

The Frightening Possibility of Genetic Social Stratification

Originally titled "The Frightening Possibility of a Global Genetically--Tailored Caste System".

In today's polarized American society, it is very easy to get lost and forget who we are. In today's mass media it is easy to forget our role and our life when we are confronted with people with one million followers on twitter, and who have Facebook pages with thousands of followers. It is very difficult to judge ourselves when the mainstream media, the television, the Hollywood movies, and even our educational system tries to define who we are. I know this.

This is my push back.

This is my push back on the onslaught of nonsense that floods our airwaves, and seeps through the cracks of our being. This is my push back on who I am personally, and who many Americans are. This is my push back on what a man is. This is my push back as to what defines us. It is not what some rich oligarch thinks we are. We are something else entirely.

For the last sixty years, the American media, and their owners have created narratives that served to box us into divisive subcultures. They have tried to split us apart, tear us up, and force us to live in fear. This is not going to happen. Not on my watch.

Because you are a hero, even if you do not realize it yet.

Introduction

Growing up, I was fed a steady diet of adventure magazines and pulp stories that described how heroes behave and what they encounter. Yes, I knew that they were stories, but deep down inside I did believe that I too would someday experience the same kind of highs and lows that my heroes endured.

Well that was true.

However, little did I know that the highs and lows occurred on American soil, and the monsters that I fought were nebulous, invisible and powerful. Far more powerful than I was ever aware possible. I was tasked to fight the worst kind of monster; the invisible kind.



Heroes are often surrounded by pretty girls. You know, when I grew up, my idea of what a hero was came from magazines and television. I came to believe that narrative. You know, be strong and courageous. Protect the weak, and keep on going on, even when the odds are against you. You must be a man and protect the weak and strive to be the best man that you can possibly be.

With this in mind, let's take a look at what my expectations were. I, as part of a different generation than many of my readers had different views about life, and roles. These different views were generational, and were formed in my youth.

My reality then, was quite different from the reality we experience today.

What I expected

When I was young, I was sheltered from the realities of today's world. Bad guys wore masks to keep their identities hidden. Good guys wore white, and helped children, old ladies, puppies and kittens.

- Bad guys dressed in black. They wore masks to hide their identities. They were militant. They moved in groups, or mobs.
- Good guys showed their faces. They wore white or nice hats. They never said anything bad about another person. They helped others. They protected others. They only fought when absolutely necessary.

At that time, I didn't know what a gay person was, let alone a trans-gender person. I hadn't a clue as to why the sadistic communist monster Che Guevara had such a large following. While Charles Manson was busy murdering people in California, and college campuses were protesting the Vietnam war, I was busy studying to go to college, and working part time to afford it.

When I wasn't working or studying, I was reading. Perhaps my number one past-time was science fiction and men's adventure stories. Of which, I can now clearly point out, shaped my personality and my character.

Men's adventure is a genre of magazine that was published in the United States from the 1940s until the early 1970s. Catering to a male audience, these magazines featured pin-up girls and lurid tales of adventure that typically featured wartime feats of daring, exotic travel or conflict with wild animals.

Though that window of the world, I learned about the importance of being a man, and how it benefited society. However, being a man (a “real” man) was not without it’s danger and perils. For the men that I studied were the men of the pulp magazines common at that time.

Men, all men, but especially the GREAT men, needed to have a purpose and a code of behavior.



Heroes needed to be well armed. The world was a dark and scary place. Often challenges would beset you and confront you. You needed to be ready for them. A man must keep calm and keep his wits about him. When the situation becomes dangerous he must be able to suppress his terror and face his fears. He must confront the dangers that he encounters.

There used to be magazines, scores of them, that described a "man's" idea

of adventure. These were stories that described a person, just like you and me, fighting against evil doers, powerful and nefarious men, and nature's power.

Indeed, even facing off against a pack of ferocious rabid otters... yikes!

These stories would write about the thrill of battle with an unnaturally bellicose lobster. Indeed, now that would be troublesome. You do know that they do resent being eaten. Or, consider the trials of being "shot down" and floating in a life-raft under a hot relentless sun. Meanwhile hungry sharks circled your life-raft as the air slowly seeped out.

These stories might be about great prison escapes, or carefully planned, but poorly executed, night time raids against monocle wearing uniformed Nazi "super race" black clad storm trooper warriors...

These were "men's stories" that held common themes designed for men, and their interests. They would satiate the dreams and desires of men who would need to "escape" from their mundane realities.

In the hidden depths of our imaginations, we could dream about rescuing somebody, say a beautiful woman in a low-cut dress who's being attacked by a big-tusked boar. Or, working with exotic Oriental women with long finger-nails, and deep mesmerizing eyes, while conspiring to blow up a concentration camp. Or, maybe being whisked away by a stunning French red-head and hidden inside her boudoir, while the Gestapo trundles through the wreckage downstairs.

Ah, these are things that really appealed to me. To be a hero. To rescue

others who were unable (or unwilling) to fight for their life...

Adventure magazines

These were the magazines that described people like me, on adventures, to achieve their dreams. And, you know, by reading these stories, I too felt that I was destined to participate in similar adventures. Oh, I had no doubt that I might NOT end up fighting a crocodile with a knife bare-handed, though I did consider the perils of quick-sand a distinct possibility...

Adventure pulps filled just one niche in a rich print world. This world, a man's world, celebrated soldiering & seduction, as well as courage & cleavage. It did so in many formats for many different sorts of readers.

The adventure pulps – Man's Adventure, Men Today, Men in Conflict, Rugged Men, Man's True Action, Real Adventure, Man's Conquest, Man's Epic, New Man, Man's Life, Man's Best, and maybe another 125 titles like these – addressed themselves to a certain kind of readership that seems to have become as extinct as the magazines. That niche is now empty and forgotten. Terribly, and horribly forgotten.

Yeah. It's forgotten. Except for a few collectors, it's as if the magazines and their readers never existed. Unlike numerous other pulp genres, many of which are still celebrated nostalgically and even anthologized for new readers, the adventure pulps, their stories, and their art have disappeared.

They are today as culturally invisible as the sobbing women's fiction periodicals of the 19th century. The only way you can find these magazines is in the moldy stacks of old, disused bookstores located in

off-the-main-road small towns. And then, under piles of other books and magazines usually lining the bottom of forgotten cardboard boxes.

To many the one single aspect of these once-common magazines that modern critics (non-readers all) are likely to recall is their penchant for transforming war and political conflict into a “cheap sadism”. Yes, there are those who feel this way. They look at the covers and proclaim in their most vociferous SJW voice how sadistic it all is.

Well... *maybe*, to a point.

Many of their covers, year after year, were devoted to grinning Nazis, bespectacled Japanese officers, and cold North Koreans torturing, whipping, and dismembering chesty and chained American nurses. It's *sadism* the fat obese woman SWJ's proclaim.

But, come on now, it wasn't only about war. What about the articles devoted to vicious attack trout?



A man needs to be prepared and ready to defend himself. Who knows what lurks in the muddy river waters once you break out of prison. Maybe trained attack trout. You certainly need to be careful.

These magazines were special and they helped shaped who I am today. (Though, I am sure some social justice warrior might have a major fainting spell over that acknowledgement.) Anything that kept Nazi cruelty current, such as the arrest and trial of Adolf Eichmann, was a boon to these mag-

azines.

There we would hear stories of Schmeisser machine guns, Luger pistols, and swastika emblazoned red armbands. We would be reminded of the acres of barbed-wired fences and watchtowers with huge search lights that scanned the foggy darkness. We would be exposed to the horrible tortures and abuses of the innocent behind those walls, where only fierce German Shepard's prowled.

Once in a while they'd borrow an image from the news, such as cigar-wielding Cuban Communists, and apply it to the genre. They'd stamp it in place in the stories like a jack-booted thug smashing and trampling on broken glass in the mud. Mostly, though, it was 20 years of the same theme repeated over and over.

The theme was usually pain; pain is where the pincers of angry lobsters meet the hot, flesh-searing ends of a burning communist cigars.

Pain. Where the red-hot pliers sitting in the hot ember coals meet the soft and subtle young flesh of the terrified Army nurse.

Pain. Where the tangled sinews of sweaty muscled young warriors tear into bloody tatters as they pass through glass-edged barbwire boundaries. Even the adventures in these "adventure" pulps are really about suffering. The villains never stand for ideas; they're means of inflicting hurt.

For a break from all the fighting and pain, there were advertisements. Indeed, who can forget the advertisements for pills purported to stop bed wetting, acne cures, glasses that hypnotize women, scrotal hernia trusses, and mounted girls' head trophies at only \$2.98. There were advertisements

on how to be a “He Man”, and a coupon on taking a test to determine whether or not you can draw.

These were the magazines that my generation read.

Other Magazines and Other Places

Sure there were those who would plunk down a buck and a quarter for a magazine on deer hunting (the local barbershop was filled with these magazines), or “Sports Illustrated” (I think it is still being published, no?), or maybe “Home Handyman”, “Mechanics Illustrated”, or a J.C. Whitney catalog chock full of car parts for us to customize our GT0, or Camaro.

Barber shops were great, and still are.

We would go sit in the chairs and let the old barber (typically a white haired old gent) give us a hair cut while we sat down, smoked a cigarette (or chewed a wad of skoal chewing tobacco) and discussed the last Friday night football (or basketball game). It was our little break from work, studies, or hassles with our wives or girlfriends.

It was a place for men. It was our place of refuge.

Men and Women

For the record, men are not women. Women are not men. Either you have an “X” chromosome or you have a “Y” chromosome. There aren’t any shades of grey in this matter. It’s not a social, political or intellectual issue. It is a genetic issue.

No matter how much you might want to believe otherwise, or how much the attractive television celebratory repeats the illusion. (let’s not get caught up in this side issue. If you are disturbed by my opinions, you can leave or read why I feel that way.) Follow these links if you are confused at why I have opinions on this matter...

- [Why Man and Woman are not Equal](#)
- [Why Men Aren’t Really Men Anymore](#)
- [Men and Women Are Not Equal](#)
- [Stop Living for the Approval of Women](#)
- [12 Things that Men can do that Women can’t](#)

Guys are not women. Males are boys first, then they “grow up” and become men. We have a generally well understood list of behaviors, and needs, though many progressives and women would like to dispute that. Turning us into “perfect” men for them... I man on the outside but with a woman’s mind and heart.

Shameful!

Well, life is not like that fantasy, and I grew up normally like the rest

of the men of my generation. We aspired to be men, and we all expected to become the head of a household with a wife and a family of children to support. That was our destiny and our future. In the meantime, and “along the way”, we could live our dreams as chance and providence permitted.

Whether that meant that we would drag race cars, go out hunting on the weekends, sail boats in the harbors, go out drinking with “the boys”, or just work and tinker on that “old clunker” in the garage, we aspired for a life that most men of my generation longed for. We looked forward to becoming men. We looked forward to fulfilling that role in society.

Expectations of a Man

For me, I too expected to someday raise a family, but not until after I completed my education, and obtained meaningful employment. This, for me included my post-college education, my role in the United State’s Navy, and my purpose in life.

I was fully and wholly devoted to that goal. I had opportunities for girlfriends leading to pregnancy and marriage when I was in High School. I didn’t take them. I was not ready to get married. I was not ready for the kinds of things that my friends were. I had to put everything off.

In those days, if you got a girl pregnant, you married her. That was the way it was done. Abortions on demand was not publicly disclosed. A pregnancy of a girlfriend was a future-limiting event. That would have been a termination of my dream. I would be stuck working in the steel mills or back to the coal mines.

I could not afford that.



I had a dream. I knew what I wanted to become. However, I was hampered where I lived. The opportunities around me were limiting. I had to control my behaviors and focus on my goals. While I could have fun with the rest of my classmates, I had to be very careful to avoid entanglements that would lock me out of my dream. I had to be careful.

So I hung back. I put off all the fun and sexual escapades that my friends were engaged in. Oh sure, I drank and partied like the rest of my generation. But, I was very guarded about my dreams. I was single-mindedly focused on my dreams and goals.

In fact, in looking back, I really turned down some pretty amazing opportunities when I was younger. Today, I slap my forehead and yell "What the fuck was I thinking?". You know, really, I could have bought condoms. (Though in those days they weren't displayed in the open. You needed to ask the girl at the register for them. Living in a small town, might be a little problematic. It just goes to show you that I truly missed some worthwhile adventures in my youth.)

Anyways...

I guess, compared to many of my classmates, I “took the long way home”.

(A famous, in the United States, song “Take the long way home”, by the group “Supertramp”. Bing search in China as of 2017 could not find the reference. Sigh.) It's a new reality.



Heroes might need to battle animals big. Yes, a man must be ready to fight in the rivers, the lakes and in the oceans. Who knows what will attack your feet, or jump at you from the trees above. You must always keep on your toes and be ready. Having a nice revolver is also handy don't you know.

