not alien abductions. I do know



that the aliens and the military (or “human, but not human” Hybrids) continued to abduct us and still do so to this day so the point may be moot.

Redheaded Greys

One of the main reasons I decided to write this book was the encounter involving the redheaded Greys and I find it eerie that they used my Barbie doll collection to relay a “life and death” warning to me. From *Crying For Humanity*:

“My Barbie doll collection had been wrecked. Someone had taken them out of their boxes and removed all of their clothing as well as their heads. They were lying on the ground and were scattered about. I saw that a lot of my alien related things were there as well: my books, drawings, notes, and my journals.”

“I received a telepathic message about the dolls. I was told that we have to make ourselves ‘...*unlike we were before.*’ We have to hide who we really are and we have to become like the enemy so we will not be killed. The headless dolls that have no clothes on are a message of torture, death and destruction.”

“A human male approached me whom I have known for many, many years. He had a soft but commanding voice. He told me,

“It is very dangerous for you to have these items...You must never have anything to do with them again...It is a matter of life and death...”

Even though at the time I realized I had known this man for many years, I cannot consciously remember his face. His voice, however, was quite similar in tone to the man who said, “*Don’t open your eyes Katharina*” while I was being abducted by the military.

My entire Barbie doll collection was not included in this warning. I actually have a male doll and a black Barbie doll still in their original boxes as part of my collection. Only the white, female dolls were used by the redheaded Greys and this man (who may in fact have been a Hybrid). Was this intentional?

Truthfully, my first thought after this encounter was that someone was coming after us who has no regard for women, especially white American women. And, these people who are coming carry out torture and beheadings. I immediately thought about a particular group of people who treat women and others this way and we just happen to be at war with some of them.

I don’t know if this was their way of trying to scare me or if the redheaded Greys truly believe this group of humans will invade our country and commit these terrible

atrocities, but it was a part of their message to me. I, reluctantly, have included it in this discussion.

It may not be another alien species who will initiate a worldwide war. It may be a group of humans who believe in a very different “religion and god” However, unless nuclear weapons are going to be used by this group, I fail to see why these Greys would be pleading with us to help save humanity. I do not believe the terrorists and this group of humans (and those countries who support them and/or look the other way) can destroy humanity without nuclear weapons. If nuclear weapons are going to be used, how in the hell can we - abductees - stop them?

On the other hand, the warning I received from the redheaded Greys about having to change everything about ourselves, to make ourselves “unlike we were before” and to live in hiding may imply that some people will be given the opportunity to go through a transformation of some kind. Perhaps it will be a life force transference such as the one I witnessed between the Grey and the Blonde child. Will some people be given alien bodies in which to hide from their attackers? This may indeed be what “to live in hiding” implies.

Finally, if these Beings make themselves known to the world, their warning could also mean that our governments will come after us. Our governments might view abductees as the new Terrorists, the aliens as the new Axis of Evil and alien craft and technology as the new Weapons of Mass Destruction.

I have had my life threatened by Hybrid MIB types as well as during some of my MILAB experiences. There are times when I feel I am risking my life by going public with this information, but I feel I have no choice. For me to live in fear and keep this information secret would make me a coward, a victim and anti-human: I am none of those.

“They Shall Be Revealed”

I was told that the alien children would return to us one day. From Chapter Thirty-seven:

“Foster the alien children for they shall be revealed. More lights will be visible through Earth’s spectrum of particles.”

“It was so clear and so powerful. I experienced an immediate inner knowing that *they* are coming back to us and they will be made known to the world. We will start seeing more ‘lights,’ which will be their craft. Our children, our *Hybrid children* are coming back to us. It was unmistakable.”



If I were the leader of an alien species who was intent upon joining forces with humans or cohabiting their planet, what better way to soften the blow? What would I do to bridge the gap between my alien species and this human species? I would show them what we have in common with one another: Our Hybrid children.

What will happen when the people of Earth learn about the Hybrids and the aliens? My fear is that we will once again be brought to the bidding of our leaders. The “sheep” will be terrified and will bury their heads in the sand while the religious fundamentalists of the world wage a war over the “abomination.”

Many people have been told or have been shown that there will be - at the very least - a great transition that our planet and its inhabitants will experience in our lifetimes. I remind you of the war I was told about in Chapter Forty-one, *Future Earth*. I came away from that incredible experience feeling that the dates 2012, 2020 and 2040 would be turning points for us and that,

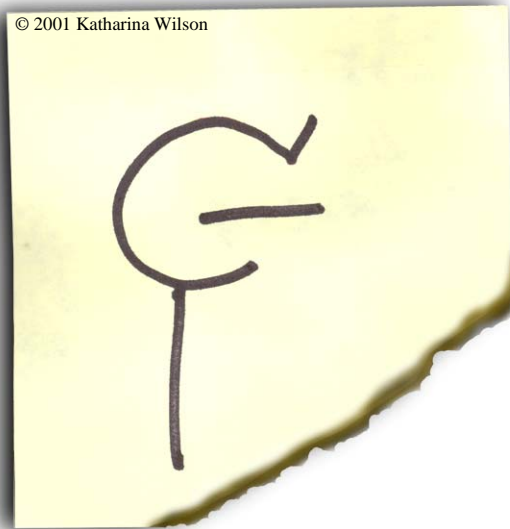
“The Earth of the future will be very different. Many humans will die [in a terrible war] and those who remain will coexist with three alien species. Our government-based and religious-based cultures will cease to exist...”

I believe this transition has already begun, but even if it's another five to twenty years before it happens, abductees might be the people who are mentally prepared for it. Not the naysayers who laughed at us and disbelieved us because “aliens don't exist” and “you can't prove anything you claim to have experienced, therefore you are mentally ill,” or “it's just a case of contacteeism.”