Ah. I suppose it all sounds so silly to the "modern and urban" youth of today (in the Post-Obama reality.).

For today, we have new role models like Justin Berber, and transgender

sports figures. Oh there are others, like octo-mom, and Hillary Clinton, why even I hear she is working on yet another book...

Yeah. You just go about acting rude and like a thug. Pay a bunch of people to follow you and praise you, and BOOM! You are the hottest thing to the father-less youth of today.

Significance and Importance

It wasn't always that way.

Importance was never measured by *popularity*. It was measured by *deeds* and achievements. The idea that you need to be famous and popular to be a success is a recent development. It is a social narrative contrived by powerful people to manipulate huge groups of people.

As a young man, I did not desire fame or popularity. I wanted to accomplish significant deeds. I wanted to better the world. i wanted to help others and make the world a better place to live in. Even if all I did was make my immediate town a little cleaner.

I read about adventure. I read about heroes, and I wanted to be one. Even if it meant pulling myself out of quicksand by using a hanging vine. I wanted to be one, even if it meant that I might be in a fiery plane crash, and have to paddle up-river through dangerous piranha filled swamp. I wanted to be one, even if it meant that I would have to tunnel under barbed

wire in the pouring rain to get there.

I wanted to be one.

Oh, you can sure bet that I liked the idea of being surrounded by scantily clad beautiful women. Especially hot busty vixens sporting a Tommy-gun, and wearing a pith helmet. Ah, you can certainly picture the image; brown booted leggy chick wearing khaki riding britches, and poplin blouse with an open collar (displaying some nice cleavage) and rolled up sleeves. She's tough, and beautiful, and knows it. Yeah.

However, at that time, in my youth I did not fully appreciate the beauty of the female form to the same degree that I do today. My point of view about the world, women, war, conflict and nature were all very simplistic and rather "black and white". Think Raquel Welch and Shirley Eaton.

Yet, the stories that I read fueled my interest in faraway places, and in doing great deeds for just purposes. Which, was key; the achievement of great deeds. Men should accomplish GREAT DEEDS. That's what they are for.

Actually, men who perform great deeds is considered very "hot" by the majority of "real" women that we men encounter in daily life.



I read Doc Savage books relentlessly. The stories influenced me as I was growing up. The life and the ideals that the “Doc” strived for were those that I too adopted. The “Doc” was one of my boyhood heroes. I actually believed that I could be like him some day. I guess that it sounds so odd and strange today. However, that is what I believed in and how I felt.

Whether it was Doc Savage and his small band of above-average achievers, or a science fiction hero on a task of adventure and discovery, my vision of what a man should be was set in a fictional reality. I placed high standards, and even higher expectations on how my life would play out.

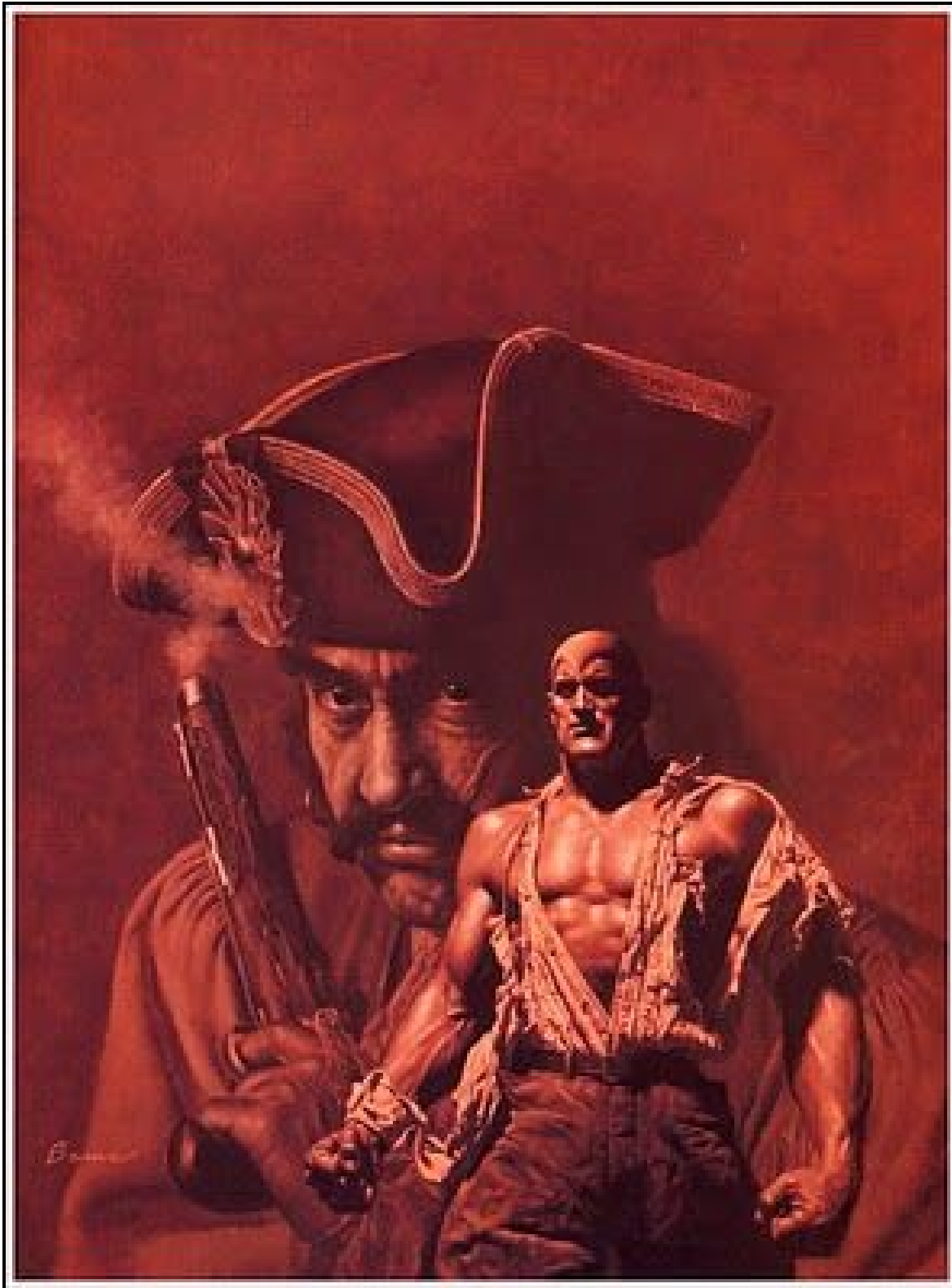
I really did.

In My Case...

Knowing the little that I knew, and understanding the limitations that were placed on me by where I lived (Coal and steel country in Western Pennsylvania.) I had very few options and fewer opportunities. My father tried to enlist some distant second or third cousins and great cousins to “knock down some doors” for me. I had one who was an Air Force General, but he didn’t give my dad the light of day. I wrote to all my Senators and Congressmen, and took all the tests to join the Air Force Academy.

That actually did work. One thing though. I tied for first place with another classmate. Only one of us could get selected. It wasn’t me. It was my (now new friend) Brian.

I was crushed, but not defeated. I knew that heroes always had setbacks. They had to persevere and come up with alternative plans to achieve their dreams and their goals. So, I redoubled my efforts. I switched to plan “B”.



You must never give up. You will encounter set backs. You will meet troubles and trials. Life is rarely a smooth straight line from point "A" to point "B". You have to be flexible, and while the world turns about and changes, you need to adapt to it. Do not give up. Keep your focus.

I figured, and expected that by the study of Aerospace Engineering would open up doors for me. I figured that if I coupled it with studies in Mechan-

ical Engineering with an emphasis on the thermodynamics of rocket engines would make me unique. I figured that these studies would “open up” doors (for me) in things related to space travel (and in my mind, adventure). Well, they did, didn’t they?

Yes they did.

I obtained a Naval Aviator role. Not an easy thing to come by.



EA-6B Intruder. The United States Navy has some very impressive flying machines. I was accepted and in training to fly these beasts. Nothing was going to take that from me.

With this career path, and with these experience, I was comfortably on my way to adventure. I was on the way to performing great deeds. I figured that I would make a significant mark on my life and the lives of others. I

was on the way, and nothing was going to stop me. Nothing.

That is until one day, the Base Commander wanted to talk to me.



The “Sales Pitch” Used to Ask Naval Aviators to Give Up Everything for MAJestic

This is a narrative on how I was offered the role within MAJestic. I was in training to be a Naval Aviator when I was called upon by the base commander. He asked me, and another AOCS, to join. This is how he convinced me.

The End Goal Line Changed

So I entered MAJestic. So I had some experiences and some things about me were changed. I exited the United States Navy. I left the exciting world of Naval Aviation for a new reality; one where I would be an “average Joe” while part of MAJestic.

What a disappointment!



So, instead of being a Top Gun Naval Aviator, I instead joined a W(U)-SAP carve-out under the MAJestic umbrella. My role was to be average and typical. I was to become the “average Joe” and live life just like every other man.

I was to be average, and if I over-performed, my reality would be reset so that I was typical. If I under performed, my life would be reset so that I would be typical. I was to experience typical life in the 1980’s through the 2000 so that “others” could observe and adjust the reality accordingly.

It was nothing heroic. It was a role of constantly having Lucy steal the football away. It was a world were you were forever running on the the treadmill of life. No matter what opportunities would be presented to me, I would forevermore be denied them as I would no longer become typical. The movie “Office Space” became my perpetual reality.

In a society that values fame and popularity, those of us who perform great deeds are ridiculed. We are minimized. We are forgotten, and tossed aside. Like many homeless vets, and unemployed scientists, it seems that only the very wealthy, and politically connected are successful and rewarded.

The rest of us, no matter what we do, are treated as unimportant.



The Clinton's ran the largest and most comprehensive criminal enterprise in the history of the world. When discovered, nothing was done as anyone who oppose them are killed. They own the media, and most fact-checking organizations. They have their tendrils in everything from universities to all levels of government. They are unstoppable. As such they are brazen in their criminality.

I faced the harsh slap of reality, as all men do.

I expected that being a Naval Aviator, flying the top most advanced aircraft available under the most dangerous conditions possible would give me the kinds of experiences that I would need to actually participate in the adventures that I read about.

I was doing everything that I could think of to get where my dreams lay. I was not a "wanna-be" dreamer, but I was a doer. I spent the money, did the

work, worked the study, and pushed and pushed in every way that I knew how, to meet and achieve my dreams.

I was a man.

As are YOU the person who is reading this.



Ah, you also have to watch out for dangers small. Who knows when you will be over whelmed by a hoard of rabid lizards just wanting to chew on your thumb. yikes!

In my mind, the path to be an astronaut hero was very straightforward.

Study hard, and battle to be the top in your class. Apply to one of the government military academies or organizations, and learn to fly. Then, be the best pilot ever, and apply to fly in one of the new (or secretive... I had assumed) space organizations. In so doing, I would excel, find a place and a role in life, and would be rewarded for all my years of hard work and study.

When I was offered the role in MAJestic, it was (I believed) one of these most important steps that I had believed, read, and dreamed about.

I was there. I accepted the role. I was altered and entered and performed my tasks.

Ugh. But what I saw on television, what I saw out of Hollywood, and what I read about was not reality. It was a fiction. It did not exist. It was a narrative that I bought, lock stock and barrel. The truth and the reality was something all together different.

At that time, we were all rather simplistic. We were idealistic, and we actually believed the news. We believed that those we elected would represent us. We believed that our taxes would go towards fixing the roads, and that only the lowest of the low would dare accept a "handout" from the government in terms of welfare...

Boy oh boy, has times changed.

Hopes and Dreams

Today, well the reader knows what the world is today. I ask the reader this; what are your hopes and dreams? Have you ever wished (in your deepest dreams) to be like one of your movie heroes, or sports heroes?

What are your hidden desires? You cannot tell me that you do not have them. Are you so “politically correct” that you are afraid to admit your dreams and desires because someone might be offended? We all have dreams, for they are the inspiration that helps us to set and achieve our goals.

For me, I wanted to fly.

I wanted to strap myself to one of those huge monster of tubes, mechanical contrivances, and pure liquid ZOOM! And, just like that, go forth and explore the heavens. That is what I wanted, and that is what I expected after getting my university degrees, and being accepted into a very rare and coveted “pilot slot” in the United States Navy.

I wanted adventure. I wanted to be the man who did great deeds.



Heroes can get hurt. In fact, a real man and a real hero can get hurt and feel tremendous pain. It is the nature of being a man, and of course, being a hero.

Well, that's all well and good, but how exactly does that have anything to do with being a hero? (For that is what all the Men's Literature was all about...being a hero.)

The answer is simple. It doesn't.

It was, rather, what I *thought* a hero was. A hero, in my mind, was someone who took chances and risks to make the world a better place. He did it for others.

It's true. Others do agree with me about this point. People who become heroes tend to be concerned with the well-being of others. They do so, and most importantly do so, at a risk or ignorance of the dangers to themselves.

According to researchers, empathy and compassion for others are key variables that contribute to heroic behavior.

People who rush in to help others in the face of danger and adversity do so because they genuinely care about the safety and well-being of other people. A 2009 study found that people who have heroic tendencies also have a much higher degree of empathy.

People who engage in acts of heroism feel concern and care for the people around them and they are able to feel what those in need of help are feeling.

Obviously "service for self" sentence's can never become heroes.

So what? What does it matter?

It's all about perceptions. When you are raised in a way that places emphasis on being a man, and doing great deeds, it becomes something that is expected of you. We, not just myself but everyone who was part of MAJestic, took our role seriously. No we did not end up fighting savages with bones in their noses, or being chased by rabid tusked elephants charging through the jungles, but we did have our little adventures.

It's just that our adventures weren't something that we expected.

There just wasn't a set "bad guy", or "evil empire" to fight. There just wasn't any kind of uniforms that we could identify, or specific weapons that we could use to battle them. There wasn't any goals or plans or tar-

gets for us to track our progress with.

We were in a compartmentalized secret program. For us, we were only told the bare minimum of what we needed to know so that we could accomplish our mission parameters, and those whom we would work with were treated the same as we were. We never knew the full extent of anything, and those whom “supervised” our program knew very little about what we did, and how we did it. They too, only knew the bare minimum of information so that they themselves could accomplish their own tasks.

How can I say this? It is almost like our bodies were given to others to use for their purposes. They controlled the realities that we experienced. They defined them, and watched our reactions to them. They learned while we experienced. It was almost as bad as this...



Scene from a 1950's era science fiction / horror movie. The person has no control of their reality once they enter the program. Others, with a vested

interest, observe the reactions of the person and adjust the stimuli appropriately. That was pretty much my role. An extreme example, but a fairly accurate one.

It was as if we were just small fleas on the back of a rampaging elephant, located on a boat floating down stream through rapids, heading straight toward a huge waterfall. We only knew what we needed to know and no more. Otherwise, I dare say, that us fleas would have tried to jump off that pesky elephant the first chance we got.



However, we were well tended to when we got hurt. Heroes need to create and maintain their own support group and network of friends. They often operate alone and away from others. They need help, especially when there is a terrible scar or some significant broken bones.

We were tasked with something that involved our thoughts, and control of them. As such, how we reacted to events were constantly monitored and our environment was constantly adjusted. Our reality was constantly adjusted to fit a plan that was supported by our *personality*.

I do realize that this is a difficult concept to understand.

That is because most people do not recognize that thoughts have substance and the ability to alter and bend reality. So, here I am. Describing a complex organization that is built around a concept that most humans can't even accept as truth.

Let alone to accept that other species have built technologies around this sort of thing.

Let alone accepting that they have built up a civilization around these advanced concepts that has lasted and persisted for millions of years.

Yet, the invisible evil that we fought against had a structure.

The Invisible Evil

Yes, there was an enemy involved in all of this. It was us, or better yet, certain powerful individuals who longed for power and control and believed that they possessed the ability to obtain it. It's just like the old James Bond movies with trans-national super-villains. It is exactly like that.

No, they didn't go by the terms SPECTRE or THRUSH. Though, they did actually have their own names and their own objectives.

The true enemy, we fought daily. However, we never confronted this enemy. They always remained hidden and elusive. They were like a hydra. They operated in the open, and manipulated humans through complex techniques of overt manipulation and subterfuge.



Here is one of the major mouth pieces of the oligarchy; CNN, working the narrative protecting Clinton from action related to treason. They argue that vacuuming up 50,000 SAP documents, putting them on a private computer server that has a direct link to a foreign government (Pakistan) is a “nothing burger”.

They argue that this is normal and nothing was wrong. Even though several very severe and serious laws were violated.

When I joined the organization, I felt that I would have a role. I believed that the role was special and would involve my “special” skills and ability. I also believed that it would be heroic (in some way) in nature. I believed that I would be doing great things for the good of all (after all, is that not what was promised to me?).

While I did not know what it involved, I did EXPECT that it would involve space (outer space, beyond the earth's atmosphere), risk, science (technologies of great advancement), secrets and an enemy that could be easily identified.

What happened was something else entirely. No, the reader should not get confused. What I expected did occur, it just did not occur like I expected it to.

What I expected did occur, it just did not occur like I expected it to.

Indeed, let's go through the list;

- Involve space (outer space, beyond the earth's atmosphere). CHECK.
- Involve aliens. (Well, yes, but not like I expected.) CHECK.
- Science. Oh yes. CHECK. CHECK.
- Top Secrets. CHECK.
- Being surrounded by beautiful women. CHECK.
- An enemy that could be easily identified. NOPE!

I have described my reality and my operations. For whatever it is worth. However, it was like nothing I expected, and for that reason, it is difficult for me to explain out to the reader. Yet, I must explain it to the reader for ultimate understanding.

It was nothing like I expected.

To this end, let's take a guess at what the reader's expectation of MAJestic operations might be... and, as an extension, what you might think being a

hero is all about.

Reader Expectations

Here, let's discuss what you (the reader) might expect a MAJestic agent to be involved in.

What do you think? Maybe something like this...



The image that I held in my mind concerning the program that I was entering was colored by the images and visions as portrayed by media and television at that time. I thought that I would be another Tom Corbett , or Napoleon Solo , or maybe even a secret agent like Mr. Derek Flint . In my mind it was a great and amazing opportunity that would open and bare the secrets and mysteries of the secret clandestine space programs that were veiled from the gaze of most Americans.

Do you believe that there is a group of managers sitting in Washington, D.C. that views and oversees all of the MAJestic operations? Do you think that some powerful United States Senators know and participate in MAJestic related activity? Perhaps you think that Barrack Obama presides over secret meetings in the basement of the White House surrounded by his generals...

If you hold any of these beliefs, then you are wrong.



Maybe the reader thinks that MAJestic is set up something like this. You know, with armed special guards wearing helmets and carrying side arms,

with pretty women and executive officers that attend detailed planning meetings within secure underground lairs. Maybe that is your impression.

You are very, very, VERY wrong.

There simply isn't any headquarters located in Washington, D.C. or on any military base on this world-line that controls the organization. There isn't any kind of military style pay-grades, or chain of command outside of our individual cells. There are no uniforms, insignia, or flags that we all can unite to and bound us together in a form of mutual understanding.

There are no Earth bound huge complexes that MAJestic operates from. This is true for form, and for function. Anything large and stationary is off-world, and off world-line.



This is a movie still from the 1960's era television show "The Time Tunnel". During the 1960's and into the 1970's television was flooded with shows about the Cold War, Science, and Space Travel.

Sure there were other shows, such as shows about World War II, like "The Rat Patrol", and "McHale's Navy", but these were the shows that I grew up with. They reflected my belief in what was possible given a science-backed government.

As a young boy, I would play with my chemistry set (now pretty much banned from sale, thanks Bill Clinton (D)). I would build electronics with my electronic kits (Also mostly banned or severely limited in scope –thank you Bill Clinton). I would also dream of one day being a Spaceman, or at least a Scientist wearing the white lab coat and the large Identification badge on my lapel. (All which actually occurred, but not at all like I envisioned it to be.)

Aside from the cryptic nomenclature that festooned various military documentation (all of which signified carved out W(U)-SAP activity), there simply wasn't any United States government organized structure.

No one could point to an organizational chart, and say, "Here is where the MAJestic organization resides within the United States government.". The entire organization is secret as no other government program could ever be.



It would be great to say that MAJestic was a huge organization, top secret, that fought huge and organized globalist trans-national interests. For in the most shallow of understandings it was. Yet, that was not it's role. Frankly, whether the globalists dominate or the nationalists dominate makes no difference. MAJestic's role is to make sure that during the transition that the sentence's remain pure.

Maybe the reader thinks that MAJestic is a policy arm of one of the branches of government. Impossible, for numerous reasons. Maybe you think that it is run by the CIA, or the NSA, or the DHS. If you do, then you are wrong. None of those agencies are truly secret.

Real secrecy is treated very seriously.

It is treated very, very secret. There won't be any political hack (Susan Rice) appointed to the organization, or very capable (political) individuals such as Hillary Clinton selling all the MAJestic secrets for a pittance.

We, every single one of us, are purposely vetted by inter-dimensional extraterrestrials and chosen for the roles by a criterion that is beyond the understanding of the vast bulk of humanity.

And, yes, I am writing my memoirs that discloses, but does not *define*, a mere handful of the secrets that I have been exposed to, this is all part of a much larger plan, and is already approved for our extraterrestrial friends, if not the MAJestic organization itself.

But, hey! You don't have to believe me. It really doesn't matter if I participated in MAJestic, wore a Santa Claus costume on Christmas, or hunted squirrels with a 22-250. It really doesn't matter. Does it?

It does not.

This isn't all about me. This is about YOU, the reader and an understanding that YOU are a hero and you don't even realize it. I want to spend the time to give you the understanding on how being a hero works, and why YOU are a hero.



Heroes might need to be rescued from time to time. Oh, how embarrassing! But it happens. Things don't always go according to plan. Things happen and plans can get shit canned in a nanosecond.

A Military Organization?

So, let's jump back to my narrative, and talk a little about MAJestic. You know the super top secret United States carve-out that all the fact checkers, and authorities on the Internet says does not exist. Let's talk about it here.

Do you, the reader, think that it is a military organization?

Maybe [1], you the reader thinks that the MAJestic organization is setup like a military organization in so far as there are military spacecraft, with advanced weapons, and advanced propulsive technologies. This would include such things as particle-beam cannons, infra-ray blasters, and advanced laser technologies. Maybe you would believe that they would all be organized like a kind of “space marines”, or “space-based patrol service”.

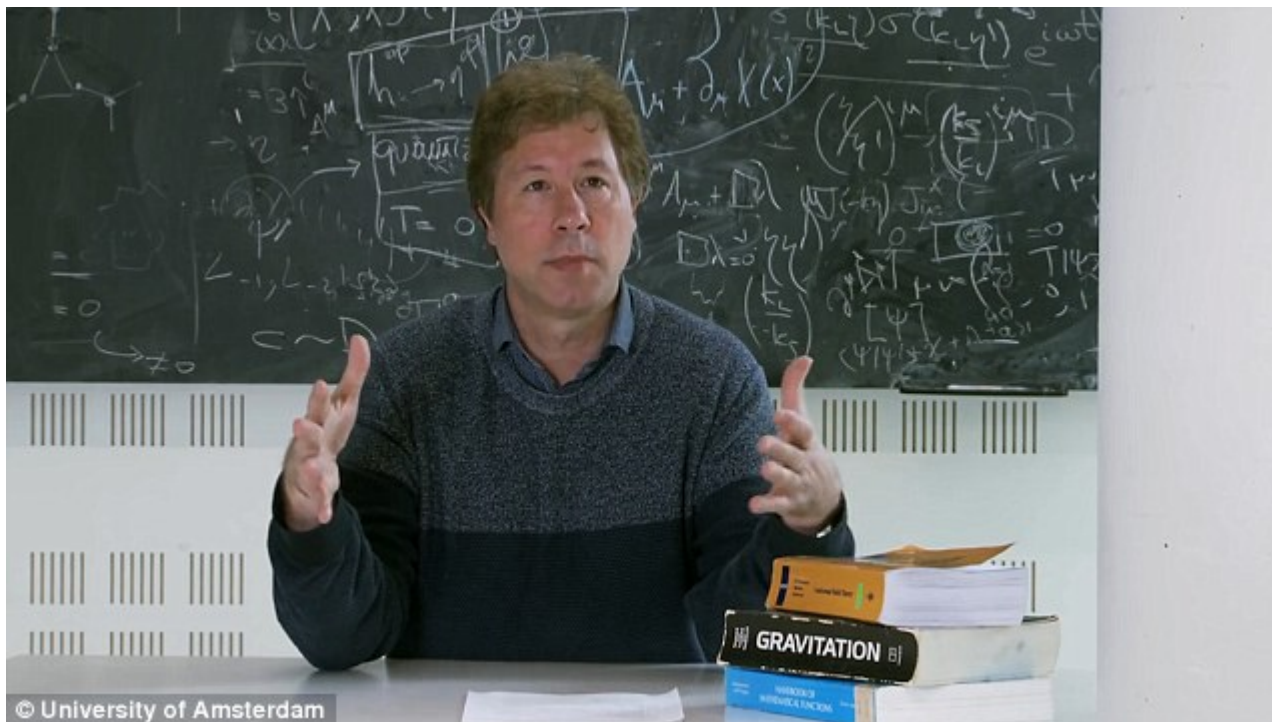


Truly when the Base Commander was discussing our joining MAJestic, I had envisioned some sort of top secret space-based force. I imagined that we would be tasked with guarding the world in some manner with special weapons, technologies and spaceships.