Consider the technology that we may be up against. We could be looking at having to fight an enemy that possesses ultra secret human “mind control” technology or super advanced alien technology or a combination of the two. If you think there's a big difference between being physically abducted and having your mind abducted, guess again: Both are occurring - I've experienced them for myself.

My role and other abductees' role as an emissary between humans and aliens appears to be twofold: (1) We are slowly awakening our sleeping world to the aliens' presence, which many people do not like waking up to, and (2) We are also serving as a type of “Adam and Eve” for a new species of Being - The Hybrid Race. It is perhaps a species that will inhabit Earth after we are gone.

A great transition looms on humanity's horizon. While a known, potentially destructive asteroid is heading toward us, and at the same time we are facing a potential worldwide war with alien or interdimensional Beings, we continue to wage our petty wars and allow nuclear proliferation, global warming, and disease and poverty to continue. And there - hiding in plain sight - are the aliens, continuing to do what they do.



Perhaps one day I will learn that I had the whole thing backwards. While humans wage their wars and commit murders, rapes and other atrocities in the name of their respective gods, religions and governments, the people who accept the Hybrid children and these Beings may end up leaving with them. The people left behind will live and die with their chosen flock. That would be one hell of a Rapture, wouldn't it?

The End



NOTES

¹ *Blair Laid Bare: The article that may get you arrested.* By Henry Porter,

“In the guise of fighting terrorism and maintaining public order, Tony Blair’s Government has quietly and systematically taken power from Parliament and the British people. The author charts a nine-year assault on civil liberties that reveals the danger of trading freedom for security - and must have Churchill spinning in his grave...” Published 29 June 2006

<http://news.independent.co.uk/uk/politics/article1129827.ece>

² These were the figures as of April 17, 2007: <http://www.iraqbodycount.org/>
The high figure for this date was actually 67, 703 Iraqi civilians. According to other groups who are tallying the number of civilians killed in this war, there could be more than 100,000 dead.

The information regarding Air Force personnel being trained as Army soldiers are trained came from “The Texas State News Network” program that airs on various public service oriented radio stations in the State.

³ “Everything I learned about science I learned from Star Trek.” However, below are two very interesting papers and one article about this subject. They both cite (among others) Michael Talbot’s book, *The Holographic Universe*.

Lewels, Francisco Joe. *Over The Rainbow: Quantum Physics Discovers The Holographic Universe*. MUFON Symposium Proceedings, pp. 120-134, 1995.

Crawford, Forest. *Aliens, Angels and The Holographic Universe*, Originally presented as a lecture in 1994. It was published in *The Observer* (the newsletter of Oregon MUFON) as well as on this Web site in 1995. Contains information about:

Karl Pribram’s Holographic Model – “The Hologram was there all the time in the wave front nature of brain cell connectivity. We simply hadn’t the wit to realize it.”

Karen and Russell DeValois 1979 research on “wave forms in the brain that match the *Fourier Transform* of the plaid pattern.”

An interesting article about David Bohm can be found at: <http://www.theosophy-nw.org/theosnw/science/prat-boh.htm> *David Bohm and the Implicate Order*, by David Pratt (Reprinted from *Sunrise* magazine, February/March 1993. Copyright © 1993 by Theosophical University Press)

⁴ Bramley, William. (Pseudonym) *The God's of Eden* New York: Avon Books, 1989, 1990.

Although completely different in its approach to this subject, another book that goes into great detail about just how long alien Beings may have been interacting with humans and affecting our civilizations is *The Sirius Mystery: New Scientific Evidence of Alien Contact 5,000 Years Ago* by Robert Temple. Rochester, Vermont: Destiny Books, 1998.

A new book titled *Slave Species of god* details this theory as well. Incidentally, this book was a bestseller in South Africa. *Slave Species of god*, by Michael Tellingner, Music Masters Close Corporation, P.O. Box 91344, Auckland Park, Johannesburg, South Africa, 2006.

⁵ I do not recall that any of these authors stated that VRS technology was being used on abductees as military training for a pending war, but they have all referred to it in relation to alien abductions and/or MILABS or military abductions. I have listed these in the order of their publications:

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

Wilson, Katharina. *Project Open Mind: Are Some Alien Abductions Government Mind Control Experiments?* Puzzle Publishing, 1996. Located on this Web site.

Lammer, Helmut and Marion. *MILABS: Military Mind Control and Alien Abduction*. IllumiNet Press: Lilburn, Georgia, 1999.

Haley, Leah. *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control and Spirituality*. Murfreesboro, Tennessee: Greenleaf Publications, 2003.



Afterword

What Can You Do?

A 1992 Roper Poll showed that one out of every 50 people believes they may have had some type of encounter with alien Beings. ¹ Polls taken since that time, year after year, have consistently shown that a majority of the American public believes that “UFOs” or aliens or “life elsewhere” exist.

After everything I have seen and experienced first-hand throughout my lifetime, there is absolutely no way anyone can convince me that what we are experiencing is anything other than one of the following: (1) Alien abductions with a possible spiritual or entity connection, (2) Human abductions with a possible spiritual or entity connection, (3) A combination of the two.

Thousands, perhaps millions of people worldwide are being abducted against their will. Rather than ridiculing them, show compassion and provide emotional support to people claiming abduction. You never know; it could be your neighbor or coworker, brother or sister, mother or father, or your own child. This phenomenon is occurring to people from all socioeconomic classes; all races, all walks of life, and it is occurring worldwide.