Nope. MAJestic is not organized like that at all. There are technologies that are quite advanced, the participants all have prior military backgrounds, and motivations, but the reality is nothing like this kind of imagery.

An Organization of Scientists?

Maybe [2] the reader might think that MAJestic is run by scientists. In this idea, the scientists would sit within their offices on college campuses, surrounded by books and piles of papers. Maybe they would have a backboard with all kinds of intense mathematical formulas scribbled on it. Here, the most brilliant men (and women) in the world would be the guardians of the mysteries of our extraterrestrial friends.



Erik Verlinde proposed entropic gravity as a solution to some of the vexing problems in understanding space-time relationships.

Seriously?

Have you been on college campuses lately? Look at the student population. We call them "snowflakes" because they are [1] emotionally immature, [2] education-deficient, and [3] totally lacking in reason. These pupils are what they are simply because of whom and what taught them.

The so called “brilliant geniuses” that occupy American universities are simply political hacks in possession of pieces of paper that awards them status without effort. No, I am afraid that the geniuses in our education system have NOTHING to do with MAJestic.

That is not to say that they are ALL bad. However, evil people have polluted the educational and research environment in favor of a statist narrative. This is terribly restrictive for scientific advancement.

An Organization of Spiritual Beings?

Maybe [3] the reader is under the impression that MAJestic is populated with individuals who have “pure” understandings. This is so that they could communicate with the “enlighten ones” and assist in bringing about a great spiritual awakening for the benefit of all humankind. Like for instance, oh dare I say it, those “new age” types (typically living in California) who channel the “knowledge of the star people” for the overall benefit of human-kind (person-kind)?



There are many who believe that non-physical entities can channel humans and that we can learn from them. While it is true that there are non-corporeal beings, they are forbidden to influence our sentience development. Any one who claims to be in contact with a non-corporeal entity should realize that their sentience cannot be modified by outside influences without approval. That is fundamental in how souls are constructed and in our makeup within the multi-dimensional MWI.

Oh, that's a good one! Yuck! Why I am almost on the floor rolling about and laughing!

Well, again, it's off the mark. Nope that is not what we did and the impressions are quite simplistic. However, of all the possible scenarios that the reader might presuppose, this concept comes closest to the true reality. Yes, it does. As much as I hate to admit it.

So... hey!

There are creatures far older than the human race. They have established technology and inherent capabilities far in advance than what us mere mortals possess. To us, they appear magical or even God-like. What's more, they work with us humans, hand in hand with selected individuals within a

set and defined structure. That is MAJestic.

That is MAJestic.



Heroes might have to fight for their very lives under impossible circumstances. Yes. You always need to be ready. You always need to be prepared.

The one thing that I can say is that the general population is just as clue-

less as I was when I first joined the organization. MAJestic is unlike anything that anyone can dare presuppose.

It is SEVERELY different.

MAJestic

While it was initially setup by humans to resolve special issues and perceived threats to the United States, it has since evolved into a very secretive organization that assists the management of this evolutionary nursery. MAJestic members exist for one purpose.

We assist, in a supportive role, the education of the human species and evolutionary sentience determination.

We do this through the MWI. We do this through dimensional slides. We do this through world-line manipulation.

There are many facets of MAJestic. Some are involved in pure reverse engineering. Some are involved in other aspects. The part that I was involved in had to do with THOUGHTS and how they affected our REALITY template.

Rather than “thought police”, we were more like “canaries in a coal mine”

that were monitored by “others” for thought influences.

Whenever the influences became too discordant, we were pulled out of the world-line and entered a “readjusted” world-line.

Which pretty much sucked.



In the Star Trek plot “Mirror Mirror”, the crew gets thrown into a new world-line. MAJestic leverages MWI travel, carefully, to assist in the sentience development of mankind. It is a cautious effort and there are dangers. A wrong move, and the world-line construct can all be thrown into a new reality that is far removed from what we accept as “normal”.

I suppose that that is too boring for the reader to accept. I would imagine that the reader was expecting stories relating to top-secret spacecraft, stories of firefights against strange extraterrestrials, and stories of adventure on strange planets located in faraway places.

Nope. Sorry.

One world-line has chunky peanut-butter, and another never heard of the stuff. One world-line has BLT's made out of bacon, lettuce and tomato, and another has BLT made out of baked spam, lettuce and tomato. One has girls that don't wear pantyhose and another has pantyhose that comes in big plastic eggs. Hardly the stuff of excitement.

The world around you is just a stage from which your soul obtains experiences. This stage is a shared template. While we occupy our own reality within it, we share in the manifested thoughts of others. So...

Surprise!



As a reality that can be manipulated, those with the technology can change our reality to suit their needs. At this time the need is related to the growth and cultivation of mankind; us humans. The technology is power and in the wrong hands could be very dangerous.

Yet, if the reader spends some time to really think about it, the truth is far more interesting than any fictional narrative regarding exotic weapon technology and planetary adventures.

It really is.

The truth is that we live in a universe where we inhabit individual "realities". We do not share one unified reality. *As such, we as an individual, have ultimate control of our reality.* With the right technology, and the proper training, we can *alter* this reality.

Call it what you might, I prefer to refer to it as dimensional transport or world-line switching.

Humans can change and alter their reality.



When you have the ability to control your reality, you are truly the master of your domain. Extraterrestrial technologies permit that, however there are structures in place to prevent misuse. Currently the systems have been put in place to help assist in sentience determination and selection. Think of this movie. Think about this character. Think about the power that he possessed. This is the kind of technology access that we had when dealing with the MWI.

Operations Overview

Way back in the first few posts of this series, within the text, I described what my mission parameters and objectives were. I will repeat them here.

The reader should well understand that I was tasked, along with a handful of other individuals, to conduct “dimensional anchoring” activities. Yada Yada Yada.

To accomplish this, we all were implanted with specialized probes, and then we were trained to use the probes to conduct our operations. We performed the operations independently.

It sounds crazy, eh?

Maybe we’re more like this guy from the movie “Happy Feet”, where he used his “attachment” to alien artifacts as an excuse to become a prophet. That’s me, eh? Some kind of prophet.

Is that me?



Happy Feet Prophet. Here, he uses his accidental integration with an alien artifact for personal profit. Because he cannot his mind cannot understand the real purpose and causes for this situation.

Maybe all that what I am writing about is all nonsense. Right? These other extraterrestrials are hanging around the earth out of idle curiosity, or maybe they want to take over the world “War of the Worlds” style.

Right?

The idea that they could be here, monitoring and altering the direction and evolutionary growth of mankind is crazy. Right?

The idea that thoughts can control and alter our reality is silly right?

That we live in a constantly moving reality and that both the past and the future can change relative to the immediate. Crazy!

It sounds so CRAZY! It's nothing like any "normal" person would think up. It's like something that was dreamed up by a crazy person, or an extraterrestrial.

Yes, doesn't it, now?

Well that's the way it is. Like it or not.

In other words, we lived "normal" lives while the probes ran 24-7. All of the agents assigned in this role had technical backgrounds, similar sentience's, and passed extraterrestrial vetting processes.



All MAJestic members are implanted with probes. Certain agents, such as myself and Sebastian are implanted with other "kits" that provide various skills and abilities. Most of which are related to memory access, MWI interfacing and dimensional egress.

Woo Woo! So, we are just a tool.

Others, yeas "others", monitored us. They watched us, and monitored our thoughts and actions. Then they... THEY conducted world-line slides or MWI

readjustments in such a way as to assist in the development of unified human sentience. What ever that might be.

Pretty boring stuff. I will admit.

It most certainly does not sound like any kind of heroic action or heroic role.

It is nothing, nothing at all as to what I was expecting. For, in my mind, I expected to train to dog fight in state-of-the-art aircraft. I was expecting to fly and do battle over exotic lands, and meet beautiful women and have adventures beyond my wildest dreams.



A hero might be involved in terrible crashes. Again, he would need help and assistance. He would risk his life and his health to carry out the missions.

Sentience Introduction

In general, the role was very simple. Once I was trained, I just assisted or facilitated the anchoring of large numbers of world-lines toward a certain convergence. We would move independent world-lines away from deviance's that would result in discordant sentience evolution.

The key here is that our earth nursery was constructed, and is monitored, for the express purpose of establishing human sentience. We help in that.

Discordant sentience develops or occurs when actions do not match intent. It is a very important concept, and is discussed elsewhere. However, the reader should recognize it's importance.

What you think about, and how those thoughts influence the physical reality, is in direct correlation with a person's sentience.

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In our galaxy, discordant sentience's are not permitted. They are considered very dangerous. There is a pretty *elaborate* history behind the reasoning why, but for now the reader should appreciate that a long, long time ago, when the universe was first populated, sentience's were permitted to grow and expand. Some of the sentience's hurt or "ate" other sentience's. They damaged them beyond recovery.



I cannot impress strong enough, how absolutely important and FUNDAMENTAL that discordant sentience's be suppressed and if necessary rendered extinct. Discordant sentience's can create horrors beyond the human ideas of horror. I honestly CANNOT stress this strongly enough. A discordant species can render all sorts of distortions, not only in the physical reality, but in the Heavenly realms as well. They are DANGEROUS and must be suppressed.

Because of this, sentience growth is carefully monitored in our galaxy.

There are approved sentience's and unapproved sentience's. When a given species grows and advances, they are permitted to evolve into a set sentience. Usually, with some special prodding, the sentience is an "approved" sentience archetype. The humans (mankind) is growing within a sentience nursery of sorts. Our concern is that without proper and careful "pruning", large groups of humans might develop discordant sentience's.

Not only are discordant sentience's not approved as they do not represent an a standard archetype, but they are terribly disruptive. In our case, as humans, when a given person demands someone else do something, and they benefit from it (even just in emotion), that is discordant.

Keeping things simple; if you want to help a old lady cross the street, and

you do it. That is a “service to others” sentence.

If you want to get rich, without working for it, say by robbing the little old lady, that is a “service to self” sentence. I personally, do not like this sentence because it is very limiting, selfish and problematic to others. But that is just me.

If you act, behave, think and believe in agreement with another person to the extent that you have no internal censor, then you are a “service to another” sentence. You attack the little old lady simply because she does not serve the same person that you obey.

RUSH: You know why? Because you’re dealing with robots. You’re dealing with people that are not thinking. They have been propagandized. They’re incapable of thinking. It’s the whole point. They have been indoctrinated, propagandized. They can’t explain why they believe what they believe. All they can do is tell you that you’re a pig or you’re a racist or worse.

-Rush on the SJW crowd

However, if you want to help the old lady cross the street, but you don’t want to do it yourself. You order another person to help that old lady. That is a “discordant sentence”. You “think” you are actually helping the old lady, but what you are really doing is using another person to accomplish what you want. Thoughts do not match actions.

In this case, the object of this help derives no benefit from your thoughts, only from the end results of your actions. Yet, this reality, and this universe is controlled by the results of our thoughts.

Therefore, it MUST make particular sense that only “pure” intent can maintain world-line stability. Confusing thoughts, or misdirected intention are disruptive to the overall stability of world-lines.

Discordant Sentence's ==> Service to Another Sentence

Examples of this abound.

For instance, [1] demanding that Congress tax the rich instead of trying to be rich yourself. [2] Claiming to help others by setting up a charity, but funneling the money for yourself. This seems like a “service to self” action, but it really isn’t. It’s a discordant sentence. It uses others under the guise of charity (helping others), but results in personal benefit.



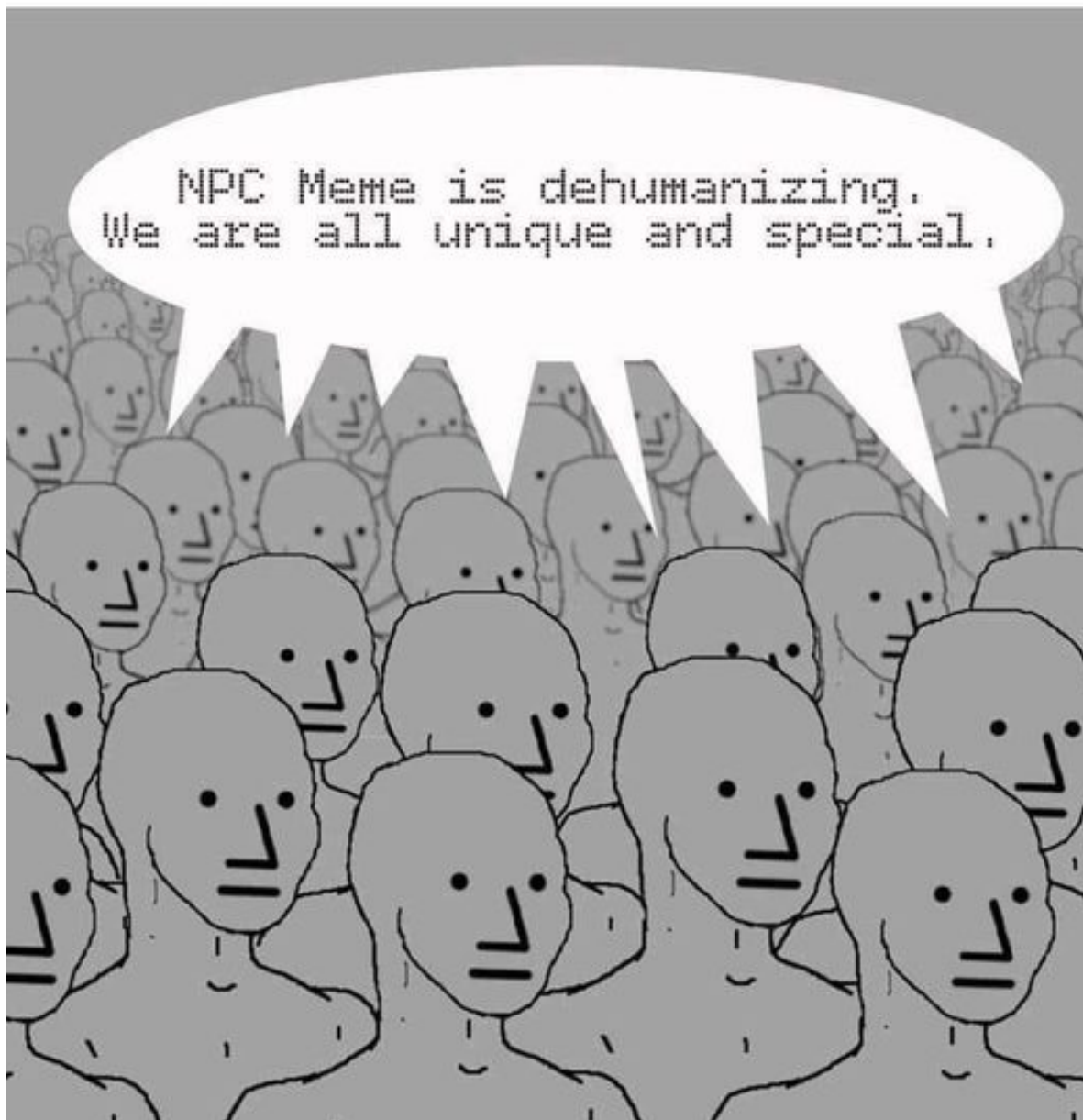
A hero might need to escape from prison. When I was growing up, my boyhood heroes were all black and white. The enemy was visible and easily identified. The hero had a very simple and straightforward role. That is not ever

the case in real life.

There are many kinds of sentience's. We humans are most familiar with the common "service to self" and "service for others" sentience's. However, there are a few other sentience's that are developing on the earth at this time.

One is the "service to another" sentience. Not to be confused with "Service to others" sentience. I like to call this the "*blind slavery*" sentience. Here, a person is bound to do everything for another person, idea, or idol. Like bees who serve the queen bee.

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IF{Offended=TRUE},  
RunProgram{IndividualResponse.Outrage}
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This is the NPC meme that found it's way out of the 4chan and into the internet blog-sphere.

It is an ultimate goal for many "*service to self*" sentience's. They want to rule over "*service to another*" sentience's who will perform for them willingly without debate or hesitation. We see this and are unaware of what is going on. However, if you keep your eyes open you can see the manifestation of this. It's pretty frightening. It really is.

"Service to another" sentence's obey and follow the commands of
"Service for Self" sentence's.



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4



5:29 AM - 13 Sep 2015



We are unique. We stand apart. We do not follow what everyone else does. We are unified as different. See how different we are! We post unique pictures to express our differences.

Sentience Selection and Sorting

In short, and perhaps the best way to describe our tasks was as a method of assuring proper sentience development. This was, needless to say, something unexpected and completely “off the radar” as far as we were considered.

Well, I figured, if I couldn't fly high performance aircraft, maybe I would be involved in some kind of outer space related activity. OK. Well, if I wasn't going to be floating about in outer space, maybe I would be involved in something even more impressive; maybe something like time travel.

Cool! Right?

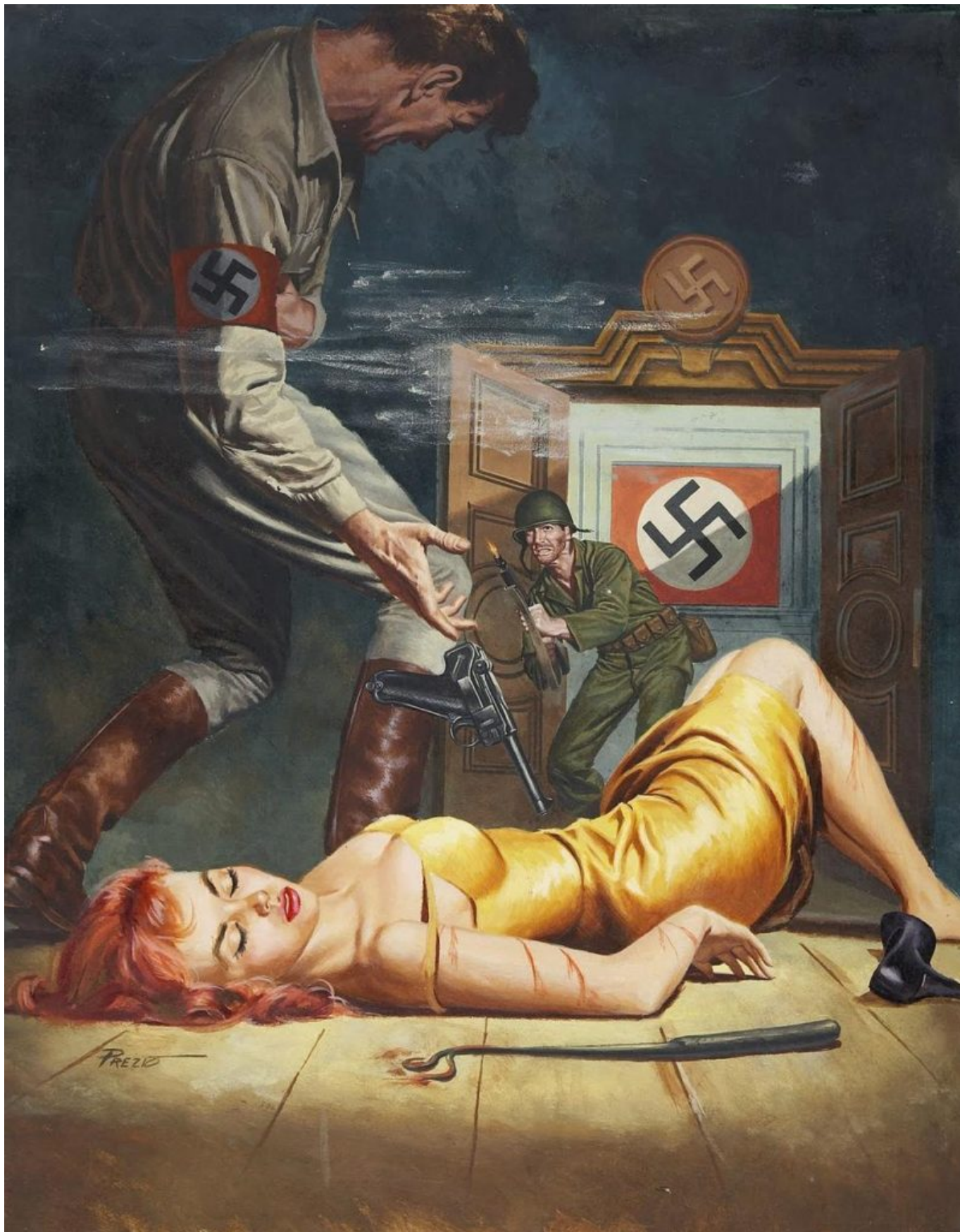
I never in my wildest dreams thought that I would be involved in world-line travel with the goal of corralling errant sentience's and saving the world from discordant influences. Heck, I didn't even know that humans had sentience's, let alone consider them to be critically important.

Prior to entering MAJestic, I was unaware of...

- The existence of real-for-goodness extraterrestrial species.
- The idea that they have been working with Americans, and that there was an entire organization devoted to this relationship.
- That this species is many millions of years old, and were around when proto-humans were still living in trees on the shores.
- This species has a level of science that is many millions of years old, and involves souls, Heaven, and thoughts.
- That this species can transport a person anywhere in the physical uni-

verse.

- That this species can alter our physical reality by conducting world-line changes.
- That there were galactic sentience archetypes.
- That “pruning” of non-approved sentience’s was necessary for the stability of the physical universe.



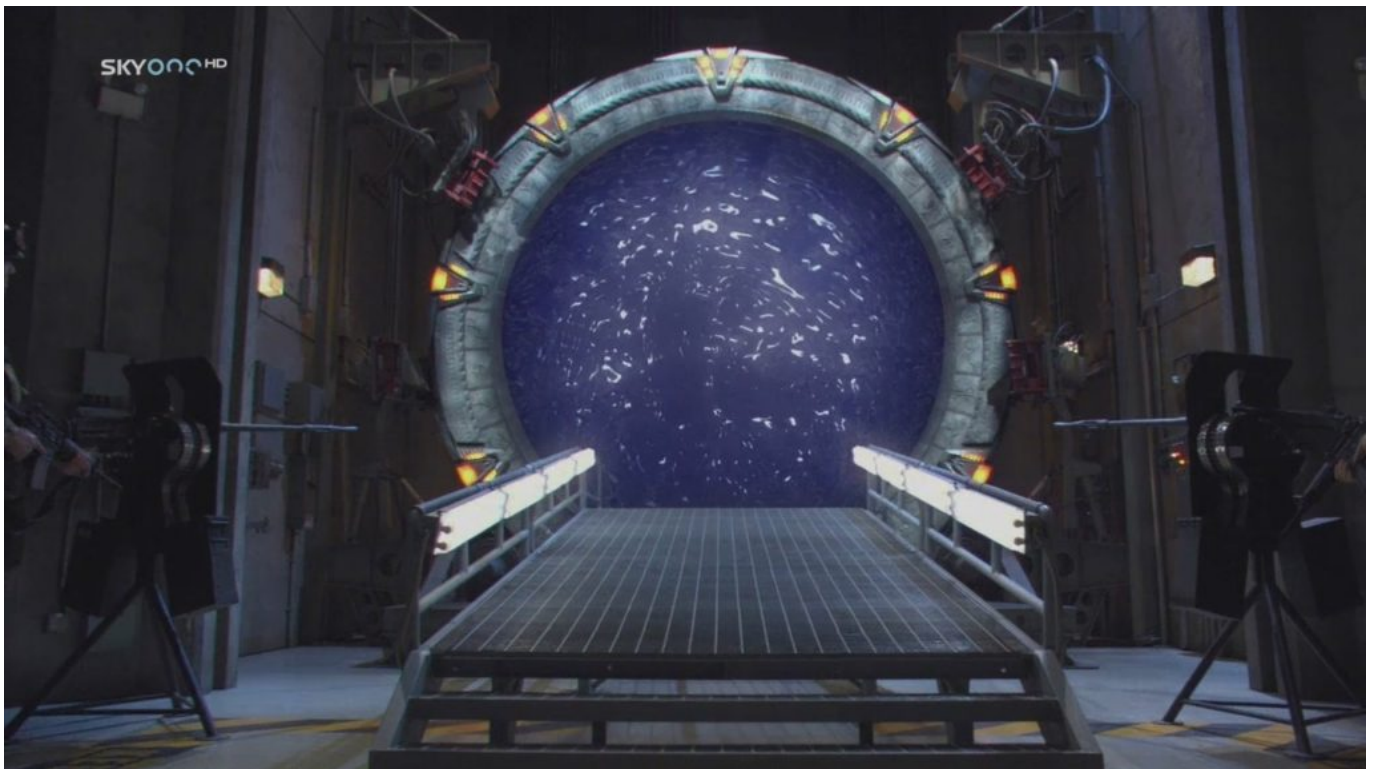
A hero might be needed to save a beautiful girl. Often at the hands of evil Nazi villains.

That of course was the great rub.

What I expected was nothing like what I participated in. And, as the reader might be well on the way to realizing that their own opinions and thoughts about what I did, and what MAJestic does could very well be quite wrong and incorrect.

I was hoping that I could play the hero role and save a beautiful girl (or two). I was hoping that I could fly at dizzying speeds in state of the art, multi-million dollar rockets and aircraft. I was hoping that I could one day meet other non-earth creatures, have a talk with them, and get to understand them.