Support Non-Profits

There are several important actions you can take to help abductees as well as educate yourself about this phenomenon and one of these is to support non-profit organizations and ** get politically active **

**The Political Activism of Stephen Bassett in Service to the Politics of Disclosure or Exopolitics <http://www.paradigmclock.com>

**Steven Greer, M.D. -- “The Disclosure Project is a nonprofit research project working to fully disclose the facts about UFOs, extraterrestrial intelligence, and classified advanced energy and propulsion systems. We have over 400 government, military, and intelligence community witnesses testifying to their direct, personal, first hand experience with UFOs, ETs, ET technology, and the cover-up that keeps this information secret.” <http://www.disclosureproject.com/>

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

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

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

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

Organization for Paranormal Encounter Support www.opus-net.org

ACCET: Academy of Clinical Close Encounters Therapists
<http://www.drboylan.com/accetpg2.html>

While Visualizing Swirled Peas Is Fun, Visualizing World Peace Is More Constructive ²

Study how the power of prayer and positive thoughts really work to produce positive outcomes and how negative thoughts create the opposite. I believe it is possible that if enough people on our planet put their minds to it, we can use prayer and positive thoughts and visualization to enact positive change and help us all through this upcoming transition. If my hypothesis concerning the Beings wearing the capes with hoods is correct, we cannot allow ourselves to give in to fear and negativity. This will only give them more strength. I said earlier that, "change is coming nevertheless," however, we do not have to become victims to that change.

Open your mind to all that is positive and true. Learn about Edgar Cayce's message, "thoughts are things." <http://www.edgarcayce.org/> (I only recommend the books that Cayce himself authored.)

If you're not into Edgar Cayce, read *The Power Of Intention* by Dr. Wayne Dyer whose motto is: "When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change." <http://www.drwaynedyer.com/>

The truth is Out There - It's Just Hard to Find

Rather than listening to the fear mongering and censored reporting on FOX "Fascist Oxymoron Xenophobes" otherwise known as "The Ministry of Propaganda," or CNN "Censorship News Network," or MSNBC "Misinformation News Broadcasting Company," try tuning into Link TV <http://www.linktv.org/> or C-SPAN I and II and NPR: National Public Radio. If you want good news and happy news visit <http://www.goodnewsnow.com/> and <http://www.happynews.com/>



If you think you're getting the truth from the non-cable channels, guess again: Disney owns ABC, General Electric owns NBC, and until very recently, Westinghouse owned CBS. For many more interesting details, including how much they each donated to get Bush reelected see: <http://la.indymedia.org/news/2003/04/47530.php>

Corporations and the military industrial complex that spins the news are not going to let you know the truth about these Beings and their activities on our planet. If all of these networks could suppress certain truths about the Iraq war, which they did, imagine how they are suppressing information relating to the UFO-abduction phenomenon. Truth is, they don't cover it, and if by chance the story is too public to ignore (traveling at warp speed on the Internet) they will give it a "mock coverage." And, you can be sure it will be replete with journalistic snickering with the always-invited skeptic, usually a known debunker of the phenomenon who provides the appropriate disinformation to the public as part of the continuing coverup.

Keep in mind who controls what you read in your daily newspaper. Knight Ridder (purchased by The McClatchy Company in 2006) and Gannett Corporation own practically every major newspaper in America, and guess what? Gannett is headquartered in McLean, Virginia; the same city* CIA headquarters is located. (*The unincorporated community of Langley.)

If you don't believe me, read the book *The Missing Times*, by Terry Hansen. This book is an investigation into how some of America's most influential news organizations, many of which have maintained close ties to the U.S. intelligence community, willingly suppressed full and accurate news coverage of the UFO phenomenon. <http://www.themissingtimes.com/>

Fortunately, we have *The UFO Newsclipping Service*; a monthly compilation of UFO related articles, usually from small or unknown newspapers that most of us would never know about without this much-needed service. It is operated by Lucius Farish of #2 Caney Valley Drive in Plumerville, AR, 72127-8725. The cost is \$55 per year and it is well worth the money. It also includes translations from South America and other Spanish language newspapers, courtesy of Scott Corrales and the Institute for Hispanic Ufology. Another monthly publication you won't want to miss out on is *UFO Magazine*. See www.ufomag.com for more information.

Support Abductees

Finally, one last very important thing you can do to support abductees while at the same time educating yourself about the abduction phenomenon is by purchasing and reading their books, especially self-published books. Several of the books listed below are self-published works. A single asterisk denotes that I have not read the

book at the time this book was completed. A double asterisk denotes the book is a self-published work (a very expensive process).

* Kim Carlsberg. *Beyond My Wildest Dreams*. Santa Fe, New Mexico: Bear & Company 1995.

** David W. Chace *A Visual Guide To Alien Beings*. Care of: 3763 South 194th Street, SeaTac, WA, 98188-5360. David is not an abductee, but his highly illustrated guide is self-published in manuscript form. I highly recommend it for anyone learning about or researching alien Beings. davidwchace@hotmail.com

* Beth Collings and Anna Jamerson. *Connections: Solving Our Alien Abduction Mystery*. Newberg, Oregon: Wild Flower Press, 1996.

* Robert Frank Eure. *The Mysterious Visitors*. Xlibris Corporation, United Kingdom, 2004.

* Marc Davenport. *Visitors From Time*. Wild Flower Press, P.O. Box 230893, Tigard, Oregon, 97281.

Charlie Foltz, Jim and Jack Weiner and Chuck Rak. *The Allagash Abductions: Undeniable Evidence of Alien Intervention*, by Raymond Fowler Wild Flower Press, P.O. Box 230893, Tigard, Oregon, 97281, 1993.

Eve Frances Lorgen. *The Love Bite: Alien Interference in Human Love Relationships*. Elogos & HHC Press, P.O. Box 978, Bonsall, CA, 92003, 1999.