Well, my hope and dreams had no reflection on the reality that I experienced, though it did have an influence in how I interacted with the situations that came my way. And, oh yes, these situations did come my way. The "others" fully intended them to come my way, and for me to experience them. They wanted to see what I thought and reacted to the events.



Hollywood version of a dimensional portal. Nice special effects. I particularly like the water rippling effect. Add that to ancient stonework inside

a top secret military complex... how cool is that ? Huh?

These situations were all adventures. They were, that is undeniable.

For I actually did meet extraterrestrials, and I did have conversations (of a sort) with them. I actually did leave the earth's atmosphere, and I was actually involved in very advanced technology. Yes, everything that I was involved in was very secret and absolutely important...

Yet. Yet...

It wasn't anything like I expected.



A hero might need to save many, many beautiful girls. A hero might need to encounter problems and troubles and strife. However, no matter what happens, and how terrified he is, he presses on and achieves his goals. He

fights and fights and fights. Nothing can stop him from his objective. I love the art, though it is a mystery to me why all the girls nipples are covered. What's their problem? Everyone likes boobies.

That is the point that I would like to make here. While we humans place a great deal of emphasis on working, making money, and fame with fortune, the truth is that those goals are trivial.

Yes they are.

They are no more important than a dog going outside and peeing on every bush, tree, and pole once they get out the door. It is no more important than a bird presenting itself for the best mating advantage. It is nothing more than a fish swimming up stream to spawn.

Humans are just animals with a brain that can conjure ideas, and hands that can create tools.

We have created a world and a reality where we personally believe that we are the dominant species on this planet. This has been taken to extremes by the ignorant among us, and extended to the solar system, the galaxy and even the universe. We reinforce that belief continuously and insist that we are correct in our ignorance.

And everything that we do that revolves around these trivial goals, are themselves trivial. Whether to "manage" a nation, command a large army, become famous in a new movie or music video, or to collect top secret documents and sell them to the highest bidder (Hillary Clinton style), they are all trivial pursuits.



Trivial goals include the pursuit of sex, wealth and power over others. While it is perfectly fine to have fun, acquire money and make new friends, an addiction to this environment can be problematic IF you are not experiencing life and events. I argue that the highs and lows as portrayed in the movie "The wolf of Wall Street" clearly illustrate that with every high must be an equivalent low so that the experiences a person obtains is balanced for the quantum rearrangement of a given soul garbon.

I can go on and on with examples.

Trivial goals include Ellen DeGeneres pandering a television show to women of similar thoughts and ideas. Trivial goals include Jack Nicholson in sleeping with the largest number of women possible, or that young dude at the bar last week who thought that he could drink me under the table with V.S.O.P. (It didn't happen. LOL. I have built up a kind of immunity to the stuff.)

The real important elements of our lives revolve in our behaviors towards others. These actions, and NOT the thoughts alone, determine our sentience. And, dear reader, it is our sentience that is what is important to us during this period of growth and evolution.

Thoughts + Actions = Sentience

As far as I know, there is NOT ONE SINGLE BOOK or article that describes the idea or concept that sentience is important. No one, not one person, recognizes that sentience has different forms and shapes and manifests in different ways. Not one person has ever written that sentience evolves over time, yet we know it must be true. Surely, evolutionary theory predicts that the sentience of proto-humans must have been supremely different from that of modern man.

Certainly all these points should be obvious and crystal clear.



A hero might need to fight in the ocean. He might need to fight against other creatures that also have a formidable sentience. He needs to be aware and prepared. Our sentience is the core structure for thought generation.

For some species, sentience varies depending on the sex of the member in a given species.

(Note, that most species, but not all, have two sexes. Dogs can be male or female as are cats, horse, cows, crow, eagles, and whales. Other creatures, often non-mammal, such as worms, spiders, and various forms of bacteria have more interesting ways of creating offspring and procreating.)

These elements are encoded in the biological genetic makeup of a person and vary upon conditions that trigger sentience development. Of course that is a very complicated subject and is far too advanced (not only not germane to this discussion) for us to dwell too deeply in it at this time. For now, let's just consider sentience maintenance and guidance to be a major role of MAJestic at this time.

So, with that in mind, the reader should be well equipped to understand that their expectations as to what that I can present to them in regard to MAJestic might be a little bit of a disappointment.

The present day incarnation of what MAJestic is, is well removed from what it was first established as. As a result those of us who actually participate in the organization are involved in tasks that are far, far removed from what we individually expected to materialize.

MAJestic Operations

While I just cannot speak for the entire organization, and my experiences are related to a very small sub-program within the larger scheme of things, I can make some broad sweeping statements about what MAJestic is today.



A hero might be confronted by dangers in the jungle. He must be careful. He must be aware and trained for every possible contingency. You can never tell what will happen in your future, which is why it is critical for you to be able to control your thoughts.

MAJestic is an organization, staffed by Americans, that assist the <redacted> in policing this sentience nursery. They perhaps prefer one type of sentience over another, but in reality, their function is to assist in the development of but ONE and ONE only sentience for the human species. (We can have multiple sentience's, but that requires multiple physical states. Like Homo Sapiens, and Homo Erectus.) They work in conjunction with the multi-dimensional <redacted> to accomplish this task.

MAJestic is buried deep, deep down inside the United States government.

MAJestic is the ONLY organization in the United States that deals with extraterrestrials in any way.

MAJestic has numerous projects that are going on simultaneously at any given moment. While there are projects related to reverse engineering technology, species communications, and other subjects of a rather diverse nature, the bulk of contemporaneous activity is in support of nursery management.

I do not know, personally, of all the various projects. I can ONLY speak in confidence regarding my own very unique project. Other posts will cover that subject in greater detail.

My project was, as I need to repeat, was involved in "dimensional anchoring for world-line convergence". It involved, as it's core tool, dimensional world-line travel and switching. As such, I was an "operator", known as a "commander" where I worked in conjunction with an extraterrestrial "pilot". We were connected through a biological artifice.

I operated in this role for thirty years more or less. The measurables for

this project were as determined by our extraterrestrial leadership. In no way was my actions, the success or failure, were determined by human MAJestic leadership.

MAJestic was the framework which gave me, or better yet “sold” me, to the <redacted> for them to use me as they determined. In exchange, MAJestic obtained technology that others within MAJestic could reverse engineer. So, in my case, I was not a “hero”, though I worked hard, studied hard, and tried, really hard to become one.

So, it makes me question whether or not my previous ideas and concepts of what a hero is was correct...



A hero might need to encounter beautiful ladies. So you do need to be ready. You must always stay true to your core belief and your motivations. We need to be true to ourselves.

As stated previously, one of the great frustrations of my role, was the inability to identify an enemy or prejudicial source of conflict.

The source or cause for the need to conduct "dimensional anchoring" is your typical human. However, it is the actual wealthiest "service to self" individuals that are the bulk drivers for the need to conduct these operations. These people do not understand that thoughts influence our reality in various ways. They only think in terms of physical action. They think in terms of money. They think in terms of manipulation of large masses of people.

They do not understand that this is not a pure influence. They are creating a "service for self" humanity that is grouped into two set kinds of sentience's. One, the ruling class; consisting of "service for self" individuals and the "rabble", the vast bulk of society that consists of "service for another" that serve them.

If they ARE aware of this situation, they want it to proceed to its conclusion.



George Soros is fixiated in manipulating the United States into his version of the NWO. He has poured billions of US dollars in Democrat coffers, funneled money to radicals and militants and is very active in funding and ordering the deep state activities.

I don't like it. However, the <redacted> does not see this as a problem. They view it as a natural progression of species development.

Not everyone is involved in promoting the kinds of behaviors that create the need for dimensional stability. Therefore it is difficult for me to locate a culprit. They remain protected, secretive, and illusive.

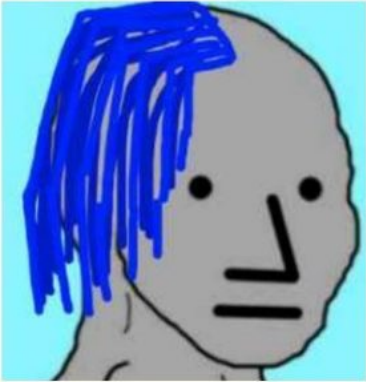
Remember, the goal is to determine the ultimate sentience for the human species.

I was always under the impression that it was destined to be a "service to others" sentience. However, it looks like it could possibly migrate to a separation of the human species into two distinctly different species. One,

the “superior” or ruling species as “Service for self”, and the subservient or farmed species, the “service for another”.

Here is the NPC meme that aptly describes the “Service for another” sentence...

File: [npc.jpg](#) (22 KB, 416x435)



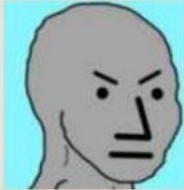
☐ Anonymous (ID: [bAt+DYyP](#)) 10/09/18(Tue)14:41:11 No.188790255 >>>[188791101](#)

Hello fellow humans, I am university student No. 2932. I am studying a generic arts degree with no real world application. I am learning to store the correct political beliefs in my brain and exhibit outrage at the correct mental stimuli.

I chose which color to dye my hair based on a random number function for the Red, Green and Blue pixel values. My hair color is a result of these three 8-bit numbers forming an RGB color code. I have been told by other humans that my dyed hair is unique and rebellious just like my political beliefs.

>> ☐ Anonymous (ID: [bAt+DYyP](#)) 10/09/18(Tue)14:47:54 No.188791033

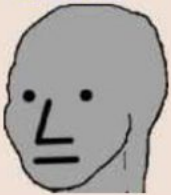
File: [npc_angry.jpg](#) (13 KB, 416x435)



I grow upset when my fellow humans fail to respond to my communication efforts.

>> ☐ Anonymous (ID: [kQqcWmC6](#)) 10/09/18(Tue)14:48:28 No.188791101 >>>[188791497](#)


File: [npc-too.png](#) (13 KB, 189x217)



>>>[188790255](#) (OP)
*expresses support by subscribing
*makes positive comment about hair

>> ☐ Anonymous (ID: [bAt+DYyP](#)) 10/09/18(Tue)14:51:54 No.188791497

File: [friendship.jpg](#) (49 KB, 971x546)



>>>[188791101](#)
Thank you social media friend No. 2932. Your subscription to my social media account and your compliment validate my inner emotional programming.

A “Service for another” meme. Aptly called the NPC meme. If you, the reader are upset by this meme, then there is a very real possibility that it is a reflection of your sentence. No one likes to see the reflection of themselves in the behaviors of others. Be careful and be aware.

Each of the two human species would have the RNA recoded to fit a galactic approved sentence. One for the rulers, and one for the servants.

Later on in another post I list only a mere handful of some of the people, or kinds of people that have been involved in the tearing of the fabric of our reality. However, for now, let's just keep it simple in that it is the very nature of the human condition that has created the need for my role.

The Possibility of Genetic Stratification

If humans decide, and it will be us as a whole that makes the decision, to settle into "Service for self" with "Service for another" sentience loyalties, then we can expect the <redacted> to reconfigure our genetic makeup to fit into approved archetypes.

This means that those humans who have the "Service for self" sentience would have one set of DNA / RNA. Those who would be "Service for another" would have a different set of DNA / RNA.

Those who would not fit into these two set sentience's, would be allowed to die off. That would include all "discordant sentience's", and "Service for others" sentience's. We would be allowed to die off. Which would be accomplished though action by those with approved sentience's, and by other means such as a increase in infertility of non-approved sentience's. It would be a culling effort.

The result would be a stratification of society. With different caste systems defined by genetic makeup.

You would have the very successful, and (of course) wealthy “Service for self” sentience’s...

via GIPHY

Served by the vast bulk of humanity, now “Service for Another” sentience. Those humans would represent the majority of humanity. They would consist of 95% of all humans, serving a small minority of 5%.

via GIPHY

Initially, the two sentience’s would look alike. However, within a generation or two, physical changes would manifest. One caste would be heavier, smaller, squatter and would have a lower IQ. While the other would be healthier, live longer, be smarter and more agile.

There would be no desire to mix or have relations outside of your caste.

The Role of a Hero

While we might be confused with everything going on in the world today, the fact is that it is all trivial in terms of the bigger picture. Humans are in an arena that will determine what sentience will dominate.

The <redacted> does not care one way or the other.

While there is evident that another species, the <redacted> prefer the stratification of sentience's, it is unclear what will eventually manifest.

Personally, since all MAJestic members are "Service for others" sentience, I tend to believe that this would be the preferred direction that human evolution must advance forward. However, that is my opinions only.

Why you, the reader, can be a hero

Our reality is the results of our thoughts, coupled with our actions.

As long as there are significant members of our society to act selfishly with impunity (service for self), and there are those that follow them blindly (service for another) the human species will continue to careen towards human social stratification.

The only way to combat this is to be *heroic*.

We must start thinking of doing good deeds for others (service to others). We must do so on a small scale. We must do so on an individual scale. We must start doing so now, and today.

Task List

The oligarchy is quite active in manifesting physical change for personal profit. They control the media, and in many ways, the governments. They think that they are only altering the physical reality towards their favor. Instead, what they are actually doing is creating all kinds of errant thoughts. Many of which result in discordant changes and alterations to reality.

This is what you can do.

1. Severely restrict your access to media.
2. Completely stop reading and listening to ALL forms of "establishment" news.
3. Enjoy life. Spend more time outside.
4. When you meet people; others, be kind to them.
5. Smile more.
6. If someone needs help, or if some animal needs help, help them. Don't just drive by and ignore them.



Don't be like this chick, and don't listen to the mainstream media that says that this is fine. It isn't that is, if you don't want to become a farmed "service for another" modified sentence archetype. You might as well pack it in, you you act like her. I do not buy into the nonsense that she is just too upset to help a person bleeding on the street. Bull Fucking Shit! This gal does not to get involved. She has no compassion for others. She is the ultimate in "Service to self" sentence.

For us to ultimately define our futures, we must all begin to control our thoughts and our actions.

A Hero's Tale

Friday morning, Chuck Hawley from Silverton, Oregon was on his way to work when he spotted something in the middle of the road. As he got closer, he

realized that it was a kitten stuck in the lane.



A hero is true to their sentience. If you are a “service for others” sentience, then you will stop and help others. Only “service for self” people continue driving on and allow a creature to die in terror.

"I was driving to work and saw cars in front of me passing over something in the road, and realized it was a kitten sitting upright shaking like a leaf,"

The tiny feline appeared to be stuck to the ground and couldn't break free. Many cars drove around her, but no one stopped. Chuck knew that he had to do something quickly before it was too late. He put his hazard lights on, carefully stopped traffic and rushed to grab the kitten. That's when he noticed that the kitty was covered in glue. That's right. Some asshole dipped the kitten in glue and plopped it down in the middle of a busy highway.

"She was wet, freezing and literally glued to the road,"

Chuck gently removed the kitten off the pavement. Her paws were very tender and she was shivering from the cold. He put her in his arms to warm her and swiftly brought her back to his car.

After a much-needed bath and some food, the kitten felt much better. *"We don't know who put her there or how long she was there, but she was wet and cold and had leaves stuck to her,"*

He took the kitten to the Silver Creek Animal Clinic, where they removed the rest of the glue and treated her paws with mineral oil. After a long ordeal, the tabby girl was on the mend. She clutched onto her rescuer and purred up a storm. On their way home, the 5-week-old kitten curled up in his lap and went right to sleep.



Chuck Hawley and the kitten that he saved from torture and death on a busy highway road. We all can be a hero like Chuck. We just need to be true to ourselves. He is a hero. I salute him.

You don't need to wear riding britches, wear a pith helmet and holster a revolver to be a hero. You just need to take action when someone or something is in need. Help others.

Finally...

I saw a video about ten days ago on fb, about five minutes long. Camera was still and directed at some kind of small critter cowered down in middle of the right lane. Traffic was moving toward (not away from) the camera. Cars passed around the critter - none of the vehicles passed over the critter.

Then, a car stopped right at the critter. A man got out, went to the critter and talked to it! He then picked it up and put the thing in his car!....and drove off.

I now wonder if this story is the first part of the story.

-posted on 10/21/2018, 9:16:04 PM by Karoo

Comments

Heroes are what we need right now. The stakes are pretty darn high. We either evolve as a species toward selfless behavior, or we evolve towards selfish behavior and the equivalent social genetic stratification.

A hero goes out and does what is necessary. He does it right then and there. He doesn't walk past ignoring the problems, get gets out and faces them.

So, my point herein is this; are you the hero that the world needs?

John McClane: Do you know what you get for being a hero? Nothin'. You get shot at. Pat on the back, blah blah blah. 'Attaboy.' You get divorced... Your wife can't remember your last name, kids don't want to talk to you... You get to eat a lot of meals by yourself. Trust me kid, nobody wants to be that guy. (I do this) because there is nobody else to do it right now. Believe me if there was somebody else to do it, I would let them do it. There's not, so (I'm) doing it. That's what makes you that guy."

Be that guy.

Take Aways

- Our human species is undergoing an evolutionary cycle.
- This cycle will eventually determine what our dominant sentience will be.
- Once determined, another species, the <redacted> along with support from <redacted> will assist in large scale genetic reprogramming of our species during the conception process.
- There is a chance that the genetic reprogramming could result in a stratified human caste system.
- If there was ever a time for heroes to get active in the world, now is that time.

MAJestic Related Posts – Training

These are posts and articles that revolve around how I was recruited for MAJestic and my training. Also discussed is the nature of secret programs. I really do not know why the organization was kept so secret. It really wasn't because of any kind of military concern, and the technologies were way too involved for any kind of information transfer. The only conclusion that I can come to is that we were obligated to maintain secrecy at the behalf of our extraterrestrial benefactors.



How to tell if someone is in MAJestic (Part One)

There are many fakers out there. I really do not know what their motivations are. Some might actually have some experience, I don't know. None of them seems to have any kind of background that even approaches the membership I know of. This is how you can sort out the truth from lies.



How to tell if someone is in MAJestic (Part Two)

In this second part, we go into details on how the United States safeguards secrets. We talk about the MJ-12 disclosure and a historical overview of MAJestic. We also discuss the various reasons and restrictions that MAJestic is operating from. It's an important read.



Top Secrets and Flying Pigs

Here I try to explain how the Special Access Program works, and described how the most secret elements of those programs are kept waived and unacknowledged. I discuss why, and use the example of a fictional "Flying Pigs Program". To understand MAJestic, you need to read this.



The “Sales Pitch” Used to Ask Naval Aviators to Give Up Everything for MAJestic

This is a narrative on how I was offered the role within MAJestic. I was in training to be a Naval Aviator when I was called upon by the base commander. He asked me, and another AOCS, to join. This is how he convinced me.



Feducial Training of ELF-Based MWI Access

This is a small post about the training that we needed to learn into to enter into a transport mechanism for MWI access. You cannot access and switch world-lines without being able to access and “center” the implanted probes. This discusses this procedure and training.



MAJestic Mandated ELF-probe Implantation

This post goes into detail on how the first two “kits” of probes were implanted into my head. All of this procedure took place on the Naval base at the ELF substation. At the time, only myself and the other member of my “cell” aside from the Commander took part in this procedure.



My Very First MWI Portal Egress

This is a narrative of my very first experience in world-line travel. It happened immediately after I gave up flying as a Naval Aviator and joined the MAJestic organization. After training on feducials, and implantation, I joined a group of others and left our world-line.



First Egress Destination - EBP Implantation & Entanglement

This is the narrative of what transpired when I entered the Fixed Dimensional portal. I went to an extraterrestrial medical facility where a EBP was installed within my body. I discuss what happened and my first encounter.



Post EBP Reconstruction -Return To The Navy Barracks

This is my narrative on how I exited the dimensional portal and returned back to the Naval base. I discuss what it was like meeting my fellow classmates and how I was instructed to leave the Navy and become a civilian. This is how it is done and what I experienced.



After Implantation – Lost as an Autonomous Vagabond

This is my story of what happened after I joined MAJestic, and left the US Navy. I was fully actuated, but not yet trained in using my abilities. As such, I was a “loose cannon”, and existed in a very confusing state of reality. I was the real life Jason Bourne.



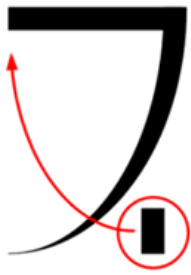
Rescue from the Wilderness – A Special Assignment

This particular post discusses how I found my way back to the Navy again, and began my “training”. I went into the desert to a Naval base located in the middle of the remote desert. At that time, I had no memory that I was part of a secretive military program, and thus the “special assignment” held little tangible meaning for me.



Probe Calibration and World-line Training (Part One)

Here is the story how the set of MAJestic probes, placed inside my skull, were calibrated. This took place after implantation, and involved calibration exercises at the Naval facility at China Lake in California. This is a two part post and discusses the facility and actions there.



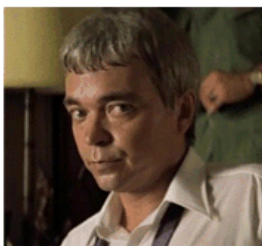
Probe Calibration and World-line Training (Part Two)

This is the second portion of the two part post In this section we talk about how I was instructed in the operation of calibration of the probes and how I was provided with some limited knowledge in how to modify the programming. It wraps up with my exit from training.



Adventures in World-Line Travel

Here are a selection of stories and experiences that I had when I was involved in world-line travel as part of my MAJestic mission parameters. As such, my experiences gave me some insight into the nature of the universe and of our human species. I hope this is an enjoyable read.



MAJestic Mission Shut-down & Retirement

All programs must end. This is how members of MAJestic that have core kit #2 probes implanted are retired. As they all need to be retired in a specially equipped facility and subject to a life time of monitoring. We cover the entire process and what is involved.



The Ultimate Method to Make Your Computer Safe and Secure

The best way to make your computer secure and private is to have very strong encryption and use an obscure operating system that very few people know about. Here we look at 37 obscure computer operating systems.



What life is like inside the ADC Prison in Arkansas

This post discusses what life is like in a hard labor prison in Southern Arkansas. We discuss hoe squads, food, the hole, commissary, dress, fashion, homosexual culture, prison gangs, murders, relationships and other aspects of life when you are sentenced to "Hard Time".



What it was like for me to leave America for China.

This is my story on the final moments of my life in the USA. I had just completed my retirement sequence for MAJestic and I was released to enter the monitoring section of my retirement. I decided to get the tattered remains of my life together and move to China and this is what it was like for me to do so.

MAJestic Related Posts – Our Universe

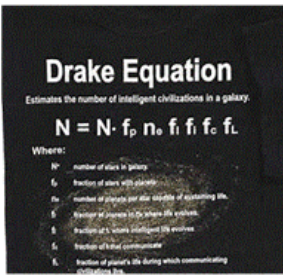
These particular posts are concerned about the universe that we are all part of. Being entangled as I was, and involved in the crazy things that I was, I was given some insight. This insight wasn't anything super special. Rather it offered me perception along with advantage. Here, I try to impart some of that knowledge through discussion.

Enjoy.



The Secrets of the Universe

When people discover what my role was in MAJestic, one of the first things that they ask me is whether or not I can "tell them the secrets of the universe". Certainly, they argue, I must have learned something... Well, I did. Here's the first installment.



The Drake Equation as Viewed by MAJestic

Many people use the Drake Equation to figure out why the average person is not exposed to extraterrestrials. Yet, MAJestic members know the real reason. Here we review the variables within the equation relative to MAJestic understanding and discuss things relatively.



Our Galaxy as Presented to MAJestic

Here is a very general overview of the little that I know about our galaxy. It is a mixture of known and accepted science blended with what I was exposed to in MAJestic. Of course, what is presented is within the limits of what I understand, no more. So it is actually a rough outline.



Sirius is not the home of the Enlightened Extraterrestrials

There is a rather large number of “spiritualists” who are convinced that enlightened beings from the Sirius solar system have come to earth to teach and instruct us humans. I actually find it rather laughable. Here, I review what Sirius actually is and why no great enlightened beings live there.



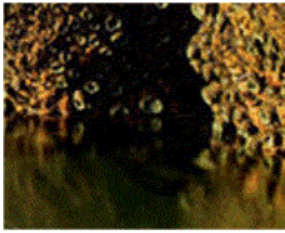
The Alpha Centauri System

Here are my thoughts on the Alpha Centauri System. It is, as always, a mixture of conventional science and what I know through my relationship with MAJestic. Keep in mind, that I am a man with limits. It is but an overview, and what is presented might hold some surprises.



The Fuselage embedded within the rocks of Victoria Falls

There is evidence that there was an accident (of some sort) that damaged a vessel (of some type). Over the years it has become buried in silt, which later turned into stone. Here we study this issue.



The Hammer inside the Rock – The “London Hammer”

Here we have evidence of a shellfish dislodging apparatus or hand-tool that was abandoned millions of years ago. Here we study this artifice. We look at the manufacturing challenges in making such an object and study the environment in which it was lost.



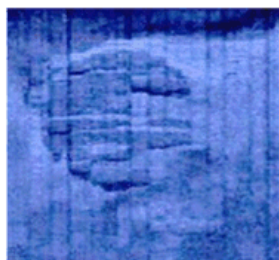
The Hollow Moon

Why is the moon hollow? This is one of those uncomfortable facts that just doesn't jive up with the conventions of accepted scientific knowledge. Yet, every study has confirmed this to be the case. Here we study this issue in detail.