Betty Andreasson Luca. *The Watchers: The Secret Design Behind UFO Abduction*. (All by Raymond Fowler) New York: Bantam Books, (1990). Also: “*The Andreasson Legacy* is the fifth book in Fowler’s series, which began with *The Andreasson Affair* in 1979 and continued with *The Andreasson Affair, Phase II* (1982), *The Watchers* (1990) and **The Watchers II* (1995).” – See also journalist Sean Casteel’s Web site: http://seancasteel.com/andreasson_legacy.htm

Joy S. Gilbert. *It’s Time to Remember: A Riveting Story of One Woman’s Awakening to Alien Beings*. Laughing Bear Publishing, P.O. Box 40788, Eugene, Oregon, 97404, 1995.

** Leah Haley. *Lost Was The Key*. Tuscaloosa, Alabama: Greenleaf Publications, 1993.

** Leah Haley. *Unlocking Alien Closets: Abductions, Mind Control and Spirituality*. Murfreesboro, Tennessee: Greenleaf Publications, 2005.



Afterword: What Can You Do?

Gloria Ann Hawker. *Morning Glory: Diary of An Alien Abductee*. P.O. Box 14779, Albuquerque, NM, 87191, 2001. Unknown: "Write to Print" is no longer in business. Please contact author at above address.

** Charles Hickson and William Mendez. *UFO Contact at Pascagoula*. Charles Hickson, 2024, Carol Drive, Gautier, MS, 29553, 1983.

Linda Cortile. *Witnessed: The True Story of the Brooklyn Bridge UFO Abductions*. (By Budd Hopkins) New York: Pocket Books (Simon & Schuster) 1996.

"Kathie Davis," pseudonym for Debbie Jordan. *Intruders: The Incredible Visitations at Copley Woods*. (By Budd Hopkins) New York: Random House, 1987.

Debbie Jordan and Kathy Mitchell. *Abducted! The Story of Intruders Continues*. New York: Carroll & Graf, 1994.

Sandy Nichols. *Different Child*. 551 Turtle Creek Drive, Brentwood, TN, 37027, 2001. Unknown: "Write to Print" is no longer in business. Please contact author at above address.

* Dana Redfield. *Summoned: Encounters with Alien Intelligence*. Hampton Roads Publishing Company, Inc. 1125 Stoney Ridge Road, Charlottesville, VA 22902.

Dana Redfield. *The ET-Human Link: We Are The Message*. Hampton Roads Publishing Company, Inc. 1125 Stoney Ridge Road, Charlottesville, VA 22902, 2005.

* Martin Riley. *The Coming of Tan*. Historicity Productions, 91 River Road, Stockton, New Jersey, 08559. **This book was published by a single individual, not the author, but I still consider it to be a self-published work.

* Jim Sparks. *The Keepers: An Alien Message for the Human Race*. Bookworld Services (Wild Flower Press) 2006.

Whitley Strieber. *Communion*. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1987, and numerous others.

Karla Turner. *Into The Fringe*. New York: Berkley Books, 1992. Read it online at: <http://www.karlaturner.org/>

** Karla Turner. *TAKEN: Inside The Alien-Human Abduction Agenda*. Roland, Arkansas: Kelt Works, 1994. Read it on-line at: <http://www.karlaturner.org/>

* Denise and Bert Twiggs. *Secret Vows: Our Lives with Extraterrestrials*. Tigard, Oregon: Wild Flower Press, 1992.

Ed and Frances Walters. *The Gulf Breeze Sightings: The Most Astounding Multiple Sightings of UFOs in U.S. History*. William Morrow and Company, Inc. New York, 1990.

* Ed Walters and Bruce Maccabee, Ph.D., *UFOs Are Real: Here Is The Truth!* Avon Books (1997).

Travis Walton. *Fire in the Sky*. New York: Marlowe and Co., 1996.

Mary M. Wunder. *A Message From The Stars: ET Language and Earth Change Essays*. Horus House Press, Inc. P.O. Box 55185, Madison, WS, 53705, 1993.

** Katharina Wilson. My books can be purchased through my Web site, MUFON, Amazon.com, or E-bay. *Project Open Mind: Are Some Alien Abductions Really Government Mind Control Experiments?* is located on my Web site www.alienjigsaw.com or http://www.alienjigsaw.com/yk2/pom_toc.html

NOTES

¹ Hopkins, Budd, Jacobs, David, Westrum, Ron. *The UFO Abduction Syndrome, Unusual Personal Experiences: An Analysis Of The Data From Three National Surveys*. Las Vegas, Nevada: The Roper Organization, 1992.

² “Visualize Swirled Peas” was published on bumper stickers and T-shirts during the 1980s. It was a play on the term, “Visualize World Peace.”

³ Other good news sources include:

Global Peace Index www.visionofhumanity.com

BBC World News www.theworld.org

Public Radio International www.PRI.org

National Public Radio's News and Analyses www.NPR.org

Public Broadcasting Service www.PBS.org

Amnesty International www.amnesty.org

Columbia Journalism Review (See “Who Owns What”) www.cjr.org



Appendix I

Doreen's Experiences

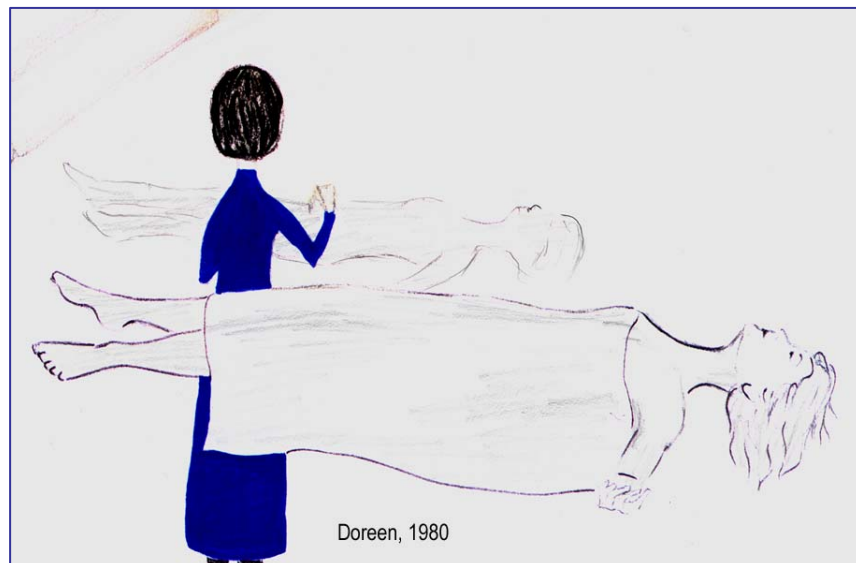
Doreen was married and a full-time working mother with two children. She worked a professional job for a branch of the Federal Government. The following illustrations and descriptions are Doreen's own words. The only information that has been removed are her children's names in order to protect their identities.

Doreen would be thrilled to know that her information is being shared in this manner. She saw the future correctly in her "travels." Although it was the last thing I thought I'd ever do again, I would indeed write another book and it has "...lots of pictures," just like she said it would.

Floating

This experience occurred in 1980. It was memorable in that it was fully conscious:

I wake up and am aware of the fact that I'm floating on my back with no support from underneath. It is very pleasant. I look to my left and see a small window with a star filled night sky. I'm just laying there enjoying the feeling of floating and feel I have control over it. I start to look to my right and see a woman reaching in and out of a drawer seemingly able to put her hand through it rather than actually pulling a drawer out. She was doing something to the person next to me. What strikes me is her dress. It is of the most beautiful luminescent blue fabric I have ever seen.



Doreen, 1980

As I become more conscious of this incredible sight I also start to feel myself slowly lower to the floor until I could feel the hard surface. At this point the woman turns to me and very quickly comes to my side. She is slightly agitated and I interrupt her by repeating a couple of times,

"Oh, but you are so beautiful."

She doesn't really respond, but was very warm towards me. She telepathically says, while she adjusts my head somehow,

"You need to put your head this way and arch your back slightly."

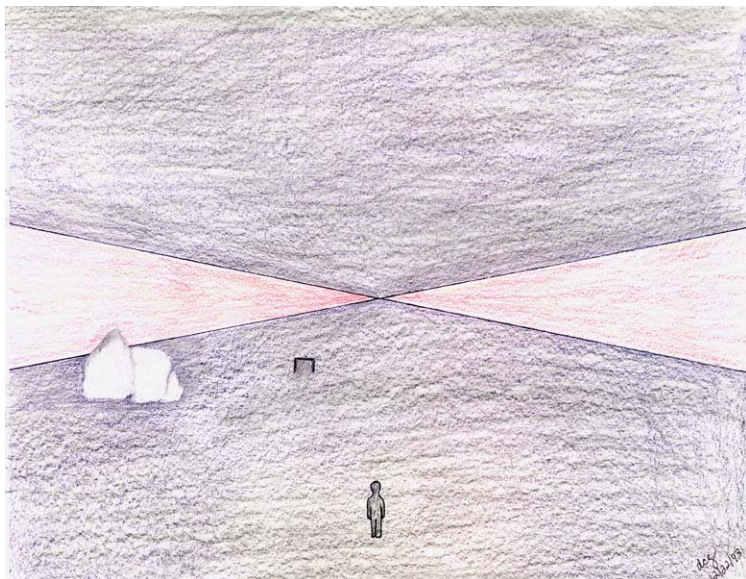
I start to float back up and go back to sleep.

[Author's note: Doreen told me that she believed the woman floating next to her was me. I would have been 20 years old at the time.]

"Time...Space...Quantonium..."

December 22, 1993: I found myself in the corner of my 3-1/2 year old daughter's bedroom. I could hear voices in the room. I was then up at the ceiling thinking there were no holes big enough to allow my body through. The next thing I was aware of was an argument going on as to whether I should be there at all. One group was very much against it and the other was in favor. Anyway, the group in favor won out and they gave me the impression that they were not pleased with this other group and warned me about them. There was some talk about children, but I don't remember what it was.

I was then standing and looking straight ahead at a horizon. In the distance I saw a squared off object that looked like a table and I started to make a move towards it and was immediately overcome with the feeling that I was to stay put.



Appendix I: Doreen's Experiences

I looked to my left and saw the shapeless form. The first impression of this form was that it was a photographic negative and then it seemed like it was mercury. I looked at it and as soon as I tried to make a face out of it a face would start to take shape. Whatever form I would think of it would start to take on that shape.

It was time for me to go. I turned around and sensed my body elevate. I was on my stomach and felt myself start to move head-first. I became frightened and I heard a voice say,

"This is what you want to know."

It was stated in a way that made me feel accountable or responsible for this experience. I started to pick up speed and I forced myself to open my eyes and there was nothing. Just a void; no light, no dark - just nothing. I felt like I was falling and spinning. There was no up or down, but I was going in a specific direction.

I knew I was going back home. I felt like I was passing through layers and each layer had a particular physical feeling as well as a scent. The smells were quite intense and I was unable to recognize any of them except two; one was plastic and the other was an electrical discharge smell.

The voice was saying that I was traveling through time and space. I was thinking that each time must have it's own smell. I became concerned that I was going to end up in a different time than the one I left, but the voice said my reality was a physical one, that we viewed time-space-light purely in a physical sense. There is another side to these elements with completely unique properties that we are unaware of. There is a set of conscious energy/spiritual laws that puts "reality" into motion and our laws of physics are an extension of that. Our physical bodies are a creative expression of this conscious energy. Time, Space and Light are real living things.

I start to feel my whole being accelerate. I can hear a hum. I'm going faster - I know I'm going back to my body, but it's taking longer than I feel comfortable with. Then I hear the voice saying over and over again,

"Time...Space...Quantonium...Time...Space...Quantonium..."

I'm moving faster and faster and then wham, I'm back in my body totally conscious and aware, but my body is still asleep. I can feel myself mumbling,

"Time...space...time...space..."

Then my husband is touching my face and arms. I wake up and tell him what happened. I checked on the kids and my daughter was laying on her side wide-awake and she said,

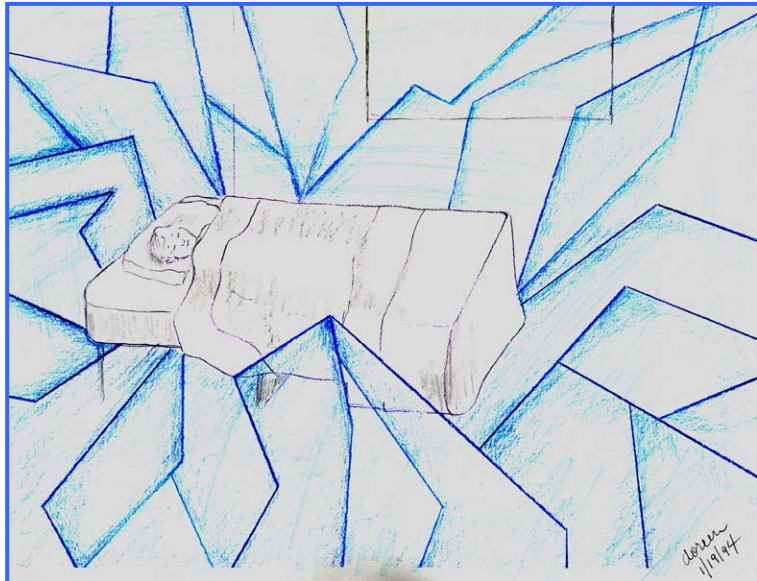
"Do you see it? Do you see it? The blue light. Everywhere I look, the blue light is there. It's coming out of my eyes like a light, just like magic."

[Author's note: This encounter was published in the *MUFON 1995 International UFO Symposium Proceedings* as part of the paper I presented.]

Crystal Blue

January 19, 1994: I saw my son, whose age is 6-1/2 years, sleeping on his back in his room. His bed and window were part of his bedroom but everything else about his room was different. It seemed like this other room overlapped his, because I could see elements of both. The room was absolutely filled with blue light.

The light had a geometric or angular look to it. It reminded me of a strong light shining through a blue crystal. It filled the entire room and the light communicated with me. It was conscious.



The light goes away and then people come in and mention that they could see the light from outside of the house and it was just pouring out of the windows.

You'll Like The Future

January 4, 1994: A voice asked me,

"So, which time do you want to go to?"

I thought for a second thinking,

"Oh, the 60's, everyone always seems to want to go back to the 60's."



Appendix I: Doreen's Experiences

I was then aware of being in a huge room and there were people milling around. There was a bald man with a cloak and colorful cowl hood over his head. We went outside where we looked out over this huge empty space with diffused lighting and it sounded like when you hold a shell to your ear. It felt like a tourist stop. A woman and I were leaning on a barrier or fence looking out over this vast nothingness. The man and I came away from this scene and were sitting together avoiding interacting with the others.

This same woman was looking at us and then she put on a pair of blue sunglasses and was looking at us. She comes over to me and says she cannot see the man I'm with at all through the glasses and I look different somehow. The man immediately got up and left. I started to follow him, but when I passed the woman I said,

"You'll like the future, they have Star Trek: The Next Generation."

I went into what seemed like a hotel room. There was a very tall figure to my left and the man I was with was laying down in a bottom drawer of a bureau that had been pulled out. He didn't have anything on and was completely hairless and was no more than 4-1/2 feet tall.

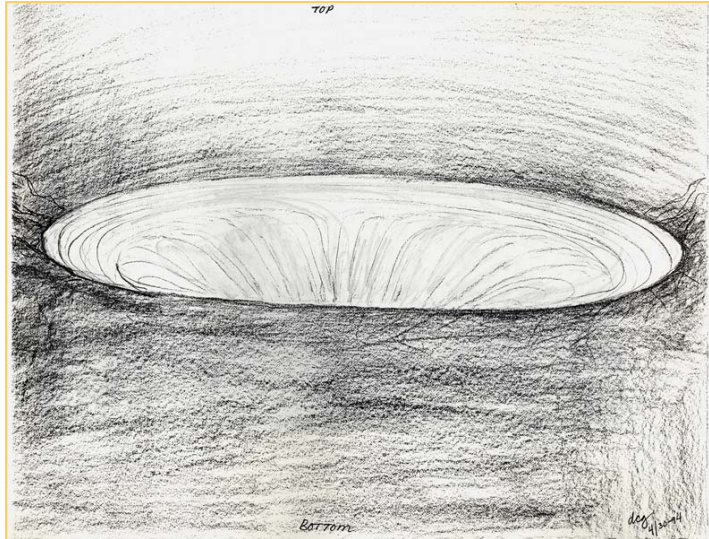
I hesitated going to him because he seemed important. The tall man indicated I would be well received if I went to him, which I did. He held out his right hand, which I took. I looked into his face, which was quite loving and I felt very loving towards him. He had pale blue eyes and seemed to really appreciate my attention. There was a very strong emotional exchange between him and I. He seemed very ill and I was concerned that I hurt him somehow by saying something to the woman about the future. I believe what I sensed from him was an intense sadness. Like I would never see him again. He looked familiar to me.