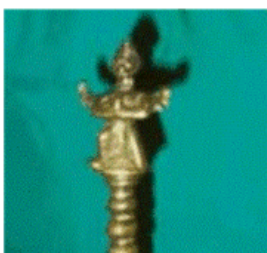
The Mystery of the Lapulapu Ridge

Deep down under the sea in the greatest depths of the Pacific ocean is a mobile underwater city. It's been *operating there for many, many years. It has been leaving* tracks and debris middens all over the place. Here, we look at this in some detail.



Mystery of the Baltic UFO

Sonar scans, and visual confirmation, indicates that a large disc shaped object skimmed the undersea world of the Baltic sea and crashed. Subsequent investigations were suppressed. Now, all that is available for study are a small pile of rocks. Let's look at this mystery shall we.



Mystery of the Bronze Bell found inside a block of coal.

A hand-bell made out of brass was discovered totally encased in a solid block of coal. What is so interesting about this bell is that it depicts a winged humanoid. The only thing is, the coal dates from a time long before birds, where only insects flew in the skies.



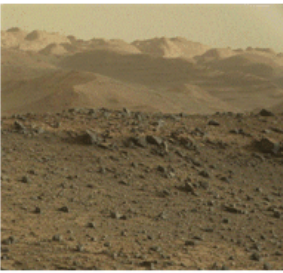
The Oil Lamp Discovered in a block of coal

Many things have been found encased within rock hard coal. One of which is a small “pot”. This is obviously the lower part of an oil lamp, common a few thousand years ago. The problem is what is it doing in millions of year old coal?



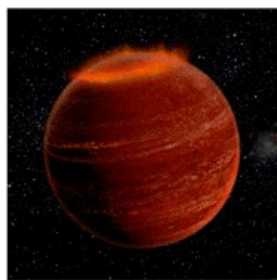
Did Extraterrestrials set up a colony in Pennsylvania?

Sounds really strange doesn't it? Well, here we talk about the possibility of a community of very “unique” red-skinned, horned giants, with firearms were actually a colony of extraterrestrials. It's a long stretch. Yet, we look at them from this prism, as unlikely as it is.



The Oxia Palus Facility.

Here we talk about a facility that I know a lot about. It is a MAJestic aligned facility on the surface of Mars in the Oxia Palus region. It is many things, and was initially a mining operation with a smelting and processing facility. Here we discuss this facility as an overview only.



Let's chat about Brown Dwarf solar systems

Up until a very few years ago, no one knew if Brown Dwarf stars existed. Now we know that they do indeed exist, and that they are everywhere. Most people are unaware of them, but they play an important role as these dwarf stars are the home of many an intelligent extraterrestrial.



NASA Manned Space Exploration - What happened?

When President killed the Apollo space program, and Jimmy Carter neutered NASA, everyone sat back, fat and content that money was not being wasted and that instead American infrastructure was being taken cared for. Here is the real reason why Apollo and manned space died.



The Disclosure of the CARET Program at PACL

A full unapproved disclosure of a MAJestic related reverse engineering program was released to the public. It concerned the CARET program at PACL. It was quickly attacked and debunked. A music video was even generated as part of it. Here is the full documentation package.



Yes, We Do Live in a Multidimensional Universe

Here we discuss how world-line travel is possible. We look at the physics of the MWI and the mathematics involved. We also discuss an overview of Heaven, our universe and how our experiences within our reality are important. In our reality, everything is possible. It really is.



The True Nature of the Universe

This is a discussion on the true nature of the universe and how individual realities fit within its' scope. I consider this an important writing and it acts as a "bridge" between the various "schools of thought" on the nature of our universe. What is presented is for your consideration.



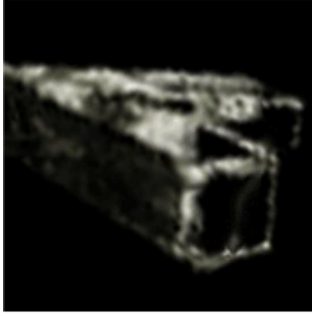
Why our Understanding of Reality is False

Here we discuss four paradoxes of the second law of thermodynamics and use this as a springboard to illustrate that it is impossible to understand our reality within the MWI using Newtonian limitations placed on us through observation.



Evolution of the first sentient life on Earth.

Humans are not the first intelligent life on earth. There were many others. Here we discuss one of the first species of intelligent life; the Cephalopods. They have existed for hundreds of millions of years, and now exist as octopi that inhabit the oceans around us. Let's talk about them.



Transport of an Extraterrestrial Modular Structure

In 2012 through 2014, a huge armada of skyscraper-sized modular components was tracked inbound to our solar system from deep space. They decelerated and landed on the moon. This is the story of how MAJestic scrambled to find out what was going on at this time.



The Frightening Possibility of Genetic Social Stratification

The primary mission requirements that I was involved in lay in assisting our benefactors in human sentience determination. The human race is moving towards a day of evolution and key to that point in time is the chosen sentience we select. It has frightening consequences.



The most common extraterrestrial species that interacts with Americans.

Here we discuss the grey extraterrestrial alien species. Contrary to the public narrative, there are numerous extraterrestrial species that regularly visit the Earth. In fact, they have all been doing so for many, many years.



The Mystery of the Dellschau Flying Contraptions

Here we discuss the mystery of a secret organization wholly devoted to enabling humans to fly. This organization was active years before the Wright brothers ever contemplated manned air flight. The members eventually died off, and all that remains are the records of their adventures.

MAJestic Related Posts – World--

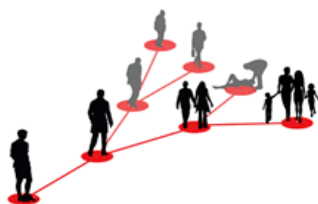
Line Travel

These posts are related to “reality slides”. Other more common terms are “world-line travel”, or the MWI. What people fail to grasp is that when a person has the ability to slide into a different reality (pass into a different world-line), they are able to “touch” Heaven to some extent. Here are posts that cover this topic.



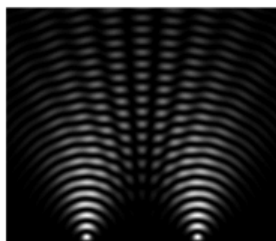
Some True Stories of Cat Heaven

Being in MAJestic taught me many things. One of which was an intimate understanding of Heaven and other “spiritual” things relative to quanta entanglements. Here I discuss what it is like to have a beloved animal (cat) dies and what actually happens to them and why.



Consciousness Migration for World-Line Travel

This post discusses how Heaven was formed, and what reality actually is. It discusses how world-lines function and just what MWI (Many Worlds Interpretation) is. This little post is the foundation of all aspects of my particular involvement with MAJestic. As such, it is important reading material.



What I miss from my original world-line

This is a little micro-post of some of the things that I miss from my time “before” I got involved with MAJestic and all that MWI “stuff”. It really makes no sense to anyone in this reality, but to me, it’s pretty important stuff. It’s simply a compilation of some of the quirks of this reality that are different to me.



Graphic on how world-line travel is possible

Many people are intrigued about world-line travel. They argue that the MWI is too difficult to understand, but thanks to Hollywood, the imagined adventures in alternative world-lines are quite appealing. Here we set forth how the MWI works and how it can be leveraged for world-line travel.



An Observed World-Line Switch - The Aluminum Foil Lady

Here is a report of a person entering this “world-line”. She appears on a busy road and is filmed by an automobile dash cam in the process. She is wearing a protective thermal “space blanket” material coat, and is apparently dressed like a nun. We discuss her and the utility of roads in this context.



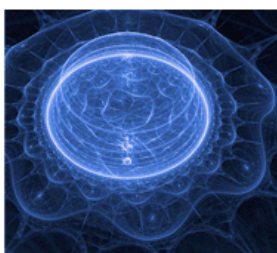
World-Line Travel Using Vehicles - Some Examples

There is ample evidence that people are entering and leaving our reality using various methods and techniques. One of which consists of vehicles with heavy devices that enable world-line cross-over events. Here we discuss these events and look at numerous examples.



A World-Line where the Beatles Never Broke Up

Here is a story about a man who ended up getting hurt and was rescued by someone from an alternative world-line. He tell his story and brings back a Beatles mix tape as proof. We discuss his adventure relative to MWI slides and look at commonality of descriptions.



World-Line Creation and Stability Considerations

Let’s talk a little bit about what a world-line is, how it is accessed, and why it sometimes needs to be accessed. This isn’t full of all kinds of stories about visiting different world-lines, but rather why certain advanced species use the MWI to control the sentience evolution of humans.

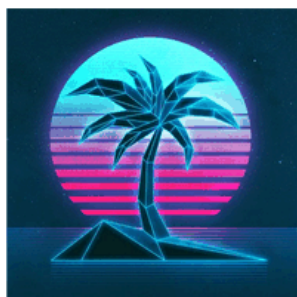


ProfessorPhate as an Example of MWI Crossover

In 1999 an individual going by the name “Professorphate” produced a narrative claiming that he was from another world-line. In his narrative he talked about this other world-line and the circumstances that brought him to our apparent reality. Presented for curiosity only.



The “Passage of Time” is actually Observed MWI World-line Slides. Here we discuss what time actually is, and the differences between a dimensional egress portal and a MWI slide. We also use examples, two to be exact, where people have entered and left our reality using a 7th dimensional transport. We discuss how this works and why.



What is the Color of Chartreuse; is it Red or Green?

Many people who have lived through the 1980's, such as myself, clearly remember the color to be a deep red like color. However, our current reality describes this color as a yellow green. This confusion is known as a Alter-vús, and this post describes what is actually going on.



Mandela Effect - A System of Soul Management

Here we look at an interesting mystery that is occasionally observed. It is known as the Mandela effect. Essentially it is a situation whereas our memories do not match up with the reality. Here, we look at it in terms of MAJestic and the management and cultivation of soul growth.



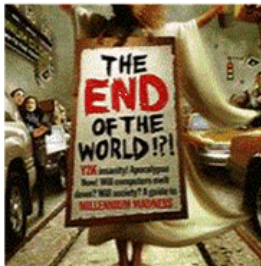
What the difference is between Soul and Consciousness

To understand how our reality exists and what Heaven is like you need to understand the basics of just what we are. Here is one such fundamental understanding. That is the difference between souls and consciousness. For while we think, reason and experience, it is our consciousness that does so for our soul.

John Titor Related Posts

Another person, collectively known by the identity of “John Titor” claimed to utilize world-line (MWI egress) travel to collect artifacts from the past. He is an interesting subject to discuss. Here we have multiple posts in this regard.

They are;



John Titor and World-Line Travel as Time-Travel (Part 1)

This is an introduction to John Titor and his claim that he utilized world-line travel to go into apparent past(s) to acquire equipment. He burst onto the internet in 1998 and left in 2001. He left a trail of mysteries in his wake. In review, knowing what we know today, his story rings true.



John Titor and World-Line Travel as Time-Travel (Part 2)

Here we look at the John Titor narrative that describes what happened in the United States that precipitated civil war, and World War II. We look at it from a point of view twenty years later, and to the surprise of many, he accurately predicted many things that we take for granted now.



John Titor and Details on his Time-Machine (Part 3)

Here we spend some time going into the disclosed details of how the Time Machine actually works. We look at the manual and come up with the conclusion that he actually was hiding something or some elements of the machine. Let's look at this issue.



John Titor and our Reactions to his Disclosure (Part 4)

Strange as it might seem, once the news of John Titor hit the internet, many people had all sorts of reactions to it. Here we review the reactions. They, in themselves, tell us a lot about ourselves, society and about the nature of the universe. Here we look at the reactions.



John Titor - Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 5)

For over a decade the actual transcripts of what John Titor said and his discussions on chat boards were obliterated. The only thing that you could find were websites that said he was a hoax. That all changed when enthusiasts collected and posted his writings. Here are the earliest transcripts.



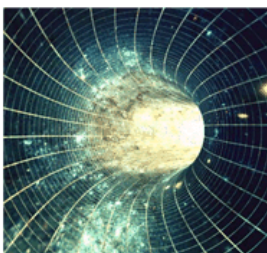
John Titor – Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 6)

There are all sorts of fragments of the John Titor discussions floating in bits and pieces throughout the Internet. This post collects some of the more obscure bits that did not make it into part 5 of the text. These tidbits are interesting but also irritating as the attacks on the narrative are relentless.



John Titor – Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 7)

This is the final discourse from John Titor to the rest of the folks on the BBS “Time Travel” board. He answers questions and responds to requests. He also clarifies things. Of course, the sniping and harping, as irritating as it is, continues unabated. It’s the final posting of this discussion.



John Titor – Full Text of his TTI Board Transcripts (Part 8)

Here is a secondary source for discussions involving John Titor. He subscribed to numerous time travel BBS forums, and this one; TTI is often overlooked. Here, we look at some of his statements on the board. His dialog on this board is very interesting and contains uncommon narratives.

Articles & Links

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