The Way Home

April 30, 1994: I've received this image repeatedly since the age of five.

My experiences will often begin with my standing close to the edge and looking down into this. The sound reminds me very much of the ocean or the sound you hear when holding a seashell to your ear except that it is deafening. It's indescribable the force and power I sense. I drew this picture as a whole, but in reality I'm only able to see the swirling downward pull of the center of it. The terrain around this hole has a natural outdoor setting.



I've been in huge crafts that had this in them with a domed ceiling above. It's on a much smaller scale, about the size of a sports stadium.

One of my recent experiences involved standing and seeing what looked like an ocean wave flow towards me from this image carrying human-like individuals and depositing them in front of me and then receding. It is not water, but acted much the same way water does. Once the experience was over the wave returned and receded with the individuals it had originally brought. I'm always led back to this with Beings who tell me,

"This is the way home."



Appendix II

Birth and Childhood Oddities

My only purpose for including the information in this appendix is for parents of abductees, abductees who may have had similar childhoods and serious researchers of alien abduction.

Continuation of Notes: Chapter Thirty-eight: *Meltdown*

My mother had two miscarriages prior to my birth. One seemed to have occurred spontaneously. After it occurred, my mother called her next door neighbor who was a nurse, and she came over. They agreed that her body had spontaneously aborted the fetus. Shortly afterwards she became pregnant again and after having it confirmed by her doctor, the usual followup appointment was scheduled. At some time during the first trimester, she went back for a followup appointment and her doctor told her that the fetus had disappeared! The only explanation her doctor had for her was that her body had *absorbed the baby*, even though there had been no indication that anything was ever wrong with the baby.

She went back to living her normal everyday life, until again, a short time later, feeling that she may be pregnant, she went back to the doctor. He told her she was now pregnant again. Upon hearing this news she became extremely upset and she told her doctor that the baby would never be normal, if it survived at all. She never believed her doctor when he told her everything was okay. She was extremely upset and she believed that even if the baby lived, then something would be terribly wrong with it. The baby was born normal, and that baby was me.

One day my mother (who knew nothing about abductions or the phenomenon) told me, “... *your father was probably an alien!*” When I asked her why she used the term “alien.” She responded,

“Because Katharina, you have always been so different from your brother or sister, or anyone else in our family. You just...turned out so differently.”

I nearly died twice when I was a baby and my pacifier got lodged in my throat. My mother had to reach down into my throat and pull it out both times because I stopped breathing. After the second time, she never gave me a pacifier

again. When my mother told my sister and me about this when we were children I distinctly remember my sister saying,

“She just couldn’t decide if she really wanted to be on Earth or not.”

Oddities

This is a photograph of me walking at the age of 7 months. (I weighed nearly 10 pounds (9 lb. 15 oz.) when I was born, thus the “chunky” legs.

I didn’t speak until I was two years old. I actually spoke a “secret” language to my sister and she would translate to my parents for me. Some time after my second birthday my parents were planning for me to see a specialist about my not speaking. I believe my sister told me that if I didn’t start talking normally that I would have to go to a “doctor,” and no child likes to see one of those. Shortly thereafter I began to speak normally and out loud.



When I was three years old I went with my sister to her first day of first-grade class. I sat in the chair and “demanded” that I be taught. I felt it was imperative that I be taught right then and begin school at that time because it was “so important” and I refused to get out of the chair. Of course, they did not allow me to begin school and I cried over it. I can only imagine how different my life might have been had they begun educating me at the age of three rather than waiting until I was five or six.

Sexually Aware

I was sexually aware and knew how a man and a woman did “it” when I was five years old although I never walked in on my parents and saw them engaging in sexual intercourse. This may not seem unusual in today’s society with cable and satellite television and such, but in 1965, it was extremely unusual.

As I stated in *The Alien Jigsaw*, I am positive there was never any sexual abuse in my life by any member of my family or another human being. I believe my interaction



with these Beings at such an early age (probably four years old) and what I might have seen occur onboard their craft is what accounts for my early awareness of certain things.

In addition, there was an unusual relationship that I consciously recalled that occurred (or began) when I was around seven or eight years old with a Hybrid Being I call “The Doctor. My drawings of him are published in this book on page 95. Interestingly, the age of *seven* is when I began going through puberty and it was that year that my complexion became so bad I had to see a dermatologist on a regular basis.

Environmental Concerns

As a child, my first career choice was to become an astronomer. However, all during my early childhood I had a great desire to learn everything I could about Sumeria. I also had an encounter experience as an adult during which I remembered very little, but I distinctly remembered saying to someone who was questioning me,

“I’ve been talking about Sumeria for over an hour now.”

I really wanted to move on to another subject. In my reality as I know it today, I actually know very little about Sumeria. I’ve always wanted to study the civilization, but I’ve never gotten around to it because every time I begin reading about it I say to myself,

“This isn’t right - they’ve got it all wrong...”

When I was in the third grade I began to focus my attention on world pollution. I did a third grade project on the subject and would often lecture my young friends about how bad it was to litter. It was a source of anger in my young life. I continuously wondered how and why adults could pollute our world. It was inconceivable to me.

When I was between the age of seven and nine years old I remember being in the car with my parents and my “boyfriend.” He was a year younger than I was and we loved to dress up in long gowns and high heels together and play outside, and it did not surprise me to learn some years later that he was gay.

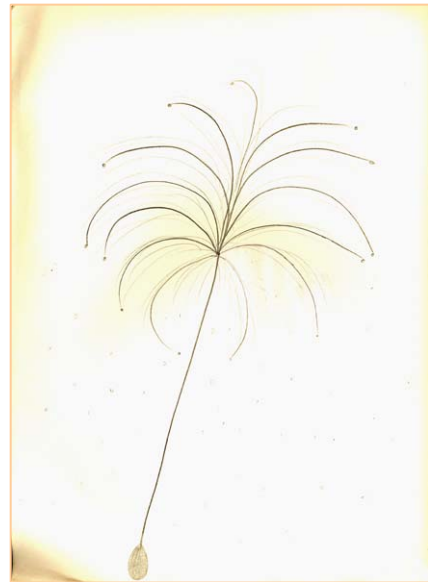
Getting back to the day in the car: I distinctly remember him throwing a wrapper of chewing gum out of the car window and I became furious with him. Then he laughed at me and took his gum out of his mouth and threw it out of the window. I almost

started to cry because I felt that not only was he littering - polluting our world - he had just wasted food, which I felt (and still feel to this day) is a “cardinal sin.”

When I was younger, I used to make eye contact with truck drivers and would make angry faces at them when they would pass us because of all of the black smoke coming out of the pipe that stuck out above the engine and their cabs. I thought I was making a difference, but now that I’m an adult I realize they were just laughing at me. They would nearly always honk their loud horns and smile and wave at me.

Childhood Drawings

These are a few pictures I drew as a child. The wand is from the 1965 version of Rogers & Hammerstein’s *Cinderella* in which Lesley Ann Warren made her debut. The funny thing was, as a child of five and even when I grew a few years older, I wasn’t interested in being like Cinderella and ending up with a handsome prince. I was most fascinated with Celeste Holm, the Fairy Godmother and her sparkling wand. She was my hero of the movie. I loved how she could appear and disappear and create the illusions she did as well as the sparkling light effects that accompanied her presence.



I drew this picture as a very young child and I decided to include it in this book because it clearly shows two humanoid forms floating above the apartment complex we lived in, which I scribbled over for some reason. To the right is a cat getting ready to attack a rabbit who has its arms outstretched and is walking like a “zombie” as though it is hypnotized or “switched off.” I was somewhat shocked when I found it among my baby and toddler photographs.





The last drawing is a “self-portrait” when I was 14 years old. I remember holding up a mirror while I drew myself, but I do not remember why I drew the expression on my face that I did. It seems as if I am saying, “Oh no!” or something similar to a “crying out for help.”

Childhood “Acting Out”

The final comment I want to make about my childhood is that I was very mean to most of my dolls. My favorite doll was my Thumbelina, which means *Little Tiny* from the Danish fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen. When I re-read the story recently I was surprised by some of the similarities between what happens to abductees and her plight. In any case, this and one other doll that was slightly larger than her (and looks like a blue-eyed, blonde-haired Hybrid child) were the only two dolls I liked. All of my other dolls were “victims.”

Without going into great detail, since I know what has happened to me as an adult by some of these alien Beings (and humans during the military abductions) I can clearly see that I was “acting out” with my dolls and reliving some of the things that had been done to me. I don’t have many memories about my childhood abductions, but most of this acting out involved needles penetrating specific parts of my dolls’ bodies.

Another way I dealt with what was occurring to me as a child was by mentally dividing myself into a “good” and “bad” person. I used my hands in that my left hand was “bad” and my right hand was “good.” I would punish my left hand by telling it how bad it was or how useless it was and I would praise my right hand by telling it how good it was and that everything it did was correct, but everything my left hand did was bad. There were occasions when I would hit my left hand because it was so bad. (I also did this with my “victim” dolls.)

I believe that in a psychological sense, as a young child I was close to the point of splitting myself mentally into two people or identities. Even as a young child, on

some level I knew I was experiencing something very bad (traumatic) and this is how my young mind coped.

Thankfully, I never punished or acted out with animals. As a very young child I absolutely loved our cats and dog and I had a great fondness for all animals that has never left me to this day.



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Katharina Wilson's new book, *I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember* is the first time a first edition book about the alien abduction phenomenon has been published on-line and offered free to the public. It covers twelve years of consciously recalled abduction encounters that Katharina has experienced since she published her journals in *The Alien Jigsaw* in 1993.

The pieces of the puzzle have continued to fall into place to reveal why these Beings are interacting with specific people on our planet: defacto emissaries between human Beings and alien Beings.

Since *The Alien Jigsaw* was published, Katharina has continued to experience a high level of interaction with several types of alien intelligences. Utilizing her well-documented journals and illustrations, she again shares her life experiences as they relate to these incredible Beings.

I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember is an expanded view of the alien abduction phenomenon and contains details that are certain to be "firsts" regarding the reporting of this phenomenon to the public. This book involves experiences with several different types of alien Beings including different types of Greys, Hybrids, Blondes, Short 'Pudgy' Beings, Tan 'Wrinkled' Beings, Interdimensional Beings, Super Conscious Beings and incorporeal influences.

The curtain of secrecy obscuring the truth about this phenomenon has been pulled back to reveal conceivable answers to important questions such as:

- *Has there been an Ultra Secret Team consisting of specialized military, intelligence and scientific personnel involved in the Hybrid Breeding Program all along?*
- *Is it because of this Ultra Secret Team that reports of MILABS or military abductions surfaced as early as the 1980s in relation to alien abduction encounters?*
- *Has the Hybrid Breeding Program reached its culmination and are they already coexisting with us on our planet?*
- *Does a worldwide transition loom on humanity's horizon?*

This book will take you to the last place Katharina wanted or thought this phenomenon would lead her. *I Forgot What I Wasn't Supposed To Remember* is a deeply personal, true account of abduction as told firsthand by a "well-seasoned" alien abductee.

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